

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

Featuring:



Jester



Roxanne the Creepy
Tree with a Mouth



Tantalus the
Demon Space Turkey



HEEEERE'S
CHAPPIE!

Vibhu: Why We Cut Dom from the Stanford Harmonics



“Auditions are open! Come one, come all, and sing for the Stanford Harmonics!” My voice becomes increasingly weak as I scurry behind groups of freshmen, trying to hand anyone my little flyer. The sun pummels me with its rays and my full-black, full-body harmz-attire does nothing to help with the heat. As I struggle to lure potential auditionees, I catch the eye of a tall gentleman with great shoulders. Poof! In his twinkling excitement and blood-filled cheeks, I have found my next victim.

“Do YOU want to audition for the Stanford harmonics?” I ask, batting my eyelashes and flashing my teeth. He takes a flyer and is gone, and I wonder if I’ll ever see

him again.

It’s been a loooooong day of auditions. The group has been here since 9 am, in a tiny, windowless room in the Band Shak and far from any civilisation or sunlight. We’ve skipped our classes, called in sick, and clearly not checked any mirrors recently. One by one, brilliant auditionees step into our cave – but I’m still waiting to see the man with the great shoulders. Finally, around sunset, he appears. He looks a bit nervous, and just like before, the blood has rushed to his cheeks. After our muttering some words of encouragement – “you’ve got this!” and “come closer, we don’t bite!” – he steps forward.

He begins to sing some combination of syllables, and I am entranced by his deep, rich tone. He navigates the notes flawlessly, each a crisp blossom to our ears. Our hearts shatter as his staggering masterpiece comes to an end, so much so that I almost ask him to stay forever with the Harmonics, joining us for every song, every meal...But as he stops, I become aware of a strange and pungent scent wafting through the room: garlic.

I look to the Harmonics and see their noses twitch despite the shining smiles on their faces. Just like that, I know Dom is dead meat.

Dom: Why I Was Actually Cut by the Stanford Harmonics

She was bald. And pale.

She was standing in White Plaza, carrying a stack of flyers in her grotesquely long, black-nailed fingers.

She made eye contact, and in the red swirl of her gaze, I saw the myriad wonders of fame and fortune and prog rock.

I felt myself pulled forward through some will other than my own. I saw my hand, mine but not my own, reach forward and take a flyer. Sounding in my mind, in a soothing, sexless voice, were the words: *Audition for the Harmonics, audition for the Harmonics, audition for the...*

Flyer in hand, I looked up to find her smiling. Her teeth were flawless, perfect except for the canines, which were long and mind-numbingly sharp...

The setting sun shone blood-orange through the tennis-court bleachers, illuminating whorls of pollen and dust as it burned its way toward the ground.

The stranger from White Plaza leaned against a picnic table just outside the Band Shak. She was dressed in a long black gown that bunched on the ground at her feet.

“I trust you are prepared?” she said as I approached. I nodded of my own volition.

“My name is Vibhu,” she said. “I am here to welcome you. You will follow me. Now.” And thus she led me into the steamy bowels of the Band Shak.



We turned left, then right, arriving at an unmarked door, upon which she rapped lightly before ushering me inside.

The room was dim. In front of me, I could make out a mic stand. Set in a semicircle around the room were thirteen coffins. There was a sibilant groan as the coffin lids slid aside and thirteen dark shapes emerged. The middle shape said, in a thick, unidentifiable accent, “Seeng for us.”

I cleared my throat, and began:

Good morning, starshine
The earth says hello
Nibby-nob nooby, blibby-bloop
blooby
Libby la-la bum bum ba dum
dumm

When I was done, they

looked at me in silence. Then the middle shape said, “You will hear from us by Wednesday.”

That Wednesday morning, the email arrived.

Dear Sir or Madam, it read, Your audition was, put simply, the greatest thing any of us has witnessed during our millenia of existence. However, while we were all deeply moved by your performance, we saw on your application form that your blood type is AB-, to which, tragically, we are all allergic, and therefore we have decided not to call you back. Though you did not make it this year, we strongly encourage you to get a transfusion and audition next year! We are always looking for new blood.

