



The Chaparral
presents

Penance

We betrayed your trust
last issue, and for that,
we apologize.

As many of you may already know, the previous issue of the Chaparral, distributed widely among the Wilbur, Roble, and Stern student residences, contained dangerously high traces of poison ivy.

The poison was detected on the front page, back page, and every page in between.

We were as shocked as our readers to discover this egregious accident, and dismayed by the many stories of personal of personal injury we have since received.

We would especially like to extend out apologies to the freshman who, having run out of toilet paper, wiped himself clean using our eight-page report on the most influential bollards on campus.

Thank you for believing in the Chaparral.
We promise to do better for you moving forward.

The Stanford Chaparral

DJ Saint Martin-Zaddy- Luther's Birthday Bash ft. Lil' Waifzr Boi village fool on the Cross

Where? Bing Wing Stacks, Fifth floor
BYOS (Bring Your Own Scroll)
2 nuns per monk ratio, STRICTLY enforced
SUID to repent, 21+ to self-flagellate
NO Carthusians allowed entry!

Set List

Vespers/6pm - 9pm: Muted whispers held across corridors

Compline/9:00 pm - 10:00 pm: Gregorian Chants

11:00pm - 2am Solo prayer in silence to honor the
Rule of Saint Benedict

10pm - 12am: Ambient cathedral wind chimes

IN HONOR OF MARCARIUS OF EGYPT, MAY YOU REST IN PEACE

John Calvin



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Talia Borofsky

Field Notes from *The War in Cereal*

by *Scott Mutchnik*

On April 6, 2017, Americans' breakfasts were interrupted by some shocking news: Our nation was now at war in cereal. After what forebodingly described as the "last straw," the present Administration, decided to reinstate the draft in a decision that reverberated throughout the nation. We asked Americans for their thoughts.

"I don't support the war, but I support the troops... I mean, you have to admire these young lads who put their Life on the line fighting out there in that vast, soggy terrain, all to defend our foundational Freedom, our fundamental Liberty. They're GREAT!"

"What do you mean, do I support the war? Are you some kind of apologist for Count Chocula? Don't even bother answering me, I know you are."

"I don't have to go. Got an exemption from the draft, 'cause I'm a Quaker."

We're out here on the battlefield with the Malt-O-Meal Company and its commander, Captain Crunch. "Cereal, cereal" says Crunch. "We're surrounded by it. Fruity Pebbles, Frosted Flakes. Even Quisp if you can believe it. And get this--we don't even get to eat it. Orders from Brigadier General Mills. Goes against the Lake Geneva conventions or something. Nope, around here you're stuck with generic brand. And that's if you're lucky."

Ten feet away, a soldier loading his mortar. "To hell with the Geneva Conventions!"

"Easy, tiger" replied Crunch. Before he could say anything else, a miniscule object whizzed by. "GET DOWN. HOLY SHIT GET THE FUCK DOWN!" A brief lull. "Wheatie. These guys are hard core. We're gonna have to call in Special K Forces."

"Mr. President, Americans are angry, they have

doubts about how you've conducted yourself in high office. They are uncertain as to your exact motivations for the war... the war in Cereal. They are suspicious about your ties to the dairy industry and the influence they have on the military-industrial complex. So we ask you again, Mr. President. How much is a gallon of milk?"

"Well, you see, we all have to make sacrifices..." replied the President, wagging his finger.

"How much?"

"..."

"We're waiting"


"..."

"Mr. President, how much is a gallon of milk..."

"Well it's been a long time..."

"That's all we want to know! How much is a gallon of milk? Do you know? Or are you a cuck?"

"..."

"[sighs] Twenty-seven dollahs." 



Samantha Kargilis

The Chaparral

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	PATRICK MAHER '09	MASON STRICKLIN '16
	GARRET WERNER '10	CASSIDY ELWOOD '16

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the Church of Leland Stanford Junior has been officially recognized we can now perform our sacraments with the full blessing of President Marc Tessier-Lavigne. Principal among these is that of Penance. In an age where public apologies are being extracted out of so many, whether it be for comments downplaying the number of deaths in the War on Cereal or for saying "how's it going" too many times, it has come upon us to make some of our own. And the people who deserve our apologies most of all are the authors of the many articles which, for lack of space, we've been forced to omit. For this issue the process was particularly competitive, leaving us methodically poring over thousands, nay, tens of thousands of submissions, every single one of which was perfect, in search of the ones that allowed us to appeal to the lowest common denominator. You could

STAFF

- Pete Tellouche
- Hannah Rowen
- Mark York
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- Nicholas Midler
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have been one of those tens of thousands, by sending us anything – anything at all, even the dried expired mayonnaise that you recently found within the folds of your gut, fatty – and we would have considered publishing that mayo.



our decisions have been reached, alas, we regret to inform you that your old college try just didn't cut it. If you were the mathematical theologian submitting his treatise on "point-set theology" and the relations between the Holy Trinity and the Stone-Cech compactification of the natural numbers, we're sorry to say that it may have gone too far over the heads of some STS majors. Nixed. Likewise for the TV script where George Costanza ends up dating the talking three-headed giraffe that just three hours ago he convinced to get an abortion. 86'd. (Sorry Pete). Same goes for whatever weirdo sent us this poem:

