

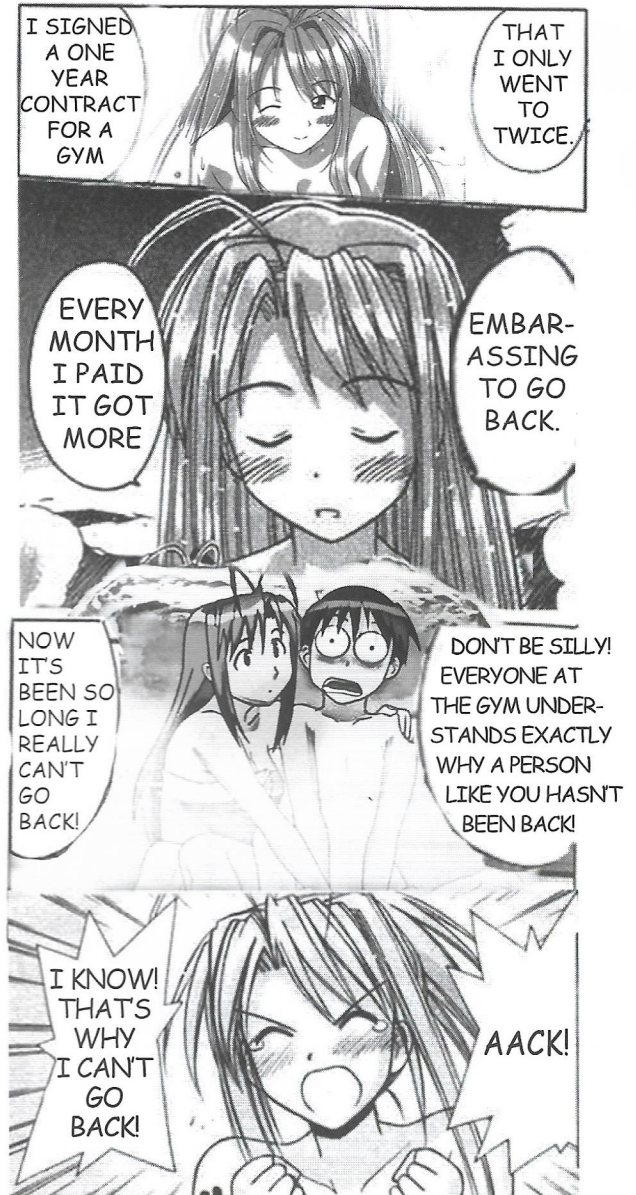
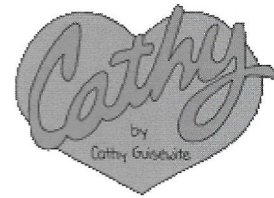


**Stanford**  
*Chaparral*  
The Humor Magazine

Vol. CXII, No.1  
*Freshman Number*

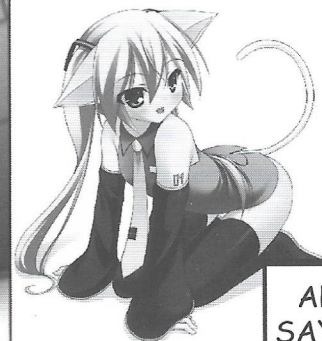
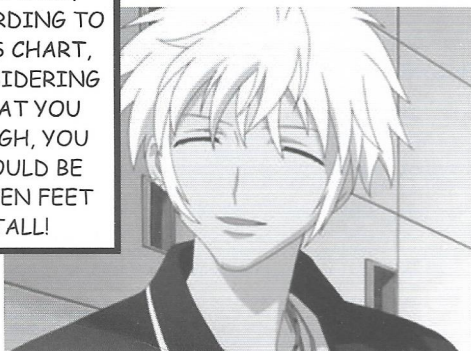


# DILBERT



# Garfield

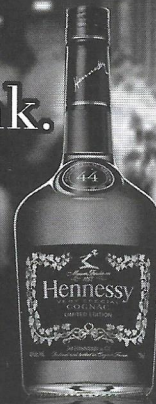
GARFIELD, ACCORDING TO THIS CHART, CONSIDERING WHAT YOU WEIGH, YOU SHOULD BE ELEVEN FEET TALL!



ARE YOU SAYING I'M SHORT?

Created from the top seed.  
 Matured for decades.  
 Subjected to rigorous testing.

About time I had a drink.



*Aged to Perfection.*

*I am half the man my brother is...times four!*



Ronald, please, there's no need for an attitude. I declare, if you were half the man your brother is...

...oh. Right.



Ah, nothin' like the bustle of Brooklyn during the Series, kid. I guess that's why they call New York City the Great Bambino.



Because we breed a die-hard bunch of baseball fans here, I tell ya—always have.



AYE VITO! Vito, ya back there?! Who caught the foul ball last night??

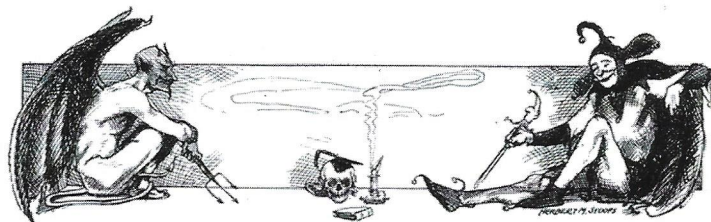
STANFORD

*Chaparral*

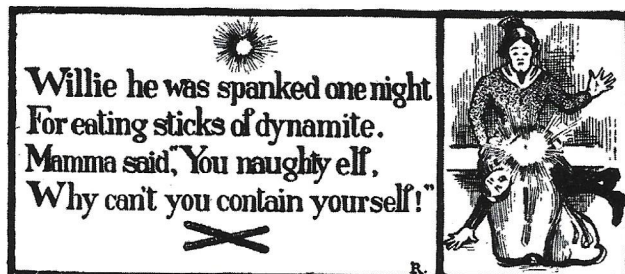


Bob  
Pen  
1954

# The Stanford Chaparral Freshman Number



Vol. CXII, No. 1



Willie he was spanked one night  
For eating sticks of dynamite.  
Mamma said, "You naughty elf,  
Why can't you contain yourself!"

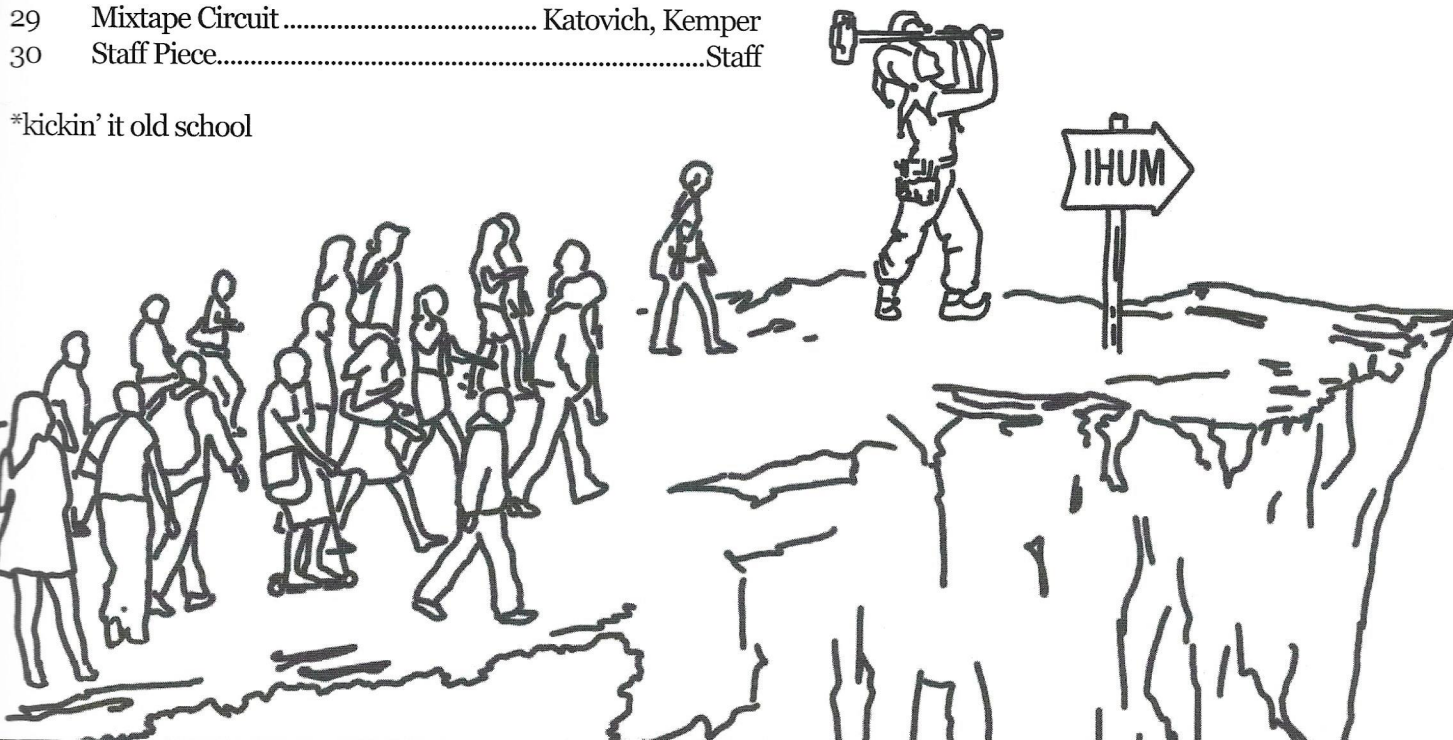
## ART CREDITS

1	Cover.....	Benarros
5	Sudden Drop.....	Kontos
7	Tamarind.....	Blair
12	Bear Attack.....	Benarros
14	Secret Agents.....	Katovich, Jacob Meisel
21	Woodsman.....	Benarros
28	Win/Win Situations.....	King
29	Mixtape Circuit.....	Katovich

## WRITING CREDITS

2	Sundai Funii Paipa.....	Katovich
3	Hennessy.....	Katovich, Kemper
3	Twins.....	Neely
3	New York.....	Lyman
6	Now That.....	Meisel
7	Tamarind.....	Meisel
8	Method Actor.....	Meisel
9	Straight Man.....	Katovich
10	Charlie and Brannigan*.....	Perry, Steinberg
11	Facebook.....	Lyman, Meisel
12	Bear Attack.....	Kemper
12	Updated Jokes.....	Meisel
13	Face Cat*.....	Young
14	Rival School.....	Kemper
14	Secret Agents.....	Meisel
15	Freshman Tips.....	Rosenthal
15	Daughters.....	Marks
15	Eno's Diary.....	Maher
16	EA Games.....	Katovich
18	Exceptions.....	Meisel
18	Disney World.....	Werner
19	Four Roblemen.....	Meisel
20	Chili's Hacks*.....	Spiro, Yelderman
21	Woodsman.....	Kemper
22	Pick Up Chicks.....	Meisel
23	Wrong Ways to Eat a Reese's*.....	Phillips
24	Crassroom.....	Katovich, Kenter
24	Busted.....	Katovich, Kenter
25	Ghost Doctor.....	Kemper
26	Went to Stanford.....	Scodary
26	Petty Crimes.....	Kemper
27	S-Bomb*.....	Henick
28	Win/Win Situations.....	Meisel
29	Mixtape Circuit.....	Katovich, Kemper
30	Staff Piece.....	Staff

\*kickin' it old school



# Staff

'11

Will Atwood  
Elliot Babchick  
Gabriel Benarros  
Garrett Dobbs  
Michelle Neely  
Simone Perrin

'12

Nick Gardner  
Tamarind King  
Alexei Koseff  
Laura Malkiewich  
Jarrod Marks  
David Rosenthal

