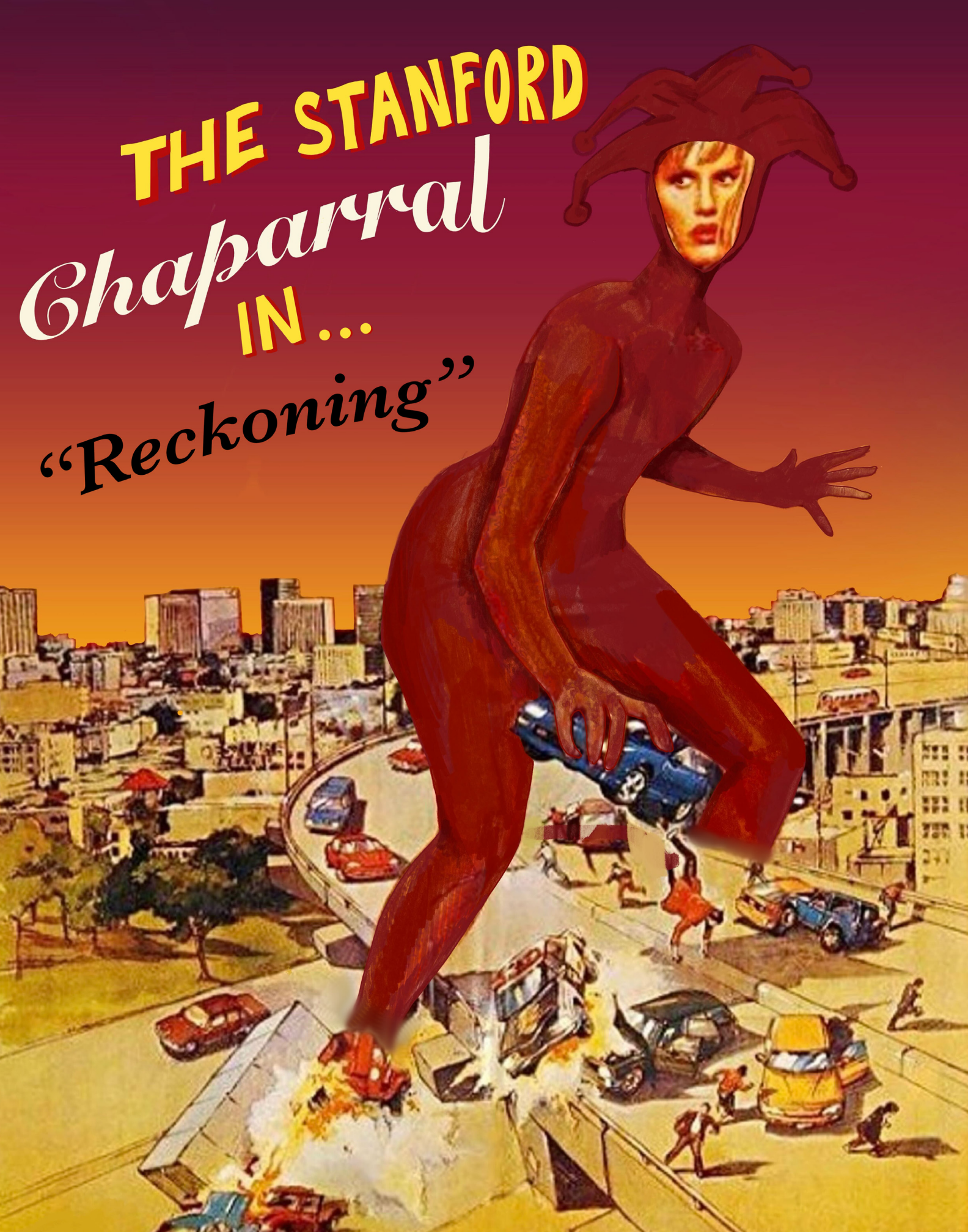


THE STANFORD
Chaparral
IN ...
“Reckoning”



We're sorry about the IKEA issue...

Our theme last quarter was pretty weird. We won't do it again.

We think we have some better ideas for our next issues, like:

- Pottery Barn
- Bed, Bath, and Beyond
- The Container Store
- Target
- Bass Pro Shops
- Crate and Barrel
- Best Buy



Reckoning, Jackson Pollock 1950



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Special Thanks

Judas

xxxGodfearingVampire606xxx

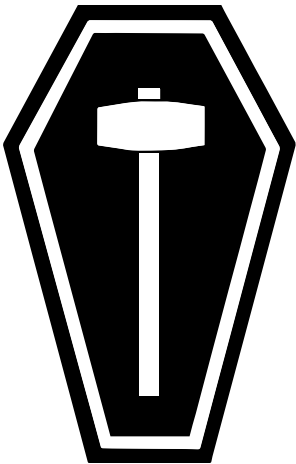
Special Hatred

Free and fair elections

Terrorists

Printing

Prodigy Press



The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CXXIV June 2023 No. 4

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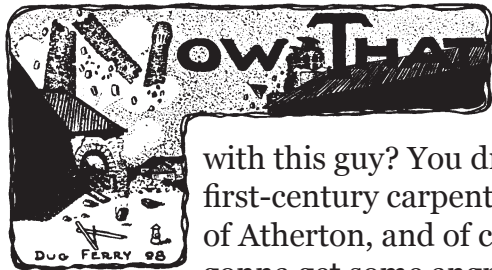
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there is no longer room in Hell and the damned souls are walking the

earth, I think it's as good a time as ever to point out that whoever owns the blue Honda Accord outside left their lights on. I left a note pinned under the windshield wiper, but I don't think anybody's coming back. Listen, truckers - I've been on God's green earth a good long time, and I've done some things I'm less than proud of, but if you put me with a couple of the good ol' boys, give me a half dozen brewskies bohemia style, and lend me an old fashioned diesel Ford F-250, I'm happy to roll whatever rock you want up whatever hill you need - no Hell required. Back in the Ozarks, that's not hard work, that's a Tuesday.



Jesus has come a second time, what the hell do we do

with this guy? You drop a skinny, first-century carpenter in the middle of Atherton, and of course you're gonna get some angry NIMBYs call-

ing the cops about how Pinot Grigio is coming out of the shower head. Doesn't seem like a problem to me, but with their home values they'd at least expect a good vintage. I tell you, the man's got no



the fat lady sang, it's over. I guess maybe I shouldn't have brought Marge to karaoke.

Reckoning, rapture, end of days, apocalypse, you name it - it's here. We all knew the world was going downhill, but was God's last straw

really the Mario movie? We're now barreling towards a world of unfathomable punishment - I'm talking extended timeouts, no dessert after dinner, and detention on a Friday, with the possibility of an eternity rotting in the fiery pits of hell. We're all sinners here, and it's high time we get arbitrarily disciplined for living normal lives. Take this magazine as your repentance. Absolve yourself of guilt by reading it cover to cover. I spoke to God myself yesterday and she said you had to laugh really hard at this magazine to get into heaven, so that's what I reckon you should do.

