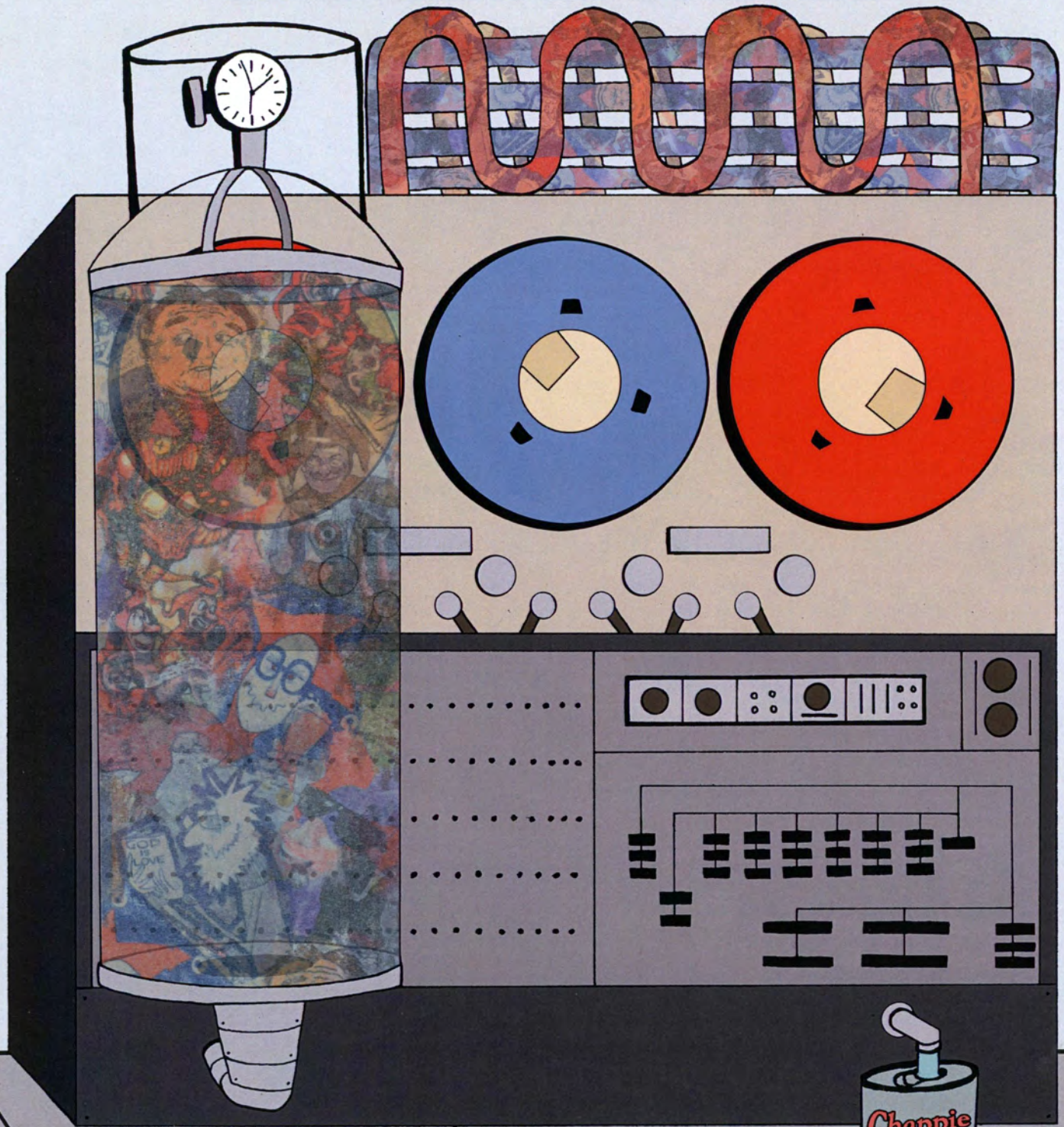


# THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL

EST. 1899



**POISON**

VOL. CVIII NO. 2









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Special Thanks  
Prodigy Press



# STANFORD Chaparral

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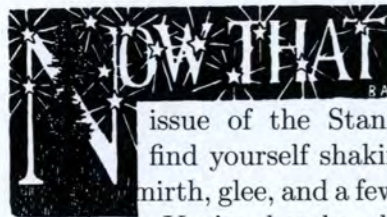
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

## REFLECTIONS



**N**OW THAT you've managed to get ahold of an issue of the Stanford Chaparral, you find yourself shaking with anticipation, mirth, glee, and a few other less important emotions. You're barely able to swallow your laughter. The veins in your face and neck are pulsating and your humor glands are secreting juices at a never-before-seen rate. "This stuff is so goddamn funny," you mutter quietly under your breath while walking back to your dorm, furiously glancing down at the colorful and glossy pages

in between every step. The magazine has you so mesmerized, you nearly trip over the curb while walking down Santa Teresa on the way back to your dorm. Some words fall out of your mouth, "Am I drunk? I am feeling a bit dizzy. No, I can't be. I haven't had anything to drink today, not even water."