'13

Charles Becker, Jr.  
George Malkin

'16

Kiefer Katovich

## Special Thanks

Biel  
Jacob Meisel  
Kief tha Snief  
Old Old Boys  
Prodigy Press



Dedicated in  
loving memory  
of Bill Lane

# The STANFORD Chaparral



Vol. CXII

September 14th, 2010

No. 1

**BILLY KEMPER '11**

Old Boy

**JOSH MEISEL '12**

Old Boy

**SAM COGGESHALL '12**

Head Writer

**DAVID PARKER '11**

Business Manager

**DAVID KETTLER '11**

RCC

**ALEX HERTZ '13**

Art Director

**JOHN LYMAN '11**

Old Boy Emeritus

**GARRETT WERNER '10**

Old Boy Emeritus

Hammer  
Coffin

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ANNE BENDER '02

RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06

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MATT HENICK '05

KIEFER KATOVICH '09

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DOUG KENTER '07

DAVE LAMPSON '00

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02

EVAN MACMILLAN '09

PATRICK MAHER '09

MEGHAN MCCURDY '09

NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06

CHRIS ONSTAD '97

EUGENE PARK '98

DUSTIN PERKINS '00

ALLAN PHILLIPS '07

MIKE PIHULIC '06

GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02

ANTHONY SCODARY '08

IAN SPIRO '04

JOSH STARK '08

MATT STEINBERG '03

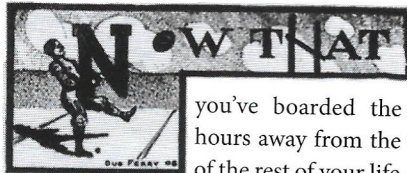
CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04

ANNIE WYMAN '08

STEVE YELDERMAN '04

JACOB YOUNG '02

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
**REFLECTIONS**



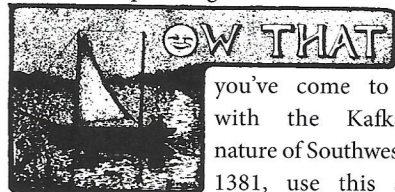
you've boarded the airplane, just hours away from the first four years of the rest of your life, the excitement finally hits you. These last few months have really flown by. It seems like it was just yesterday that you were editing your application essay for Freudian slips, and now you're already one non-stop flight away from becoming a full-blown Stanford student. And why shouldn't you be excited? You're about to matriculate

into a top-notch school where the grades are more inflated than the egos. Plus it's just outside of just outside of San Francisco (not in the same way that UCSF is, but still); you can probably surf to class! Before your post-admit-weekend delirium reaches the point of no return though, take a moment to look at your situation through wiser eyes.

**NOW THAT**  
you've stepped outside of your giddy haze, you notice there are an awful lot of kids in Stanford sweatshirts on your flight, and everyone seems to be college-age. In fact,

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you recognize just about every passenger from the Phoenix send-off party. You pinch yourself to see if you're having another one of your weird dreams where you're on a plane filled with rising Stanford freshmen. You're convinced otherwise, though, given that this is the only flight out of Phoenix that lands in San Francisco the minute fall quarter classes begin, the redheaded stewardess isn't wearing earrings, and your arm has started bleeding from all the pinching.



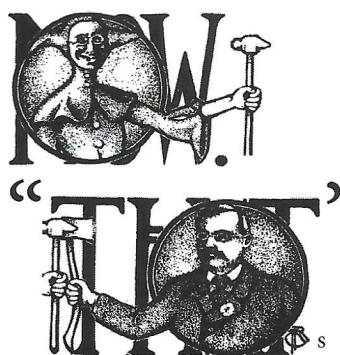
you've come to terms with the Kafkaesque nature of Southwest Flight 1381, use this surreal coincidence to get a head start sizing up your future academic and intramural sports competition. It may look grim at first. The short girl in first class is a world-class gymnast. The kid talking loudly on his iPhone took a year off to write the great Canadian novel. And what do you have to say for yourself? The only thing that set you apart from the applicant pool was that time you made a few grand selling chocolate bars in your high school cafeteria, and then used the money to bribe your admissions officer. Sure, you were arguably the most talented member of your high school debate team, but you're entering stiff competition.

Look to your left. Now look to your right. One out of three people on this flight are stuck with a middle seat. It's time to step up your game. What counted as a big fish at Phoenix High might not hold up in what is, according to U.S. World and News Report, the fifth largest pond in the country. If you take the time to swim around you'll see some pretty intimidating fish: valedictorian piranhas, piano-virtuoso sharks, and squid that are guaranteed to take over the family's multi-billion dollar business. As Jaws once said, "We're gonna need a bigger boat."

**N**OW THAT might make you seasick, but don't worry. You might be a late bloomer. Einstein failed first grade math, Oscar Wilde got a C in his fourth

grade irony class. And before long you will realize your classmates' impressive presence, though seemingly effortless, is actually quite calculated. Those clever squid turn out to be dull-minded octopi with well-thought-out camouflage systems. You know the type: the only thing they care about what other people think of them is that other people think that they don't care about what other people think of them.

But there's no need to wallow in the Meyer; there's more to this Pacific school than self-motivated clods devoid of personality. All those giant, humorless, underwater monsters block out schools of unshitty fish that just happened to get high SAT scores. Among them one shines through – a clownfish. He's the guy in the jester's costume sitting next to you. Look him over.

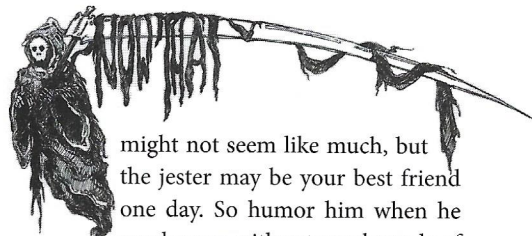


is a strange specimen," you think to yourself. You first noticed him when he staggered onto the plane, drunk as a kite. Now he's loudly chewing a bite of his chicken salad sandwich, mouth agape. Before he swallows, he crams in a mouthful of Oreos. Pieces of the unconventional food combination fly out of his mouth as he laughs maniacally at the low-brow in-flight movie, even though the screen is currently only showing an establishing shot of the front of a house. Sure, the jester might get his fair share of strange looks. The more uptight passengers might scoff at him like he's a lowly retard. But he has his own brand of wisdom to offer – it's

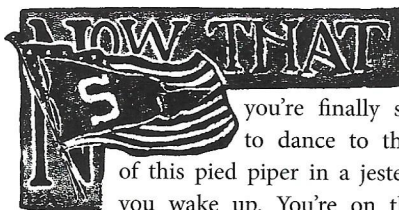
important to always laugh too often.

You strike up a conversation with him, cautiously intrigued by this madcap figure. He says he was once like you, about to enter college. While that was 112 years ago (they don't call him the Old Boy for nuthin') not much has changed. Just like you he was disheartened by the campus robots, though back then the robots were made out of copper tubes and didn't all major in Political Science.

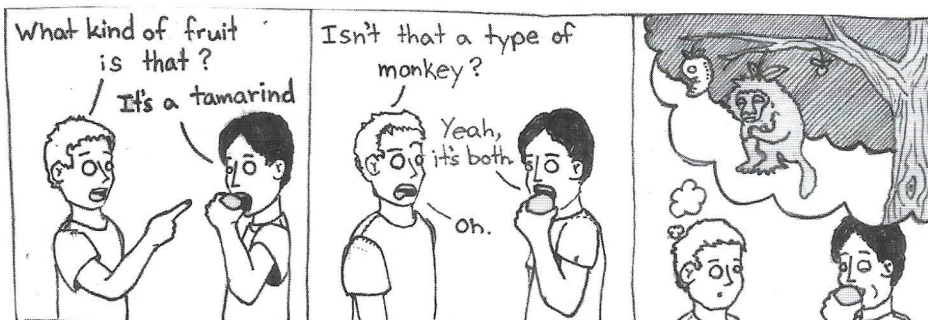
The Old Boy vividly portrays to you a world he crafted at The Farm. He enchants you with tales of ribald pranksters and witty lunatics. By the end of the rant, he scans his wild eyes over your person. After a few minutes of close scrutiny, he allows himself an asymmetrical grin. "I like your face kid," he says. He invites you to his lively world laden with absurdity, and you feel special. Of course, he did the same to the red-headed stewardess, but he called her "Jeff" so maybe he was thinking of someone else.



might not seem like much, but the jester may be your best friend one day. So humor him when he regales you with yet another tale of mischief that he's unknowingly told you many times before. Answer his questions no matter how personal they are. Let him tickle you a lot.



you're finally starting to dance to the tune of this pied piper in a jester's hat, you wake up. You're on the real Southwest Flight 1381, next stop Stanfordville. Then everything happens exactly the same as it did in your dream.



# The Life of Tommy Kennedy

Kennedy is born in Queens, New York, to Christopher Kennedy, an Irish factory worker, and his wife Roberta, a Puerto Rican bombshell.



Kennedy bursts onto the method acting scene with his wildly popular portrayal of a fireman in the blockbuster *Trust Me*. Despite the character's looks and mannerisms being so different from his own, Tommy executes the role perfectly. In fact Kennedy's part was such a stretch for him that, during the premiere, the woman sitting next to him leaned over, not recognizing Tommy as the man on the screen, and whispered to him, "The acting in this movie is incredible." Beaming with pride, Tommy replied, "You're looking right at him."



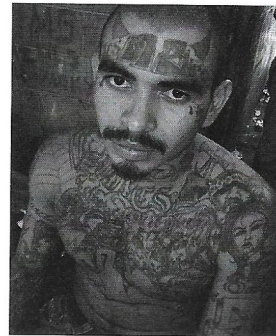
Tommy Kennedy in *The Devil Moves Sideways*

1954

Kennedy has his first encounter with method acting preparing for the lead in his school play. His father, who considers acting a feminine endeavor, immediately disowns his son. Kennedy, unfazed by his father's stubbornness, practices six hours a day. His grades suffer, but his dedication pays off. Tommy's parents attend the school play to see his younger sister's minor role, not realizing it was the very same school play Tommy was starring in. The crowd is riveted by Tommy's performance, as is his father, who apologizes to Tommy for making him live in an orphanage for the past two months. Tommy forgives his father, saying the experience actually helped him prepare for the role. Of *Oliver Twist*.

1966

1973



Tommy Kennedy in *Trust Me*

1976

A landmark year for Kennedy. He stars in a half-dozen films (including *The Devil Moves Sideways*, his signature performance) in an obsessive search to find a movie in which the protagonist has sex with his middle school crush Jenny Casterlin.

## achewood

Panel 1: Hey Roast Beef! I'm callin' Marmaduke! Check this out!

Panel 2: Hello, this is Marmaduke. Hey Marmaduke! Did you dig a hole today? Huh? Did you eat someone else's food? Did you behave in a disobedient fashion?

Panel 3: Who is this. sssip

Panel 4: I'll give you a hint: you should not be proud of your career! Look, I don't know what you think you're doing, but I am Marmaduke. You do not speak to me that way. I am hanging up now. hee hee hee

Panel 5: You're all played out, Marmaduke! You're all washed up! No one gets why you're still around! People whisper about this to each other! ssssh!

Panel 6: I don't have to listen to this. I am hanging up now. Good day. sssssssip

Panel 7: Hey Marmaduke! On your website it says that you can only get it on for like ten seconds, and if it isn't totally silent you lose your wood! I am hanging up now.

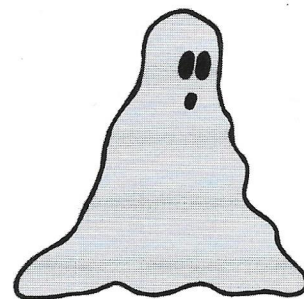
Panel 8: I heard you did so much coke in the 80s that your nipples turned into scabs and fell off! I swear to god I am going to hang up.



# The World's Greatest Method Actor

Tommy takes a much needed break by portraying a character one year older than himself.

Kennedy's troubled relationship with his father haunts him more than ever. At Tommy's request, they meet at a park in downtown SoHo. The mere sight of his father enrages Tommy, and he decides to cut off all ties. His father, lurid, screams, "All this method acting has gone to your head. You're not even a real person anymore. Heck, for all I know you could be preparing for the role of Little Orphan Annie!" He was phenomenal.



Tommy Kennedy in *Ghost Doctor*

1978

Director Chauncy Borel desperately searches for a method actor capable of researching the role of a non-method actor. After three of the industry's leading professionals fail to sidestep the contradiction, Borel knows there is only one man for the job. In an Oscar-winning performance, Kennedy survives the paradox but as a result contracts diabetes.