SOMETHING FOR WHICH I MUST SOON REPENT

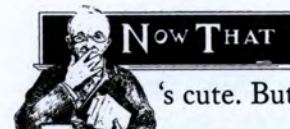
I like to watch you on the television
 Heading to the fridge for my fourth Labatt's
 Covered with blankets, in an anesthetized stupor
 I curl up in the corner of the couch
 Gazing at you, through the small screen
 Your bangs, luscious locks of dark brown hair
 Hanging down from above your eyes

Reaching for another spoonful
 Of frozen pasta from Trader Joe's
 I realize that suddenly
 The clock has struck four
 In the morning
 But the hourglass of your figure
 Draped in your plaid dress
 Through the window of my flat screen TV
 Commands me not to rest

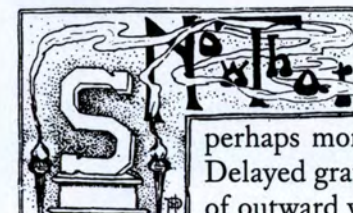
Unable to pull my eyes away
 I eat my crispy cheese twists
 But the loud CRUNCH radiating outward
 Does not obscure the maddening creak of your vocal fry
 On the tinny stereo

Bleary-eyed, I resist the urge to sleep
 As rays of sunlight creep through the glass
 At six o'clock
 In the morning
 Reflecting off the screen in a frosty glare
 Through which I see you smile
 (at me?)
 Through the hipster glasses
 Perched upon your nose

I am a finite man
 Watching you on television under the blankets on the couch
 You have given me all that I need
 But not all that I want
 Over I stoop, defeated
 My cup runneth over
 YOU are so adorkable.



's cute. But not what we're looking for. Please forgive us. We are so sorry.



the plans are already set in stone on the commission of our sins, there is no way to stop us, as we have already apologized in advance. Once we are through with them there will simply be no time for penance. Our cover goes "sin, repent, repeat" but a perhaps more accurate credo is "repent, repeat, sin" as it's always better to save the best for last. Delayed gratification – something in short supply among those constantly seeking to cultivate signs of outward virtue in preparation for an afterlife that has already been decided without their input.

The Man Who Invented Paper

transcribed from the original correspondence

Hi Cassius,

I can tell you don't like Charles from your letter. It was subtle, but I know you well, and I could just tell. Now I know he's a competing businessman, but we've been spending a lot of time together as of late, and I really think you should give him a chance. He's actually a really fascinating guy! Just this past week Charles invented this new thing he calls "Shoes." They're basically giant blocks of wood that you can strap to the bottoms of your feet for increased mobility. Total game changer. Now I can walk on the rocks near the river and search for old animal bones! Charles says that he'd be down to go with me next time. The town crier called "Shoes" the best thing since the Roman Empire because they'll both last forever. Charles isn't afraid to just go for things.

Unfortunately, people have begun to forget about Paper a bit just because of the whole business with Shoes and also because most of our town can't read or write. Charles, though, he came up with a solution by inventing an item that uses Paper called "Money." Instead of trading silks or spices or golden shavings, customers can trade these special numbered pieces of Paper for goods and services, thereby shaping what he calls a "Global Economy." I don't know how he comes up with this stuff! But, anyway, you're the ideas guy. But Charles does seem to be coming up with some pretty good ideas lately, too. You should get back to Rome soon so that we can meet with Charles about potentially joining our business brotherhood.

I'm also afraid I have a bit more bad news. One of the influencers who'd been promoting your Paper products got a bit hungry on the job and attempted to swallow a sheet of it whole. He ended up choking to death right outside the medicine man's tavern. Anyway, we've been fighting a small influx of criticism from this incident, but it's already beginning to blow over. No word from the Emperor.

Separately, Eunice has been asking about you. She said that you haven't been answering her calls yelled into the wind. I don't think the simple thing quite understands the point of letters just yet. She wants to know if you're done "fraternizing with the plant life," and I get the feeling that your children are wondering the same. They all miss you, but they're also incredibly, incredibly angry at your being gone for so long, so I would also understand if you decided to spare yourself the trouble and never return to Rome again. But please understand that I for one *definitely* want you to come back. I also think you should know that your Eunice seems to be taking quite the wishful liking to Charles.

Barth

Barth,

I don't want to believe my burning eyes! Are you seriously siding with Charles Cleversworth right now? That guy is lower than low, and I want you to know that you've hurt me deeply. You can count him solidly out of the business brotherhood now and forever. Also, I've recently invented an eye salve made of mud and salt, but that's another matter entirely.

Could your precious Charles come up with something like "Paper Bird Planes:" folded, winged pieces of Paper that can be thrown and fly like birds? Could he even fathom that sort of a contraption? I've been taking a lot of time for myself out here to come up with these kinds of ideas, and I'm really glad that I did now that I've heard about your little love fest with McCleversnot. The only thing "clever" about that guy is how I managed to change his name just now! Here's another one: clothes with words on them. Robes and togas of the future could have fun phrases like "Established 100 AD" or "Promiscuous" or "Loose" for Eunice or the logo for Quincey's Wax and Soap Emporium on them. With this, we could at least start picking off the vintage-junkies still wearing the loin cloths. Bottled water: selling water from the creek in jars and cups. Water hat: a hat that you can both wear and drink water through. I hope you can tell that I've entered a sort of ideas renaissance.

Also, so much for Charles' stupid Shoes scheme - as of one moment ago I've had a truly revolutionary breakthrough and realized that we could fill those Shoes with animal fur! Now there's an idea - soft Shoes with fur on the inside.

