

The Stanford
Chaparral est. 1899



Mother Nature

vol. CXV no. 2

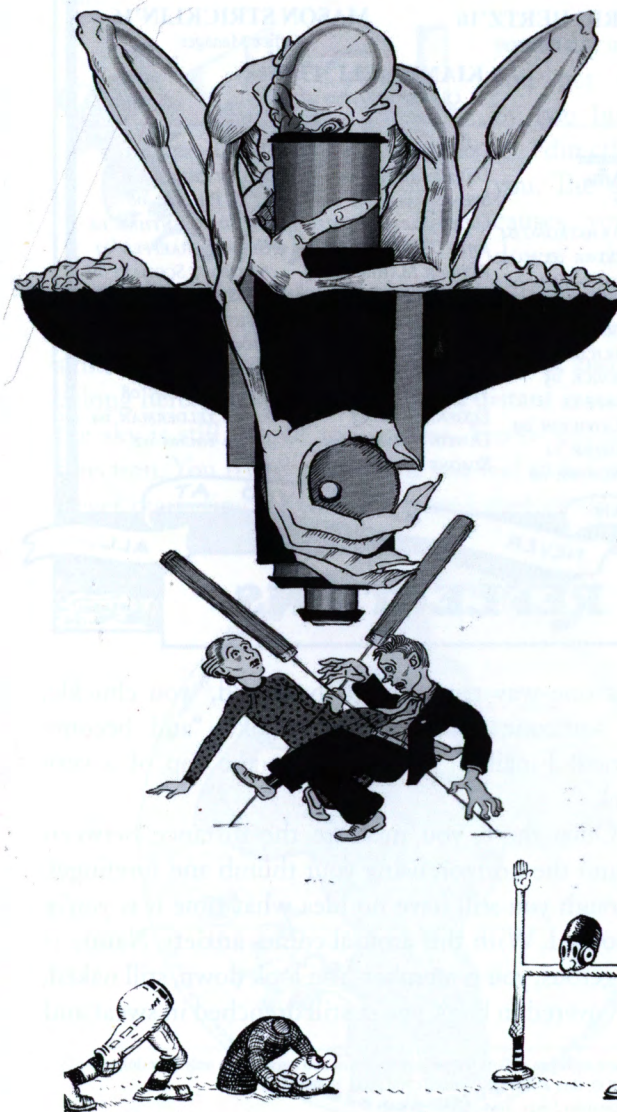
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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

The Stanford Chaparral

Mother Nature

Vol. CXV, No. 2



SNOPPYQUOPS AT PLAY

WRITING CREDITS

4	Now That.....	De Taboada
6	Ask The Oldboy	De Taboada, Koning
9	Madlibs.....	Taylor
10	Astrology.....	Elwood
11	Dynamic Management.....	De Taboada
12	Freshmen Facebook	Oldboys
14	Helga	Hansen
15	Unreasonable Head.....	Koning, Stricklin, So
19	On Love.....	Silverman
20	Neotherapy.....	Stricklin
21	My Son is a Winner	Taylor
22	Staff Piece	Staff

ART CREDITS

1	Cover.....	So
2	Pills*	Cambell
8	<i>Girl Talk</i>	Elwood
14	Helga.....	So
15	Unreasonable Head.....	So
18	<i>Eyelids</i>	So
18	<i>Ladies</i>	So
18	<i>Provolone</i>	Koning
20	<i>Large and in Charge</i>	Stricklin
23	<i>Shaving Tips</i>	So
23	<i>Radicles</i>	Stricklin

*Published in December 1991

italics - Indicates both Writing and Art credits



Staff

'14

Sasha Arijanto
Sasha Brownsberger
Mihika Hemmady
Hershel Mehta
Gaby Quintana

'15

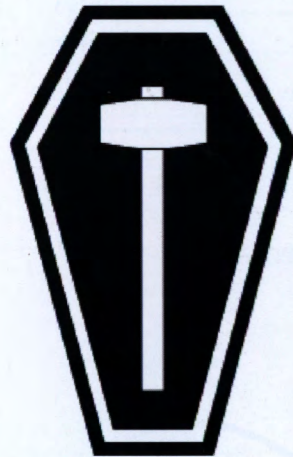
Cher
Stu Melton
Ariana Sofmauer
Spencer Urubazzo
Zig Ziglar

'16

Nicholas Hansen
Jay Sarno
Harlem Spector
James Spectrometer

'17

Phil Gilliver
Julia Laurence
Daniel Silverman
Alex Torres



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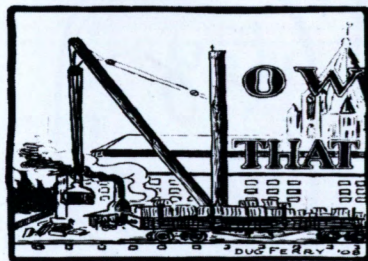
RYAN DE TABOADA '14 Old Boy	ANTHONY SO '14 Old Boy
GARRETT TAYLOR '15 Head Writer	
COLTON DEMPSEY '16 Business Manager	CASSIDY ELWOOD '16 Distribution Manager
ERIC HERTZ '16 Art Director	MASON STRICKLIN '16 Office Manager
KIAN AMELI '13 Old Boy Emeritus	

Hammer Coffin	DOUG KENTER '07	ADRIAN PERRY '03
	DAVE LAMPSON '00	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07
	SPENCER LEROUX '12	MIKE PIHULIC '06
CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04	GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02	DAVID ROSENTHAL '12
ANNE BENDER '02	JOHN LYMAN '11	GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02
RISHI CHANDERRAJ '06	PATRICK MAHER '09	ANTHONY SCODARY '08
CHRIS CRANE '00	MEGHAN MCCURDY '09	IAN SPIRO '04
SAM COGGESHALL '12	JOSH MEISEL '12	JOSH STARK '08
OWEN ELLICKSON '00	NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06	CHARLIE STOCKMAN '04
MATT HENICK '05	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	GARRET WERNER '10
ALEX HERTZ '13	VICTOR ONUIGBO '13	ANNIE WYMAN '08
KIEFER KATOVICH '09	EUGENE PARK '98	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
BILLY KEMPER '11	DUSTIN PERKINS '00	JACOB YOUNG '02
CARRIE KEMPER '06	SIMONE PERRIN '11	

ESTABLISHED 1899 **ORGANIZED 1906**

REFLECTIONS

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.



you've pitched your tent in the salt of the earth, you strip naked and wander far from your makeshift campsite. You whisper to no one, "Are those tiny bugs or flirtatious winds rustling my leg hair?" So exciting! You see a cliff and get titillatingly close to the edge. Wow! "I'm about

to take a one-way trip around the world," you chuckle, wishing someone had heard your joke, "and become enlightened! Finally..." You climb to the top of a very small rock.