1981

1982



Tommy Kennedy in *Annie*

1987

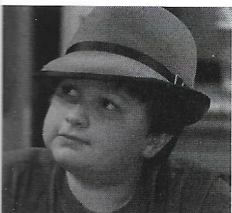
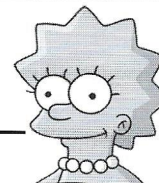
Kennedy's career ends when he gets into a fatal car accident on the set of *Mr. Danger*, a movie about a daredevil who dies in a fatal car accident. Nowadays if you want to see him onscreen you'll have to go to a classic movie theatre, or check out NBC's hit show *Ghost Doctor*.

## Help! I need to cast a Straight Man!



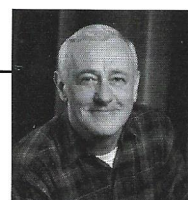
No! I need a ***Straight*** Man!

No, a Straight ***Man***.



Ugh. No fat babies, please!

Don't you think he's a bit old?

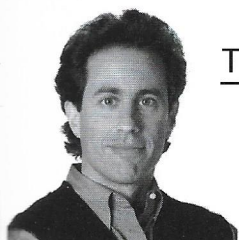
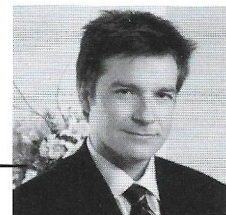


What did I ***just*** say?



No way. I want someone actually funny.

Better, but less smothering.



That's pretty good...

But who I *really* want is **Paul Rudd!**





# "Charlie and Brannigan"



Protégés of the Famous "Abbott and Costello Comedy Team"

Present their new two man show:

## "Verbal Confusion Revue Follies"

**BRANNIGAN**

I says, I says, I says, I sold my pants today.

**CHARLIE**

Are you crazy?

**BRANNIGAN**

No. I just don't have any more pants. I gots no place to put the money. Will you hold it for me?

**CHARLIE**

Hold yourz money for you? But my pockets is full.

**BRANNIGAN**

Full of what?

**CHARLIE**

Other pairs of pants. I bought them off a fella on the street.

**BRANNIGAN**

That was me, you idiot. I oughta...

**CHARLIE**

Sorry, Brannigan. I didn't recognize you without pants on...

**BRANNIGAN**

Charlie!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



And other hits....including...

## "Goldfish"

**CHARLIE**

Brannigan, where's my goldfish?

**BRANNIGAN**

Your fish? Well, I figured it would be cheaper to keep your fish in the toilet so we didn't have to buy a bowl.

**CHARLIE**

Brannigan! Where are we gonna go to the bathroom?

**BRANNIGAN**

In this new goldfish bowl I just bought!

**CHARLIE**

Brannigan!

And other hits....including...

## "Hot Date"

**CHARLIE**

Just went on a date with Mary Sue.

**BRANNIGAN**

Did ya Charlie?

**CHARLIE**

Yup, Brannigan.

**BRANNIGAN**

Did you get to first base?

**CHARLIE**

Ya might say I hit the foul pole.

**BRANNIGAN**

WHAZ WHAH WHAH WHAH?

And other hits....including...

## "WHAZ WHAH WHAH WHAH WHAT?"

**CHARLIE**

Hey hey Brannigan, watcha doing?

**BRANNIGAN**

Just watching the boob tube, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

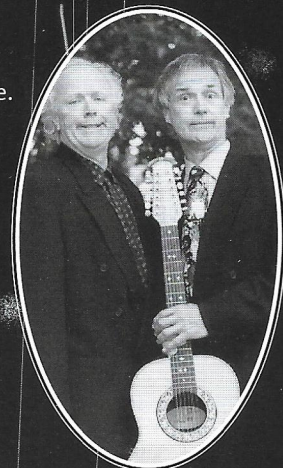
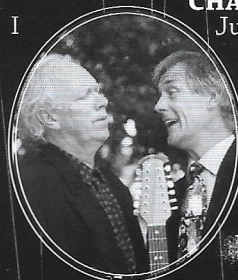
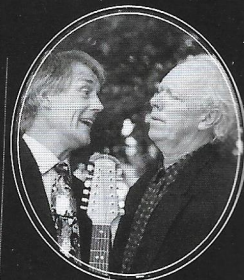
Oh yeah. What's on?

**BRANNIGAN**

Football game, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

WHAZ WHAH WHAH WHAH WHAT?



By Adrian Perry '03 and Matt Steinberg '03. Originally appeared in Vol. CIV, No. 3, "Love" Number.

### You Know You Go to Stanford When... 11

- Wall
- Info
- Discussions
- Photos
- Video
- Events

#### Basic Info

Name: You Know You Go to Stanford When...  
 Category: Just For Fun - Totally Random  
 Description: You know you go to Stanford when...  
 All your best friends just so happen to be all your hallmates.  
 Your school marching band gets drunk every weekend.  
 Your campus is next door to some of the biggest stars of technology.  
 You constantly have to avoid biking into fountains on your way to your classes, which are located on Stanford campus.  
 Your RA is actually, pretty cool.  
 You're a proud member of the Wells Fargo family.  
 You secretly think your roommate is a genius.  
 You should have your own reality show. No, seriously.  
 You think your roommate is secretly a genius.  
 After a stressful day of classes you like to relax in your favorite fountain.  
 When you're at home for Thanksgiving break and one of your high school friends says, "that restaurant's not within walking distance," you think he means you have to grab your bike.  
 Your school marching band is practically drunk.  
 If you want to tell your best friend a secret you don't have to go very far at all.  
 You can fart in front of your RA.  
 Your list of the schools you secretly wished you went to has three entries: Stanford, Stanford, and the University of Stanford.  
 SLE kids never learn...  
 You're required to jump into your favorite fountain.  
 You always have the option to stay on campus and do Thanksgiving with your PHE and the Wells Fargo Family.  
 Wearing a Tufts sweatshirt is an ironic statement.  
 If you want to have a pillow fight with all your best friends you can meet up with them without even getting on your bike.  
 Your idea of a school mascot is LITERALLY a guy dressed in a tree costume who dances his head off and smells like ranch dressing.  
 If you wanted to get all of your friends together to tell them something you could just pull the fire alarm in your dorm.  
 Your mascot is the fountain.

Privacy Type: Open: All content is public.

#### Contact Info

Email: [webuiltthisfarm@stanford.edu](mailto:webuiltthisfarm@stanford.edu)  
 Website: <http://www.stanford.edu/theFarm>  
 Office: The Farm  
 Location: Escondido Village  
 Stanford, CA

#### Recent News

News: Come help us reach our goal of 872 members!



Invite people to join

For all the Stanford students out there - you know who you are!

#### Information

Category: Just For Fun - Totally Random  
 Description: You know you go to Stanford when...  
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After a stressful day of classes you like to relax in your favorite fountain.

When you're at home for Thanksgiving break and one of your high school friends says, "that restaurant's not within walking distance," you think he means you have to grab your bike.

Your school marching band is...

(read more)

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Create an Ad

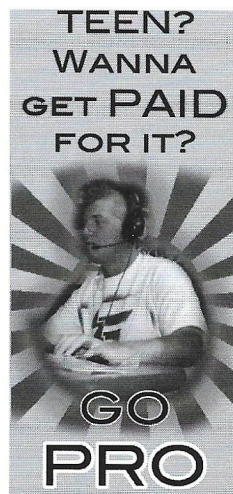
#### Calculate your body fat %

Your weight  lbs  
 What your fat weighs  lbs

Like



Like



Like

# What to do in a Bear Attack



Should I run?

*No, bears can outrun humans in under a second.*

What if there's a nearby tree? Should I climb it?

*If you were a bear running, and the bear was a bear climbing a tree, the bear would still catch you.*

...so don't climb a tree?

*You might as well be climbing the bear.*

Well what if I just stay perfectly still?

*No, then the bear will think you're a pussy.*

Okay, well what if I have a knife or something? Should I use it?

*Yeah, to kill yourself humanely before the bear gets to you.*

Well, what if I have a gun? Should I shoot the bear?

*Partner, by the time you've whipped out your gun, that bear will have already laid three deep in your head.*

Why does the bear have a gun?

*Why wouldn't he? It's how he deals with animals like you.*

I don't think a bear could fire a gun, much less have one on him at all times.

*Partner, there's a whole lotta things you don't think about bears.*

## UPDATED JOKES

Yo mamma so fat, the last time she saw 300 was on the SCALE.

The coldest Winter X-Games I ever attended was the 1999 San Francisco Summer X-Games.

What's Michael Jackson's favorite thing about 26-year-olds? There's 26 of them.

Why can't Helen Keller drive? She is in the infinite abyss of death that will one day be experienced by you and everyone you know.

What's the deal with airline food? I mean, does it exist or not?

Have you heard the one about the black scientist? Neither has she, and she's very well-read!

Why can't Ray Charles read? Dead. Next!

A black man and a Mexican are in a car. Who's driving? The cops (they're both cops).

**One-liners? No time. Half-liners!**

I've had a great time —  
SOME OTHER TIME!

Dog ain't a man's best friend;  
ya can't even read in one!

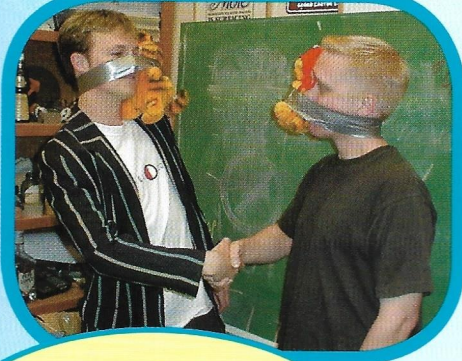
**WIFE FOR SALE!**

Hello! The new craze is sweeping the globe.

FACE CAT!

FACE CAT!

FACE CAT!

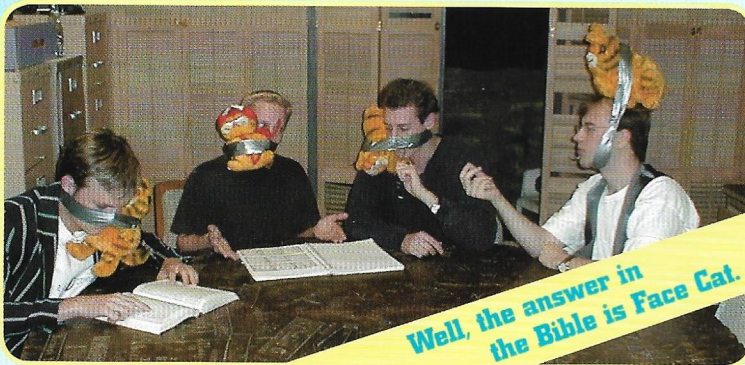


Cat!

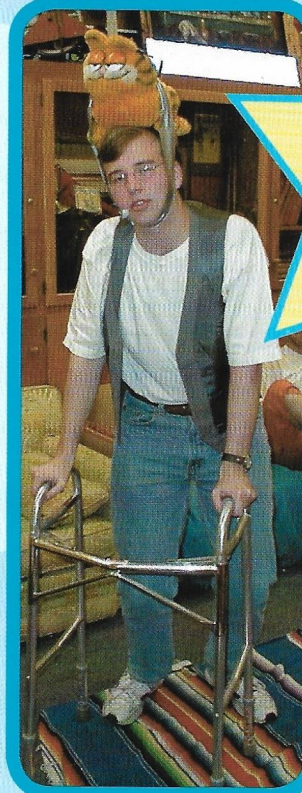
TWO FACES?  
TWO CATS!  
The deal is done.

Face!

SPORT FACE  
CAT IS THE WINNER!



Well, the answer in the Bible is Face Cat.



I cannot walk.  
But  
Face Cat  
can party!

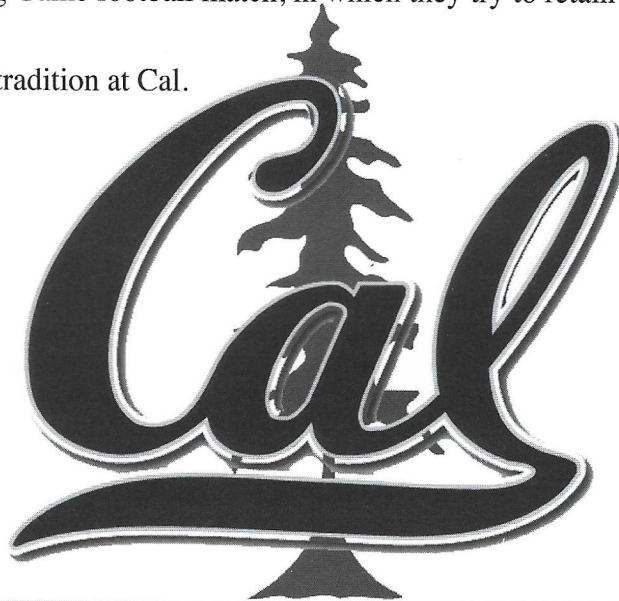
PARTY!