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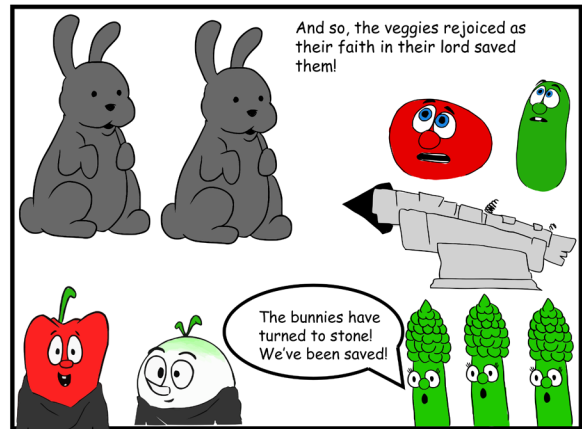
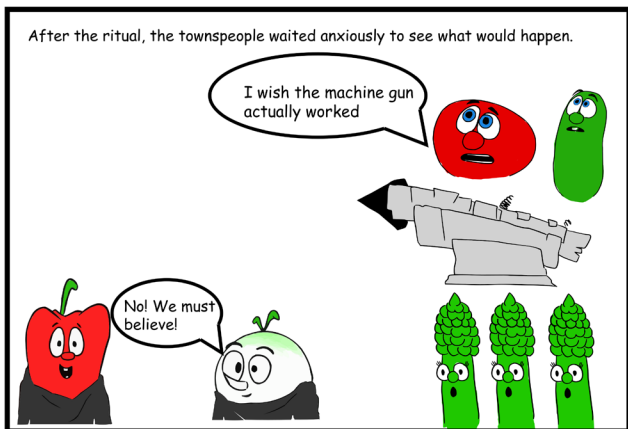
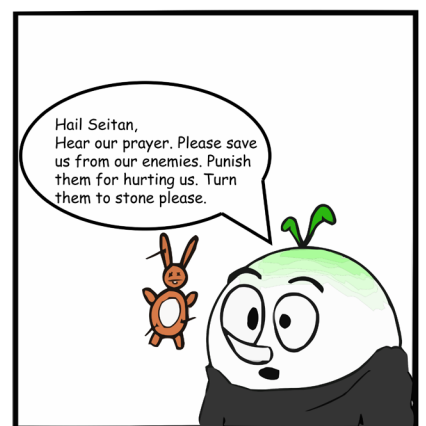
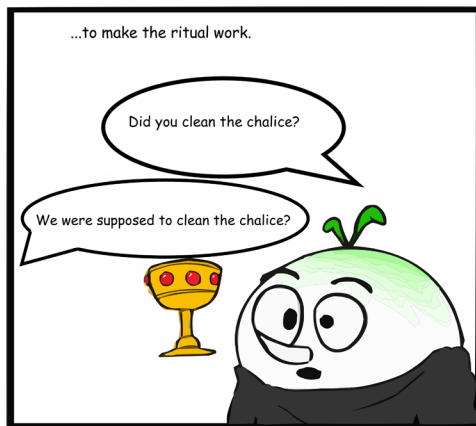
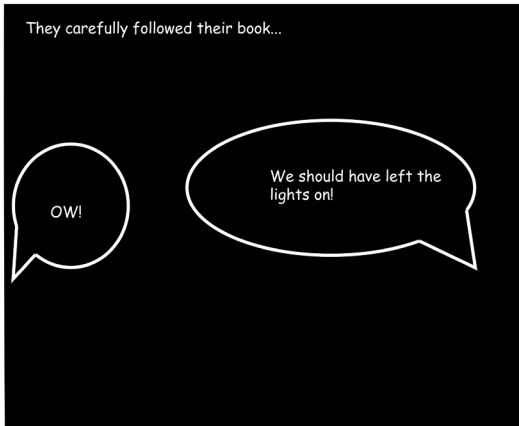
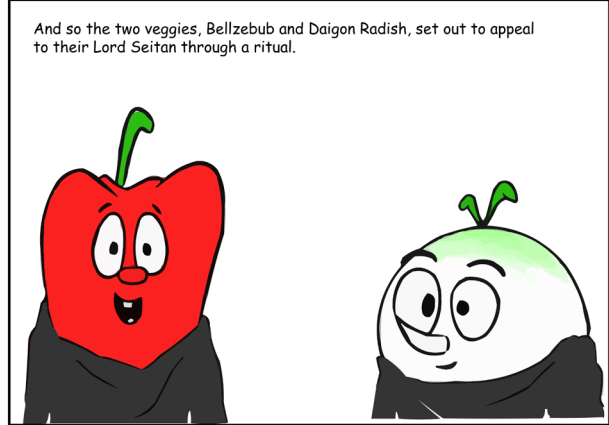
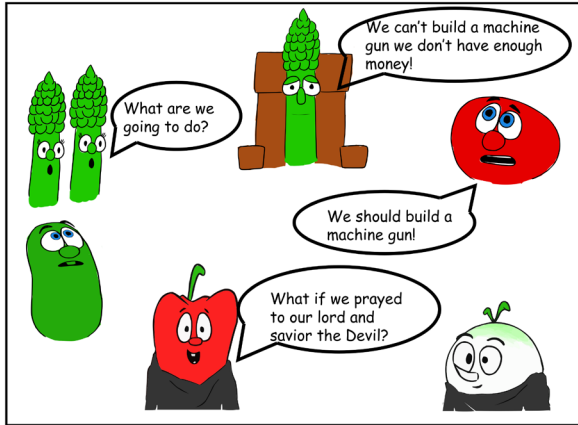
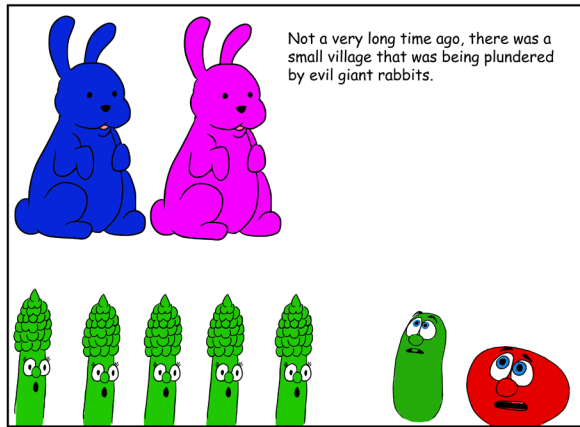
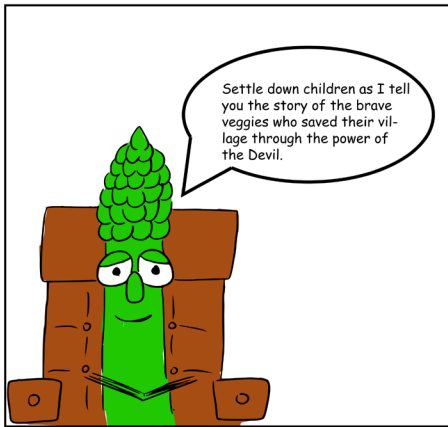
I shit here inches from death
locked and trembling in a bathroom stall
blood stains couple labored breath
lord forgive my sin as I scrawl

It is the end of days today
the rapture has finally come
screams abound and zombies sashay
for catastrophe has struck my bum

A future of eternal damnation
all for violating parole
or was it lunch's tasty crustacean
that cursed my burning asshole

What's this - I feel the storm clouds clearing
My prayers answered, my bowels healing
who knew this poetry could be a panacea
for my apocalyptic diarrhea





Lesson 3

Teddy Roosevelt's Pot Brownie

Yosemite, 1903. 12:45 PM.

Lunch ended, even though Bill had eaten quite little. But alas, when with President Theodore Roosevelt, you respect his schedule.

“Are we ready to depart, Brin? I desire to see that Half Circle—I mean, Half Dome” Bill considered correcting him, but at least he got it half right. Well, a quarter right.

“About so, Mr. President. I believe Mr. Muir is waiting for us down the road.” Of the hour set aside for lunch, President Roosevelt wolfed down his food in 15 minutes, and then proceeded to denounce, exhort, and suggest too much personal affection for J.P. Morgan.

“It’s been a lovely day, Brock. The sun’s shining, I’m about to see Half Sphere. Nothing could be better! I even had dessert!”

“Wait,” injected Bill. “I didn’t serve dessert. What did you eat?” Bill was under explicit instructions to keep President Roosevelt at weight for his heavyweight boxing match against King Edward.

“When you were out hunting, I was given a very delicious brownie from a delightful, plainspoken man of the herds. You should have heard his stories, filled with the wonder of a yesterday that will come tomorrow...barrow, blarrbo?” Suddenly, President Roosevelt began to lose his balance and giggle in an unpresidential fashion.

“Mr. President?”

“No no,” said President Roosevelt. “Mr. President was my mother. Call me...Teddy. You know what,” Teddy laid down, and stared at the sky. “We should make stuffed animals for my reelection campaign. We shall call them Teddy Bears. Wouldn’t that be wunderbear?”

“Mr. President, what was in that brownie?” shouted Bill.

“The good stuff. Chocolate, eggs, oil, marijuana. But he assured me that he only put in enough to make the think-slime flow. Oh...what if we made an organization devoted to... to...”

“Getting some rest?”

“Precisely: unifying the world! It would spread peace, democracy, and my seed!” Teddy put the peace sign up.

“I’m watching my future die in your hazy, foggy mind.”

“Bill, open your eyes and listen to the smells!”

Teddy crawled slowly to Bill’s horse’s latest gift to mother nature. “How about you stay there and rest,” cautioned Bill.

“But that means I can’t sense! I can’t feel!”

Suddenly, Teddy quickly grabbed his gun and fired three shots into the nearby woods. The sound of 2 heavy bodies falling to the ground groaned from the wood, and the carcasses of two moose – meese – fell out.

“Here Bill: you looked peckish. There’s second breakfast.” Bill replied, “How did you aim so well?”

“Because, my good friend, we all are blessed today. Nature provides, and today, it gave me bounty and pleasure. Tomorrow will come remorse and regret. But...What if we assemble a collection of intricate devices connected to a larger... datasphere? Information would freely flow across thousands of miles. Our productivity would increase, bringing into effect generations and generations of change!”

Bill paused. It did sound like a good idea. But before he could weigh his predictions, Teddy swayed again. Teddy collapsed on the ground, and started to snore. Bill looked around, and groaned in exasperation.

“Fiddlesticks.”

Lesson 4

Teddy Roosevelt's Pet Brownie

The year was 1901. After a strikingly difficult presidential election and a string of failed affairs, Teddy Roosevelt realized he no longer wanted to be lonely.

To solve his issue of loneliness, Teddy first tried to befriend his neighbor, Eggbert Smith. Eggbert brutally rejected Teddy's advances, saying to "stop being a tree hugger" referencing Teddy's blossoming conservationist tendencies.

Teddy then approached his good friend Django Djillian, who gave Teddy a pat on the back and a kick to the shin. Of course, Teddy buckled under the force of the kick. Without his trusty steed, he was nothing.

Alas, Teddy realized that he needed another solution to his horrible, terrible, truly atrocious problem. He needed to take matters into his own hands. His tender, baker's hands.

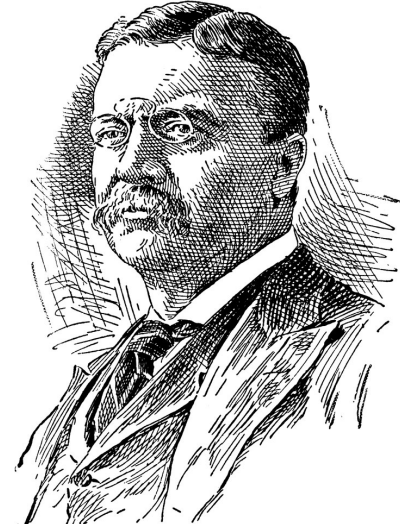
And thus his pet brownie was born.

The first time he saw his precious pet brownie in the oven, his heart swelled with love. He knew that this gooey little chocolate baby would be his one true passion in life. Hence, he spent his days making sure this little cookie bar would be spoiled rotten.

One day, after a fruitful outing in North Dakota, Teddy Roosevelt was hungry. He was very, very hungry. Very hungry.