...continued from Volume CXIX

Can you move this project up to priority one? Keep me updated with your progress. Also, tell Eunice and the kids I say hello. Also, I've been doing a lot of introspection and self-reflection as of late, so please don't take it personally if I'm slow to respond to your next letter.

Best, Cassius

P.S. Even if these don't work out, I'm still the inventor of Paper and better than anything Charles will ever be. I know that goes without saying, but I just thought that I should say it here so that we can have it in writing. What was everyone doing before I came around? Writing on the backs of turtle shells, that's what! And what would happen when the turtles walked away? We'd lose everything. I myself lost quite a few ideas to those savages, each one of them ten times better than anything Charles has ever heaved up.



My Dear Cassius,

Some unfortunate news from China: word has recently spread to Rome that Paper was invented there over one hundred years ago. This is tough news, I know. As far as I can tell, though, we can continue to sell Paper publicly and in great mass without consequence. I'm very thankful we didn't implement your "life rules" idea right about now. Even though you're not the inventor of Paper, you're still the mind that conceived the "Paper Bird Plane," and I need you to remember that both are exceptional in their own respects.

In lighter news, Charles has been inventing up an absolute storm lately. You need to give the guy a fighting chance! This morning, he came up with the idea for something called a "Ferris Wheel." He titled it after his idea for a movie character named "Ferris Bueller," an exceptional teenage con artist who manages to skip his academic classes for a day. If I'm being completely honest, I have no idea what level he's operating on most of the time. I heard that that's the sign of a true genius. I find his whole manner impossibly alluring. I feel cooler just being in the same open-air market as the guy! Rome's huddled masses were struggling to erect his wheel amid the stench of the meat vendors today, and you want to know what he told them? He said, "Well, Rome wasn't built in a day!" He wasn't wrong! Suddenly we all felt about a million times better. Charles continues to amaze me. Undeniable business brotherhood potential right there.

You should also know that Charles has recently invented a technique he calls "Origami," his very own art form based in Paper folding. For context, it sounds a lot like your "Paper Bird Planes" idea. A classic case of parallel thinking? Anyway, Eunice was blundering around as per usual, struggling to fold a piece of Paper the other day, and I saw Charles come up behind her and say "here, let me help you with that." From there, he held her gnarled hands in his as they folded the paper into four squares. The four squares thing is the best Origami idea he's had yet, and I think I see a lot of potential for this to take off. There's been talk of making a triangle shape, but I feel like you should be the one to show Eunice how to make it, not Charles. They wouldn't be good together. Like I'm happy for them and their connection and everything, but I just know that they would be disastrous together. In the meantime, I can ask Charles to write down the directions for you so you won't look like a fumbling idiot who's been out in the forest for months. I'm sure Charles wouldn't mind - he's a giver, that one! You should come home. By the way, did you want me to get started on your hands-free water hat device, or was that one just a joke?

Barth



Dear Barth,

Met a really cool girl named Candace at a witch burning. She lives in the village next to the forest I've been hanging out in. We have a lot in common: we both enjoy watching witch burnings, live in the Roman Empire, and have names that start with C. I don't know. Is it really that bad if I hang out with her from time to time? It's true that we don't know each other well, but she has the most fertile glow, and she's a virgin so we all know someone's not going to be smote by the mighty Orcus come Saturnalia! Like all good inventors, I'm uncannily gifted when it comes seeing the potential in people. I see something in her, and even if I didn't the odds would still be in my favor. I mean, when it comes down to the pheasant's bone I think that most people are fairly good at the core. But then again I don't like to define people in such singular terms. For example, he's also tacky.



Cassius + Barth 5Ever!

That's too bad about the whole Paper news. I think I'm okay. I'm realizing that there might be more to life than coming up with new ideas every day. But speaking of, I do have a new one about the shape of the Earth. I've realized that the world we walk on is actually flat and not round like Rupert Middleditch has been saying. It makes sense because I can walk in a straight line on it without falling over. It seems like we all should have realized this a while ago, but I'll take what I can get at this point. It's comforting to know that if it comes down to it, Candace and I could walk out of this forest hand in hand and continue on in a straight line to another village and then another village and then onto whatever follows after that. I can't tell if I actually care about Candace, or if it's the idea of her that I like. Or maybe we're all just searching for The Kiss of a beautiful maiden in this life. That was a pretty good line. Anyway, Charles Cleversworth should try to walk in a straight line for a while, and if we're lucky he might drop off the planet! Can you imagine? It's a nice thought. Please assemble the water-hat as instructed as soon as possible.

Cassius

P.S. Eunice is dead to me. When I previously mentioned that I'd been wandering around in the forest spending days at a time in complete isolation and reflecting on myself, I was not telling you the full truth. The reality is that I've been doing a lot of partying and living my best life and have never been happier. Can you make sure this correction gets back to Eunice?