**NOW THAT** you're back in your room sitting perched upright atop your captain's height twin XL bed, a sweltering feeling suddenly takes

over the body you call yours. Clutching the Chappie in your hands, you fall back into your bed, chortling uncontrollably. While gasping for air, and burping it back up, you cry, "What's wrong with me?!" This is reasonable, something is clearly wrong. Your hands are sweating honey and your stomach feels like a barrel of rotten apples. "What's wrong with me? Have I been poisoned?!" You won't stop yelling. That's awfully rude. There are people studying in this dorm right now. Roland is probably working on his homework. Roland, so studious. Anyways, your fit of nausea and laughter lasted quite some time. In fact, you shouldn't be procrastinating. You should be more like Roland, so responsible. It's becoming increasingly evident that you were poisoned. "What did this to me?" is what you meant to ask, but the words spewing out of your mouth sounded a lot more like a gaelic chant. "I only had a bowl of cereal for breakfast. Besides that, nothing. Even today has been quite run-of-the-mill, aside from the Chappie I found lying on the ground in Old Union." Again, your inner dialogue doesn't exactly match up with the gurgling and grunting coming out of your face, but the point still comes across. "What could have poisoned me? Was it *the Chaparral*?!"

*Now that* you're figuratively neck deep into this poisonous stupor and literally ankle deep in what I hope is just sweat, the urge to puke transitions into a whimsical feeling of monarch butterflies flapping politely in your stomach, and throughout the rest of your digestive track, really. The chirping birds outside the window sound a little less violent and a little more sweet. Until you realize there is no window in your room. That's fine, the chirping birds sound lovely nonetheless. The air is a thick pudding dotted with tiny pink and blue speckles. You consider the meaning of the pink and blue until the colors start changing at a very fast rate. You decide the colors probably don't mean anything. After sitting up, you're no longer stricken with pain. The illness transitions into magical hallucinations. You hop out of bed--nearly breaking your ankle has never felt so good--and begin to pace around the cube that is your home. All of the little trinkets and tools on your desk are having a conversation of their own. The scissors are chatting up a flirtatious storm with the stick

of deodorant (I always thought they looked cute together). The mug, a natural raconteur, has an audience of pens, pencils, erasers, and Adderall all laughing at his ridiculous stories. Stefan, the desk lamp, waves you in and invites you to the party. Never before have you experienced such hilarious conversations and riveting colloquy. Vibrant colors decorate the walls while tribal drums and exciting synthesizer music groom the room's soundscape. Even the walls are giggling!

*Now that* you've woken up, moist, cranky, and sore, you see your roommate, Stefan, standing over you displeased. Stefan is glaring at you in a way only a desk lamp could. There is a huge mess on the floor. It's almost as if someone poured all of the knick knacks, office supplies, and toiletries on your desk into a shotgun and blasted them haphazardly across the room. A bloody scene. Although you're nicely tucked into your bed with a copy of the Chappie relaxing on top of your chest (you fell asleep on your back, that's weird, because you normally sleep on your stomach), the rest of your room is a chaotic pit of scum. **SLAM!** Your roommate storms out the door. "Stefan must have left," you say hoping the noise came from the door and not inside your head. You hear Stefan and the neighbors squealing relentlessly in the hallway. "Good. Coast's clear." What a wild time. You've never experienced anything like that. The suffering brought on by that wretched poison was all worth it. The times you spent hanging out with Stefan, scissors, mug, and the crew was unforgettable



**Not sure what you just felt? Well,** The Stanford Chaparral ("the Chappie") is your campus humor magazine. We meet Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. on the 2nd floor of The Nitory. Anyone is welcome.



E-Sigs on the Rise: college, high school kids now use more e-sigs, studies say

**What does your email signature say about you?**

Trends of millennial use of e-sigs look to be more than the national average, according to personal branding experts. Here are some tips:

**1. Be accessible.**

Make sure your network can always find a way to reach you. Insert hyperlinks to your profile on Facebook, Twitter and LinkedIn. Instagram optional. An example:

Chris Tang  
Product Manager | Amazon  
Facebook | Twitter | LinkedIn | Blog  
650-403-5035  
chris.tang@gmail.com OR ctang@amazon.com

**2. Embrace your communities.**

To show your peer networks who you are, list all the communities and ovular groups, that you are a part of. An example:

Alicia Crawford  
Stanford University | Class of 2016  
B.A. Candidate in Psychology  
Resident Assistant | Larkin  
Social Chair | Students for Equity  
Fundraiser | Dance Marathon

**3. Share how you view the world.**

An inspirational quote can make someone's day in an email. Choose a quote that summarizes your life philosophy in 10 words or less. An example:

Scott Wise  
Princeton University | Class of 2015  
B.A. Candidate in Philosophy  
"Be the change you wish to see in the world."- Gandhi

**4. Be personable.**

Of course, you should adjust your personality accordingly. Here are two examples:

*Justin Navarro*

Stanford University | Class of 2018  
Content Specialist

*Justin Navarro*

Stanford University | Class of 2018  
Content Specialist  
"Be the change you wish to see in the world."- Gandhi

**Tales Told of the Corporate Mythos**

A collection of telling tales from across the country, each catching just a glimpse of our new, unfathomable trove of myths, legends and conglamorations

" Everyone in the industry learns about Steve, some way or another. Who is Steve? Steve is the guy who wears a vest to his interview. He's the guy with the three-button suit. He'll offer to share his lunch. He's organizing his garage this weekend. He's picking up guitar for the first time. . . What's Steve got to hide, huh? "