Buy Everything!

# Facts About Our RIVAL SCHOOL

- Cal was named in honor of the deceased son of a typhoid researcher, who met his end in a train derailment.
- Cal students are known to engage in the “hourly howl,” in which students lean out their windows screaming to alert others of the time.
- During High Noon on the Bay, Cal students participate in a raucous game of Marco-Polo in which the blind pursuant attempts to kiss and drown his or her targets.
- Cal’s mascot, Oskie the Bear, is known for almost always being drunk and Asian beneath his suit.
- Cal’s infamous Prison Experiment, composed entirely of student volunteers, ended prematurely after one of the prisoners shanked a guard.
- Cal students consider it “uncool” to wear clothes while biking.
- Known for their brevity, Cal students often use portmanteaus such as “MaBu” (Math Building), “IGoCla” (I’m Going to Class), and “LiLi” (Library... Library) when speaking with one another.
- Cal participates in the annual Big Game football match, in which they try to retain or recapture the coveted Axe from their rival school, Cal.
- Building hopping is no longer a tradition at Cal.



Go fountain hopping



Have a meaningful conversation with a friend until two in the morning



Get rolled out by your favorite of the thousands of student groups on campus



Roll around in the fountain



Go to a lecture for a class in which you aren't enrolled

# Freshmen Tips

Develop a self-defining philosophy



Cry yourself to sleep because you realize you've betrayed yourself



Vomit in terror as you discover you're losing everything you've ever stood for



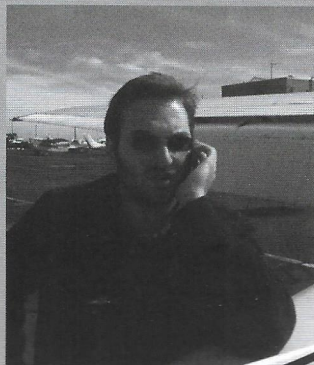
Put on a diaper and lock yourself in your dorm room for eight days without eating or drinking while Urban Cowboy plays on repeat because I wanted to believe in love again.



Research with a professor

## Professors begin referring to their students as their "Daughters"

*A True Story By, Alexander Gould, a scholar who knows all of the tops in The Societies.*



It has become increasingly clear that senior Professors are indeed beginning to refer to all of their students as "their daughters." It seemed to have started with IHUM Professor Dr. Vendetto Shachar, who told his IHUM class that the entire program was made possible by all of his daughters. Although some of his daughters were apparently influential donors, he considered all of his students to be his daughters. When one young man said to Dr. Shachar "I am a mature masculine man, I is not your daughters", he responded by saying that he will not and cannot continue to lecture and teach without the support of all of his daughters.

One staff woman, who organizes things in the History Department, complained of another History Professor, Dr. Tad Twinkal, who apparently put his fingers into a small hole in the back of her shirt before referring to her affectionately as his favorite daughter. There is rumor that this obsession with persevering only in the presence of hundreds of daughters is being derived from a recent re-swelling in popularity of the wonderful film "Not Without my Daughter" starring The Sally Field. But nobody knows what is actually causing the craze. But next time you have your Professor sing you "Chuck, you is my daughter now," you will know that he too has gotten the bug.

To avoid this, consider entering the classroom in groups, so you can create a circle and defend yourself with weapons of choice. If you go in one by one, it will be like dropping worms into a shark tank.

## Brian Eno's Diary

--10 am: collaborated w/ David Byrne on new song, experimenting with bassoon

--11 am: air is music!

--12 pm: collaborated w/ David Byrne on tuna sandwich (too salty)

--12:10 pm: insisted that David call sandwiches "compositions"

--1 pm: tapped on jar containing Chris Martin's soul

--1:30 pm: David and I have a good laugh prank calling Phillip Glass

--2 pm: collaborated w/ David Byrne on game of chicken fight in my pool (David on top, no opponents)

--2:15 pm: still no opponents for chicken, David gets off

--3:30 pm: arrived at creative impasse. Rifled through Oblique Strategies deck,

realized it is bullshit. will try I Ching

--4:15 pm: watched snowmobile crash videos on youtube

--4:45 pm: invented new musical genre consisting of audio from snowmobile crash videos on youtube. David, however, seems unimpressed

--5:00 pm: collaborated w/ David Byrne on netflix queue

--5:25 pm: feeling self-satisfied.

--5:45 pm: still feeling self-satisfied. wondering if this feeling can be captured and sold. an aura?

--6:15 pm: relieved that Bono forgot our dinner arrangement. David and I enjoy a pumpkin soup

--6:30 pm: goddammit Bono's here

--6:35 pm: oh my goddddd he won't shut up

--6:55 pm: David is playing dead—I use the 911-call trick as rehearsed and it works! Bono leaves

--7:00 pm: jesus christ Bono left his fucking sunglasses here, i know he's going to come back for them tomorrow, fuck me

--7:05 pm: David does a remarkably good Bono impression with the glasses on to cheer me up

--8:00 pm: Collaborated with David Byrne on choice of wine (pinot grigio)

--9:00 pm: David is getting giggly

--10:00 pm: composed bedtime story for David Byrne

# The SIMS<sup>3</sup> DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE

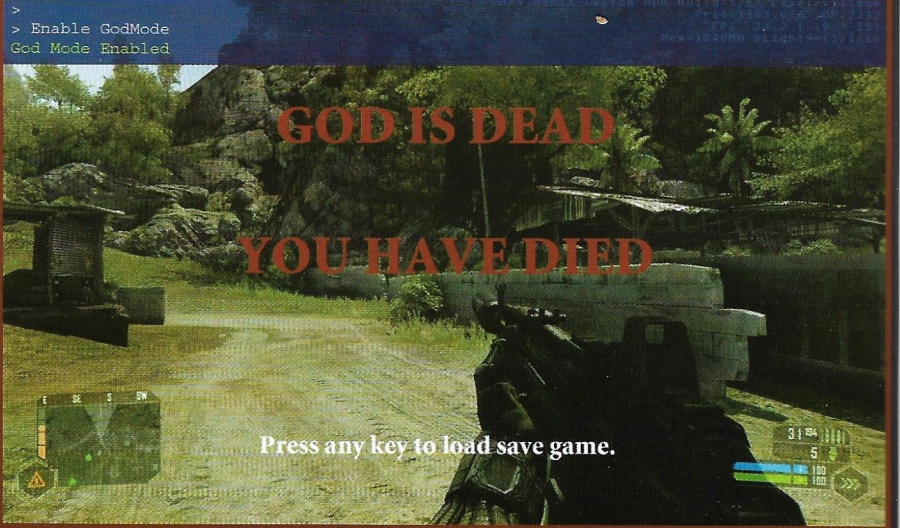


Uh oh! There's a new zodiac sign in town: childhood trauma. Your Sim needs therapy, but you don't have enough Simoleons. What's with your Sim today? Better keep clicking on him until he goes to work. Your Sim is so lazy. Why did you choose capricorn? Hire a maid. The sink broke, but theres no time to fix it. Your Sim is having a nervous breakdown. Don't choose incontinence as one of your starting traits again. Dignity is undoubtedly a much better choice for your Sim.



# PREDYCAMENT

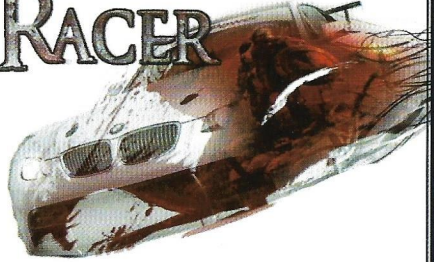
Predycament is not your typical first person shooter. Set ten years in the future, you will take the role of covert operative Sgt. Andrew Blake. Your mission: to take out the North Korean army—from the inside. Predycament is not for the casual gamer: its realistic physics and sinister A.I. punishes even the slightest mistake. If you are shot, you die. Health cannot be regained. There is no additional ammo. Mission objectives are in Korean. Saving is only allowed once per hour. Don't even think about cheating.





# GAME

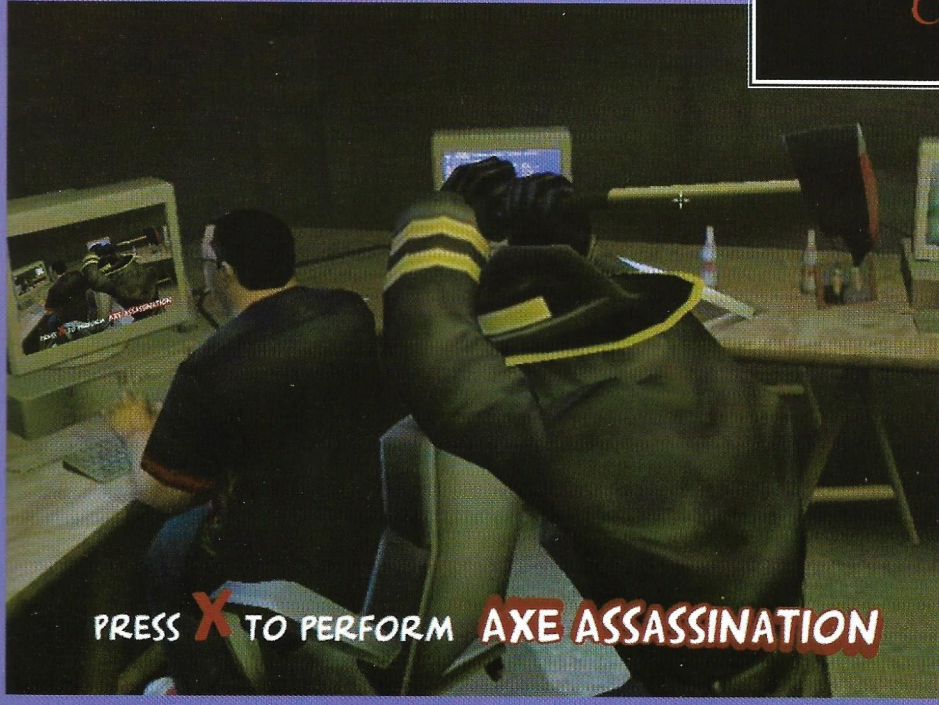
## DRAGON RACER



Blast through ancient checkpoints, lap horsemen, and perform massive aerials off of slowly closing drawbridges in what is being hailed as the racing game of the year. It's you and your BMW M5 against a frantic and confused army with archaic weaponry. Dodge arrows and spears as you tear through castle halls—or not—your reinforced steel hull and plexiglass windshield can easily handle the impact. Just don't run out of gas.