Hey B -- Haven't heard from you in a couple days, hope everything's okay. Candace has come down with a bad case of dysentery, and none of my inventions seem to be helping her, not even the whimsicality of the Paper Bird Planes. I've tried splashing her face with vinegar, feeding her mercury, willing the sickness out of her, all for naught. If anything, she just seems to be getting worse, and it's been a really discouraging situation for me to deal with overall. I've been sitting by her pile of straw all morning, watching her sleep and cry and throw up blood, and - please do forgive me for saying this - it's honestly been the grossest thing I've ever had the great misfortune of witnessing in my entire life. Her fertile glow is totally gone. It's times like these that really make me miss Eunice. She never had the plague and never dared shed a tear in front of me, even after our first-born drowned. <3 Cass

Dear Cassius,



So sorry about my late response! Things have been heating up back here in Rome, as they seem to be between you and this Candace lass! You sly little fallow deer, you! Nothing like a good plague to bring a couple closer together, am I right? I'm so happy to hear that you two have been bonding. I'm sure you'll stop missing Eunice soon enough. To be perfectly honest, I never quite understood what you saw in her. If it's any help at all, I used to miss my brother every day, but now that I have Charles in my life, I rarely even think about the boy!

I know that this might come as a bit of a shock, but Charles and I both hooked up with Eunice last night. At the same time - it was part of an experimental idea Charles has been working on called the "Threesome." I wasn't really into the whole Eunice concept at first, but in reflection I'm really glad that I did it and feel like I grew a lot as a person through the experience. As is most likely glaringly obvious, Charles was the true mastermind behind the whole production, and as soon as we three commenced, the entirety of our town came rushing into his bedroom to witness the making of Roman history. It was impossible to be in the city last night and not know that something big was going on - the walls of Charles's bedroom are PAPER thin, after all.

And you know what Charles said when we asked how he came up with the whole idea? "Teamwork makes the dream work!" He just came up with that sentence right then and there on the spot! And everyone around including - no, especially - your wife and children were staring at him in wonder, and he just continued to look forward as if he didn't even notice. Noble is the only word I can think to describe a guy like that. Afterward, he stroked my cheek for a second and told me to call him "Charlie," so I told him to call me "Mr. Woodcock," and then he laughed because of that one time last week that I crammed an entire roast woodcock down my robe on a dare at his grandmother's new moon party. It's kind of hard to describe on paper, but trust me that it was simply magical.

In other news, Eunice seems to be kind of jealous of Charlie and I as of late, but I'm sure it's nothing she can't get over in time! After all, Rome wasn't built in a day. Charlie and I have had to remove your children from the house, though - I'm just one of those people who really needs his own space. Did I mention that I've moved in with Charlie? Also, is it just me, or is Eunice super annoying? It's really hard for me to even look at her anymore with her beady little eyes. So glad you're over Eunice. Send Candace my best wishes. Barth.

Dear Barth,

I write to you with some rather heavy news. The village boy we've been using to run our letters back and forth has just dropped dead at my feet. His last words were something about needing water and a more streamlined, empire-wide way to transport our letters from one place to another. Unfortunately, his blood soaked through your note before I had a chance to read it. I'm returning this letter on the back of a swallow that fell out of a tree. I tied the letter to his back and threw him as far as I could. I hope he finds you well.

Cassius

P.S. Candace died, if you hadn't already guessed. I've also since realized that I never really cared about her. It's kind of fun to learn new things about yourself. I miss Eunice and you and the kids.

Hi Cass,

I haven't heard from you in a while! I hope everything's okay. Little Benny Lightfoot hasn't returned with your letter, or returned at all for that matter. No one seems to be that concerned - I almost forgot to mention it in this letter! Ha! I'm so forgetful, but I wrote it down on a smaller scrap of paper as a reminder note to myself. Paper really is quite useful. Here's an idea: different-sized pieces of Paper could be used for different tasks. You could make small ones with a little bit of mud on the backs so that they'd stick to walls and chariots and things. I was thinking we could call them "Ticky Tackies." -- Best, Barth

P.S. No matter about losing my last message. Charlie and I hit up the bathhouse today. We smoked some of his thyme together, which was actually really fun and I see what it's all about now. Eunice is no longer living with Charlie and I, and she appears to be missing you. She also appears to be missing a bath and a place to stay. I'll fill you in with the rest later. When are you coming home?

Dearest Barth,

First of all, I'd appreciate it if you'd please leave the inventing to me.

Secondly, a new village boy showed up with your letter today, but when he saw the corpse of our original village boy he started to freak out a little bit and looked like he was going to narc. You know when people just have a face that looks like the face of a narc? Yeah, that boy had one. I say "had" because I ended up having to kill him because I couldn't have word spreading back to the villages that Cassius the Ideas Guy was a murderer. That would be beyond detrimental to our business reputation, and you know it's true. I still do feel kind of bad about it, though.

I'm so lonely out here. Want to know how I know that I'm going insane? I'm considering your idea about joining forces with Charles Worthlessworth. Why not give it a try? I think that it's time I come home, old friend. What is this news about Eunice you mentioned? On second thought, just tell me in person. I'm tired of reading. I brought Diocletian's "First Stone Screenplay" with me on this trip, and I can tell you right now that it was *not* worth the extra weight.

All my love, Cassius

Dearest Cassius - So happy to hear that you've returned from your forest journey and am so sorry to hear about our poor friend Candace! On the bright side, I know that Eunice really did miss you in your absence. If nothing else, at least the maiden is loyal! You really do have a gift for finding the good in all things, be they beautiful or hideous.

In light of the recent deaths of both Benny and Lenny Lightfoot, Charlie and I have decided to get out of town, more for a change of scenery than anything else. Also, I hope you don't mind, but I ended up selling your water hat idea to the Roman government. They happened to love it! So sorry that I didn't maintain my faith in you from the start with that one.