Fangk you very much,

The Stanford Harmonics

The Inauguration of Richard Saller



Dick Saller was woken up from a deep and nightmarish sleep in the morning of Monday, October 16, at the ungodly early hour of 2PM. A flurry of fists crashed upon the door, and the voice of Jenny Martinez rang out: "Richard! Richard!"

Dick got out of bed and put some pajamas on over his UChicago boxers before opening the door. Outside was a gathering of the most high powered officials of Stanford University: Jenny Martinez, the ghost of Persis Drell, the tree, Leland Stanford, and the most estimable old pull-cart, fellow Dick, Richard Shaw.

"Welcome to the office of the president!" said Jenny. "Please do not resist." The world went to black as she smothered Saller's protests with

chloroform-soaked copies of an MTL neuroscience paper.

Richard awoke when a blindfold was taken off his face, and he saw before him an assemblage of esteemed faculty and confused undergraduates peering at him expectantly from dark cardinal hoods that bordered on crimson. Jenny whispered in his ear: "Welcome to the big leagues, Dicky. When I take this gag off, you're going to do exactly as expected of you. Got it?" Rick gave a slight nod, and the gag came off.

The attendees in the crypt formed a half-circle around a fire which burned deep red. Around the fire a tree had been engraved in the stone, and around that, an Indian head-dress. In attendance were luminaries from the University's past, dressed

in the dark robes of academia: Leland and Jane Stanford, David Starr Jordan, Timm Williams, Florence Moore, whoever Wilbur is, and President Hoover. Each had a symbol to represent them inscribed on the ground below: the monopoly man, a dollar sign, a swastika, an ice cream cone, a knife and fork crossed as a hammer and sickle would be, and a dam. One spot held was empty and had a symbol of a skull in it; when Jane caught Dick looking at it puzzled, she said, "Oh, Junior couldn't make it today. He's not much of an early riser, and 4PM is hard to make for him. Teenagers and all!" Those University administrators who were still alive stood in front of those who were dead, and wore cloaks that were merely a very very very dark gray. The dozen undergrads sat, bound and gagged, off to the side.

Dick Shawty stepped forward and spoke sharply: "Congratulations on your admittance to the office of University President! We strongly encourage you to take us up on this offer. Stanford is such a warm and welcoming community, we really think you'll thrive here! And, because we want you so much, we're willing to knock the price of tuition down to just \$10,000 a year! Gooooooooo Stanford! Gooooooooooooooooooooooooo Cardinal!"

The room chanted in return: "Gooooooooo Stanford! Goooooooooooooooooooo Cardinal!"

Saller said nothing. He had quit his job of Dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences because the cult life wasn't for him; he could just never really get into the ceremonies like this that he had to host. Nowadays, he was a mere plebeian, roughing it with a normal-sized mailbox in the Classics Department mailroom alongside every other lecturer.

And yet, here he was, with an early offer from what would be a dream position for hundreds of applicants. Pullcart towered over Saller and took a step toward his initiate. "I can't hear you, Ricky. Let's try that one more time."

"Gooooooooooooooooooooooooo Stanford! Goooooooooooooooooooo Cardinal!" Richard mustered what strength he could and choked the words out.

Pedicab continued: "To accept admission, you must begin by reciting the fundamental standard for administrators. Repeat after me:"

"Administrators at Stanford are expected to show both within and without the University such respect for wealth, legacy, athlete dining and the rights of us to do as we please without regard for students as is demanded of good dictators. Failure to do this will be sufficient cause for removal from the University." Richard Saller mumbled the words to the silent audience.

Jenny Martinez smiled and stepped forward. "Wonderful! Now, before we finish the inauguration, let's have some performances from our wonderful undergraduate students. Kids, take it away with the P-Show!"

The undergrads confusedly stood up and began a poor rendition of All Right Now. As the song wound down, the fire grew and lapped at them; soon they were performing Come Join the Band, Fight for California, and before long they were reduced to Hail, Stanford, Hail. Then, the students collapsed, and the fire went out, plunging the room into darkness.

Tuk-Tuk lit a red-glowing candle in front of his face and spoke. "The final step to accept your acceptance and enroll as President of Stanford is to kill the man on the waitlist in front of you."