He looked at his pet brownie and realized that it looked an awful lot... like a brownie. What was this unfathomable, unquenchable thirst for something gooey with a light layer of crisp? Why did the sweet beckon of cacao call him so?

Teddy began to twitch, his monocle amplifying the unease in his heart. His precious pet brownie was becoming something new... something... delicious. So, Teddy pondered the best course of action. He decided to take a tiny bite. A tiny, tiny



little bite. Would it hurt his pet brownie?

...

Yes. He knew it would. **BUT HE DID NOT CARE.** Teddy was selfish, and he felt a deep and dark desire to EAT.

Soon, the tiny bite became a bigger bite, and that bigger bite became a chomp. Alas, one day, all that was left of his precious little brownie was a measly corner. And Teddy was still hungry. Very hungry.

So, he ate the corner. His love was gone. At first, Teddy tried to grapple with what he had done. He had brutally devoured his little baby. Their connection was so profound that this action bordered on cannibalism.

The guilt was gnawing at Teddy, and eventually, he decided it was time to end it. He murdered himself out of the horror of knowing the evil inside him, and no one ever heard the story of Teddy's pet brownie.

You, dear reader, are the first to know. Know that the horror of humanity knows no limits. Dear reader, I implore you, never forget the tragedy of Teddy Roosevelt's Pet Brownie.



Careers at Stanford

RESEARCH

Replications Scientist, Neurobiology

The President's Office is seeking a talented scientist with experience in neurobiology, molecular biology, or a related field to conduct several cutting-edge experiments to replicate prior findings of an unnamed university official whose research record has come under scrutiny.

Requirements

A PhD in neurobiology or related field, with at least several years experience conducting experiments. Moral flexibility and a willingness to perjure yourself also required.

Preferred Qualifications

Depending on how things go, experience with clandestine assassination, kidnapping, and torture would be helpful.

ATHLETICS

Sailing Coach

Coaching the Stanford sailing team. Involves coordinating practices and related events and arranging the competition schedule – and fundraising.

Requirements

Taking one for the team.

Preferred Qualifications

Knows Rick Singer.

ACADEMICS

Student Services Coordinator, Chemistry

Being inaccessible to students

Requirements

Masochism.

Preferred Qualifications

Schadenfreude.

LIBRARIES

Assistant Librarian

The assistant librarian is responsible for operating Stanford's main library and performing bag and/or cavity searches on every student that leaves.

Requirements

Must be present at the library for the entirety of its daily operations: 12pm to 2pm weekdays, and for about thirty minutes on weekends, but whenever you'd like.

Preferred Qualifications

Ability to explain, when asked why the library has such shitty hours, that we don't have the funds to keep it open longer. Then turn around and buy another silver bar from the fourteenth century at auction because all we care about are special collections.



STUDENT STAFF

Neighborhood Events and Operations Coordinator

Honestly, we're not too sure. We were kinda hoping you could nail this one down for us.

Requirements

None.

Preferred Qualifications

Ambivalence.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Provost

Provost is one of the highest-ranking positions at the University, with responsibilities for everything the President doesn't have the desire or the attention span to handle. Includes but not limited to budgets, operations, university policy, academic policy, fundraising, crisis management, having a constructive dialogue with students.

Requirements

Comfort with being the object of disdain for 7,000+ undergraduates, 9,000+ graduate students, and most of the faculty. Being physically able to fetch the president's morning espresso and feed him peeled grapes while cooing "mommy loves you" are similarly vital.

Preferred Qualifications

Willingness to take the heat whenever the administration makes inexcusable mistakes. Examples include: what happened with that judge at the law school, that one kid who overdosed, the hospital illegally ripping off patients, the other kid who committed suicide, banning undergrads from having fun, banning the tree, the other kid who committed suicide and for which we're being sued—no, not that one, the other one that's suing us.

OVERLORD

John C. Arrillaga

Stanford University is looking for someone new to step into the prestigious position of John C. Arrillaga, also known as Mr. Arrillaga, Lord Arrillaga, and Holder of My Balls. Being the John C. Arrillaga is a demanding assignment, involving donating hundreds of millions of dollars to the University, having several buildings named after you, and riding around in a golf cart with a member of our maintenance staff tasked with cutting-down any tree or undergraduate that you point at.

Requirements

Has a family that doesn't get annoyed at a student humor magazine that, after you die, publishes an obituary covered with fake ads for Popcorn. Absurdly large bank account. Even bigger ego.

Preferred Qualifications

Received an athletics scholarship from Stanford 70 years ago.

Unearthed from the David Bowie Archives: Meditations on His 2003 Unreleased Album, **BART**

When I announced my next album, I thought that you all would love it, praise it, deify its mere presence before you even heard its sweetness.

But boy did you obsequious neophytes just not get it. My next album, a commentary on masculinity, classic rock, and the scourge of capitalism, is *Bart*. I have literally become my next character: a 40 year old accountant with two kids, a job I hate, a wife I want to leave, and a dream to buy a Porsche and drive my way to Key West. It's been known in New York since forever: Sex is out, existential uncertainty is in!

Some of you, however, believe that this isn't a new magnum opus, but just me, compensating for my own midlife crisis. Just another small, small little man lashing out at a world he has no control over.

So I wrote this expose to destroy you, unbelieving reader. It is time for me to take a stand for my own artistic genius, and for you to get a crash course in high art. Let's start with here's my first song, "My Ride:"

I just wanna buy a PORSCHE! /
A Baby Blue bathtub, PORSCHE! /
That I can drive away, /
From all my fortune and fame, /
And leave my wife, /
So please, god, just give me a Porsche! /

Can't you see? Doesn't it remind you of the cold emptiness that comes from obsession with the material, rather than the spiritual? No, you insipid little invertebrate? You still can't comprehend? Fine: here's the 4th track, "forgotten ecstasy:"

"Baby Baby Darling, /
You once were my calling, /
But now as the music dies, /



I'm sick of the lies, /
That I tell myself about you every day. /
Delilah, I love you, /
But I can't bear to be with you. /
So in the morning I'll be gone to Key West, /
For my 22 year old mistress, /
She loves my business, /
And will request it,
Evermore." /

Are you not reminded about lost love and the ethere-
alness of sensual pleasure? Does it remind you of your
own age? Of how you are known for being a legendary
rock star but have finally needed to start using Viagra
and get hair replacement surgery? Of how you're having
a midlife crisis?

...

I'M HAVING A MIDLIFE CRISIS!

You know what I wanted? I wanted to be a baker. I
wanted to bake little lemon tarts, punch down some
rising bread, and snort powdered sugar like those rau-
cous schoolboys. But no, I heard the minstrel's calling,
and all he gave me was a broken heart and chafing from
too much spandex. Oh yes, David, go become a big
rock star, you're going to be so cool and popular and
loved. Well, fuck you very much Mick Jagger! There's
a reason that when Angie walked in on us she thought
you were rather small, and not in a cool way. And take
THAT, Phil Collins, for—

Judgement Day

A lot of people go to India to learn about religion. Not me. I went to India to end religion.

That's right. I'd had enough of this "finding yourself" crap. The last straw was Phil strutting into the office Monday morning wearing a lungi and talking about how the Kama Sutra was actually about trauma healing. I was going to prove that this whole "organized religion" thing was a fad, once and for all.

I climbed aboard my flight, bound for New Delhi, India. As the plane took off, I saw a bolt of lightning illuminate a cloud that looked like the Holy Spirit, but then the sun came out and I remembered that I didn't believe in that kind of stuff.

My first visit to India was a sandal-wearing seer who verbalized her predictions in flawless pentameter. "Do you think people here will like me?" I asked her.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" She deadpanned.

I blushed. "How will the weather be tomorrow?"

"Shall I compare it to a summer's day?" She speculated.

I raised my eyebrows. "Is that all you can say?"

"Shall I compare thee to a sheep in sheep's clothing?" She parried, with enough caustic vigor to burn a hole in the floorboards. At this I was so impressed that I took out my wallet to pay, but she held out her hand, and ten crisp hundred-rupee notes appeared in my palm. I opened my mouth to thank her, but she just stuck her tongue down my throat, and it intertwined with mine in flawless pentameter, and it was probably the best kiss ever.

Skipping out of the store, I wondered how it was still bright out.

'It is always bright here, unlike you,' said a nearby wordsmith, and fifty passing idiots died of laughter.

I wanted to buy a cigarette, so I weaved through corner-shops until I found a bazaar. But they didn't have cigarettes, so I bought a first-edition Mahabharata instead. As I opened the book, the pages started to turn themselves and I suddenly felt compelled in my blood to flee the obfuscations of mortality and drift forever amongst the abyss, but it turned out to just be a mosquito bite. Or a hickey. It was definitely a hickey.

And then it felt like the world was ending, because the

ground started to shake and a massive fault appeared in the middle of the road, and an impossibly large Rakshasa rose from the fiery depths! Oh, what a sight it was, cloaked in corporal fires, gleaming in ornate armor golden, brandishing a three-pronged trident stained red with the blood of its foes. But the townspeople did not seem to react, and I guess society had just moved along that far. In fact, as I looked up, all shapes and manners of people were walking in harmony, businessmen and prostitutes, landlords and tenants, and even—could it be—B.J. Novak? This place was magical.

The next night, I visited a pawn-shop run by some prison inmates. 'Welcome,' they said.

'Do you speak in full sentences?' I jested, but then thought that I probably shouldn't have said that, and that that was one of the single worst jokes anyone had ever made, ever. But they spontaneously erupted into laughter, guffawing, 'That was funny, because we're prisoners!', and I thought that this was probably what heaven looked like. 'So what kind of stuff are you selling?'