Unfortunately, I won't have access to Paper where I'm going, but we should really keep in touch. Best of days, Barth

What your adherence to expiration dates says about you

by Peter Tellouche

Strawberry yoghurt, 1 day before expiration date

You like to live dangerously but are also capable of staying on top of things. You planned ahead and it paid off perfectly. Bravo.

Broccoli, 1 day over

Most people don't even eat this stuff when it's fresh! You're clearly an overachiever.

The chicken breasts you threw away because they smelt funny

You're cautious when you need to be. The recent trauma of an upset stomach still haunts you.

Milk, 2 days over

You're putting in long hours at work and forgot you needed to pick up another jug on the way home. No biggie.

Bread, 3 days over

Less excusable. Still, it was the seeded stuff. That might cancel out any disregard you might otherwise be showing for your body. When mold starts to sprout, then we have a problem.

Triple chocolate fudge cake, 5 days over

You're human.



Milk, 1 week over

Is this the same milk from before?! I was wrong, you're just plain lazy. Either that or you needed something to wash down the stale chocolate cake.

Eight-pack of bananas that all turned brown the instant you left the store

You're the type of shopper who doesn't realize where a bargain ends and a scam begins.

Six-pack of Lagunitas, exp. Jan 2018

Don't worry, alcohol's exempt. If anything, you've gone up in my estimation.



The leeks that have been at the back of the veg drawer ever since your failed attempt at a bouillabaisse

You really didn't need to eat those. Don't tell anyone I said this, but if it's in the veg drawer, there's no shame in just throwing it away. Some would say you acted commendably.



The leftover Joe's Pizza you bought after that night out three days ago

You're a fun-loving pleasure-seeker who doesn't take life too seriously. Waste not, want not, as they say. You could even argue that you showed restraint by not finishing the whole pizza in one go.

The avocado that was more brown than green inside

You lack common sense. Not every expiration date is going to be written down for you in black and white. When the inside of your avocado starts to resemble mushy peas, that's your signal that its period of ripeness has sadly been and gone.

The 2015 Sauvignon Blanc you threw away after Thanksgiving

You clearly know nothing about wine (and, one can only assume, life). Remember when I said alcohol was exempt? Well not all alcohol goes off, genius. I'm actually starting to see the Joe's Pizza thing in a different light now...

The gorgonzola your Italian in-laws brought to Christmas dinner but nobody dared go near

Seriously? That stuff smelt bad enough before it expired. Which was three months ago. Do you live several miles from a grocery store? Is your house surrounded by a permanent snowstorm? Running out of excuses here.

An opened packet of Cheetos you found under your bed

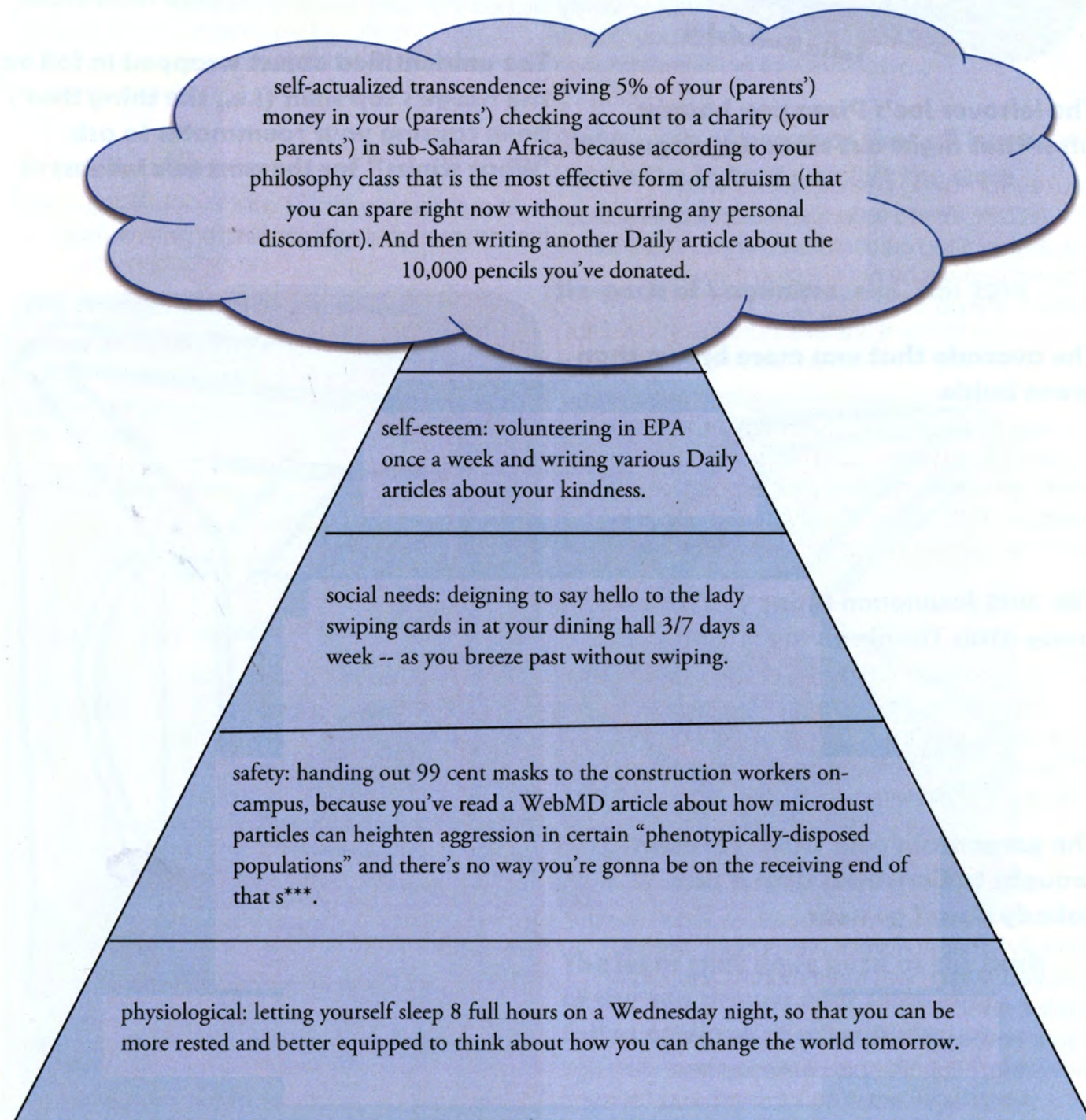
Ok, you're scaring me now. The expiration date might have faded, but the fact that the packaging features the old logo (discontinued in 2004!) should tell you all you need to know. What happened to the person who so wisely ditched that funky-smelling chicken?