Once there, you measure the distance between the sun and the horizon using your thumb and forefinger, and although you still have no idea what time it is you're pretty aroused. With this arousal comes anxiety. Nature is very dangerous, you remember. You look down, still naked, legs still covered in bugs, you're still drenched in sweat and

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The Chaparral is produced with Apple computers, cash, and just as quickly as I damn well please.

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crying, and you recall that you'll need to save some fluids. After all, you're heading for a midnight rendezvous with Mother Nature! You put these impure thoughts out of your head and drift into a peaceful sleep.

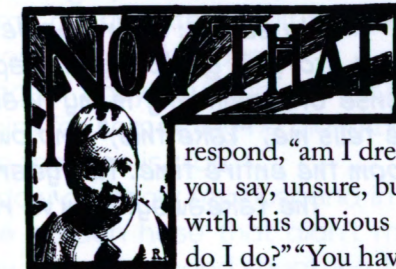
NOW THAT you're dreaming, you envision yourself floating through the floors of an office building, every floor identical, each lined with young men and women with black hair and black ties typing furiously on typewriters, and you're tearing through cement ceiling after cement ceiling faster and faster until the laborer's white shirts blend to form a blinding mass, the pounding from the typing becomes a dull hum, and you wake up. You wake up standing in a field, but the grass is made of stars and there are shimmering trees and hills in the sky. "Fucking nature," a voice whispers, and you wake up for real.



you're dry and awake, you get distracted by two birds doing it directly above you. The distraction causes you tumble down the rock, bump into your tent, and destroy it. "Birds of a feather flock together," you think to yourself, discerning a second, sinister interpretation: The birds don't mix and you don't belong here. The sun has set behind distant mountains, but the sky is still purple and starless. You've lost all sense of direction. You try to get up, but you feel sick. Confused by clever marketing schemes, you think that mountain spring

water would be safe to drink. You're become very ill and fall asleep.

You open your eyes and find that you've been transported to those rolling, glittering hills in the sky, but it's not Mother Nature who greets you. No, you're staring into your own face. "You're asleep... You have to be!" your doppelganger exclaims, as you wonder why you didn't think to say that. You realize that he's talking to himself, and you look down and see that where your navel used to be there's now a dim blue light. You try to feel your face, but you have no hands or face. You, the one who looks like you, asks where he is and why you've brought him here.



's not quite fair," you re-but, "you came to me. I have always been here." "But I'm confused," you respond, "am I dreaming?" "No, you're dead," you say, unsure, but slowly coming to terms with this obvious fact. "What now... What do I do?" "You have nothing but time, Brandon. Isn't that what you wanted?" "But in eternity there is no meaning." "What?" "I'm not sure." "Look, Brandon! I'm a ball of blue light!"

Suddenly, you're awoken by your doppelganger. You're naked, he's not, and he doesn't seem concerned that there are two of you. This seems like enough evidence to prove you're the real Brandon, so you sacrifice him to Mother Nature, promising never to return, never to remember this experience, and to just keep busy and not think too hard about all this stuff. In the end you conclude, after walking back in your doppelganger's clothes, that although you must soon return to the earth, there's a damn good reason why people don't live in nature anymore.



Ask the Oldboy!

Dear Old Boy,

I found a dead vagrant in an area gulch when I was 9. I didn't know my dad growing up, so I adopted the vagrant's body as my father figure. How about that?

Confuddled in Napa Valley

Dear Confuddled,

My advice: You're golden. So this advice sticks, I'll tell it to you in the form of a story: I go to my therapist to treat my many neuroses. I say, "I have no sense of smell. Why is my hearing not improved like it is when people go blind?" He tells me, "Take this," and puts his arm around the stocky man who's been in the room the entire time. Two years later, I don't even notice he's right behind me.

The takeaway? You've really made the best of a terrible situation.

You're the man,

Old Boy

Dear Old Boy,

I am a secret agent in the employ of a federal intelligence agency. I operate as part of a sleeper cell in a country I cannot disclose. By day, I work in a factory assembling machinery for use in oil refineries. It is a difficult occupation; the physical labor leaves my muscles engorged and my face chiseled. By night, I use those muscles and features to seduce foreign women holding important diplomatic positions. I coax them into revealing state secrets at the height of physical ecstasy. You could call me a regular "James Bond," except I don't rely on gadgets. I'm the real thing.

My coworker at the factory, "Zh." thinks he's the coolest motherfucker around, just because he gets his head shaved by a traveling shaman. But if I could tell Zh. about my real job, I think he'd have to admit I'm the coolest. I am, aren't I?

Mr. X in Foreign

Dear Mr. X,

Your story reminds me of the Magic School Bus episode in which Arnold becomes so addicted to carrot chips that his skin turns orange and Ms. Frizzle shrinks the class inside her magic bus and takes them inside Arnold to investigate.

Let me recommend the following: whip your Elvis out through the fly of your pants and put a little outfit on it. You can't tell "Zh." you're a secret agent directly, but you can dress your Elvis up as one, or as "Zh." or like the travelling Shaman... Or even as the boss! Give "Zh." a big smile, Mr. X., and then look down and let him see the angry face you've got drawn on your Elvis.

I hope that helps,

Old Boy

Dear Old Boy,

First of all, I want to state flat out that I love and cherish my husband. That said, I'm worried that the two of us might be incompatible. After all these years of marriage, we just don't seem to connect.

I would describe myself as a fun-loving, vivacious, passionate woman. My favorite mode of communication is face to face, one human being to another. And I always make it a priority to keep myself looking my best for him, no matter what else is going on in my life.

On the other hand, I would describe my husband as a clueless, putrid little shithead. His preferred mode of communication is none. He cuts his own hair but doesn't notice the hair on the back of his neck – about 10 inches long by now. Honey, even if you were 10 inches where it counted, it wouldn't make me overlook the adult tricycle, or the iPod with 16 gigabytes of voice memos, or the homebrewed cologne.

He won't let me introduce him to my friends if they're Asian. He says all Asian-Americans bear a personal grudge against him for something he did in 1998. Even worse, my Asian friends all tacitly acknowledge that this is true.

One morning I looked out our bedroom window and saw my husband in the driveway, completely nude, doing something to the garden hose that didn't make sense. I ran out into the yard just in time to catch my naked husband squatting, hose between his legs, blocking the buildup of water by pressing a wine cork into the tip with as much pressure as his withered body could muster. Then, in a single grand gesture, he released the cork and lost himself to the recoil of the hose. For thirty whole seconds it whipped him up, down and sideways like a mechanical bull. The neighbors were mortified! Can our marriage be saved?

Sad in South San Francisco (The Industrial City)

Dear Sad,

I don't think you are a monster. I think you are not thinking objectively right now. Let me point out that life doesn't always go the way we fantasize. I see no need to rush into signing any papers right now, regardless of how eager your boyfriend and his parents are about the baby. There will be time for that later, if you still want to. For now, ask your parents to help you select some baby boy outfits, and tell your doctor about all of your feelings because they may be hormonal. You might benefit from some professional counseling right now, more than I can offer you, and I urge you to get it before doing anything you might later regret.