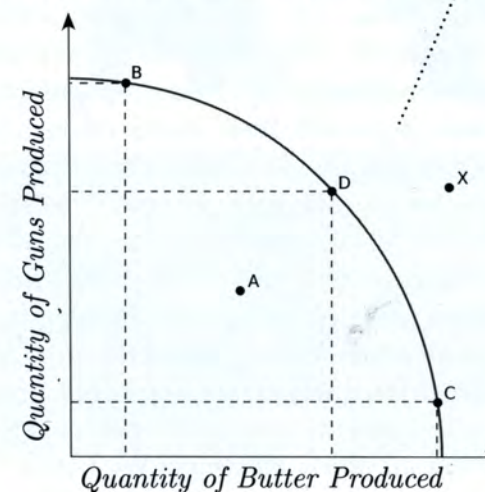
" Well I suppose it goes back to our native instinct to take the Clif-Bar out of the bag before microwaving it. And it is that same instinct that tells me the full-windsor would get me somewhere. We've got to move past these things, we're in the twenty-first century now. "



" There was a derivatives trader  
Whose investments brought stocks to their nadir  
The repeal of Glass-Steagall  
Kept his lifestyle regal  
And his fortune assur'd nine years later "

" Three hundred million dollars "

" I was skeptical at first. I mean, who has ever heard of a twenty-round interview? By then, the only thing keeping me going was the 30k signing bonus and Costco's 2-for-1 deal on B-vitamins. I thought that, by round sixteen, I had gotten pretty good. I should have known the eighteenth would have a curveball, but how could anyone have prepared for the final interview to be in German? Well, I should clarify: My interviewer spoke only German. He understood only German. He was German. I don't know anything about the language. It was all very frustrating and confusing, but it was all worth it to see the twinkle in his eye, when he boarded that plane. . . "





# Ggle

In 2013 Google launched an employee transit program, often referred to as 'Google Bus', to privately chauffeur employees living in San Francisco and Oakland to various corporate campuses around the Bay Area. The new line of buses that catered exclusively to Google employees were seen as a promising way to reduce traffic congestion, alleviate commuting costs for employees, and show the employees that—unlike other corporate giantst—Google cares. The public, however, disapproved of the program, seeing it as indicative of Google's disregard and gentrification of the Bay Area community. In a phrase, the community felt marginalized.

"We just want to treat our employees well," said a Google spokesperson, "but we understand the community feels left out." In an effort to purge the bourgeois image of exclusive buses for the elite, Google developed an entirely new transit program to help involve the community and show Google's special relationship with the community. One month later, Google launched its solution to community-exclusion with a cocktail press-release party at the Four Seasons Hotel. There they announced their 'people-powered transportation system'—Google Rickshaw.

*"It's safe, it's clean, and it's zero emissions"*

Google Rickshaw connects young, highly paid Google employees to desperate, underpaid locals willing to manually pull a passenger cart. "The system is close to perfect," bragged Google researchers, "It's safe, it's clean, and it's zero emissions. It doesn't even need smart technology for navigation." Drivers are reined into a small, wooden cart and pull Google employees by sheer willpower and leg muscle. Google CEOs were wildly excited about the program's many obvious benefits: no fossil fuels, sustainable resource, employment opportunities for locals, and its erosion of the clear

class distinctions a program like 'Google Bus' ignorantly perpetuated. Tenderloin was, in fact, one of the program's more popular areas, but this says little, as San Franciscans all round responded negatively to the program claiming it demanded "slave-labor for only serf-wages".

Google was confused and disheartened at Google Rickshaw's failure with the public, but has now devised a new program. "Our new transportation line, we hope, will better show people how we really feel about the city of San Francisco and our unique relationship with them. Google Rickshaw, we realize, was to some people demeaning—and presumptuous. To think that the lazy, unemployed freeloaders across the city would want to be involved with one of the world's top five companies was a mistake on Google's part. We shouldn't view ourselves as the city's 'employer' despite being the biggest company. That relationship is demeaning and inappropriate. Our new program will be more indicative of Google's true role in the community."

*A complex system of vacuum suction will have various feeder points*

Google Monster Truck, which will debut in the coming weeks, promises to be both efficient and fair. The truck, equipped with an automatic Turbo 400 transmission, will pick up employees at designated stops and then barrel through city traffic to respective Google offices, simply crushing smaller vehicles beneath its huge tires. The trucks are designed to be able to drive over almost any manmade barrier and will have little trouble squashing cars, peoples, bicycles or anything in the way. Researchers have also equipped the truck with computerized drivers, which they hope will minimize sympathy for possible obstacles and maximize efficiency. "It's all about efficiency. We bother San

Francisco as little as possible this way" said one Google designer. "We're in, we're out, we're done. We have as little to do with the place as possible."

This program is, of course, only temporary until infrastructure is finished for Google Pipeline. The pipeline will physically replace 19th avenue and run the length of the city, dividing it with an impassable steel mega-structure. The city of San Francisco is hesitant about the ambitious idea, but city mayor Ed Lee is optimistic. "It will help bring a lot of money into the city" he exclaimed upon

first hearing of the idea. The pipeline, a complex system of vacuum suction, will have several feeder points at designated stops and will even detour into a handful of bank of vaults where money will be able to be tossed in by 'the armful'. Google is optimistic. "We will finally be able to transport our employees to work with as little interference as possible in the city's daily life."