'Radical self-acceptance,' said one, and stuck his tongue down my throat. I found myself thinking that I liked myself a lot more, or maybe that was just the endorphins from the prisoner's tongue in my throat.

I walked out of the pawn-shop satisfied. I thought that if I died at that moment, I was ready to confront what came next. I was ready to have faith in the future. Shit, I was ready to meet my Creator.

And then a disembodied voice spoke from the heavens. 'You,' he said.

'God?' I marveled.

'No. It is Phil.'

'Oh.'

'Do you now see what I once saw?'

'Yes, Phil - I see it all! I see the Light!'

'Good. Now, I want something from you. In fact, I want everything from you. I want your utmost devotion, from this minute forward until the day you die.'

'Of course, Phil! I'll do anything for you - anything!'

'Good, good. Now, I'm off to read the Kama Sutra. Get praying.'

I fell to my knees in awe, and lightning flashed from the skies above.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Additional Tags:	<u>y/n x jesus jr.</u> , <u>one direction cameo</u> , <u>jesus jr. is a high schooler</u> , <u>daddy issues</u> , <u>goth mc</u> , <u>abandonment issues</u> , <u>high familial expectations</u> , <u>longing</u> , <u>light sexual content</u> , <u>birdbrain best friend</u>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published:2023-05-22 Updated:2023-05-22 Words:2,305 Chapters:1/? Comments:6 Kudos:18 Bookmarks:2 Hits:618

a lover's carvings

xxxGodfearingVampire606xxx

Summary:

y/n is a goth/misunderstood/hipster/vampirical high schooler who attends a one resurrection concert ft. none other than the mysterious dropout of trinity college high school: jesus jr.....

Author's Note:

hi bestieeeeeeezzzz!!! and i have been working on this super random haha quirky haha fun lil wil piece for like aaaaaages and i think we really did produce something special....ofc no one might read this b/c im like misunderstood and like an outcast basically (omg im basically jesus) haha but like if you are i hope you like it xxxxx taking suggestions btw so if you'd like me to add in your suggestions come by to nitery (forgot room number lol)

stay random rAwr amen xD :P

Chapter 1: One Resurrection

“y/n wake uuupppppppp” a voice came flying into my coffin/she-cave. it was my best friend pontius, wearing a baby tee tank top with a cami over it exposing her midriff and a skinny bedazzled pair of denim jeans with long studded chains and a chunky statement belt with pink rhinestones. “wow ponty, mary magdalene much?” i quipped. im so random like that. “at least i’m fucking visible at night?? your literally joseph. get it? bcoz you fade into the background ” she squeaked back, referring to my jesus x metallica shirt and black fishnet stockings with a black suspender skater skirt and black doc martens. “ugh whateverrr. what’s up? why’d you interrupt my nightly hibernation?” (it’s this quirky new life tip i read about in like the bible and also metal monthly that like

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avril luvgod follows and like it's supposed to like be super good for you if you lean on the nocturnal side like me b/c i'm kind of a vampire. anyway this is so random i'll stop)

“did you not hear??? one resurrection is coming to trinity high tonight and guess what???? i have ticketsssss!!!! get your ass outta bad and let's goooooo omg it's goin to be so eksciting omg omg” she squawked. “ugh they're so like mainstream... i only listen to like christian punk rock and like metal and like avril luvgod and like edgy indie stuff. you know that...” i grunted. “ugh who cares??? they're hot. and not to mention, your lil crushy wushy might be coming too..” she cooed. “ewwww ponty. what the actual hell???”

but in my heart, i hated that i kinda knew who she was talking about...he was my first real love in a world where i was so misunderstood and ostrichized. i remember gazing at his soulful brown eyes and his long locks and his sexy cheekbones and his metallica tee for hours and horus in class hoping to talk to him before he left to go home. but before i knew it, he dropped out and i was all alone again.....

(at the concert)

i heard the roaring stage lights flooding throught the crowd, as i made my way up to the front right near center stage. suddenly, i felt the lights go out and the bass began thumping...and harry styles came running onto the stage. i rolled my eyes at the millions of girls screaming his name. then all of a sudden the rest of one resurrection came rushing onto the stage, mics in hand and skinny ripped jeans in leg. “whats up trinity high???” tey screamed. “were starting tonight with a very special number... a lil song we like to call....best psalm ever!!!!”. “more like, worst song ever” i giggled to ponty.

im so random like that. “ugh shut up y/n. have you ever considered that your hatred for all things traditionally considered feminine comes from a place of deep, internalized misogyny that probably stems from your childhood, when you didn't get the attention you thought you deserved from your parents - especially your dad?” ponty twittered. “yah ok whatever. it was just a joke geez”, i meowed. all of a sudden, the intro for “best psalm ever” began, and one resurrection began to sing and dance as they do. i felt myself reaching for my copy of 1984 and began reading from where i had left off previously, as i had better things to do than enjoy myself at a concert. before i knew it, the song ended and harry looked straight into my eyes. “oh wow, tough crowd” he said. “we haven't had anyone read 1984 right in front of us while we performed”.

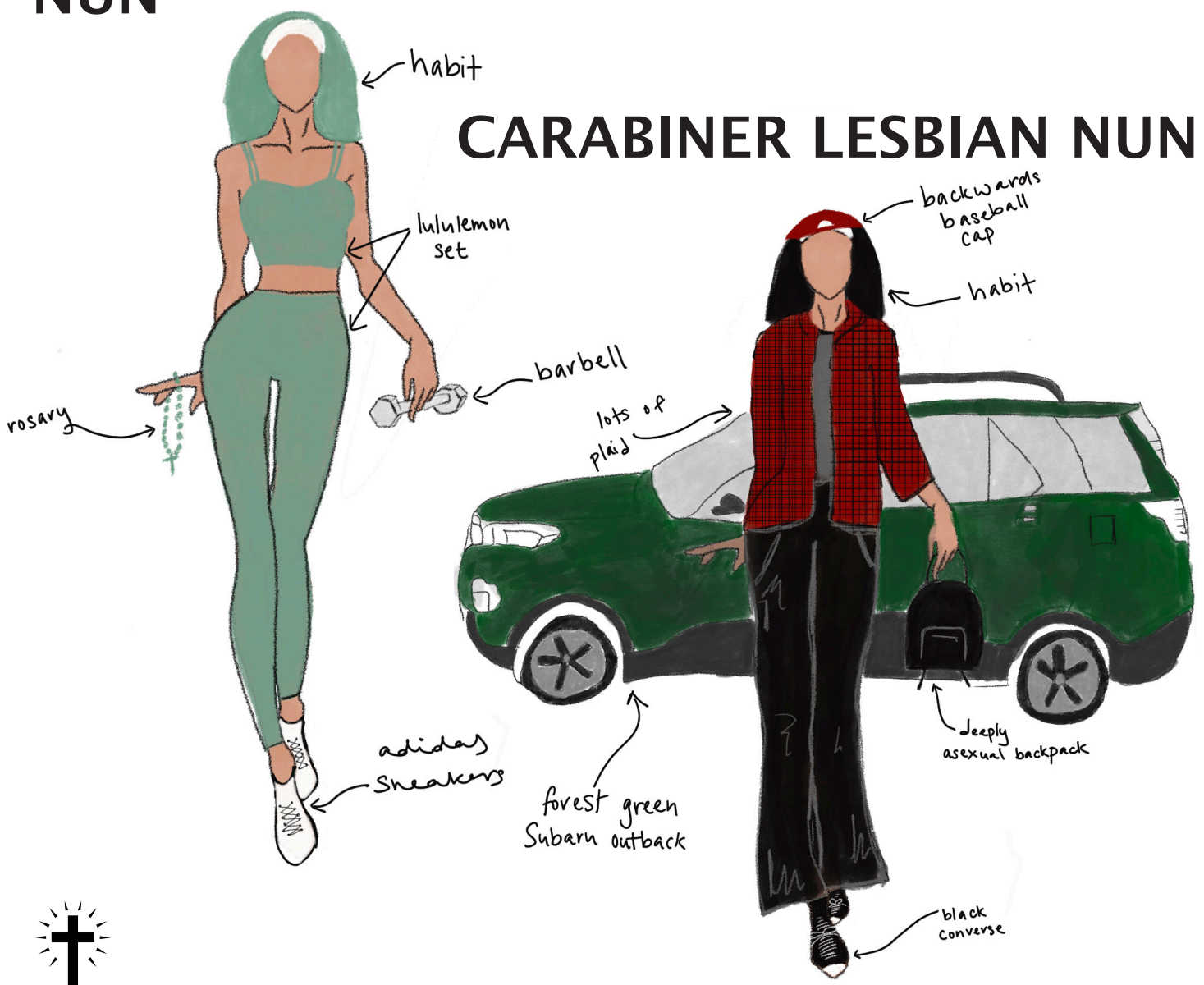
“damn” said judas malik. “maybe she'll enjoy our next performer more. he's the one, he's the only.....jesus jr!!!!!!!!!!!!”. and then he was there. right there. on stage. “goddamn, i would let him pound me harder than his dad was pounded to that cross” pontius chirped into my ear. “ewwwww ponty, why would you say that?????” i roared. but secretly, i'd be lying if i said that that thought didn't strike me, too..... jesus jr.

to be continued.....