When your boyfriend does something for you, thank him for it. Tell him you love him and give him affection in abundance. Express how fortunate you feel to have him in your life. Look for things you can do that will make his life easier, and put forth an effort to reciprocate the many thoughtful things he does for you. Every man is different, but this would be a good start in getting your message across.

Love,

Old Boy

GIRL TALK

HERE IS HOW I WAN: HE CARB'D AND I FOUNDATIONED. THEN, HE FRENCH BRAIDED AND I FAGE'D FLAWLESSLY

I'LL BE FINE UNTIL I AM DEAD

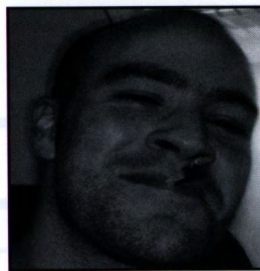
FOREVER FOREVER FOREVER, I SAID

I HOPE IT NEVER RAINS AGAIN

MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A JET ENGINE PLEASE MAKE IT STOP OH GOD

IN MY DREAM I WAS MUCH PRETTIER WITHOUT TEETH

BUY LOW, SELL HIGH



MAD LIBS™

World's Greatest Word Game

p: Hey buddy, I just got back from the gym! Blasting ____ (1)...so hard. You listenin' to some tunes there, big guy? Hang on—let me chug this shake...

q: You know, just bumping the old stuff, maybe a little bit of the new...just been going pretty ____ (2), lately, if you know what I mean.

p: That's ____ (3). That's ____ (3). Hey did you see that ____ (4) thread this morning?

q: Oh yeah...like, what's your ____ (5)?

p: Bro...

q: Too much...

p: Ahh—guess what? I was cruising through ____ (6) while timing in between sets and you wont believe what I heard! So, ____ (7) is getting together with a couple other guys and they're gonna make an album, like, some-time soon.

q: Righteous. But will it sound anything like ____ (8)? Or even come close to ____ (9)? Fuck it. I'm off of that shit.

p: What the hell man? What about the ____ (10)? Activity period? Dude—the ____ (11)?

q: I realized it was time to grow up and get off of that. Do you even know who ____ (12) is?

p: Guy who wrote that... ____ (13), right?

q: Seriously, fuck off.

- | | | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|---|--|
| (1)
-lats
-biceps
-glutes
-tris | (2)
-old-school
-new-school
-retro
-underground
-nu-gaze | (3)
-solid
-tight
-frat
-chill | (4)
-AskReddit
-Chive
-BlueLight
-GrassCity
-bodybuilding.com | (5)
-"most fucked up unintentional sexual experience"
-"best drug experience ever"
-"favorite place to poop"
-"best excuse for wasting time on the internet"
-"favorite post-workout meal"
-"favorite way to BLAZE" | (6)
-Pitchfork
-r/Music
-Rolling Stone
-NME
-WorldStarHipHop |
| (7)
-Thom Yorke
-Chris Martin
-Chance the Rapper
-bearded Mumford & Sons
-David Hasselhoff | (8)
-Radiohead
-Coldplay
-Acid Rap
-The Shaggs | (9)
-In Rainbows
-mandolin
-Now That's What I Call Music! Vol. 3
-blank cassette | (10)
-Suburban Z71
-Expedition 240Z
-Ford Probe | (11)
-Nugget
-BudBomber
-ShagginWagon | (12)
-David Byrne
-David Bowie
-David Foster Wallace
-Davy Jones |
| (13)
-Infinite Jest
-The Corrections
-Cloud Atlas
-bible | | | | | |

2014 Astrological Sign Rankings Revealed

How Our Readers Responded:

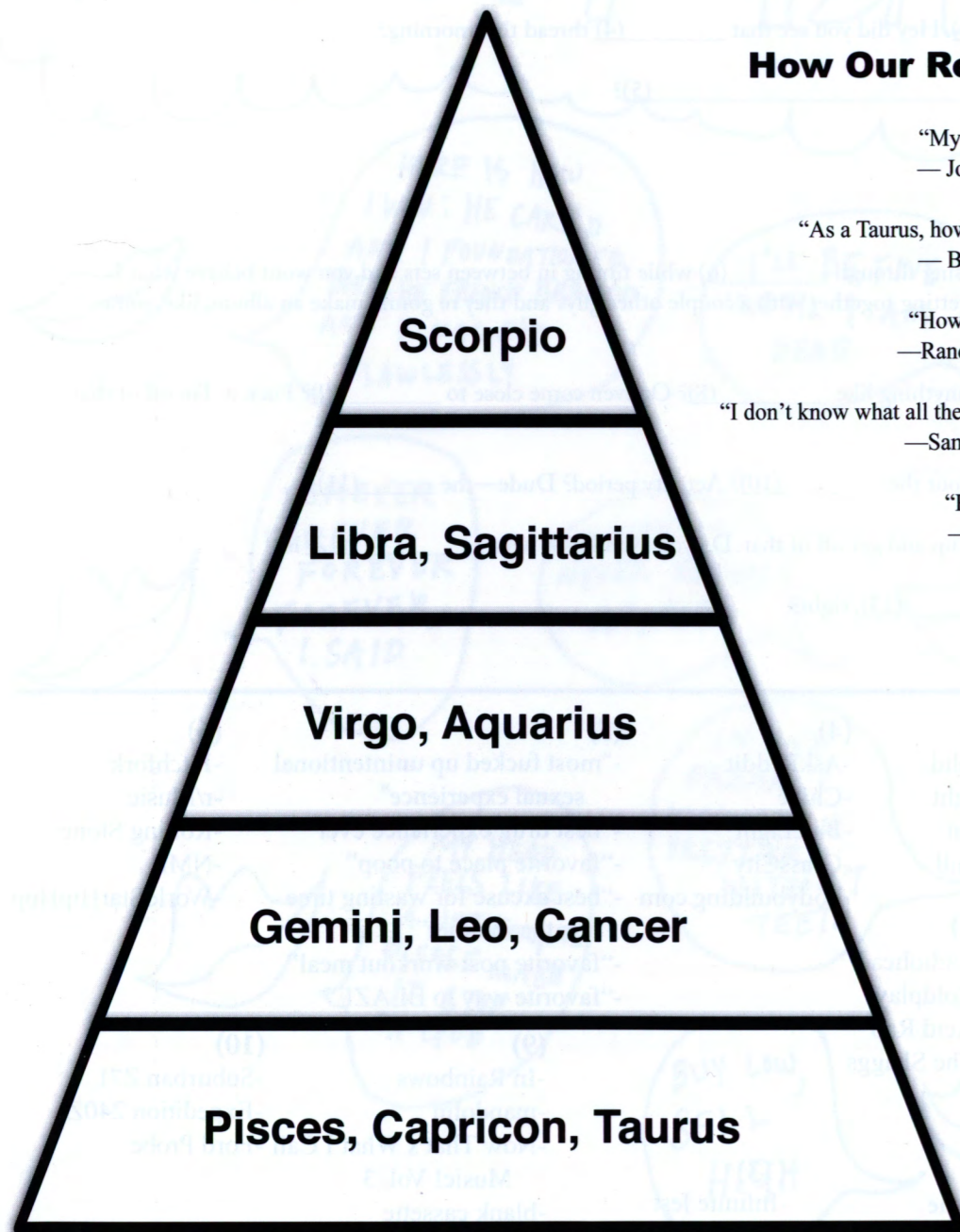
"My wife and I are Scorpios!"
— Joaquim Reynolds, Scorpio