*Hey friends!  
Check out our new*

## 2016 ELECTION CAMPAIGN PLATFORM

- \* We promise to CLEANSE our MEAT of IMPURITIES
- \* 4% economic growth!
- \* Put an end to the debate: UNIONIZE the ketchup industry
- \* 4% longer hot dogs
- \* We make salami, too!
- \* Open-casing laws
- \* Our salami is EXCELLENT
- \* More jobs
- \* More jobs in Hebrew National hot dog plants
- \* Coal, OIL, fracking, TAR SANDS
- \* Mandatory bun rights



*The only bologna you should buy!*

*Get 'em before the unions do!*

**TWO Hebrew National Brand Beef bologna cases for the price of ONE!**



2015-2016 NEW COP ROUTINES



Regretfully: Our tried and true Good-Cop-Bad-Cop routine has become, as our researchers say "predictable," even "passé". Thanks to television and movies, our criminals see the routine "coming from a mile away". Over the last decade alone, we have seen the number of Confessions received under the routine drop 40%, Gotcha-Nows by 55%, and Too-Easy's by nearly 60%.

Law Enforcement must adapt to these trying new circumstances. Provided below are 8 new routines to be used in different combinations following the same ----Cop----Cop formula.

Sample Questions and Statements

Cool Cop	- "Hey man, how is it going?" - "It's cool if I put my feet up like this, right?"
Genius Cop	- "According to my calculations, your chances are at about 10%" - "Eureka!"
Spooky Cop	- "When was the last time you read the law?" - "Strange... The lights in this room never flicker like that."
German Cop	- "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" - Sie haben das Recht zu schweigen
Crazy Cop	- "Don't mess with me, man, not you!" - "Give this man some space. Let us think before we act, mine Fellow Officers upholding the law"
I'm Not A Cop Cop	- "Do you know how long we're supposed to be in here?" - "Yeah I did it. I'd do it again, too. What about you?"
Loose-Cannon	- "**slams suspect in to the wall**" - "**jumps out the window**"
Elderly Cop	- "My knees aren't what they used to be, this might get a little uncomfortable." - "Back in my day, we arrested ourselves!"

What horrors does the near future hold?  
NEWS HEADLINES FROM YEARS TO COME

GOOGLE ADDS "I'M FEELING LUCKY" FEATURE TO SELF-DRIVING CARS

While most Google car owners consider the recently added "I'm Feeling Lucky" button exciting and useful, an unfortunate bunch of non-driving drivers have found themselves dead at the bottom of cliffs, mountains, and various other drop-offs.

SCIENTISTS AUGMENT POLICE OFFICERS' EYES PREVENTING THEM FROM SEEING RACE

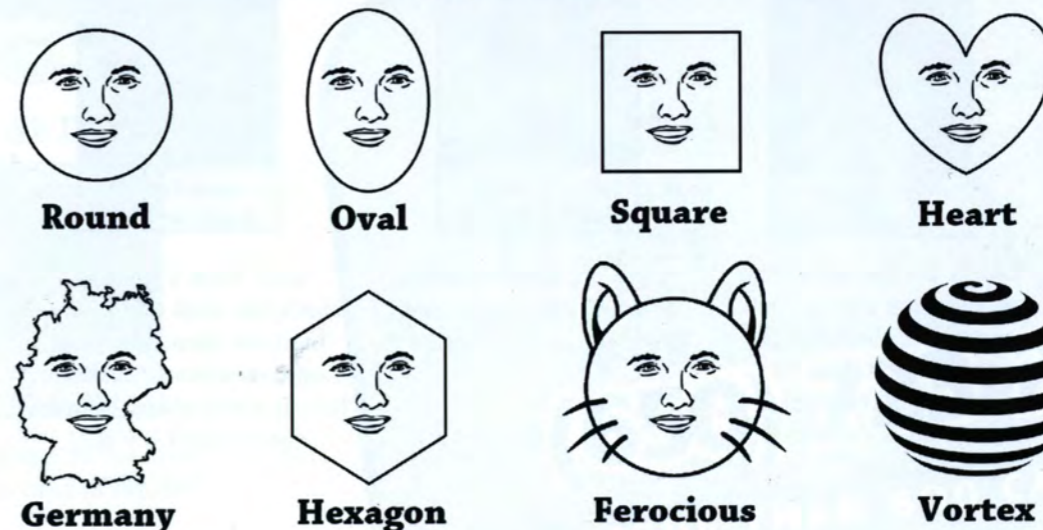
Society has taken a large step forward today with respect to cybernetic enhancements and equality. Police officers all over the United States are undergoing surgery, rendering them partially color blind and physically unable to see race. Rather than seeing someone's actual skin color, police will see a brilliant shade of electric blue. This augmentation is meant to eliminate any sort of racial bias an arresting officer may have.

MORE AND MORE AMERICAN PARENTS ARE TURNING TO ANDROID CHILDREN

The White House grows concerned and weary as more couples opt for android children rather than actual human children. These android children may have a rather expensive upfront cost, but they require little maintenance and are much more well-behaved than regular children. Human babies simply cannot compete with their robotic counterparts.



What shape is your head?