Ricky was a long way from Chicago now.

The living administrators lit torches all at once, and revealed, in the center of the room, Marc-Tessier Lavine strapped to a pyre. At its base was a mound of scientific papers to serve as kindling.

Jenny Martinez spoke: "Richard

Saller. Do you swear to uphold the fundamental standard for administrators?"

"I do." A luxurious life as a hegemonic dictator, just like the Roman Consuls he spent his life studying.

"Do you swear to maintain the neighborhood system, or till death do you part?"

"I do." Well, he wasn't too sure about this one, but once he was in office, what were they going to do about it?

"Do you swear to reject all forms of academic unintegrity?"

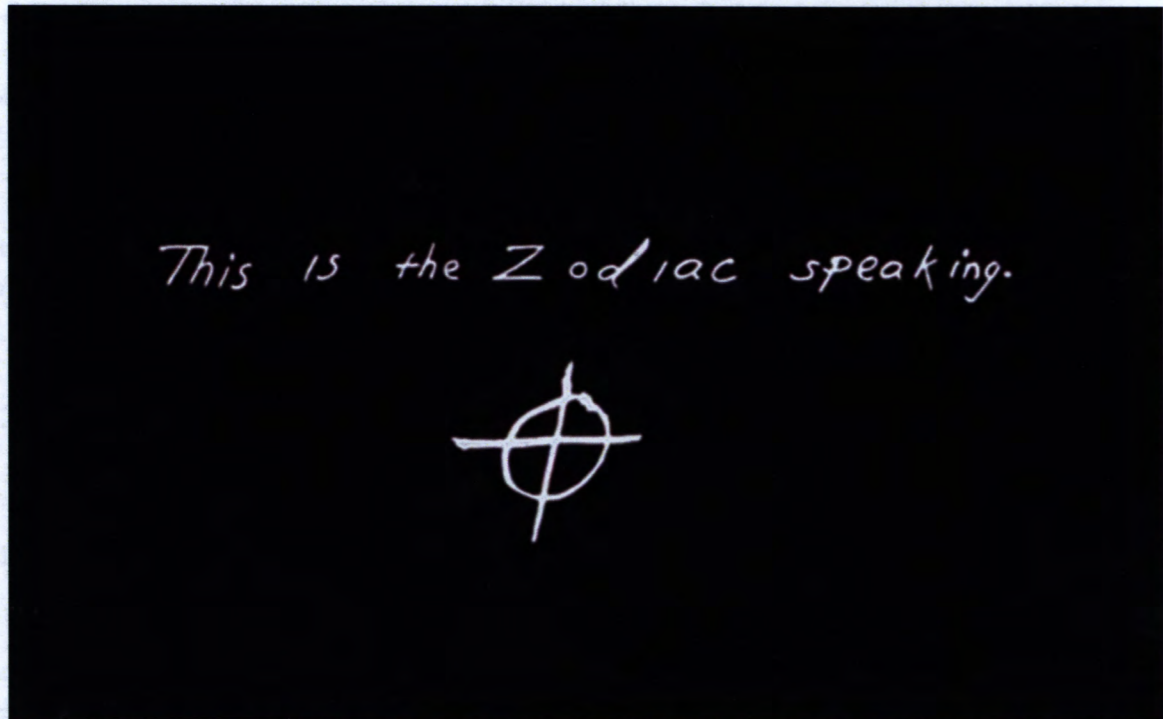
"I do." Only unintegritious if you get caught!

"Prove it." Jenny lit another torch and handed it to Saller. He was ready. For a gig as big as President, maybe he could put up with annoying little ceremonies like this.

As he approached the pyre, Jenny began uttering a prayer: "Oh our lord, Leland Stanford, please bless us with the funding of a thousand robber barons, the power of a thousand Indian chiefs, and the resoluteness of a thousand Palos Altos. As long as you protect us, we will uphold the principles of the duck and be Junior's mission on earth. So help us."

As she finished, Richard Saller threw the torch on the pyre. The fire burst upwards, and the flaming papers of MTL flew around the room as he screamed in agony. As Lavine burned, Rick Shaw uttered the final words: "Welcome to Stanford, Mr. President."