"As a Taurus, how should I approach the new year?"
— Brandon Yukon, Taurus

"How did you guys decide?"
— Randall Fremont, Sagittarius

"I don't know what all the hype was about, it's the same as last year!"
— Samantha Gironi, Aquarius

"Personally, I'm indifferent"
— Harrison Freel, Aquarius

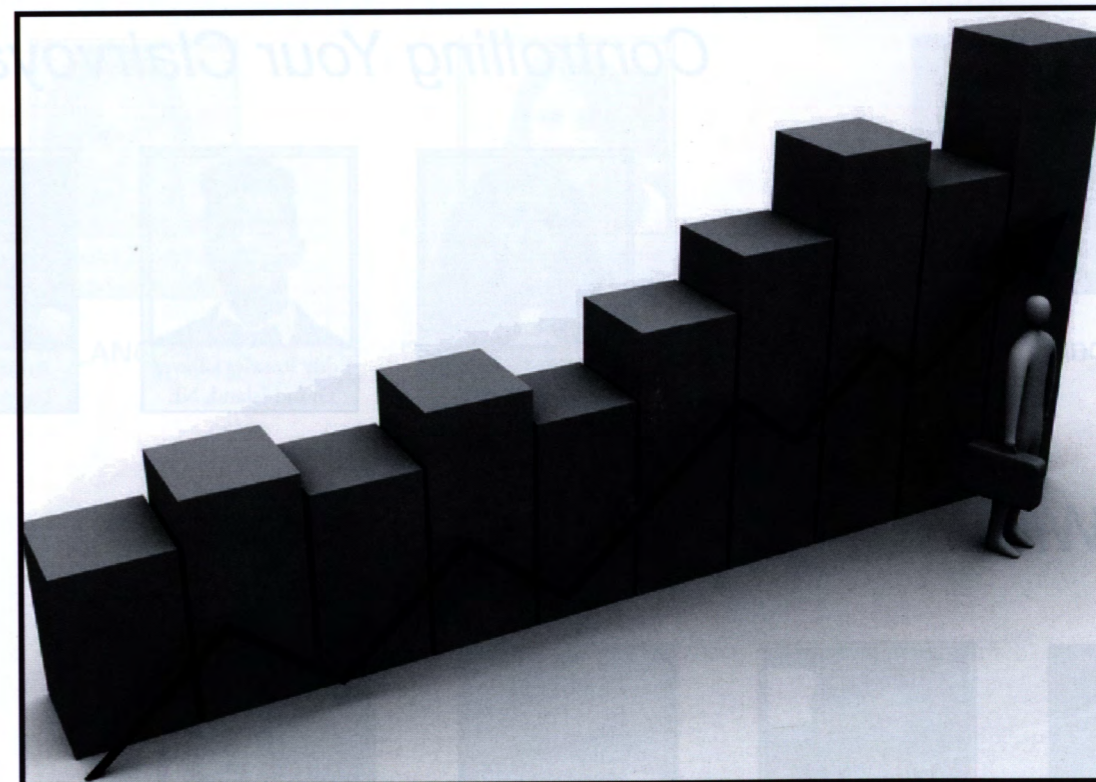


Dynamic Management

Turning roadblocks into building blocks

Hard facts, half-truths, total nonsense. Can you tell the difference? The aim of this fifty page organizational strategy guide is to up your chances of doing just that. Learn to leverage fundamental behavioral science concepts to give you, the manager of the future, an edge in parsing individual behavior, group dynamics, and other key levers. You'll learn to integrate face-to-face conversations with a proven step-by-step mantra to separate effective and ineffective group members. Your first report or immediate advisor will glow as you balance creativity and efficiency, enhancing bottom line performance through employee engagement.

You'll learn about the power of social information in the workplace and the effects of group pressure upon the modification and distortion of judgments. Dynamic Management covers six common misperceptions about teamwork, how to build a great team, a note on the team process, and how top management teams 'with attitude' (the right attitude) avoid groupthink and know how to have a good fight. Can the business unit find common ground in dispersed collaboration? Yes, even managing multicultural and geographically distributed teams.



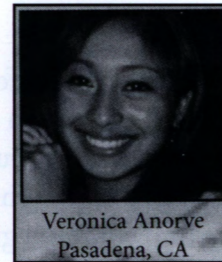
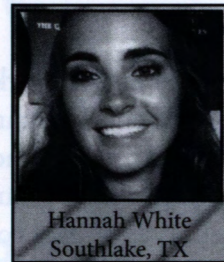
"Dynamic Management will teach you the art of influence and the bases of social power. Every organization, public or private, lives and dies on the bottom line of execution. If you want to unlock the secrets of outperformance, like a half-dozen keys unlocking a lock, use your fingers to open this guide."

-- Rudy Hesselbein, Chairman, Lead to Lead Institute

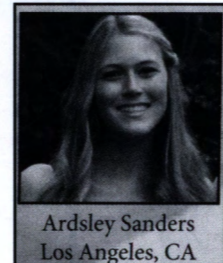
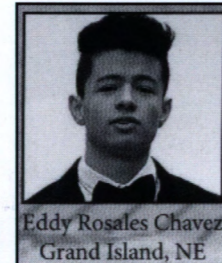
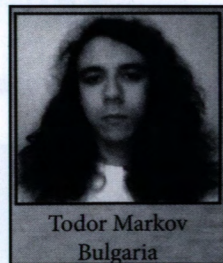
The Freshmen Facebook

Join These New Student Groups!