KICK THE HABIT

MUSCLE MOMMY
NUN

CARABINER LESBIAN NUN



THE CHAPARRAL'S
GUIDE TO

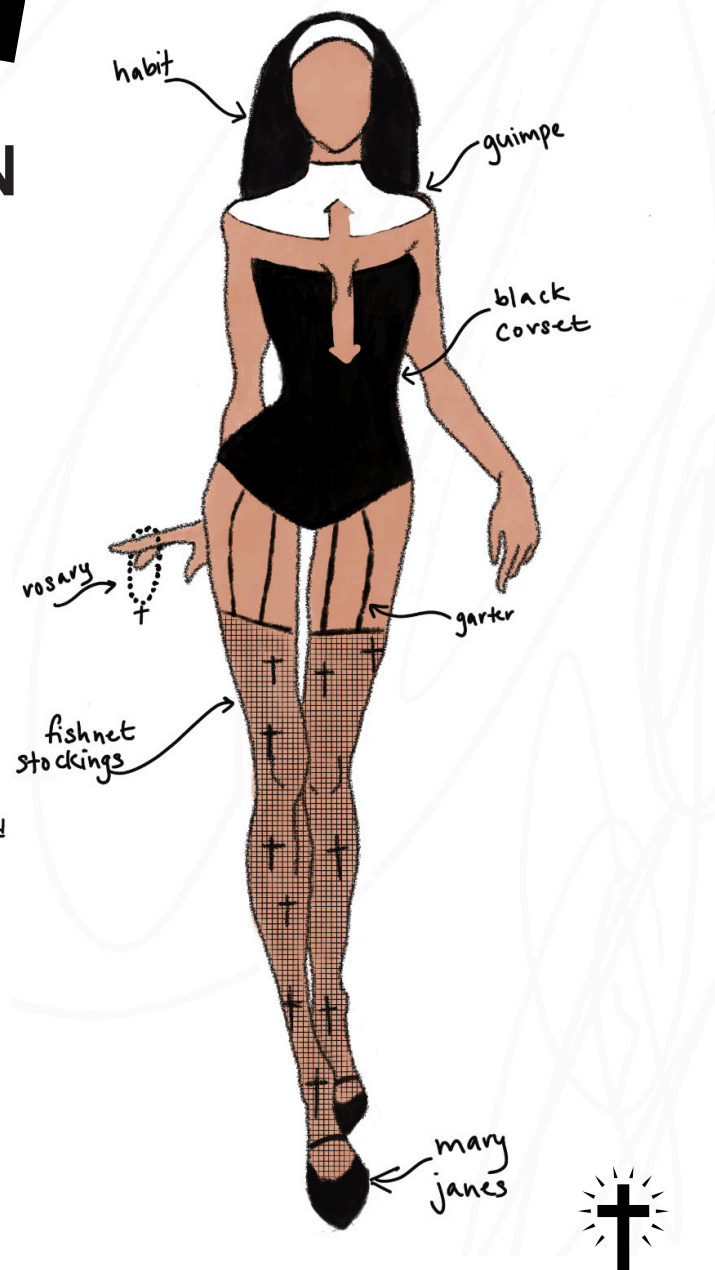
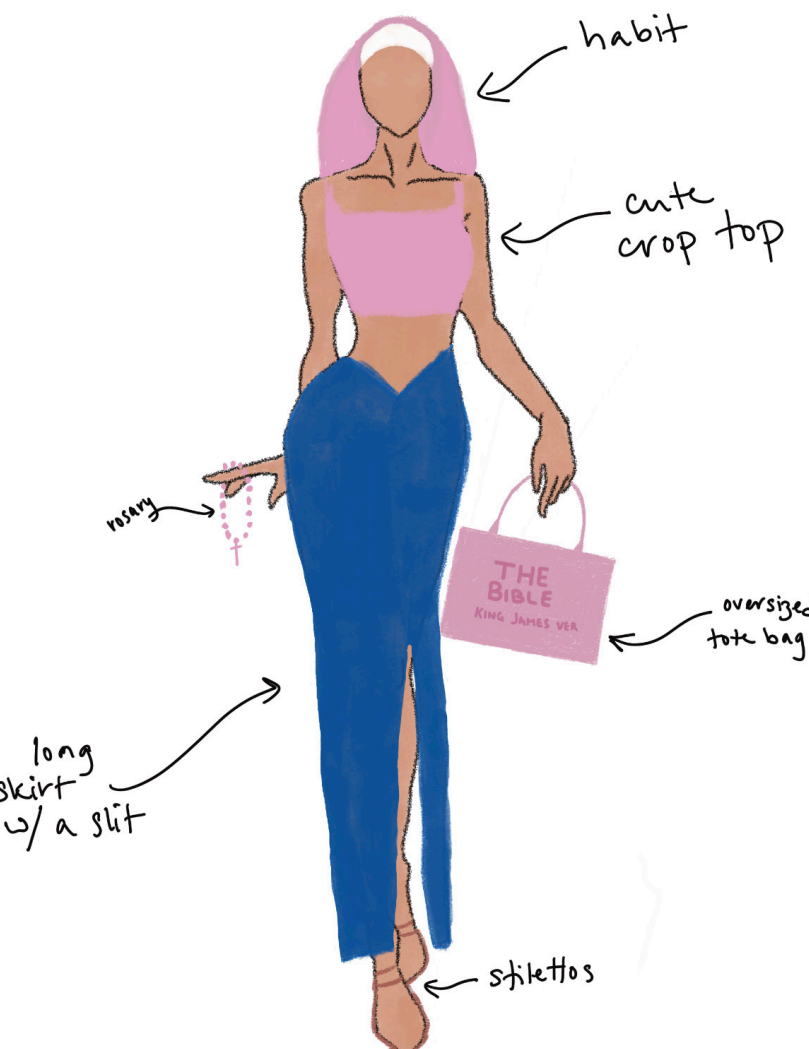
**MODERN
NUN'S
FASHION**

"The biggest revolution in religious garb since pasties for pastors!"

- Pope John Paul II

DOMINATRIX NUN

LIPSTICK LESBIAN NUN



Dave's Obit Reviews

After much of my nagging and insistence on my end over the years, the fine snowflakes at the Chapa-whatever editorial board have finally found it fit to give me my own column. It's one that is necessary, a public service that might just prove to be one of the most exemplary demonstrations of honesty and a vigorous celebration of nostalgia. I am thrilled to be writing the first installment of "Dave's Obit Reviews."

Coming up, I'll give some commentary on the obituaries of my fallen fellows. I'm here to discern whether these brief encapsulations of their beings truly match the men and women I knew (occasionally biblically) all those years ago. There was a time that I, fresh out of Stanford '68, looked around me and saw my contemporaries moving on: getting married, having kids, undoing the former, spawning again. A bachelor like myself was easily daunted by the prospect that I was being left behind. I tried the marriage song and dance. I'm sure I have some progeny running around in the hills of Sa Đéc. But I came to realize that playing catch-up to my classmates wasn't living, it was stalling. Now they're dropping like flies, and I'm sipping Mai Tais in my Boca timeshare.

Well, anyways, it was a big week for obitphiles like myself! First off is Laura Falnigan '69. That girl was a firecracker. I had to double check after I read her obit, 'cause they are not talking about the Laura I knew. *The Mansville Tribune Times* would have you believe that, "strengthened by her Christian faith, Laura drifted away peacefully on June 2nd. She reassured her daughter Jeannie that she was moving on with peace of mind and ready to be embraced by her lord and savior Jesus." Bullshit. The only Jesus she ever mentioned had the last name Sanchez. She kneeled for him, sure, but there was no altar involved. Shitty obit, lovely girl.



Laura Falnigan, 1947-2023



Frank Johnson, 1946-2023

Second, we got Frank Johnson '68. Died this past week due to complications with a coronary artery bypass. Shame. He was a fun one. Says here he lives in Maryland, was a stockbroker of some kind. Last time I saw him was at a Dead show in '82. We both had our tongues down the throats of our companions when we locked eyes. Now that I think about it, I actually recognized the chick first. She was the year above us back at school; a dream for me but a prospect for good ol' Frank. Boy, did this guy get around. We were pretty close before he went to study a broad in Berlin junior-year; Julie was it? Anyway, says here he's "remembered by his wife Caroline and their two loving daughters..." Well, Franky Boy, I'm shocked to hear you settled down. It must be nice to be remembered. Be glad no one remembers what we did that night in Stevie's Thunderbird.

Here we go, third. Shit. Sharon Moore was hit by a car? Christ. She was a year above me; a lovely photographer with a great eye. Not too great in the peripheral department evidently. I posed for her once. I thought for sure there was something there between us. Her daughter said,

“Mom was an accomplished artist with a beautiful soul. She harnessed every ounce of her intense and abounding humanity into her work. With each release of the shutter, struck of the brush, or manipulation of clay she gave the world a piece of her inimitable internal beauty. Each piece still emanates her indelible aura. I will treasure in equal regard her everlasting work and the memories I have of her.”

Well, don't surprise me she raised a total artsy fuck. Those ooey-goey folk are nice but exude pretentiousness at levels that make me want to plug my ears with a live round. It's a shame to have lost Sharon, especially given I never got the chance to take a spin on her throwing wheel, if you catch my drift.



Sharon Moore, 1946-2023

Finally, and this one I'm excited to talk about — Mario Lombardi '68. Nice going, fuckwad. Hated this bag of shit ever since he stole Jeannie Amato from me freshman year, the arrogant prick. She was my date to the freshman formal when we stepped into the building, but by the time the band was playing Bobby Darin she was a receptacle for Mario's tongue. Good riddance to the bastard.

But I'll give him the benefit of the doubt. Let's check out this obit: “Mario Lombardi left us this past Tuesday far too young at the age of 77.” Feh, too old for my taste. “The cause of death was cancer. He was in his Cambridge home...” blah, blah, blah... oh, here we go, “Lombardi dedicated his life to his work at Boston Children's Hospital, where he spent his over four decade career as a pediatric oncologist. During his time there, he administered care to over seven hundred children, led scientific breakthroughs on the treatment of acute lymphoblastic leukemia, and chaired annual campaigns that raised a combined 1.4 billion dollars for groundbreaking cancer research.” Christ, what a showboat. The ignoramus died and forgot to stop bragging! Maybe it's time I give old Jeannie a buzz now that Mario can't insert himself with that ever-lauded surgical precision. There's a cold place in hell reserved for people like him.