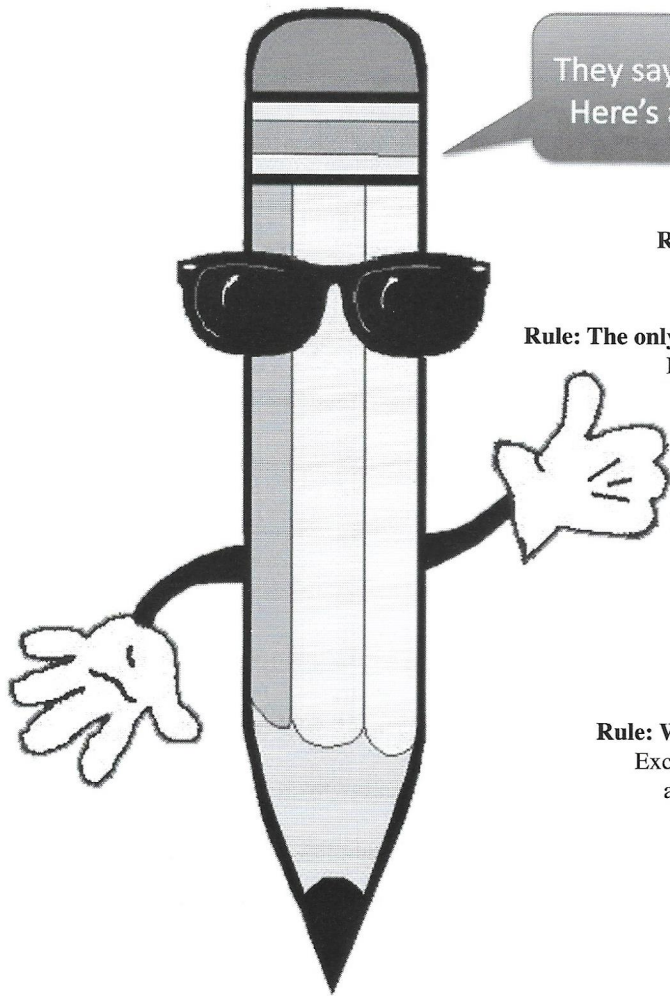
## HITMAN

### CODENAME: ASSASSAIN



PRESS **X** TO PERFORM **AXE ASSASSINATION**

In the world of Hitmen, you are the best. Armed with abnormally quiet pistols and an uncanny ability to avoid suspicion simply by changing clothes, you've had no trouble taking out even the most guarded targets. But when you find out that a cabal of men known only as "Gamers" are somehow controlling you through their computer keyboard, you decide to Go Rogue. In the ultimate chapter of the Hitman series you will visit exotic basements and sublet apartments to take out the "Gamers". They'll never see it coming.



They say there's an exception to every rule. And they're right! Here's a list of rules and their exceptions to keep an eye on.

**Rule: When you give someone a gift, if you take it back people will call you an indian giver.**  
Exception: When the gift is an Indian.

**Rule: The only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about.**  
Exception: Or being talked about loudly in your ears.

**Rule: There's an exception to every rule.**  
Exception: No exceptions here

**Rule: Money can't buy happiness.**  
Exception: Money can't buy happiness, but people can.

**Rule: There's more than one way to skin a cat.**  
Exception: Not in my house there's not.

**Rule: Two heads are better than one.**  
Exception: On a penis.

**Rule: White people in America will become a minority by 2050.**  
Exception: White people in America are already a minority, as most people are either not white or not in America.

**Rule: All dogs go to heaven.**  
Exception: Why would that be true?

**Rule: Rules were meant to be broken.**  
Exception: Rule 8: Please do not break this rule.

**Rule: You break it, you buy it.**  
Exception: Sometimes I do this in the reverse order.

**Rule: The camera adds ten pounds.**  
Exception: This camera weighs twelve pounds. Besides, why do you need to bring a camera backpacking anyways?

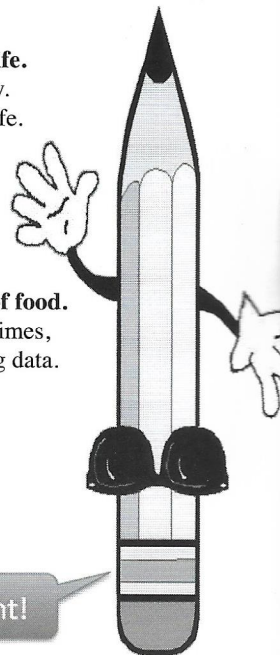
**Rule: If you step on a crack you break your mother's back.**  
Exception: Nuh uh.

**Rule: Give a man a fish, keep him fed for a day. Teach a man to fish, keep him fed for the rest of his life.**  
Exception: Give a man a fire, keep him warm for a day. Light a man on fire, keep him warm for the rest of his life.

**Rule: If your girlfriend says, "This isn't working out," she's breaking up with you.**  
Exception: She's trivializing your gym regimen.

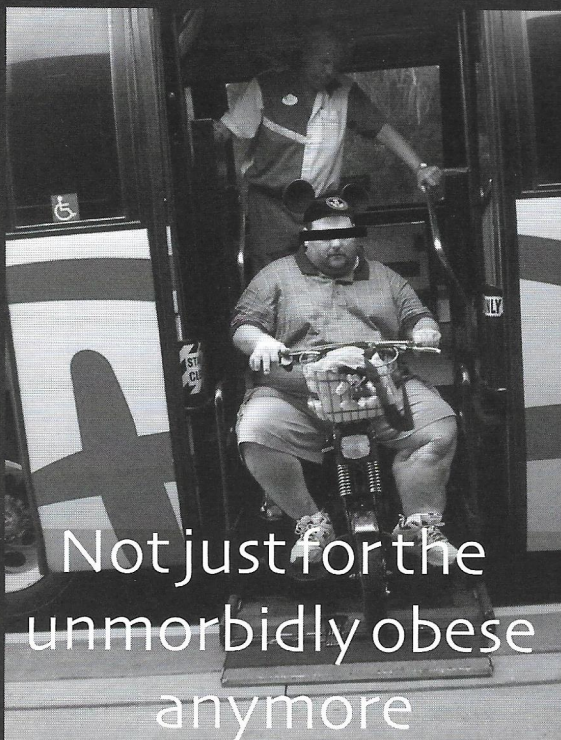
**Rule: If you ring a bell every time you feed a dog, whenever he hears a bell he will salivate in anticipation of food.**  
Exception: If a psychologist runs this experiment enough times, whenever a bell is rung he will automatically start recording data.

**Rule: The pen is mightier than the sword.**  
Exception: Pen schmen, I'm going dancin'!



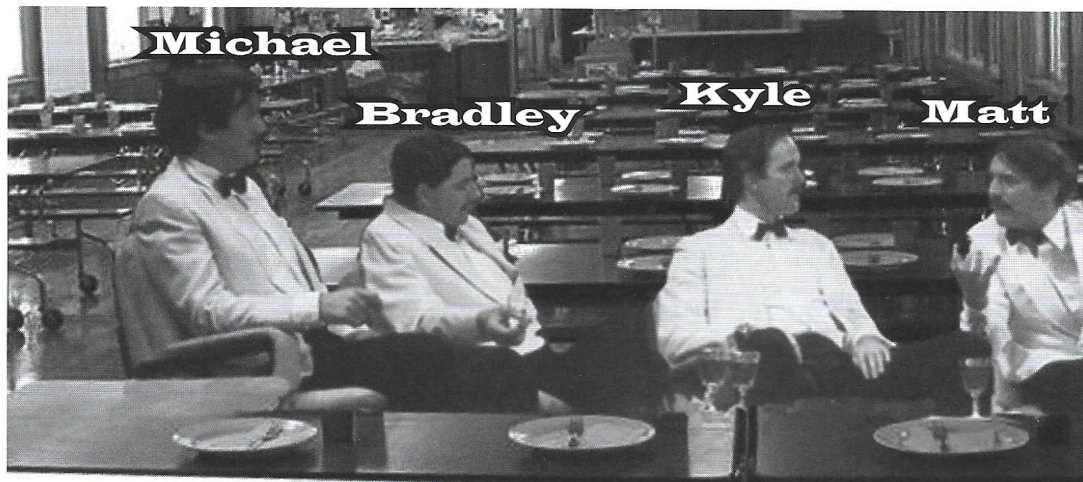
Hey who turned out the lights? Am I right!

WALT DISNEY WORLD



Not just for the unmorbidly obese anymore

# THE FOUR ROBLEMEN



*Lagunita Dining Hall, two weeks into Freshman year*

**Michael:** You know it's weird—now that I go to Stanford my parents' friends always ask me for advice on their kids' college essays. But I didn't even try that hard on my own essay. I just spent a few hours writing about my childhood obsession with Power Rangers the day before it was due.

**Bradley:** Yeah, I didn't really think it was such a big deal. I wrote mine after a cross-country race. The topic was something like science. I made a mistake on the address so I just crossed it out.

**Kyle:** I really slacked off for mine. I started an hour before it was due and finished with forty minutes to spare. I said I chose Stanford because of its study abroad program in Buenos Aires; I just assumed they had one.

**Matt:** Wow, you guys are workaholics compared to me. I wrote about Grand Theft Auto, was thirty words under the minimum, and didn't even use Spell Check. My friend offered to edit it for me but I didn't feel like opening up my e-mail.

**Michael:** I don't know how you can spend so much time working without going crazy. I copied page 47 of *Catcher in the Rye*, ran

out of ink halfway through, put an eleven-cent stamp on the envelope and slept like a baby after all that hard work.

**Bradley:** You need to live a little. I got pizza grease all over my essay about the lesson I learned from cheating on the SAT's the only time I took them.


**Kyle:** One day you'll learn that school isn't everything. I taped a Ramen label to a piece of computer paper and threw it in the direction of the admissions office. I was really impressed with my work ethic.


**Chris:** I didn't try as hard on mine. I dipped my one page death threat in pickle juice 30 minutes before the essay was an hour late, put it in an envelope, put the envelope in the mailman's shirt pocket, patted him on the back saying "don't spend it all in one place," triumphantly paraded into my kitchen, and passionately kissed the cleaning lady on the mouth à la Dustin Hoffman in *Kramer vs. Kramer*.


**Michael:** See that's what I like about Stanford. The kids are just as smart as at any Ivy League school but they're way more laid-back.


**Bradley:** I got rejected from Penn for spaghetti sauce.





 The Chili's cash registers are NOT Y2K compliant. Come in for a large family meal and order over \$1,000 worth of food and merchandise. If you land a non-patched register, the counter will reset at 1000 and cycle back to 0. You will be tempted to run up exactly 1,000 dollars, but this may illicit suspicion so it's better not to be stingy. May take several attempts, but this one is sweet when it hits.

 The Chili's Grill has a standing policy of giving free appetizers to any person who sends back a burger for being overcooked. At the same time, Chili's will not allow patrons to request burgers to be cooked rare or medium-rare, resulting in an inherent contradiction. As of yet, the yields of this hack have been limited to free appetizers, but some experts project that this hack could later be used to actually make it possible to get a rare or medium-rare hamburger despite Chili's kitchen policies.

 Chili's has a frequently misunderstood policy printed above the pay phone which reads: "If you're drunk, we'll call a cab- it's on us." Many novice hackers think this means that Chili's will pay for free cab rides. Unfortunately, what the policy actually means is that Chili's will pay for the phone call (leaving the cost of the cab ride itself to the drunken patron.) However, Chili's rule books never say which cab company they are required to call. Print fake business cards with your friend's phone number on them and the words "Safe Cab Company." Pretend to be drunk, and when Chili's offers to call a cab, you've just opened up unlimited local phone calls. (The classic Gray Box hack.)

 Do not forget about the Chicken Crispers discreteness paradox. Go to Chili's with a friend, and both order the Chicken Crispers. When the food arrives, whoever receives fewer Chicken Crispers should immediately complain to the server that he did not receive as many as the other person. Then, when the server returns with more Chicken Crispers for the first person, the second person should now complain that he has less. Due to the continuous nature of matter, this process can be repeated almost indefinitely.

 Chili's servers frequently forget to charge for club soda. This isn't the most impressive hack, but it's a good option to have in your bag of tricks when other strategies have gone awry.

 The human body has a spot just above the kidney and below the rib cage that, if stabbed precisely, will be instantly debilitating without being fatal. This spot is usually impossible to reach, but fortunately the Chili's Sport Sheet posted above the urinals causes male patrons between 5'6" and 6'2" to arch their torsos in exactly the right way to expose this vulnerability. Neutralize your target and leave him bound in front of the urinal. Now return to your table, and when your meal is over, stand up and announce that someone has been stabbed in the restroom. Sneak out during the ensuing confusion.