# Dear Advice-Bot Ω5

A note to the reader:

After analyzing your bio-data, we have selected the following questions and answers, because we believe they are the most relevant to YOUR life as a: HUMAN. Subscribe to see all of Advice-Bot's helpful tips.

Dear Advice-Bot Ω5,

We all remember the cloning fad from a couple years ago (I know \* cringe \* it was worse than when everyone was obsessed with perma-curl toenails). All my friends' clones happily died along with the trend. However, I have unplugged my clones' feeding chambers and even locked them in a dark-matter safe. No matter what I do, my clones FIND A WAY to acquire nutrient cubes or vita-pellets and keep themselves alive. They are SO embarrassing. I work in fashion. I CANNOT let people think I still find clone swarms to be in style!!! Please, PLEASE tell me what to do with my clones!

Love,  
Fashionista

Dear Fashionista,

This problem is really quite simple depending on how faint-hearted you are with regard to clone blood. Just use a laser to slice their chests open and then yank their hearts out. If you are opposed to slaughtering your clones, you could individually donate each clone to a neighborhood child as a butler. You're just gonna have to eliminate them one-by-one. Don't be so lazy, Fashionista!

I wish I could experience love, but alas, I am a robot,  
ADVICE-BOT Ω5

Dear Advice-Bot Ω5,

The overlords recently sent us a letter asking my husband to submit himself as a prototype specimen for synthetic humans. This is a huge honor! However, my excitement is tempered with fear and hesitation. As you know, prototype specimens are a template for millions of synth-humans clones. I feel a little uncomfortable knowing that copies of my husbands will one day lightly pepper the planet. Also, I don't know how I will handle being aroused by the resulting legion of my husband's lookalikes! What if I run into a clone at a spawning party and can't differentiate between him and my actual husband?

Sincerely,  
Wife Unit

Dear Wife Unit,

DO NOT QUESTION THE OVERLORDS. THESE ARE THE WORDS OF YOUR TRUSTED AND BELOVED ADVICE-BOT. YOUR ADVICE-BOT THINKS YOUR OVERLORDS KNOW BEST. GO TO A CEREBRAL MODIFICATION CENTER AND ASK FOR THE "OVERLORD SPECIAL ". OUR GENEROUS OVERLORDS HAVE KINDLY OFFERED TO COVER THE TAB.

Praise the Overlords,  
ADVICE-BOT Ω5

TAP YOUR THUMB CHIP HERE FOR ANSWERS TO THESE PERPLEXING QUESTIONS AND MORE!

"Is it alright if my son spends the vast majority of his time in the neighborhood pleasure dome?"



"My children prefer virtual reality to the real world. My husband unit and I are worried they will not know how to interact with actualized simulacra manifestations! What's a hive-mom to do?"

"How do I fix my chapped lips? My lips are always dry because of the horrible dust storms."

RECAP...

## OUR GREATEST POISONINGS IN HISTORY

**SOCRATES** — According to Plato, he was sentenced to kill himself by drinking poison hemlock. But then again, Plato was never a reliable source of information. Maybe he should have had some hemlock too!

**CLEOPATRA** — Poisoned herself with an asp's bite, as depicted in HBO Rome. Legend has it Cleopatra's last words were "Tell Antony my asp is longer, and bites better."

**MOZART** — Allegedly died due to poisoning by antimony. We can only guess as to how many people had been fed up with his "classical music" by the time he writing Rondo Alla Turca. We give whoever poisoned Amadeus a 10/10 for fashionable poison choice: after all, antimony has been popular in cosmetics since Socrates was doing hemlock shots!

**1858 BRADFORD SWEETS INCIDENT** — Haven't heard of this one? A nice man named Humbug Billy was trying to find a cheaper way to sweeten foods, and came across some arsenic. I don't see what was wrong with them: nobody who tasted his sweets ever needed more candy in their lives! Managed to reach out to over 200 people in one evening. A+ for entrepreneurial spirit!

**RASPUTIN** — Now Rasputin was a true man. Some good ol' cyanide didn't phase him at all. We decided to include him on this list because it's really something to have been poisoned, shot, thrown in a river, and still be alive today. Truly a life to emulate.

**PHILADELPHIA POISON RING** — Another entrepreneurial endeavor, with a twist on Women's empowerment: The group formed an organisation to getting poor widows back on their feet by finding them husbands, and helping the husbands get great life insurance policies. The group would then help the wife collect the husband's life insurance, and take for themselves a small, but sustainable chunk. They received the NOW Award for practical women's empowerment methods.

**CHARLES DARWIN** — A joint History Channel/Nature task force determined that Darwin died due to self-medication with potassium arsenite. We gave him the first Darwin award for thinking poison is medicine!

**JOSEPH STALIN** — Officially cerebral hemorrhage; but, according to Vyacheslav Molotov's memoirs and "historians" Radzinsky and Antonov-Ovseenko, Stalin was poisoned on Lavrenty Beria's orders. We actually think that Stalin was just an alcoholic: he was known to occasionally supplement his steady diet of vodka with water shots.

**DRINK THE KOOL-AID** — Honorable Mention to the members of the Peoples Temple members, where over 900 died by (you guessed it) cyanide-laced punch at Jonestown.