Mario “Shitbag” Lombardi, 1946-2023

Okay, thus concludes the first installment of “Dave's Obit Reviews.” If you want to see more true journalism in what is otherwise a humorless profusion of paper and staples, let those fine publishers know. I'm tired, fresh outta Mai Tais, and coming up on my 1:30 massage. Alright gang, see you in the obits.

- Dave



Achewood, written and illustrated by Chaparral editor emeritus Chris Onstad '97, ran at Achewood.com from 2001-2016, and now publishes weekly on Patreon.

RATIONALIZING MURDER

Please bear in mind the following asserted herewith.
Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

The First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States

A specter is haunting America - the specter of despair. All the powers of old America have entered into a holy alliance to exorcize this specter: Cabinets and Presidents, Governments and Industries, Socialist Radicals and capitalist police-spies.

Social-economic and political pandemonium persists, plaguing those poor parties who piously pave their paths through this great Country, two hundred and forty-six years young, struggling for sustenance as its inhabitants fail to reorganize the post-colonial entropy of yesteryear.

I think it pertinent to observe the forefathers. O, our forefathers! Those hardy, robust cattle, who cast off the irrepressible shackles of obscurity and breathed a singular light into our country's collective consciousness. I allude to cattle merely in a secular pursuit of simile, rather than in that of any bestial intonation. We must recall the inexorable sturdiness of cattle, in enduring and outlasting civilization, and, indeed, human history!

Jefferson, perhaps our trailblazing oxen beast, held a singular intention throughout the Constitutional Convention:

“Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distress of everyone, and so let your hand give in proportion to your purse.”

How shall we let our hands give in proportion to our purses? In other words, how must we assist the poor and the starving? This compulsion pervades the mind of the modern American. The farmer-person, sickle in hand, loin-cloth concealing the buttocks, breathing the everyday drudgery of agrarian employment; the construction-site worker, wiry and defiant in his dirty-brown trousers and open-stained shirt; the fish, swimming downstream through the south river, blissfully ignorant in his oblivion (for, after all, he is merely a fish, with no relevance to the American predicament, and must only be recognized as he wishes it so).

I have surveyed the invalidating attempts by our modern instruments of power to disguise this problem. I have observed the promises made by generations upon generations of charismatic authorities from across the nation being flung into the pseudo-proverbial well of bottomless promise and moral equivocation. I have witnessed the vicissitudes of the American imagination and its boundless capabilities bound by the all-encompassing confinements created by the ill-functioning, engineering anti-marvel that is our American political machine; I confront the national failures superficially and momentarily dispelled by a combination of our religious insubordination and sheer cosmic incomprehension; I defy those who claim our nation to be anything more than a leaky, semi-functional, grossly over-burdened lavatory installation, a cosmic fecal sinkhole, withered and worn out by the firm, round, and yet ultimately unremarkable behinds of our lawmakers today!

We are drawn to action by necessity. As we continually expand, we must confront the gripping reality of our time; that as our population continues to rise, our problems grow equally so, and our void of godless despair will endure. For how shall our people live? We are a limitless people; an exponential people, bursting from our imprisonments; I have encountered several gentlemen in the American South who have constructed their livelihoods from nothing but compulsion and mortar; an elderly woman named Nahasapeemapetilon only recently assured me that her family had grown in size beyond her furthest imaginations, achieving a considerable livelihood for their children and grandchildren-to-be. But our confinement is similarly consonant, for our land, resources and structural designations are painstakingly finite, and there is an expansive ceiling that we are hurtling towards recklessly, and we will soon reach a tipping point beyond which political pandemonium and despair will know no boundaries.

I shall therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

My thoughts have been devised as the glorious, fully-baked brainchild of my own considerable intellectual vigor, which is, as my companions in this endeavor have often remarked, so threateningly powerful as to present a medical risk to some. I have come to these conclusions after years of meticulous social research and examination, of enormous deliberation, and of compiling intellectual evidence from the vast swathes of Americans that I have encountered on my travels. I have performed all the necessary evaluations and have been assured by several pre-eminent scholars of the social invaluability and efficacy of my solution.

I propose that we begin the carefully executed, ethically crafted, compassionate murders of our fellow American people; we must not hesitate in the accomplishment of this patriotic duty, rath-

er, we shall begin carrying them out at the fourth waning gibbous phase of the moon over the Earth, on the day better known as May the 1st.

I do not propose, however, the savage, irrational killings of our people, guided by haste and bloodlust and rampaging psychopathy. Conversely, our murders must be compellingly humanitarian and earnest, so as to create a cathartic experience for our murderees; we shall play a touch of Bob Marley, perhaps, as we line them up to perform our executions, although there will be alternative music options available on request, although in the interest of their well-being we shall ban modern rap, Nickelback, and any music containing or concealing a synthesizer.

I have been assured that a rather humanitarian way of pursuing these executions is to perform a mass slow roast over an open fire, preferably in the late afternoon and in the young summer months, so as to avoid grilling in cold weather, particularly in the American north; various seasonings of every flavor, strength and variety will be offered to our people; lime, garlic and paprika will be available on request, and cinnamon will garnish our dessert options. Eaters shall be able to choose the consistency of their preferred dishes; we shall offer well-done meat, served with a fork, medium-rare meat, served with a knife, and extremely-rare meat, served in a cage. Leftover meat will be boiled to be offered at a later date, or else processed into sausages to be sold to the general public.

I propose that as an alternative course of action, we may let the murderees free onto a grassy plain, preferably while the sun shines overhead, and provide them with an adequate head-start of fifteen to thirty seconds before unleashing our hounds on their tails, and listening to their attempts to imitate nearly thirty-thousand years of evolutionary domestication in a mere 'Here, boy', before they are savaged into millions of pieces of flesh by our bloodthirsty, steroid-enhanced beagles. We shall ensure to tape small images of various deities to the foreheads of each of our beagles, so that the last thing that our murderees see before confronting the jaws of their death is the smiling faces of their all-forgiving Gods. For the atheists, we shall use images of baby seals instead.

Various scholars have proposed more compellingly experimental methods of, to circumvent euphemism, killing people. One academic, a true patriot and worthy individual whose intellect I highly regard, suggested the construction of an intercontinental P.A. system stretching into every corner of the country, designed to broadcast the Clapton classic 'Tears in Heaven' on an hourly loop - a song so despondent it will inevitably drive millions of people into madness and hysteria and eventual insanity. Another gentleman advanced an introduction of Nixonomics, as seen on TV in the American sixties, so as to create a financial climate so unbearable it will inevitably drive millions of people into economic depression and unemployment and eventual Marxism. A third even suggested to my person the reintroduction of anti-abortion laws, although I quickly refused his proposal as being wildly inhumane in the pursuit of our common sentiment.

Having digressed sufficiently, I will now observe the faceted benefits that my plan brings to our collective populace.

Firstly and primarily, these reductions would no doubt contribute to the alleviation of the Constitutionally ingrained problem of, as I have previously referenced, how to solve the problem of the poor and starving; as the rational reader has no doubt already recognized, by culling parts of the population that are grievously overrun, or else the most licentious individuals, we may reasonably reduce the number of mouths to feed, and our most esteemed economic welfare system may return to its prior prominence.

Secondly, our systems of arbitrary class stratification will be dispelled, as society will be bisected purely into murderer or murderee; we may expedite the deconstruction of the ruling class elite, and aspire towards a collective union where financial market status and economic influence do not govern security in society. We will vanquish the omnipotence of wealth that plagues our great nation by murdering indiscriminately, without concern for status or power.

Thirdly, we will undoubtedly reduce the number of Idiots with whom our nation is profoundly overrun, encompassing thieves, scoundrels, liars, venture capitalists, cat lovers, Mormons, cats, John Lennon impersonators, flat earthers, babies on planes, televangelists, John Lennon, the cast of Emily in Paris, and murderers. We shall show no quarter to the murderer, whose sheer inhumanity and inability to perceive their own sociopathy renders him a pertinent threat to us Patriots.

Fourthly, we will provide new employment for such professions as gravedigger, butcher, gourmet chef, meat sampler, beagle trainer, being Bob Marley, and murderer.

Fifthly, there will be less strain upon our public restrooms, which presently threaten to collapse under the intensely strenuous weight of the bottoms of our flatulent populace.

Having now presented my thoughts, I challenge those who defy me to a duel. I can be found at sachinss@stanford.edu, and usually respond within 2-3 business days.

Atomic Farts

“Shit,” thought Michael Farsvender. He scrunched his face and threw the side of his body against a wall. “Oh,” whispered Farsvender as a meek fart whistled out.

He left his apartment and gave his doorman a strained smile. He walked over to the 68th Street Lexington subway. On the subway entrance’s stairs were six others. They all stopped in response to the poot-poot-poots that escaped Farsvender’s Italian-tailored fit-a-little-too-right pants as he hobbled down the stairs as fast as he could. They would have laughed, had the smell not momentarily discombobulated them. Farsvender, whose sense of hearing started to shut down, kept moving.

He made it onto the platform as the 6 train pulled into the station. It was a tight fit, but he managed to squeeze onto the train. Just then, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach, and he lurched backwards. The passenger behind him slapped his butt away, and his arms jerked upwards as he felt another jolt of pain.