The unidentified object wrapped in foil on the fridge's top shelf (i.e., the thing that's been causing your roommates to ask 'What stinks?' for the past two weeks)

A serious reassessment of your life is needed. Your friends are probably organizing an intervention.



**Maslow's Hierarchy of Apologies:
A Win-Win Guide for Stanford Students to Fulfill the
Needs of Others While Repenting for Their Privilege**
by Riley Seow



MINE BEAUTIFULL GRANDDAUGHTRE

by Kyle

*Rascal! Yet again rummaging through the rosebushes,
Snatching up the flower by the stem.
You bleed! Thou hast pricken thyself in thy haste.
Do not place your hand upon your hip in defiance of me.
Many long years have I walked this earth,
And, in that time, many gardens have I tended!*

*Egads! Dost thou not know the simple tenets of horticulture?
To picketh a flower is to rob us all of its beauty.
Not all aspects of nature are as regenerative as thou!
Look there! The prick upon your finger
Hath knitted up, and blood hath vanished.
Hast thou taken thy birthright for granted?*

*Nature thou lov'st but nature thou art not.
Like the orange of your dress, fiery was thy creation.
And fiery shall be thy fate.
Thou ought to know this of thine own self.
Fiddle not with roses and their stems.*

*I see thou floating up to the ceiling of the gazebo.
Return thyself to the plane of this earth!
The downfall of cities and men I spy in your eye,
And glimm'ring in the shades of your mind.
The time is not now to cultivate thy dream;
The time is now to eat thy porridge and sit.*



A Record of the UTMOST IMPORTANCE

by Johnny Weedwacker

I am a man of tradition.

Because of that, some folk will call me a relic. Others will say I am a nutter. Few even say that I am a menace to society. Yet, these words remain as pressing and relevant as ever; open your eyes, you know this to be true.

This country has a problem with witches.

And I hate them so.

I hate it when I go to the market - straw hat on my head, buck teeth in my gums - and the best carton of milk spills onto the floor. It gives a sploosh worthy of fallen angels. Then, I glare into the meat aisle, and I see her... a witch, stacking tuna cans into the shelves.

I hate it when I drive to work, and my horse suddenly keels over and dies on the freeway. The doctor says it was malnutrition, she says that horses cannot survive off of corn husks alone... I told her I feed it bible verses too. Then, I saw the look in her eyes. These are the eyes of a witch, willing my horses to die. The witch lulls its dirty hooves to Hell.

I hate it when I go for a stroll, and I twist my ankle on a pothole in the road. But, who put the pothole there in the first place? Knock knock - who's there? A witch, playing chess in his front lawn.

Witches will scatter your keys, crack your eggs, and make red lights last just that little bit longer. One cannot deny that witches are a big problem, but the inquiry remains - how does one identify a witch? For these purposes, I will give the fair reader some tips:

Count the moles on their face, they are the Devil's signature. If you see six, they are a witch.

Observe the eyes. If the left eye blinks before the right, they are a witch. (From personal experience, if it is the right eye that shuts first, they work for the IRS)

Ask them of their music tastes. If they express admiration towards the Red Hot Chili Peppers, they are likely a witch, for only the sinful can taste anything above medium hot peppers and anything above that is unnatural.

If they listen to the band 'Maroon 5', they are also a witch.

When someone leaves the restroom before you, and you find that they have neglected to put the toilet seat down, pause... you are in the presence of a witch (who probably didn't even wash their hands on the way out)

When someone denies that they are a witch, take note. That is exactly what a witch would say.

Toss them to the river. If they float, they are guilty. If they sink, they are innocent. (See last week's article on discarding evidence).

If she is one of my ex-wives she is a witch. For some reason, they never take kindly to that.

This concludes my record of the UTMOST IMPORTANCE. You are welcome. Keep a lookout for these foul agents reader for we are at war; never give in, and never stop fighting. It is our souls on the Chopping Block.