Zodiac



It's amazing to put a knife to a man's throat.

I can feel his life pulsing through the blade in my hand. I've grappled him to the ground, and am now sitting on his chest, looking into his weak, cowardly eyes. Normally, I feel dull, surrounded by a symphony of silence. Ever since I retired that has been my life: boredom and mind-numbing normality. But hearing this poor, sad little Stanford student breathe like a small, whimpering puppy, I feel like a kid again, having fun killing squirrels in the backyard. Death is coming soon for me, I know it. The doctor's said I don't have long, so I need to ensure that I'm ready for the next life. How nice it will be to kill this kid, to have another slave in the afterlife.

I started to press the knife slightly more into the child's throat.

He can't be anything more than a freshman. But, you know, the younger the flesh, the sweeter the meat, or at least, that's what a cannibal once told me. I only killed him out of self-defense.

"Please, no. Stop. Don't kill me. Please, I'll do anything, but let me go. Let me live, please!" the kid started to cry out. Fors all his tears and yelps, I'm surprised no one's come to get him. I guess the Tressider parking lot has bad security, judging from the fact that when the kid pressed the emergency button on a nearby "EMERGENCY, 911" pole, the light actually turned off.

Suddenly the kid stopped crying.

"Oh no, keep crying, please," I pleaded. "It's more fun that way. Just think, you'll be the first victim of the Zodiac killer in 40 years!"

Now the kid looked perplexed. "The who killer?"

"Don't play dumb, little slave. You know who the Zodiac Killer is."

"See, you keep saying words," said the Gen Z student, making some of those weird hand movements that I think means they're confused. "But I don't get their meaning."

"You know, the Zodiac Killer? The terror of the West Coast in the late 1960s? Don't you know your history?"

"I'm actually undeclared right now," said the kid. "But I was thinking about majoring in CS, or maybe something completely different, like Data Science. I find humanities to be quite disgusting, if I'm being completely honest. Not enough money in it, am I right?" The kid went for a fist bump. Then he remembered that I want to watch

the life drain from his eyes so that he can serve me, eternally, once the cancer finally hits my brain. He then proceeded to put the fist down.

"What about true crime podcasts? You must have heard of me from one of them."

"Sorry, again, Mr. Zadiac—"

"It's Zodiac—"

"Right, excuse me, Mr. Zombiad. It's been, whew, SUCH a whirlwind meeting all these new people and friends and instructors. Honestly, I don't know HOW I keep remembering all these names! When I can I listen to podcasts, I do, but honestly I really only listen to Joe Rogan. See, I'm looking for a start-up partner. I have this idea for a company that uses A.I. to track—"

"Shut up, shut up, just, Fucking, SHUT UP!!!" I was seething. He started to get scared again. I felt it, because his pants became soaked in warm urine. I was torn between two feelings. I wanted to kill the child and use him as a foot cushion in paradise. But I also don't think I can stand living with the bastard for more than 15 seconds.

"No no no I'm sorry," he began. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I definitely know who you are. I was just kidding! Please don't kill me. I was just kidding!"

"No you're not!" I understand it has been a while. I understand that the years are unkind to the old; why else do you think I want to kill people for post-mortem pleasure? I am a legend. I am one of the most infamous killers in history; how could people have forgotten about me? The SFPD once quaked at the mere mention of my very name. Now they send an officer my way to ask if I have

dementia and meant to send them such an "interesting" Christmas card. Do they not remember Zodiac anymore? What's changed?

I put my hands to my head, and grumbled. "I don't understand how this could have ever happened. What have I missed?" I was lost for words. "They even made movies about me."

"Oh my god, yeah! Wait, I might know you!"