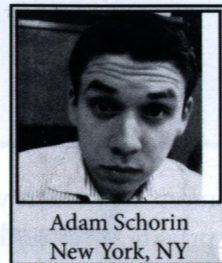
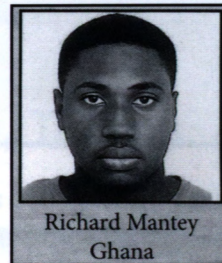
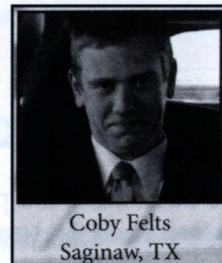
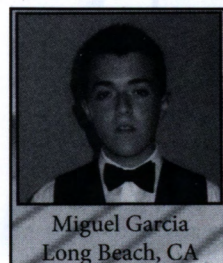
Girls With Bald Spots



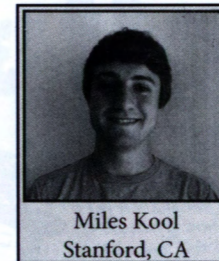
Controlling Your Clairvoyance



Boys Who Don't Blink



What's Your Catchphrase?



"Too cool for school."



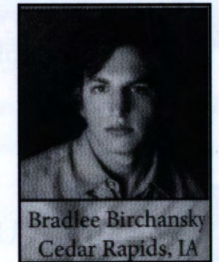
"Cheese!"



"I'm LANG-REE!"

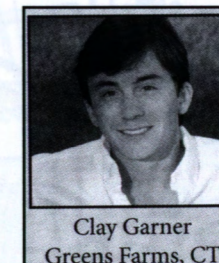


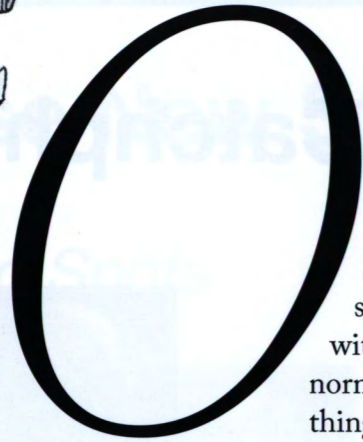
"Well, I'm LANGERIER!"



"Take a chance..."

Most Improved



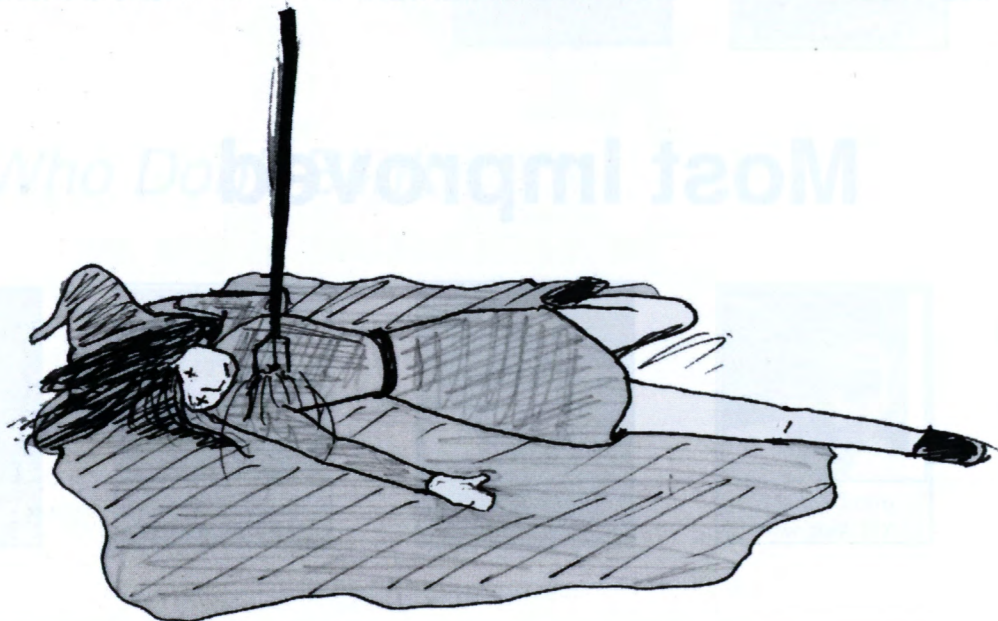


Once upon a time... there was a witch named Helga. She went in for all the good witch stereotypes. Helga was a pleasant witch, though a bit odd, but she did normal witchy things.



She boiled frogs, educated newts, cultivated warts, paid taxes, and bought a lottery ticket every other Wednesday. She was known to help wanderers, offering potions, food, and advice, all of which were welcomed, for she was very wise and quite skilled in the witchy arts, though her cooking skills were lacking.

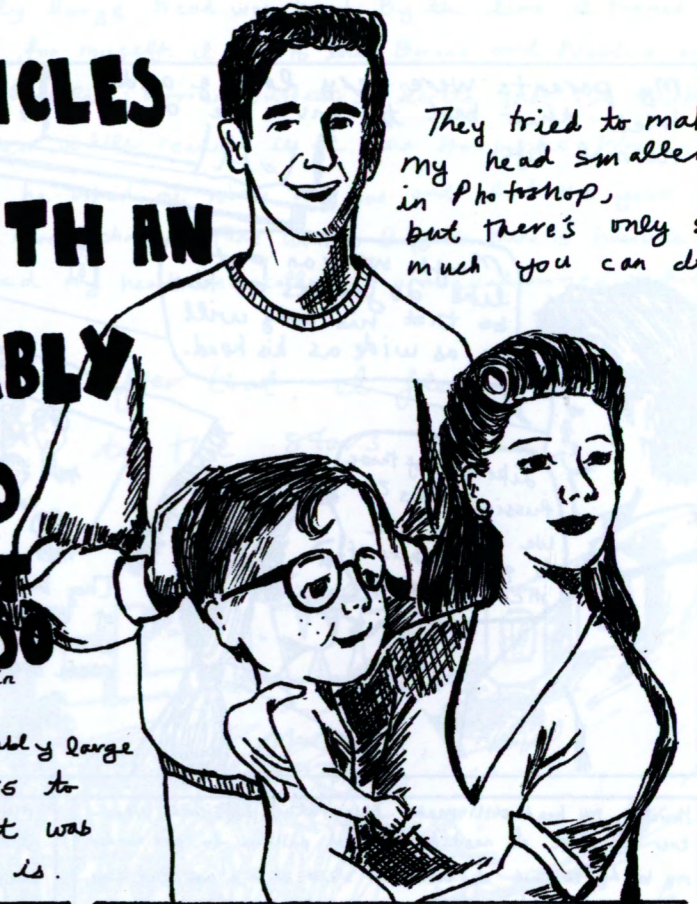
One of the people she had helped returned and reported his experience to his village. Upon hearing of a witch, the local council sent out an angry mob, a mob which promptly drove a hot poker through her heart because she was different than them. Remember kids: don't be different.