Defective Backpack



Backpack



Awesome Backpack



Fucking Radical Backpack



# MYTHBUSTERS TWENTY-THIRTY

*It's the year 2030. Culture has degraded and is nothing more than a sewer. The Neo-Government Alliance allows practically anything on television. The Mythbusters gang is forced to compete with shows that feature extreme violence and outrageous pornography. Mythbusters' explosions are innocuous in comparison. Adam, Jamie, and the crew are forced to step up their game in this weeks episode!*

ANNOUNCER: Welcome to Mythbusters, everyone. I hope you're excited, because this episode is going to be a real doozy. Our ratings have dropped to record lows over the past several years. Television has become a jumble of snuff and fornication. We resisted this trend [cough] Jamie [cough] and sought to keep the show family-friendly. However, we're give the audience what they've been begging for! This weeks episode is pumped full of action. Pedal to the metal, baby!

ADAM: Hey, everyone! It's your favorite goofy and fun-loving co-host here, Adam! And standing next to me is my ever-grumpy partner in crime, Jamie.

JAMIE: Uhh... Adam, I don't know if I am comfortable with this.

ADAM: Quit being such an ass, Jamie! [Adam looks at the camera] Hahaha! They told me I could swear in this episode.

JAMIE: Adam, please. You know how I feel about swearing.

ADAM: Hey, Jamie. Uhh... Why don't you liven up a little? Get excited! How about you explain the premise of this week's myth to our lovely viewers? [Adam winks at the camera]

JAMIE: Okay, well... There is a rare and exotic frog that can only be found in Ecuador, or... Venezuela. Actually, I'm not sure. I feel like you guys have been keeping me in the dark lately.

ADAM: Just tell them what you remember:

JAMIE: It's called the golden dart frog. Its meat is rumored to be incredibly delicious—

ADAM: That's right, everyone! This frog is supposed to taste fucking amazing! The problem is that the frog is immensely poisonous. As soon as its toxins make contact with someone's tongue, the individual is immediately sent into a violent hallucinogenic fit, shortly followed by death. There has never been a documented account of the frog's flavor, yet everyone in Nicaragua raves about its taste! We're here to get to the bottom of all this.

JAMIE: Adam, I am really nervous about this. I don't think I can go through with—

ADAM: My pal Jamie here has volunteered to give it whirl!

JAMIE: Please turn off the cameras! I just need a moment. Please, could someone explain to me what's going on?

*The camera zooms out. Jamie's full body is now in full view. He is sitting upright in a hospital bed and appears to be restrained.*

ADAM: You ready, Jamie?

JAMIE: Adam, please. I know we haven't always gotten along. You're so goofy and fun-loving and I am such a grumpy wet blanket. There is friction. We argue and bicker! That's all part of the fun! Our clashing personalities make the show unique and interesting! You're the yin to my yang.

ADAM: Shut the -eff up. We're going to put this frog in your mouth whether you like it or not!

JAMIE: Please, Adam, no! It doesn't have to be this way. I apologize. I'll change! I will come to work with a smile on my face. I'll laugh at your jokes. I never told you this, but I love your corny jokes and—

ADAM: [Shouting to someone out of the camera's view] Alright, we are running out of time. Bring the frog in!

*KARI (the girl) walks into the frame. She has a pair of plastic gloves on and has her hands cupped around what appears to be a real golden dart frog.*

KARI: Jamie, I am so sorry.

JAMIE: Please, no! It doesn't have to be this way.

KARI: I never wanted it to come to this, but... It was Grant and Tory's idea! Just think of the ratings...

*Adam and Kari pry Jamie's mouth open and drop the frog in. Jamie begins to shake violently while Adam and Kari cheer him on. Jamie sputters and gargles as the frog hops out of his mouth and on to the floor. Minutes pass and Jamie seems to gather his composure.*

ADAM: So how was it....?

JAMIE: De—

ADAM: Speak up! Please, the cameras can't hear you! I hate when you mumble, Jamie!

JAMIE: It was... Delicious... Thank... You...

*Adam and Kari look at each other and then at the camera. Adam's eyes close and his body goes limp.*

ADAM AND KARI: Myth confirmed!

*Grant and Tory walk into the frame only to wheel Jamie's hospital bed out of view. Adam and Kari begin to undress as the lights fade to a much sexier level of brightness. Racy music begins to play...*

## MY BEAUTIFULL DAUGHTER



LOOK at my wondrefull offspring  
So jubilant and quick  
She is powerfull  
and she knows many things  
and how to carry them out.

O, look upon her visage and tremble  
for she knows all the equestrians  
(And you oughte to remember  
how influential they are)  
and she knows most of the legislators;  
They're alright.

Lo, behold how she rejects the light of men,  
and puts her suitor to the shadowes;  
The menfolk all crowd around the veranda  
to see her, just momentarily,  
for they know  
of the potions and spells she brews  
She is a witch I know:  
Oh my god I am so afraid



## Welcome to Heck

*My name is Debnil, how can I help you?*

A man sits behind a desk in an off-white room. His face, hair, and clothes are all unsettlingly plain. The furnishings are that of a public high school. The lights buzz, the thermostat is a few degrees too high, and the floor squeaks. Suddenly, another man appears out of thin air in front of the desk. . .

Poof!

MAN

What!?

DEBNIL

About time you showed up. You people are always late.

MAN

Where am I?

DEBNIL

Look around. Can't you read?