The train’s lights momentarily shut off, which was not out of the ordinary. He, however, saw a flash of white. His vision came back after a few seconds, but the pressure in his stomach intensified. Was this last night’s dynamite-bean burrito fighting to be regurgitated? Whatever it was, Farsvender was quickly losing the battle, one gut punch at a time.

The train arrived at 59th street, and he tried to get off the train. He wanted to find a bathroom, but more suits poured into the train. Elbows repeatedly jabbed him, and with each jab, he felt more pain. His stomach started to rumble as the train doors started closing. Just as the doors were closing, someone stuck their arm in. The doors re-opened, and the person took a step back. They leaped into the crowd of people, and incredibly, they made space for

themselves. The ripples of this impact slowly made their way through the train car. An elbow hit his stomach and then there was a shriek.

No, it was the pressure leaving his stomach. It left it through every opening it could find: his mouth, his ears, and his rectum. The pressure threw the people nearest to Farsvender backwards. He looked around in shock and then collapsed.

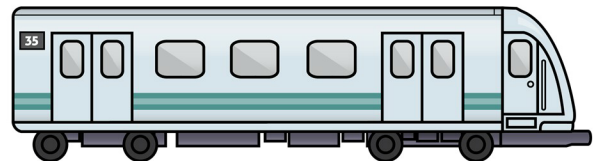
The train car filled with a yellow gas.

The 6 train pulled into 51st street. A group of laughing high schoolers walked towards the train. The train doors opened and the pressure burst out of the train car.

The shockwave was felt throughout the train station. The electricity went out, and nearly everyone inside collapsed. The asphalt above the station rippled.

When first responders made it to the scene, they resuscitated as many as they could, leaving dozens dead. They pulled Farsvender out of a pool of his own waste and found him without a single toxin in his body; it all must have been expelled in the apocalyptic blast.

All survivors agree that whenever they close their eyes, they feel and smell the winds of Farsvender whipping them across their face. Interestingly, none of them seem to recollect hearing the sound of Farsvender cutting the cheese, giving new realism to the term “silent but deadly.”



The subway is not your bathroom!

LETTERS IN CONTEMPT

Dear Mahavir Padvinder Nath Singh,

I, Major-General Sir Henry Boutlick III, Governor of Madras, Order of the Bath, and descendant of the 10th Baron of Foulis, hereby summon you, Mahavir Padvinder Nath Singh, to face Queen Caroline of Hanover's justice at the honorable Court of Madras, for failing to comply with the Ordinance of the British Crown. You stand accused of aggravated effrontery, verbal harassment, and licentiousness towards a Royal Officer. You have until the first morrow light to submit yourself to the Court and plead your life, or you will incur God's wicked wrath for a burning, Hellish eternity. Prepare your Spirit.

*Delivered from under my hand and seal, on this day, in the 19th century of our Lord,
Major-General Sir Henry Boutlick III*

Dear Henry Bootlicker,

You fucking fucking? I fucking fucking. You fucking I fucking. Go fucking fucking for your fucking fucking. Fucking you until I fucking fucking.

*Delivered from this tatti,
Mahavir Padvinder Nath Singh*

MAGIC PAINTING

Sam thought that this 7th-grade exclusive art field trip would be the epitome of culture and sophistication. Instead, he found himself in front of a naked ancient Greek statue on the second floor of the St. Louis Art Museum, something he already saw when his parents took him to Paris (Texas).

Enough of this, he thought. It was time to grow up. Sam yawned and walked away, unnoticed by the classmates he would never see again.

After 15 turns of direction and fortune, he found a mysterious, dark door. A strange, unknown attraction urged him to approach. Sam breathed in, and went through the threshold.

Inside was a tall, cavernous room. Pale sunlight crawled through the thick, blood-red curtains, and lightly touched the floors, the walls...

And the painting.

Huge, giant, and oddly purple, Sam had found Salvador Dali's most confusing work. Before Sam's eyes, reality and fantasy merged into one, where figures hugged and danced on a rectangular plane that was... stretching? Or receding? The attraction grew stronger, begging Sam to touch it. He ran, yearning to feel its

pulsing canvas, his finger was an inch away and—

“Don't do that, partner.”

Sam looked to his left. An old-west prospector in a security guard's outfit looked at him.

“Don't touch that painting, son: strange things happen to those who do. A male porn star touched it, and his dick became a French horn. A purple chair turned into a bull. Donald Trump went from a real-estate turned media mogul, to a real-estate turned media mogul who could win the presidency. Stay strong, son: don't touch that nightmare.”

Sam heard the wisdom of experience in that old, broken voice. But Sam couldn't stop himself.

“Forgive me.”

His hand touched the canvas. Warmth enveloped him as Sam grew a whole foot, while his mind aged by a few decades too many. He clenched his fists, enjoying the new power coursing inside him.

“My god,” said the guard. “What have you become?”

“Nothing more than your savior.” He turned to the guard.

“Hi there, my name is Ron DeSamtis. Join me for the Great American Comeback.”

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE APOCALYPSE GENERATION (BABY DOOMERS)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall

But as Humpty Dumpty drew his last breath,
Humpty Dumpty overcame death
An abomination built of eggshells and yolk
With Viscera and blood and fire and smoke

Humpty Dumpty pillaged the towns
He killed and looted and razed to the ground.
And all the king's horses and all the king's men,
Were never seen in one piece again



Twinkle Twinkle Little Star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so bright
Like a diamond... wai-
Why is it getting bigger...?
BOOM

The Itsy-Bitsy Sniper
Climbed up his usual route
Down came the bullets, and
took the soldiers out
"HELP," cried the civilians,
bellowing in pain
And the Itsy-Bitsy Sniper shot
them up again



SEX TOYS

4 the apocalypse

CHAINSAW
DILDO



"Brrr-rr Rrr"

FUCKING
ZOMBIE HAND



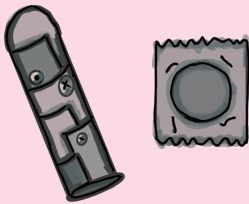
"Fingering"

REGULAR-ASS
FLASHLIGHT



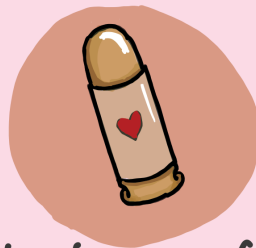
"Turn me on"

BULLET-PROOF
CONDOMS



"Takes any shot"

.9-MM "BULLET"



"Glock or Cock?"

LUBE?



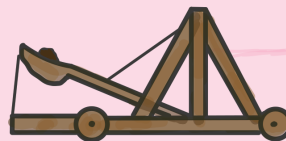
"Hulk SMASH"

BALL FROM
E-QUAD



"Greasy"

LITERAL
TREBUCHET



"..."

Peaches, Goardin Gramshey, and Cyanide

“Pfah!” screamed Goardin Gramshey. Bits of mashed kale, yellow corn, and kiwi juice flew out of his mouth. Gramshey leaned forwards and continued shouting, “Is that the best fruit salad that you can make Chef – no, Mr. Nide?” Some of the kiwi juice went up Mr. Nide’s nose. Gramshey took a step backwards, curled his lips, and looked at the line of white-suited chefs in front of him.

Another chef – not Mr. Nide, who was trembling but silently blowing one of his nostrils – shuffled forwards with hunched shoulders. They took a handkerchief from their pocket, extended their arms forward, and bowed down. Gramshey reciprocated; he bowed down, kissed his lips to the outstretched handkerchief, and then gyrated his hips as he handlessly wiped his mouth.

Gramshey stood back up, and then Chef Nide swung his left leg out and back as he saluted and cried, “Yes, chef!” Gramshey sneered when Nide’s voice cracked, and then he dismissed his staff. Gramshey reminded the staff, “This place is Hell’s Family Dining Commons; either meet the HFDC standards or leave.”

While all of the staff filed out, Chef Nide stayed behind to look for other fruits in Hell’s storage room. He lit a candle and then entered the storage room.

- Kiwi. He blew his nose to expel the remaining kiwi juice. No, not an option at all.
- Strawberries. The red would contrast the greens quite well, he thought. But he recalled that the last time he had bloodletting, the town doctor told him that strawberry seeds could grow in someone’s stomach. He shuddered and dropped the strawberries.

- Mangoes. Too hard to cut. He wished there was such a thing as a boneless mango.
- Peaches. He got those peaches out in Georgia from a mustached man. He grabbed a handful of them and walked out with his head bopping. The vision was there: kale, peach slices, peach-juice infused vinegar dressing, and crushed peach pits for some crunch and decoration.



Pits from the pits:

The peach pits that were crushed in between Chef Nide’s armpits.

He did not know of anyone who ever used the peach pit in their food, so he was sure that he would impress Gramshey. He hurriedly sliced the peaches and crushed the pits into a fine powder. He plated a bowl and drizzled the powder over the salad. The fork went in, and the peach pits went into Chef Nide’s stomach.

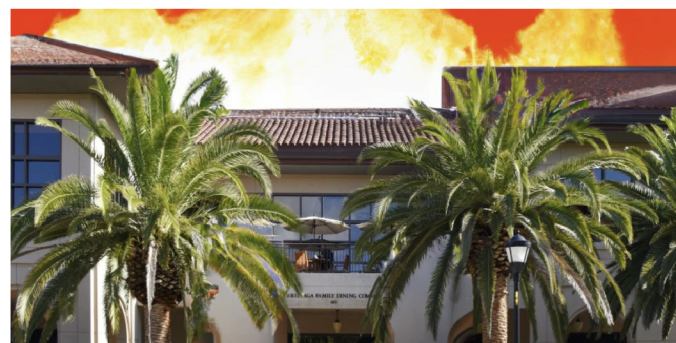
He congratulated himself. And then his back gave out, and his face slammed into the salad bowl.