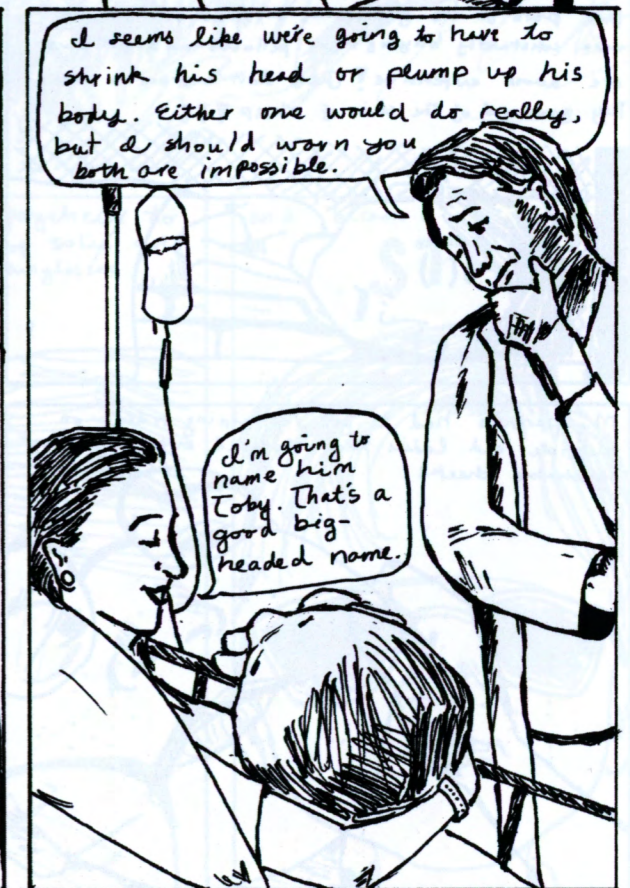
THE CHRONICLES OF A BOY WITH AN UNREASONABLY LARGE HEAD

BY ANNE SO
With help from Daniel Koping and Mason Stricklin

They tried to make my head smaller in Photoshop, but there's only so much you can do.



I was born with an unreasonably large head, which not even the doctors to predict, treat, or comprehend. Yes it was truly confounding, my head that is.





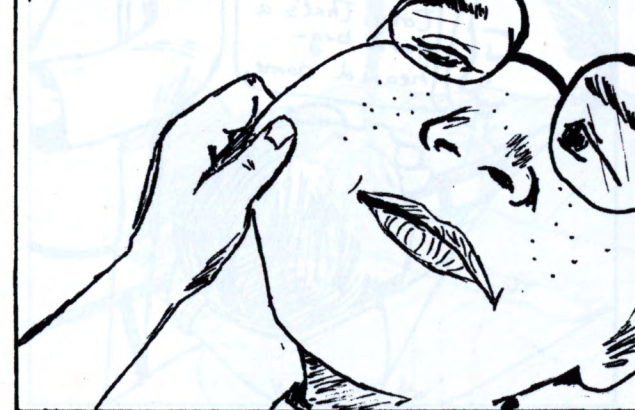
However, my head still made life rather difficult. Whenever I slept I needed tons of pillows to put under my body so that I wouldn't sleep at a slant. But since that puts a lot of pressure on these pillows, we were constantly buying new pillows and pillows are damn expensive! They don't grow on trees, they grow out of the skin of sheep!!!



My head got caught in so many monkey bars, slides, and crevices at my school's playground that they ended up banning me.



My parents had to get restraining orders on multiple old ladies that obsessed over my giant pinchable cheeks.



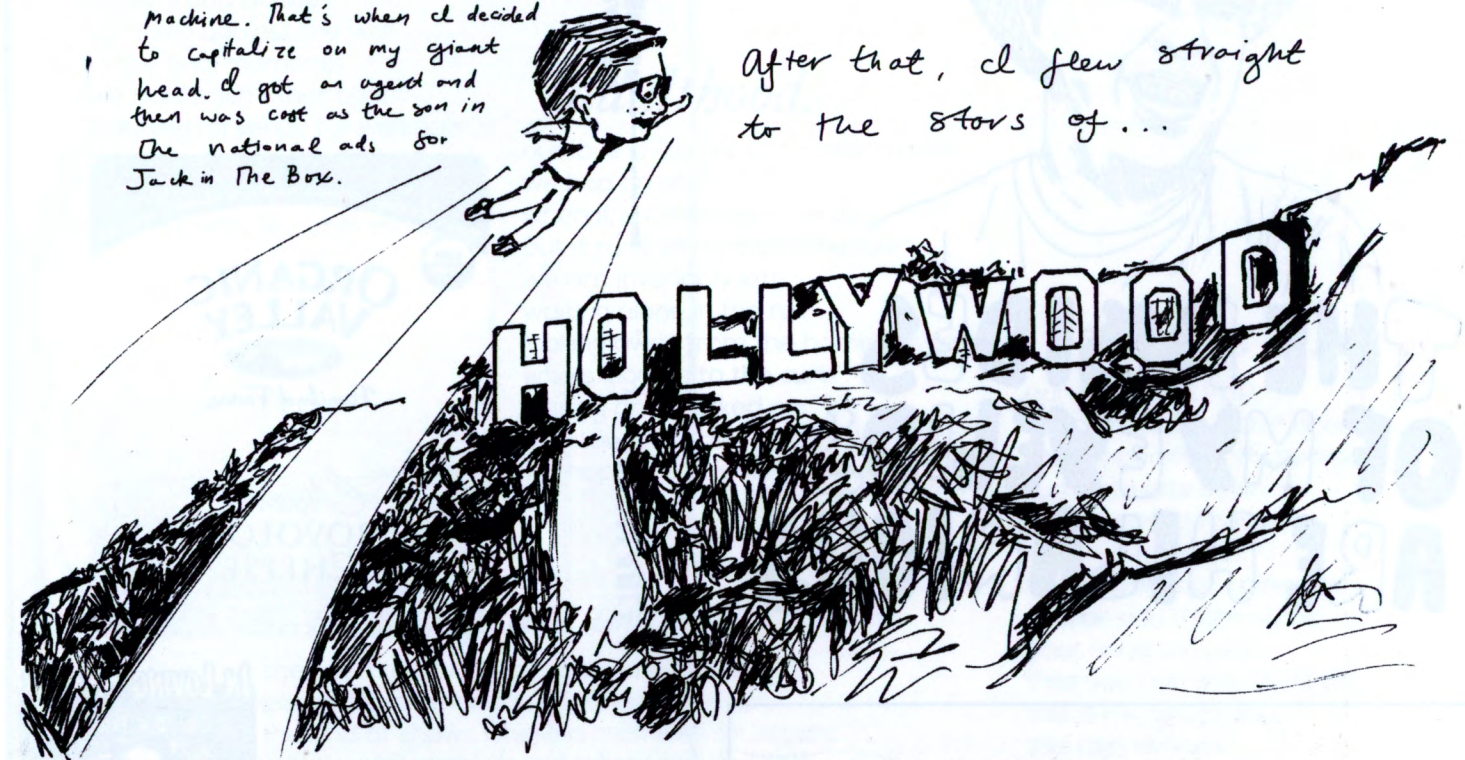
And when my parents merely tried to get my hair cut, the barber would immediately say,



Yes, living with an unreasonably large head was hard. By the time I turned nine, I was tired of feeling sorry for myself. I went to the Barnes and Nobles and got myself a copy of "10 ways to Get Rich: Warren Buffett's Secrets That Can Work For You" by Warren Buffett and then while reading it at the Starbucks, Warren Buffett himself came up to me. First he asked me where he was and what the year was and then he begged for some spare change. That Warren Buffett sure is humble! After I gave him a dollar he rubbed my head and called it a magical money making

machine. That's when I decided to capitalize on my giant head. I got an agent and then was cast as the son in the national ads for Jack in The Box.