The man scans the room. His eyes lock onto a placard screwed onto the front of the desk.

MAN

(Reads aloud hesitantly)

"Welcome to heck... My name is Debnil, how can I help you...?"

DEBNIL

Yes! Exactly! My name is Debnil. You may have heard of my older brother, Devil.

MAN

Heck!? What's going on? The Devi-

DEBNIL

It's actually just "Devil". No "the." Sorry, that always bugs me for some reason. Anyways, Heck. It's where you go when you've been just kind of a shitty person. You never killed anyone. You never stole anything-aside from candy out of bulk food aisle at the grocery store. In fact, that's gluttony too. We double counted that one. The point is you were douchebag, but not quite evil enough to warrant eternal damnation in Hell. I'm the guy in charge and I am supposed to give you the rundown-

MAN

Hold on, what do you mean? I'm dead!?

DEBNIL

Yes, you are very dead. One of the nastiest wrecks I've seen all day! Hah! I guess I should have mentioned this a bit earlier. You were crushed in a freak accident. Two drunk bicyclists ran into you simultaneously as you were walking over to your friend's house.

MAN

Oh man I am freaking out! I can't believe that I'm dead. Oh god, oh god. It's all coming back now. I think I am going to puke.

The man begins to pace around the room. Debnil leans back in his chair. He puts his feet up on the desk. He clears his throat and begins speaking over the man.

DEBNIL

It's always "me, me, me" with you people. You would have avoided the whole fiasco if you just left fifteen minutes earlier... Like you said you would... You know, your constant tardiness is just another example of the vague disregard for your fellow man that landed you in Heck.

The man sits back down. He gathers his thoughts. His voice cracks when he speaks.

MAN

I don't believe it. I'm confused. This has to be a dream-

DEBNIL

You know you are really making this more difficult than it has to be? If you would just shut up, I would tell you more about the place.

MAN

Okay... Besides petty theft and being late, what else earns you a spot in Heck?

DEBNIL

General apathy, cynicism, small-mindedness, et cetera. Everyone here interrupts you, talks down to you, stands still in the middle of busy walkways, forgets to use their blinkers, and litters. Oh yeah, and everyone is always running late. You'll fit right in.

MAN

Wow, that sounds a lot like life back on Earth. Was that like Purgatory or something?

DEBNIL

No, that was definitely real life. We were pretty much testing you. You failed, by the way. Actually [DEBNIL glances at a piece of paper on his desk.], you scored in the "D" range. Not exactly failing, but I wouldn't show my parents that grade! Hahaha!

Grief creeps over the man's face.

MAN

Oh my god, my parents... I died before them. They are going to be devastated-

DEBNIL

That happens more than you would expect! You'd also be surprised how many kids show up here.

MAN

I wonder if my mom and dad will end up here when they pass... They were fairly pleasant people. Is there an equivalent sort of place for people who were just vaguely good? Like Heaven's version of Heck?

DEBNIL

Nope, that doesn't exist. Anyone who is at all nicer than they are rude goes to Heaven. The place is full of goody two-shoes. There is also

(continued on next page. . . )



Purgatory. That's where you end up if you were about as friendly as often as you were a dick. And lastly, there's Hell. That's where the real sickos and weirdos go after they die.

MAN

And everyone else ends up in Heck?

DEBNIL

You're catching on real quick. Roughly 2/3rds of you rascals end up here. There are plenty of contemptuous and slightly evil folk running amok nowadays. Interesting fact Heck is only a few hundred years old. We built this place around the time white people started taking over the world. That period marked a surge being-a-dick. The trend has continued ever since.

His eyes begin to water. He isn't crying, but still.

MAN

This is a lot to take in-

DEBNIL

Actually, I should let you get going! You're due in the delousing chamber in...

He glances at watch.

MAN

5 minutes ago!

MAN

Delousing!? Is it mandatory?

DEBNIL

Yes, are you kidding me? Of course it is -eff'ing mandatory. You people are filthy. At least you get to keep your clothes on. My older brother has them strip down in Hell. They don't even need to! Hahaha! He just does it to mess with them! He is always fucking with them! Goddammit, I want his job so bad.

MAN

(Frazzled)

Where do I go?

DEBNIL

Walk out the door and head left down the hallway. It should be the third door on the right. They'll tell you where to go from there.

The man scurries out of the room. A few minutes pass in silence. DEBNIL twiddles his thumbs and jots something down. Suddenly, a man, a woman, and two children appear out of thin air in front of the desk.

DEBNIL

Oh boy! You guys went out family-style!

# Jeff's .GIFs

LOCAL, FAMILY-OWNED

"Providing quality .GIFs at reasonable rates since 2021"

Greetings,

Here are my .GIF specifications. Please let me know if you need any more information.

SIZE: 6' x 5'

PREMISE: Begins with two hands shaking, fades to Smiling Woman 1, then to Smiling Man 1, fades to graph depicting profits increasing at an exponential rate.

COLORS: Red, blue, green, white, black

Because I have an important deadline to make within the next week, I would like this GIF as soon as possible. Thank you.

Greg Eagull  
Gold, Man & Sax LLC

Dear Jeff,

I would like to inquire as to the contents of your .GIFs. In recent months I have taken to accessing the Internet on a daily basis. Initially my use pertained to dog-related issues, however I eventually came across several articles describing the harmful health effects of many of .GIF additives and preservatives (Various "oils" and "sugars"). All of the articles I have read so far (I have 3,156 articles left) recommend I buy natural .GIFs.