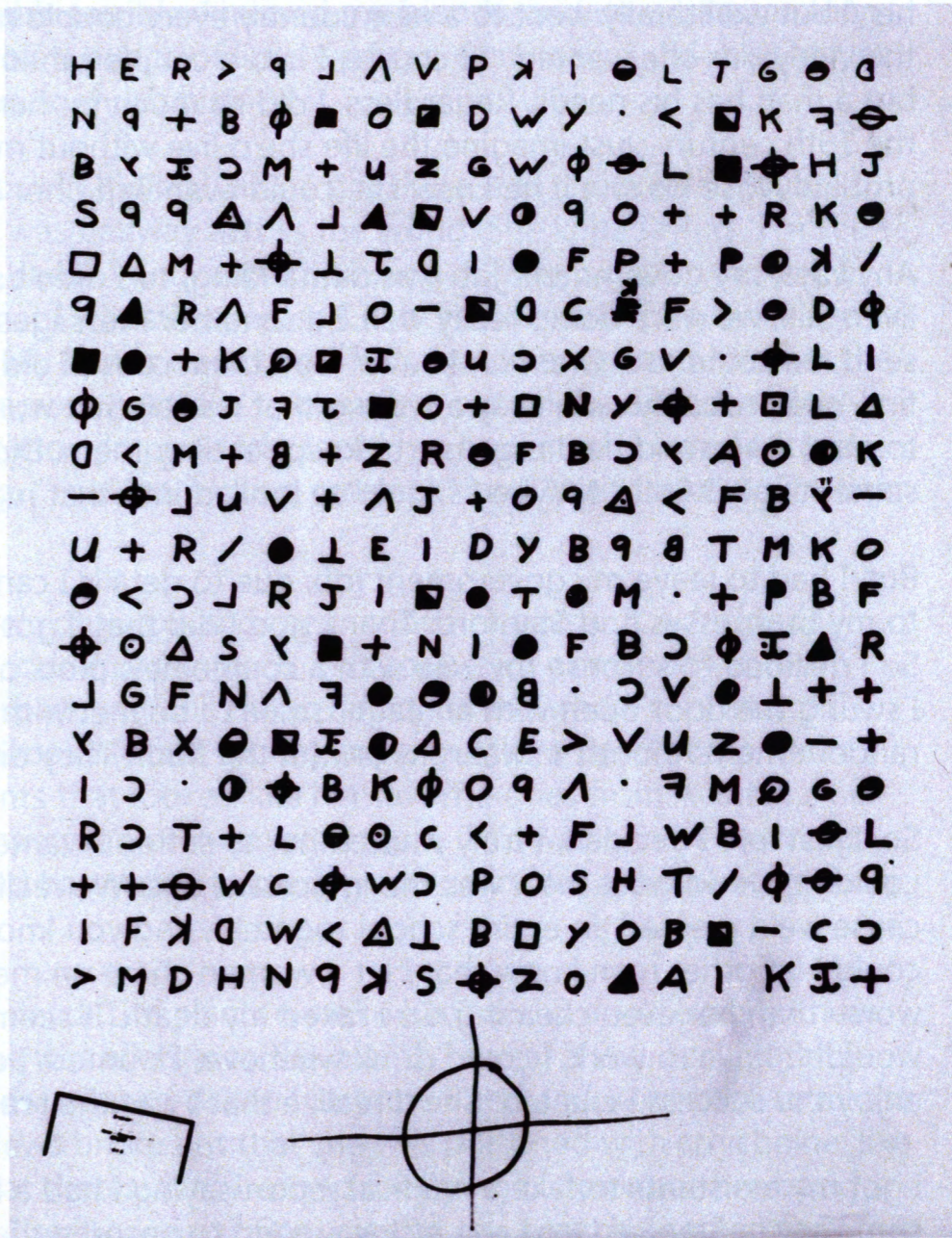
"You do?"

"Yeah! Yeah, I think I know you. Yeah, the movie had you, like, preying on teenagers, and taunting people, and playing with your victims with notes and stuff!"

"Yes, yes, yes! That's it, servant! That's it! It's called Zodi—"

"Only Murders in the Building! Yeah, I knew I'd get it. Did they ever really think you were Sting?"

I killed him without a second's thought.



AITA for faking my death and accidentally doing something worse than that?

I (69M) did something "wrong." I basically faked my death and then accidentally killed my wife. Ok hear me out, I know it sounds really terrible, but listen. Btw, I'm really rich and I own many businesses.