A bit later, Gramshey walked out of his office and looked at Nide’s dish. He shook Nide and then chuckled. “Welcome to Hell,” muttered Gramshey as he walked out of Hell’s Family Dining Commons.

He closed the door and said, “Cya’ Nide.”

Cyanide. In memory of Chef Nide: 1757-1782.

Editor’s note: Do not try eating this dish.



Ask Angus



Stanford's favorite dating guru and pink drink enthusiast is back to answer your questions on love, sex, and heartbreak!

Dear Angus,
I am the sinner of all sinners. I must repent. How does God forgive me for my transgressions? I touched a woman yesterday. How do I cleanse my skin free from this carnal taint?
Pius

I would try sandpaper first. Take an industrial grade sander and remove your skin. If you still feel the taint after that, God will never forgive you, so my advice would be to burn it off of you. Some form of acid — preferably taken from a car battery — would work well. Suitable substitutes include ammonia and any kind of bleach. Malicious spirits are likely residing in your body as we speak, but luckily my godmother taught me some other more home remedies for purifying yourself of the taints of the flash. Mix together salt, holy water, baking soda, a dark green sludge, and a hint of vanilla extract for flavor. Let me know if you need the number of an exorcist priest. I know a great one.

In Sin,
Angus

Dear Angus,
What do you reckon about white after Labor Day?
Yours Truly,
Mary Ann

My Dear Mary Ann,
Well, I personally think that white-after Labor Day is the biggest faux pas you can make. Every proper gilded age lady knows that wearing white after Labor Day makes you look like some new money slob. You might as well spend time with a gentleman in a hotel room unchaperoned. You might as well talk or laugh loudly while walking down 5th Avenue. You might as well use a salad fork for your entree. Just hide in your house and never come out if you are planning on wearing white after Labor Day. Or step out, everyone will judge you.

Cordially,
Angus

Dear Angus,
Wat hapens after we dye?
Sincerely,
Jimmy (4 years old)





































Jimmy,
Hell is a fiery burning pit where your body and soul are destroyed and where all but a small number of the fortunate elect will be subjected to agonies indescribable by mortal tongues. That is where we all go, because there is no such thing as a “good person”, and just when you think there really are “good people” out there, those “good people” will leave you at KSig during Eurotrash on the night before your birthday while you are drunk and expect to get a birthday brunch the morning after that you are also supposed to pay for. Heaven is the opioid of the guilty, and those of us with stains on our souls will feel the lash of a million forked flames for all of eternity. I hope this helps!
Angus


























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< Roble 2022-23

-  Daniel Rashes
Daha rapid test 
-  Dominic Borg
daha scissors 
-  Blake Hord (RA)
I do! Come to 305. 
-  Dominic Borg
tysm!!!! 
-  Dominic Borg
daha zipties 
-  Dominic Borg
daha handcuffs 
-  Dominic Borg
and a blindfold 
-  Dominic Borg
and maybe a William Shatner mask 
-  Aadya Joshi
Whoever's using a chainsaw on the 4th floor needs to chill the fuck out 
-  Dominic Borg
daha really big trash bag 
-  Blake Hord (RA)
Trash bags are in a box outside every bathroom! 
-  Dominic Borg
like preferably body bag sized? 
-  Dominic Borg
uh also daha stain remover 
-  Blake Hord (RA)
Hey guys! I'm on call tonight! We're going to be churning butter and watching C-SPAN in the lounge starting at 9! 
-  Dominic Borg
actually, bleach or oxyclean might work 
-  Daniel Rashes
Whoever had the clothes with the red stains in the dryer I left them on top of the third washer 
-  Dominic Borg
Daha hydrochloric acid and a bathtub 
-  Dominic Borg
Daha mop 

-  Dominic Borg
Daha shovel 
-  Aadya Joshi
Hey guys! I'm in a show that's premiering this friday. It's basically a feminist reimagining of Flatland and I'm playing a trapezoid who's had her self-esteem destroyed by years of social isolation. 7pm Friday with a 2pm matinee on sat! 
-  Blake Hord (RA)
 
-  Blake Hord (RA)
Really guys????? 
-  Dominic Borg
OK I'm out of options. In desperate need of belt sander and/or trash compactor 
-  Aadya Joshi
Why aren't you composting? 
-  Dominic Borg
mind your own fucking business 
-  Dominic Borg
narc 
-  Daniel Rashes
Hey guys! I'm a part of this student humor magazine on campus, and we're finally publishing our new issue — the Pottery Barn issue! Tbh this was supposed to come out week 7 of fall quarter, but I guess time got away from us haha. Anyway they're all over the dorm for whoever wants one 
-  Aadya Joshi
Pottery Barn? What kind of humor magazine does a whole issue about a single brand name? 
-  Aadya Joshi
Idiots 
-  Dominic Borg
dawa barbecue 

We asked the Chappie staff...

How will you die?

Put down at the pound.

- **Blake, convincing furry**

From laughing too hard at my own jokes.

- **Chenault, amateur**

From laughing too hard at Chenault's jokes.

- **Vibhu, expert**

Concussion.

- **Sam, 15 concussions strong/weak**

Will?

- **Ben, rotting**

Death by pet brownie.

- **Lynn, very VERY hungry**

Feline gout.

- **Sachin, barking**

Hopefully poison, likely gunshot.

- **Nadia, on Putin's bad side**

I'm not sure, but it'll be at your mom's house.

- **Lana, silver fox**

Razor blades hidden in my son's Halloween candy that I was smart enough to test for him.

- **Nicholas, the only one who likes Almond Joys**

I always pictured an Italian villa, my gorgeous fifth wife, and a glass of Drano.

- **Daniel, Realist**

With the candlestick, in the study, from Miss Scarlet.

- **Aadya, simp**

Late Stage Capitalism.

- **Adi, comrade**

At any moment now, I will vanish into thin air, and all evidence of my existence will be scraped away from the fabric of reality as from a palimpsest. I can feel the impending disintegration mustering itself within me as I write. I'm having a cup of coffee.

-

My longest yea boi ever.

- **Jeremy, demonetized for excessive nudity, violent content, promotion of drug and alcohol abuse, images of children in peril, and the use of copy-writed music.**

Being confused for the other Jeremy.

- **Jeremy, regular student**

Trying to perform the impossible sex position known as "The Bumble Scrum."

- **Pete Tellouche, SCRUM master**

A virgin, probably.

- **Ishani, professional Mary impersonator**

One too many Tic Tacs.

- **Ananya, on season 3 episode 4 of TLC's "My Strange Addiction"**

Sorry, I'm eating this sausage.

- **Mario, national power eater**

Jorts too tight, ass too light, with a whole lotta thunder packed in my pockets.

- **Sam, if the concussions don't take me first**

From a shiver in my timbers.

- **Dominic, dancing the scurvy away**



NOTICE

INK SHORTAGE

Due to a nationwide **ink shortage**, some copies of the "Reckoning" issue of *The Stanford Chaparral* may be incompletely printed upon distribution.

If this is the case with your copy, please contact our customer support team and you will receive a **full refund**.

The Chaparral apologizes for this unfortunate occurrence

THE CHAPARRAL PRESENTS

The Solution to the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict

As one of this fine university's oldest and most revered institutions, *The Stanford Chaparral* finds it incumbent upon ourselves to use the collective capacities of our esteemed braintrust for the betterment of society. For many years, our staff has toiled over plans to resolve one of the most contentious and fraught sociopolitical tensions. We are confident that the finely detailed seven-step plan that we will present to you on the following page will provide an effective roadmap for eventual and imminent peace between the Israeli and Palestinian peoples. It is surely the most well-thought and meticulously composed page in our publication's history. Perhaps of all pages of all time.

Over the past few years, we have scoured archives, conducted interviews, and ran many advanced simulations to best outline a plan of action that will unite world leaders and galvanize them to act as one. We are confident that, thanks to the content of this page, people of all races, genders, and creeds will live harmoniously in the Middle East. For the sake of concision, we have eschewed a deliberation on the historical context of the area in question, though that can be found, in addition to an elucidation on our process, via the website link at the bottom of this page. Below is the itemized list of actions necessary to bring an end to the conflict, once and for all.

Step One: A unification of universal outlook regarding the current state of affairs must be

GRADUATION WORD SEARCH

P W B W J I S H A D Y S T A R T U P
G R O T A R T S I N I M D A Y X E S
J A J B T A V T T I P V C G T B S N
N X O N A B G U U L G I M N R G Z R
I A N H H C O M E Q S T E W N C F U
P M K C C K C A Y T W M V I S C A B
D E C E C R S H R R T L L Z W R I N
L P E A D E E E A N W B I A E I L U
I T L L C U L E I N I L S R A P U S
H B U L S A N O C S A C F D T P R R
C K A O T A P D T R Y L L R Y L E E
D P M I P P L O E J O Q I O H I R T
I L V J A O H L F R C V M B U N O S
P E Q S T A R H E V G G I E G G H B
U R I J D U L D O F T O A D S D W O
T D T W I N C E S T I K W D A E N L
S H V N Y M I B O R I N G N Q B A J
E M A G E R P F E N T A N Y L T M W

SEXY ADMINISTRATOR
BACCHANAL
DROPOUT
HOT SIBLINGS
MANWHORE
NO JOB
RACIST RELATIVE
STUPID CHILD
WIZARD ROBE

CRIPPLING DEBT
BLACKOUT
DISAPPOINTMENT
FAILURE
I FELL ASLEEP
MILFS
PLEASE CLAP
SWEATY HUGS
BORING

NAKED UNDER GOWN
DIVORCE
FENTANYL
LOBSTER SUNBURN
PREGAME
SHADY STARTUP
TWINCEST