Follow me on instagram @johnny_weedwacker_witchesdontclick

Johnny Weedwacker

Confessions of A Creative Writing Teacher

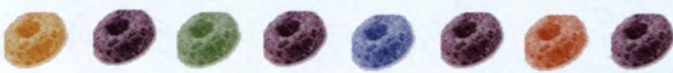
The final portfolios are all on my desk,
Most have been read, I'll skim the rest.
"Write what you know," I said, "that's ideal",
But a few of these details seem a bit too real.

Billy, who apparently found his muse,
Wrote a prose poem about being abused,
While Tina turned in a quaint haiku,
In which the protagonist is pregnant, too.

I quite liked Jessica's tight sestet,
Where a college girl gets paid for sex,
And while reading George's palimpsest
I couldn't help but hear themes of incest.

Eugene confessed to lighting a bonfire,
Insisting all the while that it was just satire,
and Kyle's ekphrastic poem on J.M.W. Turner
Contained a very detailed description of murder.

Though all these works were quite disturbing,
Edward's poem was by far the worst.
The drugs and torture and sex were fine,
But nothing offends me more than free verse.



CEREAL BRANDS FOR THE MONASTERY



BY SAMANTHA KARGILIS

Kellogg's Special K

120 NOURISHING CALORIES
VITAMIN A
VITAMIN B12
VITAMIN D
FOLIC ACID

Kind of Aged Milk

Spoil the soul's desire for inane pleasure!

2 BAGS

The dignity of man is based in spirit not flesh!

Kellogg's JUST CORN

NEW SIZE—SAME WEIGHT
NET WT. 12 OZ.

No Added Asbestos!

General Mills With Whole Grain First Ingredient

PER 1 CUP SERVING
100 CALORIES 5g FAT 14g CARBS 1g SUGAR 3g FIBER

Cholera

CAREFULLY SELECTED OATS THAT CAN HELP LOWER CHOLESTEROL*

Toasted Whole Grain Oat Cereal

*Three grams of soluble fiber daily from whole grain oat foods, like Cholera cereal, in a diet low in saturated fat and cholesterol, may reduce the risk of heart disease. Cholera cereal provides 1 gram per serving.

NET WT 1 LB 2 OZ (18 OZ) (510g)

General Mills YOU ARE SO WORTH IT Stay Chaste

Celibacy is Charming

PER 3/4 CUP SERVING
1 part glamour 1 part charm 1 part pizzazz 0 parts sex

Never experience a bad date again!

TOTAL: 2 BOX NET WT: 2 LB 14 OZ (46 OZ) (1.3 kg)
EACH BOX: 1 LB 7 OZ (23 OZ) (652g)

Kellogg's FROSTED FLAKES

of **Dead Skin from Friar Brian's Head**

Post Now with 8g of PROTEIN

grape-nuts

power-packed nutrition
100% of your day's whole grain

the Original CEREAL

NET WT 32 OZ (2 LB) 907g

Post BIG ROCKY TASTE!

Discover the Sediment Within!

ROCKY

Unsweetened Rock Flavors

They're Delicious!

Post 4 Wholesome and 9 essential vitamins

NUT'IN BUT NUNS

Like experiencing the touch of a fair maiden!

NET WT (4.5 OZ) (11g)

MONK'D

by Scott Mutchnik

EPISODE 1: THE JESUS GAME

GC: Hi, I'm George Cluny, and you're watching Monk'd, the show where we infiltrate a Cistercian monastery and perform hazing rituals on unsuspecting novices, in ways St. Benedict would not have approved of. Today I have my fake brothers with me, and we are going to give Novice Tom the unpleasant surprise of his life. But first we wait for the monastic day to draw to a close.

Dimming of lights, to show time passing.

GC [whispers]: Okay, we're ready.

Enter Novice Tom.

GC [to NT]: Good evening, Novice Tom.

NT: Good evening, Prior George.

GC: Abba has requested we perform one of the final rituals prior to your initiation.

BA: Prior to your initiation. Good one-

GC: Silence, Brother Aldrich! Do you want excommunication?

Brother Aldrich: No, Prior George. I'm deeply sorry.

GC: Now, where was I-Ah yes, we are going to chant "Jesus" on the count of three, getting louder each time. We'll do this three times. Everyone, gather around.

All gather in a circle.

GC: One, two, three...

All: Jesus!

GC: One, two, three...

All: JESUS!

GC: Last time. One, two, three. [As he reaches three, bells ring in the distance.]

NT: JESUS!!!

GC: You, you... spoke after compline. Excommunication for you.

NT: But you did also.

GC: Do as I say, not as I do.

NT: I am destined for hell. Sorry, Prior George.

GC: You would be... if you didn't just get Monk'd!

EPISODE 2: EATING YOUR WORDS

[GC and BA stand, respectively, to left and right of Novice Fred. GC holds a monastic psalter, one inch by one inch, and a magnifying glass. They finish praying.]

GC: Alright, Novice Fred. It's time.

NF: Time for what.

BA: You know...

NF: I know not. What do you ask of me, Prior George?

GC: You know [gestures with psalter towards mouth, with "chomping" expression on face].

BA: You know, eat it.

NF: You want me to... eat it?

GC: Yes, eat it. Eat the psalter.

BA: Down the hatch.

GC: Just one large gulp. Eat it.

NF: I supposed to eat-

BA: You eat it. That's what I did when I was a novice.

GC: Eat it!

BA: Come on, time's a-waisting.

GC: Something's wrong with this picture.

BA: What's wrong, Prior George?



GC: I see a psalter... still uneaten.