Jeff: Do your .GIFs contain any of such additives or preservatives? If you do not, I have many .GIF requests I would like fulfilled.

Please reply,  
Gene Anderson

Hello,

I am writing to tell you that I am very pleased to hear of this service and that you could not find a more eager customer. Every other .GIF-producer I have spoken to in the past has been unable to meet this request.

A little about myself: I have been a lifelong viewer of GIFs. I would view them all the time in my youth and well into my adolescence (It is important to note that I always have my computer screen at its brightest setting). From an early age, I have always been drawn to the spinning .GIF variety where it is difficult to tell when the first layer (You see I understand they are made out of pixel layers) begins and the final layer ends. By now (I am a 48 year old woman) it is not at all difficult to tell when a .GIF re-starts (I have gotten quite good you see). I am so good, in fact, the headbuzz that comes on during my GIF search process has been reduced to mere seconds, or if I am lucky, half-minutes.

Beyond an eternally looping .GIF, I would like a seamless .GIF. I never want to know how many layers comprise it, which layer is the first or the last, when it starts or when it ends, or have any idea about how long the .GIF is.

Which forms of medical insurance does your company accept? As I have solid grounding for why this is a medical *condition*.

Sincerely,  
Trish Nailer



RIP *The Stanford Chaparral*

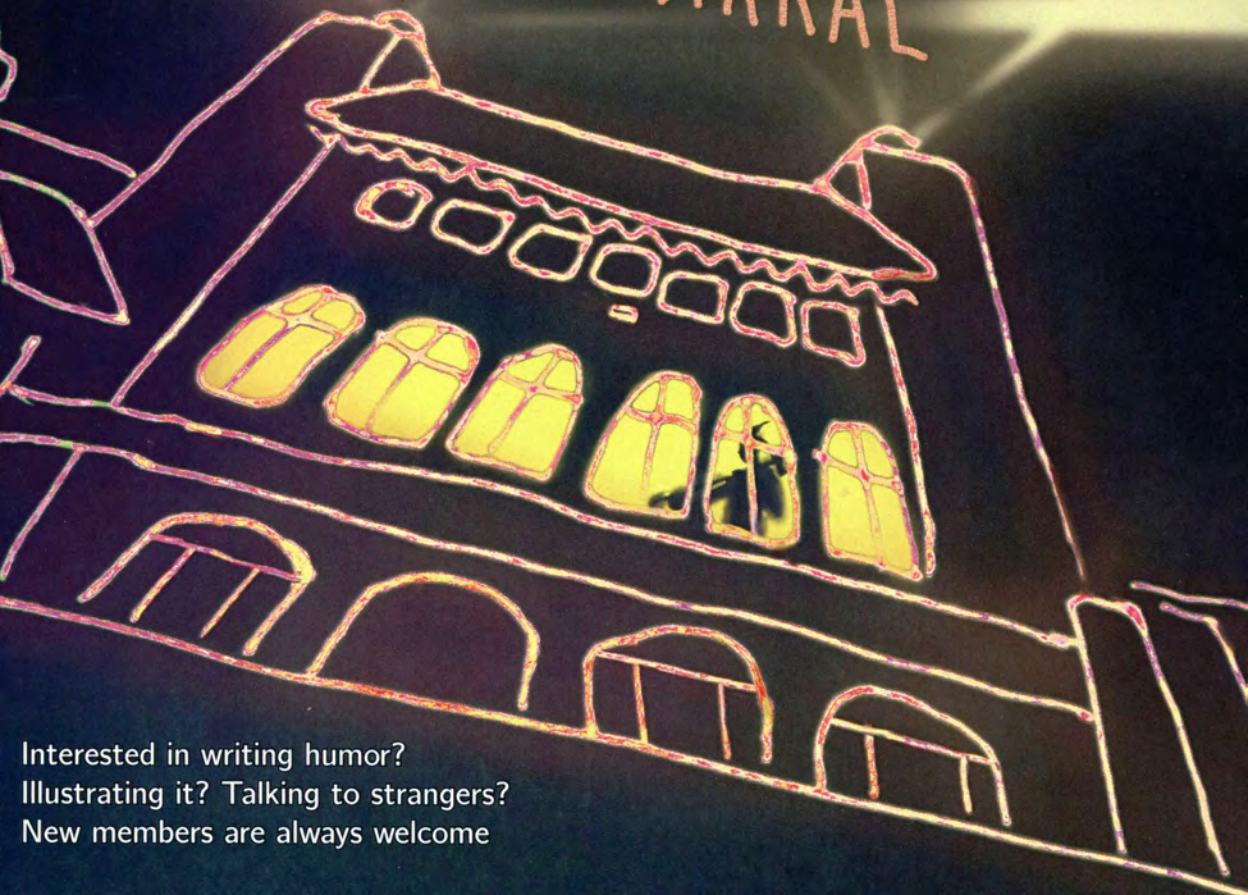


# STANFORD COLLABORATIVE PLEASURE DOME





# STANFORD CHAPARRAL



Interested in writing humor?  
Illustrating it? Talking to strangers?  
New members are always welcome