By Ian Spiro '04 and Steve Yelderman '04. Originally appeared in 2004's "Origins" Number

# THE WOODSMAN

*Hey, why'd you eat that entire slice of bread? That was our last piece of food!*

**Listen kid, it woulda done jack diddly for either of us if we cut it in half.**

*Well I guess that's kind of true...*

**Well, I wouldn't be the Woodsman if it wasn't.**

*So why do you get to eat the entire squirrel?*

**I toldja, cause I already ate the bread.**

*...so shouldn't that mean I get more squirrel?*

**Naw, I think I should just continue being the eater.**

*And why is that?*

**Because when you're all weak and whiny, I'll be able to take care of ya.**

*I guess that makes sense...*

**Well, I wouldn't be the Woodsman if it didn't.**

*I really can't go any further. You're going to have to help me.*

**No can do, kiddo.**

*But, you said—*

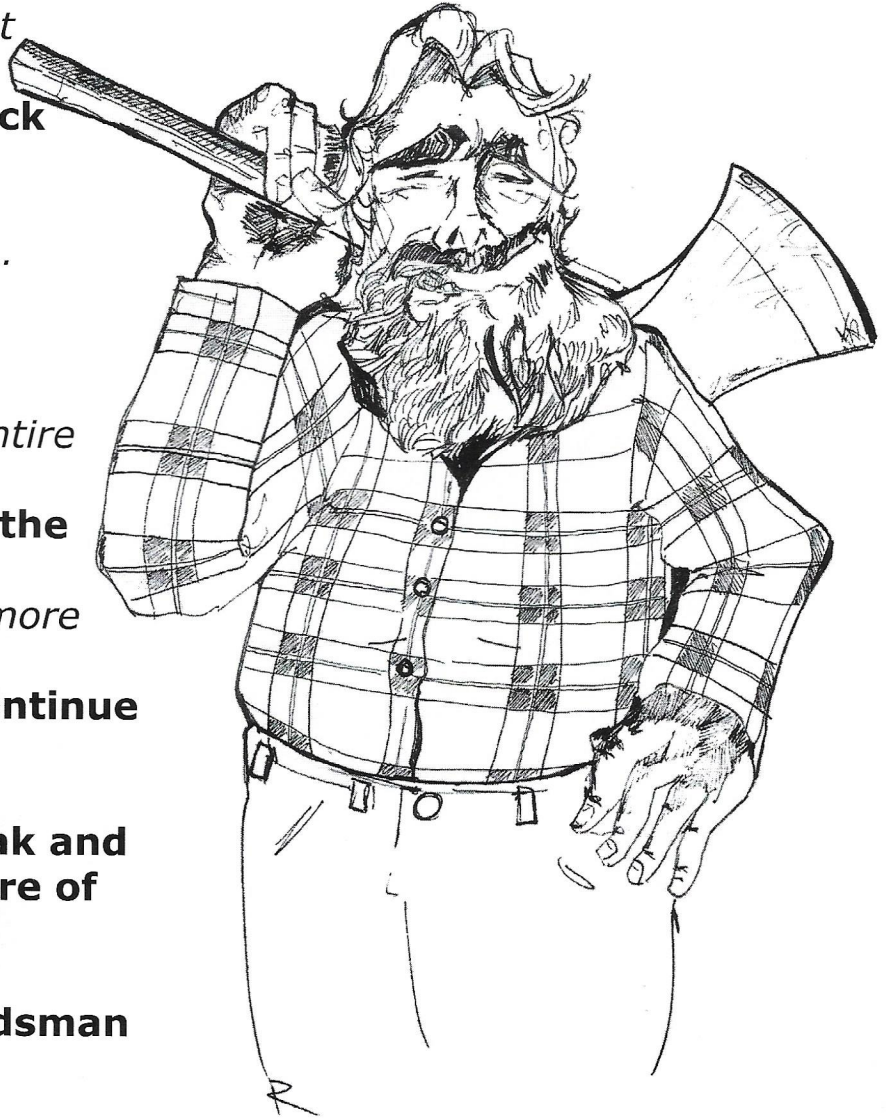
**Listen, if I have to waste any energy on you, neither of us will have enough to go on.**

*Well, I guess that could be a possibility, but—*

**Now shut up so I can stop talkin to ya. Don't you go movin too far, neither. Imma need to remember this spot 'case I need to eatcha later. ...oh, and it was nice to make your acquaintances.**

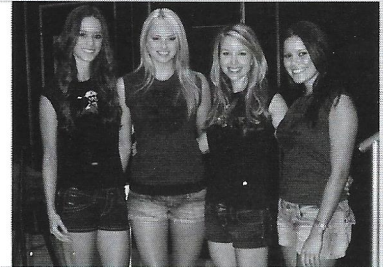
*You... you can live with what you're doing right now?*

**Well, I wouldn't be the Woodsman if I couldn't.**



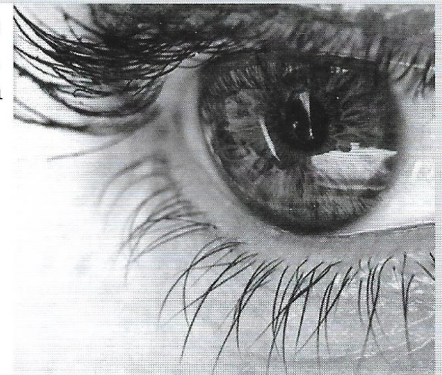
# PICK UP CHICKS

A few years ago, my love life was in the shambles. I knew I had to do something about it, so I invented these foolproof techniques for scoring with the ladies. Within a few weeks, I was a bona fide lady's man. And a few days after that, I was a bona fide ladies' man. Try these tips out and sooner than you know you'll be beating them off with a stick.

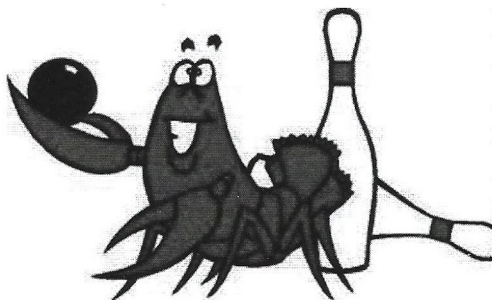


Women love to be charmed. If you make your nights unforgettable, they'll be just that. If you're about to go on a big date and you don't have any plans yet, there's no need to worry. Go for a long walk on the beach, and then enjoy dinner at a nice French restaurant. Then go to her place, to pick her up. The walking and eating should have given you enough time to plan an incredible evening.

With women, you always gotta keep the conversation lively. Chemistry is key. Fascinate her with a well-rehearsed personal anecdote of adventure, love, or extreme weather. If you notice she starts to find the conversation boring, fix this by making the conversation less boring. Be agreeable. If she asks you your favorite eye-color, say whatever color eyes she has.



And show off your sense of humor. If, when you retaliate with your own question about favorite eye-colors, she answers with whatever color eyes you have, say, "No it's not I know it's secretly [her eye-color]!" She'll burst out laughing, surprised by your technically inappropriate but charmingly candid remark.



Women like a man with confidence. It's as simple as that. Whatever activity you're engaged in, if you act like she should be impressed she will be. For example, if you're cooking her a meal, you don't have to be the world's greatest chef. Talk a big game and she'll attribute any lack of enjoyment of your lobster in peanut sauce to her unsophisticated palette.

I've never been bowling. Don't know why, I just haven't. But you think I'd ever be anxious to go on a bowling date? Not a chance. I would strut through the alley like I owned the place and she'd never even entertain the notion that it was my first time. In fact, I've taken plenty of girls bowling and it's worked like a charm every time. Best of luck.

# Wrong Ways to Eat a Reese's

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



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



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



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

By Allan Phillips '07. Originally appeared in Vol. CVIII, No. 2, "Sacrifice" Number.

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



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

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

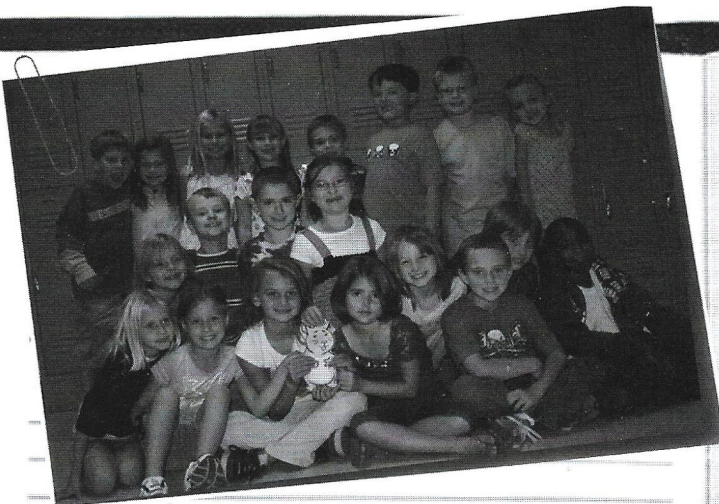
With tears in her eyes, Kate took the candy from his hand. Mr. Daggerty kneeled down. "Stand on that chair."

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

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



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



13th Week - MARCH



**MONDAY 24 CRASS IS IN SESSION**

83-282

Class begins with the teacher emitting a protracted, disgusting belch. The teacher takes the kids out to the yard and throws down multiple vicious, savage dunks. The class is forced to watch in silence. Class dismissed.

**TUESDAY 25 PISS TEST**

84-281

The teacher calls a kid up to the front of the class and tells him to stand still. Then the teacher pisses all over him, and tells him how disappointed he is in him. The kid is then sent to the principal's office. Class dismissed.

**WEDNESDAY 26 BEHAVIOR MANAGEMENT**

85-280

The kids show up to class but there's no teacher. They look outside and see the teacher idling on a massive hog. The teacher starts tearing up donuts on the school field. Back in the room, the teacher actually tears up some fresh doughnuts sitting on the table that the kids were promised. Class dismissed.

**THURSDAY 27 MODELING**

86-279

The teacher fires several rounds into the ceiling before ripping into students, belittling and degrading them by exposing and mocking their deepest insecurities. Next up: 2D Avatar on a 12 hour loop, with no breaks. The teacher stands behind the TV with arms crossed, sunglasses on. Class dismissed.

**FRIDAY 28 INDEPENDENT STUDY**

87-278

The bell rings, and class begins. The teacher expels the whole class. Finally, the teacher grabs a cold one.

**SATURDAY 29**

88-277

**SUNDAY 30**

89-276

Australia (NSW, SA, ACT, TAS, VIC) :  
move clock back 1 hour.



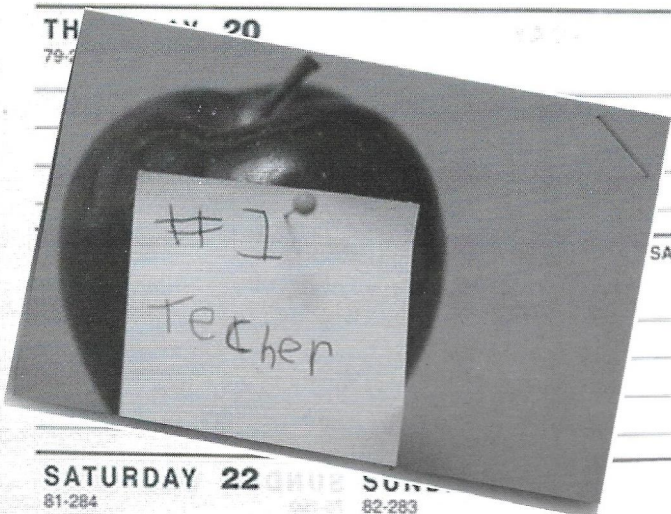
**WEDNESDAY 19**

78-287



**THURSDAY 20**

79-286



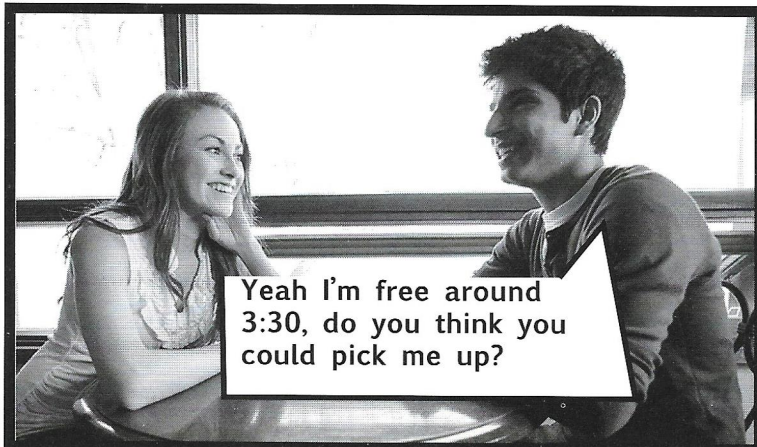
**SATURDAY 22**

81-284

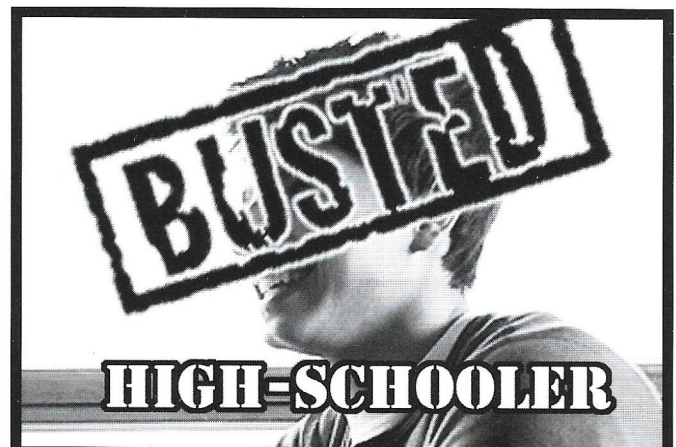
**SUNDAY 23**

82-283

Quo Vadis



Yeah I'm free around 3:30, do you think you could pick me up?