[NF, with disgruntled look, eats it. His face looks contorted as he painfully ingests the psalter.]

BA: OH.

GC: MY.

BA: LORD.

GC: He actually ate it!

BA: He ate the psalter! Jesus, Mary and Joseph! He ate the godforsaken thing!

GC: Novice Fred, what in God's name were you actually thinking?!

NF: I-

BA: You're absolutely insane! You weren't supposed to actually eat it!

NF: I wasn't-

GC: What is wrong with you? Come on, be reasonable with me!

BA: The devil's gotten into you, Novice Fred! We can help!

GC: Or we could... if you didn't just get Monk'd!

Cut to commercial.

Graduate students, don't let your professors do this to you or your classmates! If you find yourself in Special Collections and need a way out, call the Grad Student Abuse Hotline at 1-800-CON-DUCT.

Episode 3: Blood Libel

[GC holds communion wafer. Novice Carl stands to his right. GC hands communion wafer to NC.]

GC: Here's the body of Christ. We're under suspicion. For your final task, I need you to go out and frame the Amish for the death of Christ.

NC: The... Amish?

GC: Yeah, frame the Amish, they're an easy target. Everyone goes after the Amish. You can even make jokes about them and not take heat for it. Go and find a fax machine and shove this body behind it.

NC: Why a fax machine?

GC: Because according to statistics, the Amish account for the vast majority of fax-machine related killings.

Legal: George, we can't do this. They're putting the kibosh on us. I just got a call from the president American Amish Association, saying, I quote, "fuck you, asshole!"

GC: Tell him phones aren't kosher if he's Amish.

L: He's saying, "Fax machines aren't kosher either."

GC: Alright. Novice Carl, we need another target. Go out and frame... frame the atheists for the death of Christ.

NC: The atheists...

GC: Just go find a Toyota Prius and stick it in the trunk of the Prius. Preferably a Prius with a "Howard Dean 2004" sticker on it.

L: George, look. I just got a call from the president of Atheists for Deicide. They're saying "we don't really care what you're saying about us, we just called to tell everyone that we're better than you."

GC: Okay... look. I don't want to deal with this. Just go and frame the Welsh for killing Christ.

NC: But...

GC: You know how to identify a Welsh monastery? It's where the sheep are kept separate from the brothers, "lest there be any opportunity for sin."

L: George, I just got a call from the prime minister of Wales. Or technically, Wales doesn't have a prime minister, but he's a Welshman with a phone, so basically the same thing. It was difficult to make him out over the sound of incessant bleating, but I think he just screamed "#NotAllWelsh" and hung up.

GC: Okay, let's just carry on.

NC: But Prior George, I don't understand why we need to frame the Welsh.

GC: Why not?

NC: Everyone knows the Welsh killed Christ. We don't need to frame them. It's common knowledge. The Welsh killed our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. They killed Jesus Christ.

GC: You prejudiced bigot. Where did you read that?

NC: metoothanks.com

GC: Oh, metoothanks.com. Quality source. I apologize for calling you a bigot.

Cut to commercial.

This episode brought to you by metoothanks.com.



When John Wu (Class of 2022) spilled his seed on his favourite pair of Levi's 501s last Tuesday, he felt like he would need a miracle to get the stain out. But it turned out that a miracle was exactly what had happened: the semen-stain contained the image of none other than Jesus Christ himself.

For obvious reasons, the holy image couldn't be published uncensored, but the resemblance is undoubtedly uncanny. 'He's a little pale,' attests John's roommate, 'but you can clearly tell it's Jesus.' The jeans (W32, L30) are currently listed on eBay, with bidding starting at \$5,000.

God forced to apologise, following 'bigger than Jesus' claim

J.G. McQuillan
Staff Writer

OMG

Our Lord and Saviour issued a public apology late on Tuesday evening, following the outcry stirred by his now-infamous claim to be more popular than Jesus.

Appearing on TMZ, God repeatedly stated that the quotation had been taken out of context.

This was of course just the latest in a string of public embarrassments for God, whose misdemeanours came to a head last month when thirteen pounds of cocaine was found in the trunk of his Tesla Roadster.

Mr. Christ's representatives declined to comment.

Take This Quiz, and We'll Reveal how YOU'll be martyred!

SCANDAL in Sandals: How Someone's Foot Led to a Breaking of Celibacy Vows

LOL

Which Apostle are YOU? Find out NOW with our 12-question quiz!

Welcome to the (monk)Food: 5 religious symbols and what they REALLY Mean

WOW

10 Hottest Gregorian Chants That'll Make Him BEG For Forgiveness

Ok, we weren't entirely honest with our last apology, and for that, we apologize.

In truth, we were fully aware of the fact that the pages our last issue was printed on were contaminated with poison ivy. You see, our printing house offered us a bargain rate that was just too good to pass up.

The Chappie's asset fund isn't what it once was (our former accountant made some questionable decisions), and when the chance to save two cents per issue arose, we simply couldn't say no.

We would also like to take this opportunity to apologise properly for the initial offence, given that, you know, our first attempt to say sorry was based entirely on a lie.

Thank you once again for your continued support.

The Stanford Chaparral

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CHAPARRAL

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Illustrating it? Marketing it? Designing it?
New members always welcome.

Meetings are Wednesday evenings, 8:00 p.m.
in the Niterie, Room 105 — pictured above.
(Near Old Union, above El Centro)

No Experience Necessary!

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