It all started when I found out my wife, we'll call her (64F) Jenny, had an affair. She always complained about how I never "spent time with her" or "cared to ask about her," but we literally went to a new country every couple months and bought her all the vineyards she wanted. Of course, I had a couple other women on the side too, but a man has his needs. Regardless, I did so much for her. She's gotten so much for the 19th century. Just imagine the life she'd live without me. My grandfather would probably lose his shit if he knew she could even write her own name.

Anyways, my government job was demanding, so I didn't see her for weeks at a time. Even still, we were doing really well. I'd send her messages occasionally, and she'd send me some too. Granted, I never read them cause I didn't have time. But, that's fine, she probably didn't say anything that was all that worthwhile. I got my assistant to read them, and he'd urge me to keep reading them. Did she hire him for me or something? DAMN. Maybe I should've looked into that more.

But, I had to leave my government job, due to details I can't discuss, so I went back to my businesses and Stanford. Thank god I did that. I got so much fucking money. So I decided to surprise my wife with a couple new plots of land, like any man would. I swung the door open with an eager smile to be met with her tongue inside some random man's mouth. I swear my jaw hit the floor. They didn't see me.

So, I just left. I decided, I truly wanted her to suffer. I wanted her to realize that she couldn't live without me. I was the important one. We really couldn't separate because we'd created an entire school together, and you know, public image. How could I let other men know that I let a woman cheat on me? Yeah that's probably worse than her even cheating. So I faked my death. It seemed like a good idea: I wouldn't have to work, I could drink whenever I wanted, I could get away and just enjoy the success I created. She'd realize that I was the reason why she was afloat.

I got my assistants to fake a medical report saying I had a heart attack. I still wanted some say in Stanford, so I got a close friend to become the president of the school. Money really can get you anywhere, cause the next morning, I was on the first boat to Australia. Only one or two people knew about this, so it was pretty fun tbh. Even

Even more fun, I was supposed to chip in like 30 million for the school we made, but I decided, she can scrape for the pennies herself. I left ONLY three million. From afar, I watched how she barely made ten thousand a month and sold her jewelry to keep the school afloat. I truly had a ball when my assistants would recount the whole thing.

But, then after a couple years of living in isolation from the lavish life I had, it was hard. I had enough fun, I saw how the school still was functional, the tropical storms were unreasonably terrible, I missed my friends, and days became long without being able to tell off a bunch of little workers. Genuinely, I did miss her, as crazy as it sounds. We have so much history!

So, I decided to go back, but in hiding. Once I got there, she shrieked so loud, I'd probably heard it back if I was halfway across the world. She kept saying "I'm seeing ghosts" and "Help me, Jesus," and started running in every which way. But, I didn't want it to get out that I was still alive, so I knocked her out for a quick second so she'd quiet down. My hands were tied. Then, I tied her up, and told her the whole story. From sailing across Australia to cheaping out on the school endowment, I aired it all out, but most importantly, I told her how much I loved and admired her. She kept saying, "You're a fucking criminal." and "Wait til the police hear about this."

Apparently hearing, "There's only you and me," made her pass out. I decided I should take her to Hawaii, our favorite place. This took a lot of manpower, but I wanted to show her the spark was still there. I planned the whole trip, and on the first couple days, she wouldn't talk, glance, look, or take a peep at me. Once I whipped out a couple plants that looked like her favorite ones from Australia, her eyes teared up. I was winning; she even smelled them. This was one of the most challenging things that had happened to me in years so, it was a thrill to try to win her back.

But, the next day she was dead. The plants were in her hand. I don't exactly know what happened. I think she was allergic to the plants. I swear it was accidental. I freaked out and didn't know what to do, so I just left. I fled and went back to all the fucking koalas and shit. News broke out that she was poisoned with strychnine, like hell I don't even know what that is. Was I wrong for trying to romance her back? I just missed her. But, was I really wrong? She was the one that cheated anyway. AITA? I didn't really mean it...

R.L. Stine Presents: Chemistry With Cthulu, a Choose Your Own Adventure Tale



I should have known. All the clues were there, and I just wasn't paying attention. And look where that's gotten me.