Rick Parische had always wanted to be a doctor. After barely graduating from the University of San Carlos of Guatemala Medical School, he began to practice at Pittsburgh's Allegheny Hospital, though he was never technically on staff. At forty, he self-misdiagnosed a malignant brain tumor as acquired knowledge he had gained and stored over the years. The tumor proved to be fatal, but it could not kill Rick's medical spirit. He continued to practice, seemingly unfazed if not oblivious to his change in state, much to the chagrin of everyone with whom he came in contact. To this day, he still haunts the halls of Allegheny as...

# Ghost Doctor

**Ghost Doctor:** [Coming in through the unopened door fast and unexpectedly] "Alright, sorry for the wait, it's a busy one today! So what seems to be the problem?"

**Patient:** [Shuffles awkwardly in a lame attempt to conceal a *People* magazine] "Well, about a week ago my friends and I..." [stops, dumbfounded, realizing his physician is translucent]

**Ghost Doctor:** [Scribbling furiously]: "Yes, yes, I see, and then what?"

**Patient:** "Well I... Sorry, doctor, are you...okay?"

**Ghost Doctor:** "Who, me? Couldn't feel better. Glided six miles yesterday and I didn't even break a sweat! And what are ya doing asking about me; we're here for you!"

**Patient:** "I, well, yes... So I was playing basketball with some buddies last week and I landed on my wrist pretty awkwardly, and it just hasn't improved at all."

**Ghost Doctor:** "Ah, well, let's have a looksee..." [puts on spectacles for closer examination] "Yep, she's a wrist all right. Now tell me, does it hurt when I touch it here?" [finger goes through wrist]

**Patient:** "Well, no, but—"

**Ghost Doctor:** "Very good, very good. Now, try to push against my hand as hard as you can." [again, the doctor goes right through] "Hmmm, no difficulty there...are you sure you fell on your wrist?"

**Patient:** "Well, yes, it's clearly still completely swollen and all black and blue. Nothing happens when you touch it because you aren't able to apply pressure! For God's sake, you're a gho—"

**Ghost Doctor:** "I'm going to stop you right there. As a trained medical professional, I think I know how much pressure to apply when examining a patient. I'll give you my diagnosis: you're a whiny brat. That wrist is fine, and you know it. Get out of my office."

**Patient:** "This is the waiting room."

**Ghost Doctor:** "I said OUT!"

**Live Doctor:** "How's he doing?"

**Nurse:** "Just fine. He's still sleeping, but his heart rate has been stable for the past hour."

**Patient:** [Waking up and rubbing eyes]: "Doctor Kirk?"

**Live Doctor:** "Yes, yes, Mr. Braman, but shhhh, you should get your rest." [pats him and smiles benignly]

**Ghost Doctor:** [Bursting through unopened double doors] "I got here as soon as I could! How's he doing? Do I need to operate?"

**Live Doctor:** "Shhhh! Rick, he's perfectly fine, we don't need your assistance."

**Ghost Doctor:** "Fine? He looks dead to me!"

**Live Doctor:** "He's sleeping. And let's keep it that way, he needs his rest."

**Patient:** [Waking up again] "What's the commotion—" [sees Ghost Doctor] "Ah, ah, ahhhhh!" [clutches chest]

**EKG:** [Straight line]

**Live Doctor:** "Damn it, Rick, again?! You need to realize with your...condition, that most patients, especially those with heart conditions, are going to be a little shocked by your presence!"

**Ghost Doctor:** "Precisely, the man had a heart condition! You can't blame me for that one, Kirk."

**Ghost Patient:** [Rising from body] "But I can!"

**Ghost Doctor,**

**Live Doctor, Nurse:** [Collective GASP!]

**Ghost Patient:** "I know who you are now! Back in 2000 I came into your office complaining about chest pains, and you told me it was just a chip wedged in my windpipe! Five years later they tell me my coronary artery is almost completely clogged; I tried to sue, but they told me you were dead!"

**Ghost Doctor:** "Whoa, whoa, lower your voice, please. I really don't think this is anything we need to lose our temper over."

**Ghost Patient:** "This isn't anything? Look at me!"

**Ghost Doctor:** "Honestly, I don't see what the problem is."

**Ghost Doctor:** [Coming through the unopened door with clipboard]: "Well little Miss Anna, it looks like you're due for another tetanus shot!"

**Anna:** [Starts screaming hysterically]

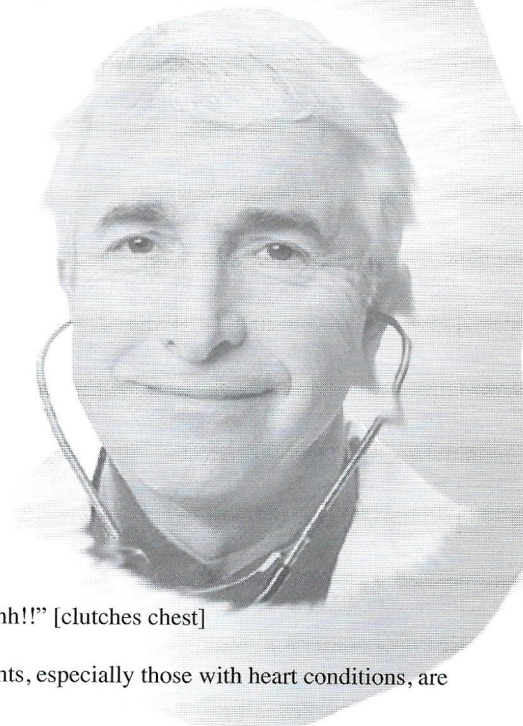
**Ghost Doctor:** "Oh, there, there, sweetie, it won't hurt a bit! And when it's over, you'll get a..." [comes within an inch of her face] "WAWEE-POP!"

**Anna:** [Cowers and covers her face with her hands]

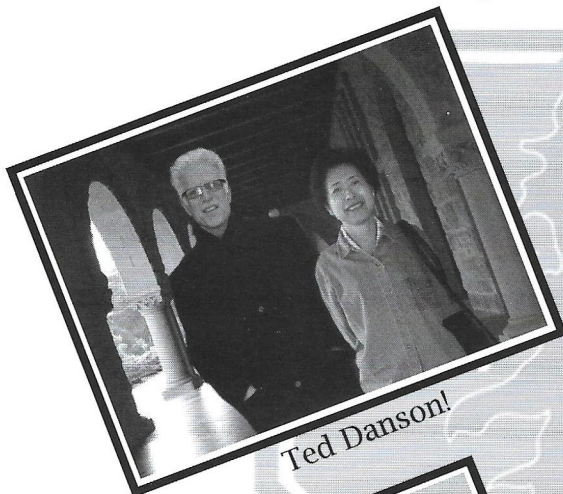
**Mother:** "Doctor, doctor! I think Anna is perfectly fine with the shot, she's had dozens in the past, but I think the fact that you're a gho—"

**Ghost Doctor:** "Doesn't hurt a bit! See, watch for yourself..." [puts syringe in own arm and injects. Contents dribble onto Anna] "Oh, sorry, let me get you a paper towel..."

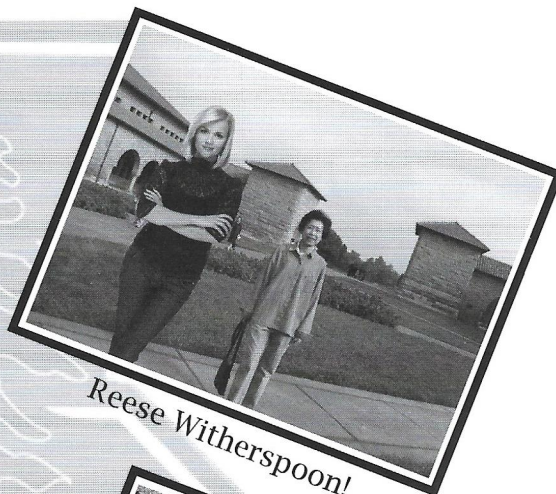
**Mother & Anna:** [Run out the door]



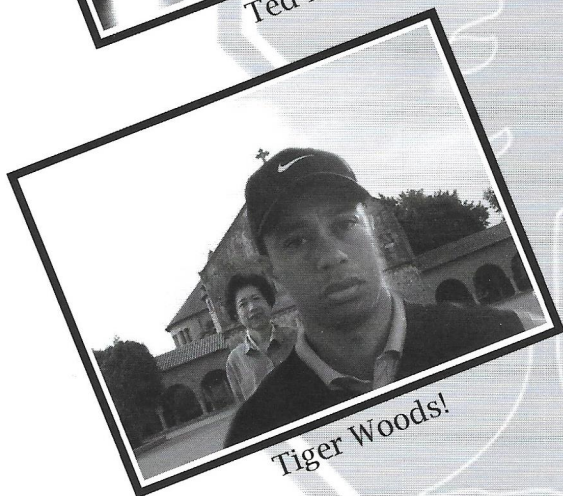
Wait, *they* went to Stanford?



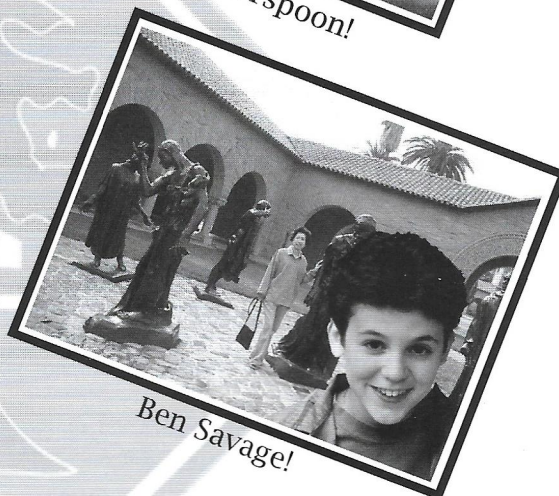
Ted Danson!



Reese Witherspoon!



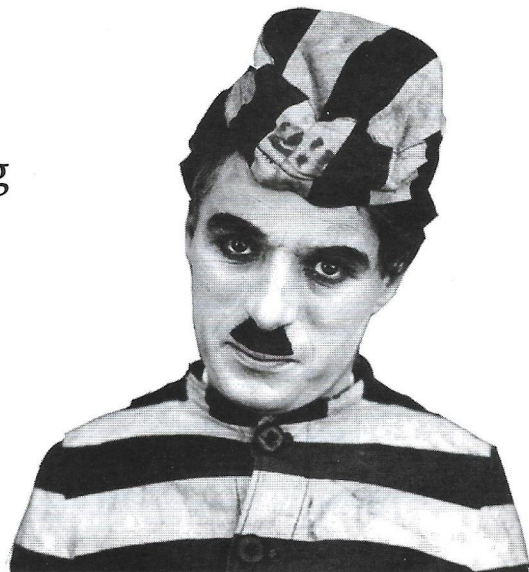
Tiger Woods!



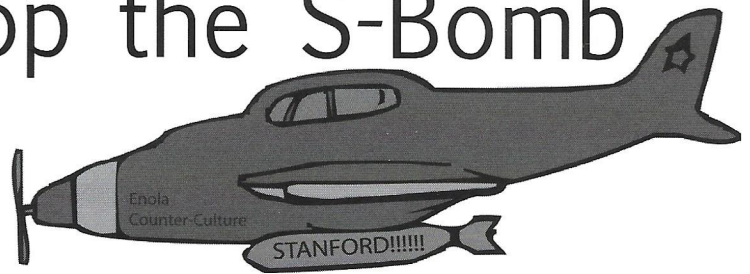
Ben Savage!