After that, I flew straight to the stars of...



Soon after, I was cast as Jimmy Neutron in the live action blockbuster version of Jimmy Neutron.



I used my paycheck to buy a pair of solid gold prescription sunglasses

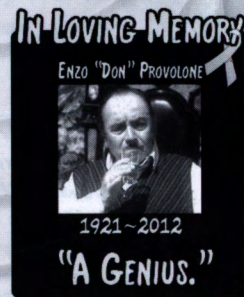
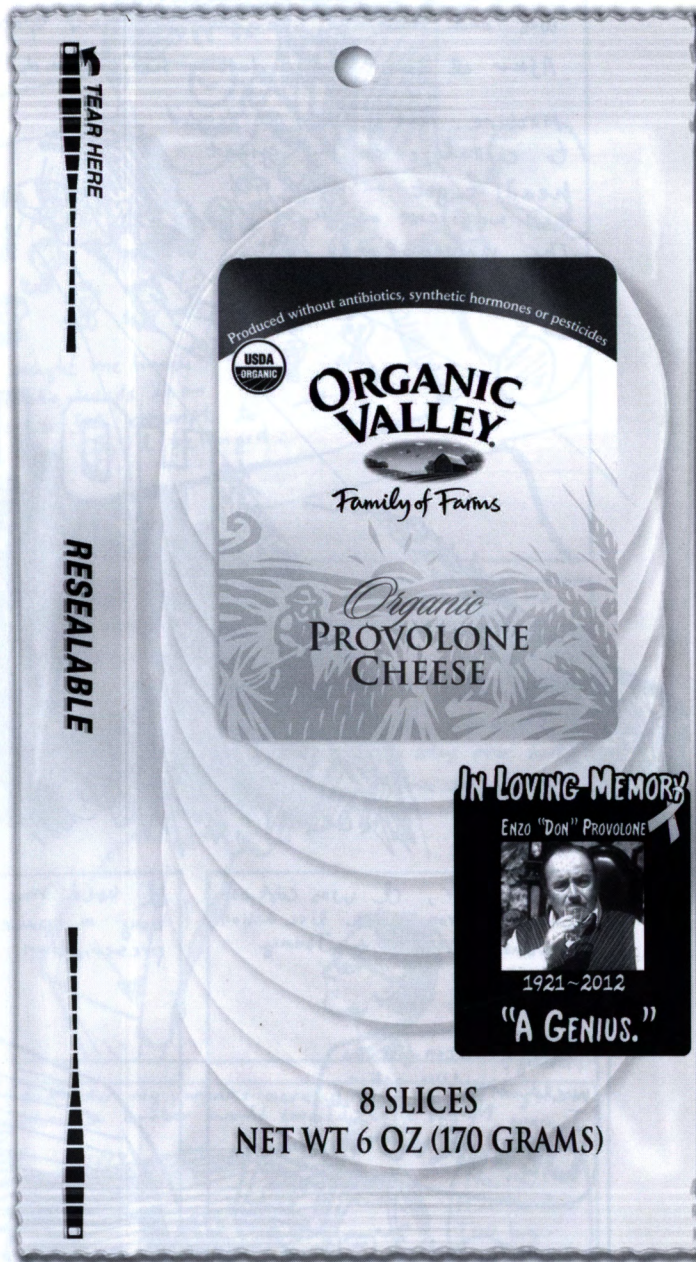


and became a **STAR.**





THE INSIDES
OF MY EYELIDS
ARE HILARIOUS



8 SLICES
NET WT 6 OZ (170 GRAMS)



youth.

our love is like laundry
sopping wet we tumble
all over and under each other
our hum of activity interrupted by
zippers and buckles
scraping against the wall
in the final moments
we hold each other tightly
spinning fervently for we know
that soon our cycle will be up
we are released and,
feeling clean, lie out in the sun.

adulthood.

our love is like public transportation
we hop on and off
when it is convenient for us
but it runs on its own schedule
we are invariably left
waiting alone in the rain
looking away from the homeless man
who staggers to the curb,
pissing on a parked car
and towards the corner from which
we hope the bus will eventually come

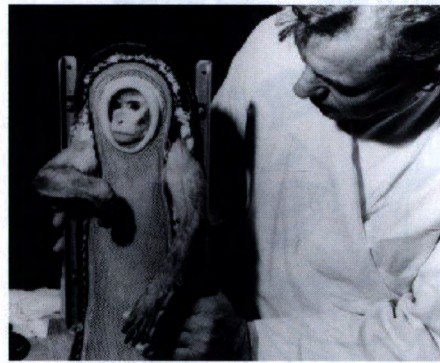
old age.

our love is like PBR
faintly metallic, bitter and thin
shining pearls of malted grain
run in rivulets down
your creased features
open your mouth,
and taste what comes by
maybe you might numb
your mind so much
that you are able to forget
this is my gift to you,
this rain of hops
it is a golden shower of love

a few years ago.

she used to sit naked on the couch,
eating frozen mangoes and watching tv
the kind of shows where a man with an accent
rolled up his sleeves and told hopeful people
they would never amount to anything.
from time to time I came down to check on her
we made love during commercial breaks
she just fell sideways across the cushions
she never took her eyes off of the screen
never took her hands out of the bowl
not even as I wrapped myself around her.
we made no noise and upon completion
I returned to my work upstairs in the study
distracted I wallowed in unproductivity
and soon allowed myself to return downstairs.
in the hall I saw the dog, who as he slept
gave no indication that I or time passed by
the fridge revealed more food, which I took
and brought to her; kissed her on the cheek
set down the offering and waited
when the time came she obliged, lying down.
accordingly, I buried my boredom in her flesh.
she pushed back weakly, absentmindedly
we finished in silence as was our habit
and when she left for school, summer was over.