## *Petty Petty Crimes*

Miner in Possession  
Grand Borrow Auto  
Opening and Entering  
Shop Gifting  
Identity Crisis Theft  
Sensual Assault  
Fonzie Scheme  
Child Born  
Exalt and Flattery  
Kid Napping  
Arriving Under the Influence



# How to Drop the S-Bomb



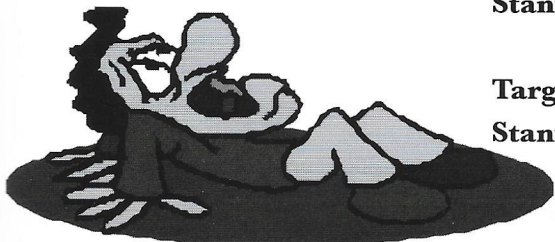
**Targeted Stranger:** So where do you go to school?  
**Stanford Student:** Oh! Gosh! This is embarrassing!  
**Targeted Stranger:** Oh, you can tell me.  
**Stanford Student:** I go to Stanford!  
**Targeted Stranger:** Why is that embarrassing?  
**Stanford Student:** I'm a genius writer.  
**Targeted Stranger:** What?  
**Stanford Student:** I'm failing math!

**Targeted Stranger:** Where do you go to college?  
**Stanford Student:** Let's put it this way, in high school my friends and I used to dress up all crazy and go to the bowling alley to bowl and see people's reactions to our outfits.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Oh, so you're a dropout.  
**Stanford Student:** No! I'm quirky. I go to Stanford.  
**Targeted Stranger:** I see.  
**Stanford Student:** I like all types of music except country.  
**Targeted Stranger:** I didn't ask.

**Targeted Stranger:** Where do you go to college?  
**Stanford Student:** I go to Stanford.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Sweet, like from Saved By the Bell? That's where Jesse Spano went right?  
**Stanford Student:** No, that's Stansbury. That's a fake school.  
**Targeted Stranger:** That's so awesome, is Jesse in any of your classes?  
**Stanford Student:** Dude, that was fake, it's not a real school.  
**Targeted Stranger:** You should totally hook up with her.  
**Stanford Student:** I don't think she even got in remember? Zack beat her on he SATs. She took the caffeine pills.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Man, your school sounds crazy. I hope you don't get caught up in that shit.

**Targeted Stranger:** Where do you go to school?  
**Stanford Student:** I go to school in California.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Oh that's nice.  
**Stanford Student:** Don't you want to know where in California?  
**Targeted Stranger:** Um, ok sure.  
**Stanford Student:** It's near San Francisco.  
**Targeted Stranger:** I used to live in San Francisco, I moved there for a couple of years during "the movement." Times were different back then.  
**Stanford Student:** I go to Stanford.  
**Targeted Stranger:** I remember when Haight/Ashbury was Haight Ashbury. They were all out there, all the greats.  
**Stanford Student:** I go to Stanford; it's one of the most renowned colleges in the entire world. It has perhaps the lowest acceptance rate of any school in the country.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Yep, we did it all back then. Damn near smoked myself retarded.  
**Stanford Student:** I AM BETTER THAN YOU.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Stanford eh? Isn't that in Connecticut?

**Targeted Stranger:** So where do you go to school?  
**Stanford Student:** I go to school in California.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Oh, so you're gay?  
**Stanford Student:** No no, Brown's in Rhode Island. I go to Stanford.  
**Targeted Stranger:** Oh so you're quirky.  
**Stanford Student:** Very quirky.



By Matthew Henick '05. Originally appeared in Vol. CVI, No. 1, "Freshman" Number.



WIN WIN

# SITUATIONS

I don't know about you guys, but it seems win-win situations have been presenting themselves to me at alarming rates. Take just the other day for example. An uncle of mine was making his way over for dinner. I had cooked only two burgers. I had a decision to make. I could eat both burgers myself—that way I'd have a delicious, hearty meal. Or I could save one of the burgers for my uncle; then I wouldn't get sick from eating too much food. Either way I had it made.

Or picture you've just lost your laptop charger. You figure a charger's a pretty simple thing, how could it cost more than thirty bucks? That's not so bad. But then again, you don't have the first idea as to how a charger works, let alone how much it costs; who knows how many chips it requires? Be smart about it. Find a friend who thinks it costs less than thirty bucks, and bet him that he's wrong.

And in addition, football. The year 2000 was a great year for me. My favorite team in the world is the Baltimore Ravens. They had an incredible defense. They didn't need some stud quarterback; as they say, the best offense is a good defense. Soon enough they beat the Giants in the Super Bowl and I was happy as can be (I bet on both teams.) Then in 2007 my favorite team in the world was the New York Giants. They didn't have a very good defense, so they didn't have such a good offense. But that didn't matter because their offense was so good. That year they beat the Patriots in the Super Bowl. So don't worry about whether you should pick a team with a good offense or a good defense. Either way they'll have a great offense and win the Super Bowl.

All I can say is remember to keep your eye out for win-win situations. They happen all the time. Say you're driving to an amusement park when you come to a fork in the road. You know that one way leads to the park, but on the other hand you enjoy getting lost. Or it could be that you're in love with a woman with brains, and one with beauty. Luckily they're the same woman. Take her out to a movie. She wants to see a love flick, but you're a man of action. Rock, paper, scissors for it. Or flip a coin. They're both great options.

Take my advice and you'll live a long, happy life. And if for some reason you do die early, well then your life wasn't great—be glad it was short. So yeah.





We asked the staff...

## “Is it true what they say?”

I'm afraid so. Your parents are getting a divorce. Because they fight all the time. About who loves you less.

**Garrett Werner,  
Gramps**

Yes, but don't tell anyone. It's a secret.

**Laura Malkiewich,  
Doesn't Actually Know**

I'll tell you, if you promise not to say anything.

**Kiefer Katovich,  
Resting On His Morals**

Is it true what the freemasons say? Are you talking about the freemasons? Yes, it's true what the freemasons say.

**Meghan McCurdy,  
Freebasin'**

Ugh, the haters gon' hate.

**Alexei Koseff,  
Lover Not a Hater**

Yep, and not a moment too soon.

**Kian Ameli,  
Early Riser**

Hi Pedro. Uh thanks, and, just on a sidenote, an old college buddy of yours says hello. My co-worker. Um. But anyway, onto the topic, um to tell you the truth, I don't think we've been bipartisan enough today. I think the main issue is um that people are *wasting* water. I mean there's not this fluordie in it. People are wasting it. I mean I came across an article on the cover of *Tiger Beat* the other week. Obama, you know, sings twelve songs in the shower...

**John Lyman,  
Angry in the A.M.**

In my experience, no.

**David Kettler,  
Novice**

Yep. Sober as a mule.

**Mike Pihulic,  
No Vice**

Yeah, but I had to find out the easy way.

**Billy Kemper,  
Hard Egg to Crack**

That's besides the point. Sure, they're *\*saying\** things, but what else is going on while that saying is happening? Rummaging? Foraging? Little of either if you ask me. That's why I say mum's the word when it comes to they, but of course I don't *\*say\** that.

**Patrick Maher,  
One of Them**

They say moss don't grow on a rolling stone, but don't you buy into all that jumbo mumbo you read on TV until you consider the lichen factor.

**Anthony Scodary,  
Lichen It**

Yes and no. I have two, but I only use the right one.

**Alex Hertz,  
Right-Brained**

I ain't sayin' nothin'. Come on! Come on!

**Sam Coggeshall,  
A Real Come-On**

What do I look like, the answer grape!

**Elliot Babchick,  
Answer Grape Look-Alike**

You can call me Ray. And you can call me J. Ayyyyy!

**David Rosenthal,  
Ray J. Dice Clay**

Hehe. Well, young one, there's a lot of "true" things about freshman year. But don't listen to them. If you get thirds at Stern Dining you're not mandated to get fourths. But if you get seconds, you are mandated to get thirds and then fourths.

**Nick Gardner,  
Circle of Fifths**

It might help to think of "truth" as a kernel of an extremely rare, extremely valuable, delicious corn species that some large and powerful giant has eaten and released somewhere in a massive dank mountain of shit. And two blind babies are forced to search for the kernel in that shit, but their limbs are entangled and each frenzied movement they make just gets them lost deeper and deeper in the shit. And some guy with gauges wearing a baja poncho is desperately trying to describe the whole scene to you, but he keeps dissolving into fits of laughter because that trashcan looks like it has a fucking face, man! That's real life. It doesn't matter what they say.

**Michelle Neely,  
Everything Is Illuminated**

Yeah, but tradition's tradition. So what if people are bound to go rattling things in your heads, you gotta love what you do. And get your pronouns right. My dad's a man, not a *they!*

**Charles Becker, Jr.,  
Class of Ninety 2016**

It is. I found out for myself the other day. If you rearrange the letters of the third sentence of the book of Exodus, you will be yelled at by a priest.

**Josh Meisel,  
Losing his religion**

Let me answer that question with a question. He's safe!

**George Malkin,  
Hertz**

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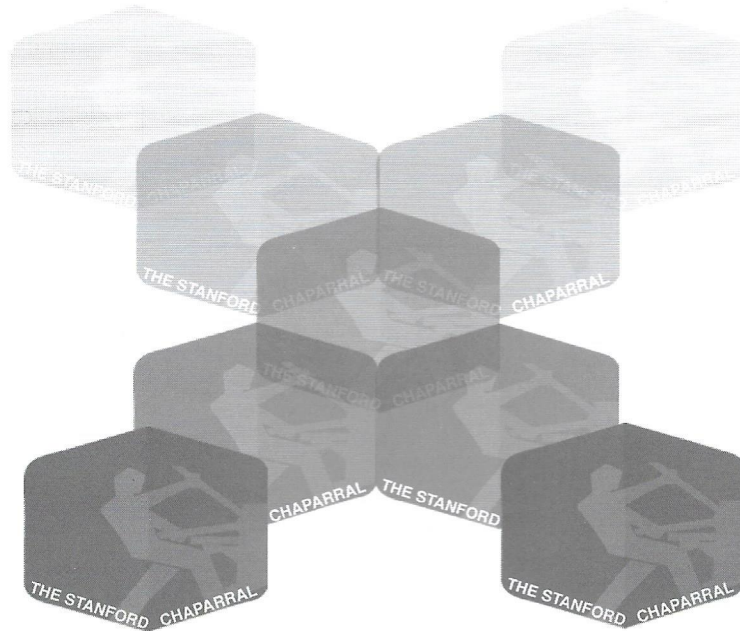


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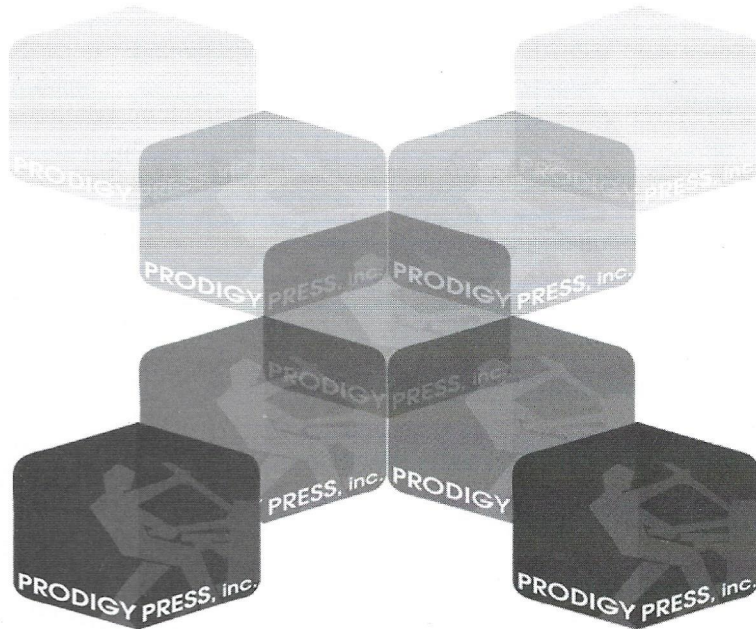
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