About the Technology



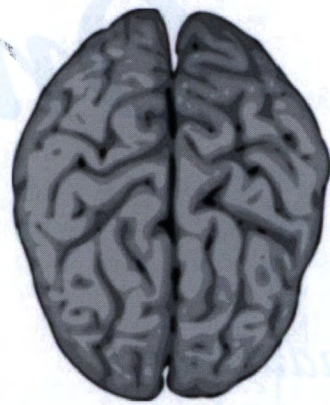
Drug free solution for:

- ADHD
- Struggling learners
- Peak performance
- Traumatic brain injury
- Self esteem

Read all about it!

"Considered best "Level-1" therapy"

- The Neotherapy Association



What is Neotherapy anyways?

Unlock every door in your brain with meta-treatments.

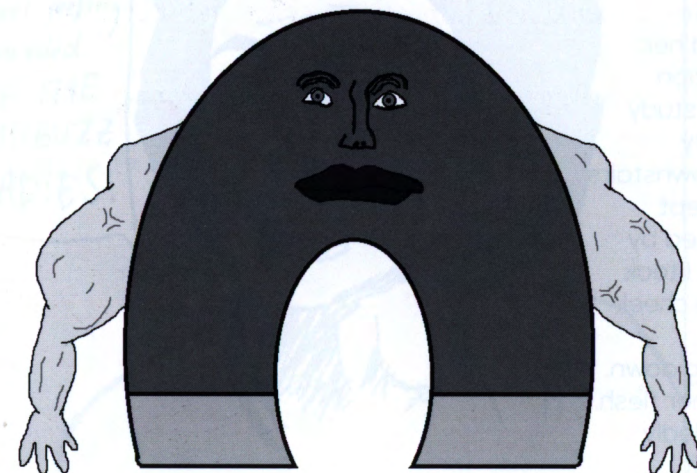
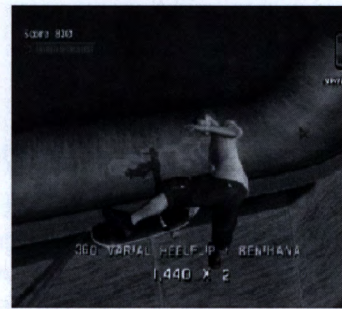


- Mental performance
- Emotional control
- Spiritual relief
- Vitalic

Challenges head on!

Think of all of the challenges the world has to offer. They are an ocean! *Neurotherapy* will help you cross that ocean head on!

Play video games!



LARGE AND
IN CHARGE

Drinkwater

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Coach Koon,

First of all, great win last Saturday. We really needed to start putting up points on the board against Tri-County in the second half, and you came through solidly. Great work. My hope is that we finally make it to the AAAA's come November. What kind of time would that be? I'll tell you right now my wife is making arrangements for Dallas, come week before Thanksgiving.

But let's get down to business. I'd like to talk about my son, Trevor.

Now, I know how it gets early in the year. New eighth grade class comes in, and just about everyone and his brother wants to try out for JV squad. Most of them are pudgy, soft, haven't quite filled out yet, if you know what I mean. They're slow. Why else would you put some Mama's boy, no bigger than a Pop Warner backup cornerback, at nose guard?

I'm not blaming you for it. You have to keep those pretty parents happy (and paying their tuition on time). Don't take it as disrespect.

Back to Trevor—I was stuck dumb the other night when I came home, sat down to eat, and noticed Trevor's chair was empty, his plate clean. I knew he had been staying in his room lately, but never at dinner.

And then, my wife told me. You cut him.

Now, I know you have to make tough decisions. It's part of the job. But do you understand what kind of work Trevor put into this all summer long? Do you know how much the Butkus Speed Academy costs? Two years in a row? I've got a receipt here in my hand from Champs Sports for three hundred dollars worth of pads that would only fit a 14-year-old. How do you think I feel right now?

Did you ever even speak to Trevor? Did he even tell you about swim team? Or that he was picked for U-10 Select? Maybe you don't really like that kind of football. I won't blame you. Maybe the physical education program at Central Texas Christian Tech or wherever you went doesn't cover soccer. It's not your fault.

But he is fast. Faster than you ever were at that age. It's a shame you won't ever get to find out about that. I hope for your own sake another school doesn't find out. I hear they're building a new AAA just across the Interstate.

Bottom line: you missed out, Koon.

My son is a winner.

Regards,

Dean Drinkwater

We Asked the Staff...

“Would you ever go *au naturel*?”

Yeah, I would take off all my clothes right now, but I have tattoos of these exact same clothes all over my body. BOOM. You've been duped.

**Anthony So,
Not Okay**

No, but go ask my dear boy. He made the allstars.

**Doug Kenter,
Gave Up**

Au naturelly! But please, no carbs.

**Joshua Meisel,
Overweight**

I've been wearing this sweater for 20 years. My grandfather died in this sweater. Do you want that on your conscious?

**Eric Hertz,
Pasty, Pale, and Ashamed**

No.

**Ryan De Taboada,
Editor-in-Chief**

You're making me feel sick.

**Spencer LeRoux,
Hypochondriac**

You're mother told me you'd act this way. I'm very sorry.

**Kian Ameli
Your New Dad**

I thought you would never ask!

**Stu Melton,
Desperate**

You picked the worst day to ask me this!

**Cassidy Elwood,
The Only Girl On Staff**

No, I can't have more people falling in love with me.

**Mason Stricklin,
The Real Deal**

They don't make these girls like they used to. Too tall, too brittle, all woman, no teeth. What gives?

**Sam Coggeshall,
Old Fashioned**

Been there done that. What is this? The 90s?

**Daniel Koning,
Wild Child**

Do bears hunt in packs?

**Colton Dempsey,
Simple**

Hell yeah.

**Nicholas Hansen,
Just Too Chill**

Alright. You need to calm down.

**Mihika Hemmady,
Unsafe**

Are you even looking at me right now?

**Garrett Taylor,
Wet Hot Southerner**

You asked too little too late.

**John Lyman,
Laying Down The Law**

Like, naked?

**Daniel Silverman,
Freshman**

Give me like ten minutes. I'll be good to go in ten minutes.

**Julia Lawrence,
Procrastinating**

Oh fuck you guys. I'm tired of this shit.

**Sasha Arijanto,
Long Gone**

I'm pretty content right here. I could use a soda though. On the rocks and make it snappy. I'm dying here.

**Alex Torres,
Presumptuous Fuck**

Always with the dogs, never with the geisha.

**Alex Hertz
Pizza Hut**

That will be an extra 4 dollars.

**Billy Kemper
Always Business**



**STEP ONE:
GROW A
BEARD**



**STEP TWO:
SHAVE ONE
PEANUT SHAPE
APPROXIMATELY
TWO INCHES
LONG ON
BOTH CHEEKS**



**STEP THREE:
COMPLETELY
SHAVE OFF
BOTH
EYEBROWS**



**STEP FOUR:
WALK AROUND
AS IF YOUR
EYEBROWS
FELL TO
YOUR CHEEKS**



**Turn your
Cuticles
Into
RADICLES**



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