I guess I should start from the beginning. Hi. My name is Caroline Horowitz, and I'm twelve years old and in the sixth grade. I should probably still be in the fifth grade, but I kept biting Mr. Igoe, the fifth-grade social studies teacher, and he told the principal that he was going to sue if they didn't move me up.

Also, my mom is an oxycontin fiend and I don't know who my father is, but most likely candidates are a radiologist, a paranoid schizophrenic, and an actuary who my mom claims is "just a friend."

I'm telling you all of this because I think my lab partner might actually be an interdimensional

space demon who's raised an army of P.S. 41 students by taking over their hearts and minds.

Why do I think this? Well... he kind of looks like an interdimensional space demon. I don't mean that in a mean kind of way, just in an interdimensional-space-demon kind of way. I'd never really given much thought to what an interdimensional space demon would like, but in hindsight, I think the tentacles should have been a dead give-away.

I thought it was weird, but when I asked him about it, he said that it was just a skin condition, so I didn't think about it anymore.

But then this afternoon happened. School was over, and I was out behind the lunchroom, skinning small rodents alive in the garden, when I heard voices and saw

that the lunchroom's back door was open and glowing. The light was all warm and orangey, like there was a furnace in there or something. It didn't look right, so I put my half-skinned squirrel in my backpack for later and went to investigate.

I inched closer, closer, until I could see through the doorway. Standing in the kitchen, surrounded by candles and kids kneeling in prayer, was my lab partner, François.

"Greetingsh, Caroline," he burbled. "We've been ekshpecting you."

That was about thirty seconds ago. Right now, he's laughing, and I'm screaming.

HOW FRIGHTENING! TO CONTINUE THE STORY, TURN TO PAGE 25.



Search in r/relationship_advice

How to tell my girlfriend (29F) that I (35M) am not cheating on her, I'm just a serial killer.

We have been together for 5 years and moved in together last year with plans to get married. I love my girlfriend. In the past year, I feel like I've gotten closer to opening up to her about my work, but after last night, I don't know anymore.

I had recently gone on a work vacation totalling 4 days to Idaho where I met with clients considering state fishing licenses, brought them out and executed them.

For most of this trip, I was unable to contact my girlfriend due to low cell reception and overall business. When I returned home, tired and in someone else's clothes (I had soiled mine and needed to steal a t-shirt and sweatpants), my girlfriend flipped out on me. She started to accuse me of cheating on her while on work trips. She pointed out that I don't call her, talk about "Beretta" all the time, and haven't explained why I go on these trips.

I responded by telling her how much I love her and that I would never do that to her. I told her about my Beretta gun and how I also go on hunting while on these work trips with my buddies, and that's why I'm in someone else's clothes. She didn't really seem to buy it and left our house to go stay with her friends.

I'm really torn on what I should do. Part of me, perhaps my heart, wants to call her, apologize, and explain everything. I really do love her and am excited for our future. I just can't imagine my life without her and, truthfully, I would do anything for her. Another part of me, perhaps my brain, is telling me to play it off, give it a few months, and then offer to take her to Idaho with me, if you get what I'm saying.

Obviously, this wouldn't be an easy decision, and I would miss my girlfriend, but sometimes work has to come first.

Any advice?

+ Add a Comment



AutoModerator • 6 hr. ago • 🔒 📌

Welcome to r/relationship_advice. Please make sure you read our rules here. We'd like to take this time to remind users that:

- We do not allow any type of am I the asshole? or situations/content involving

Op-Ed: Why I, as an Eight-Year-Old, Am Unfazed by My Nightmares

Every night, when mommy and daddy tuck me into bed, I prepare for absolute terror. Without fail, I awake with chills running down my spine, beads of sweat dripping down my forehead, and a blood-curdling scream hanging in the air. What possibly, you might ask, could inspire this level of fear?

Last Thursday, during a particularly vivid nightmare, I was dragged off to an exotic kingdom dubbed the "Homeowners' Association." I sat before the court, full of boomers who possessed an insatiable appetite for racist dog whistles. A list of charges was presented, all ruthless assaults against my character: improper garage door color, inadequate fence height, banned lawn statue (no mixed-race garden gnomes around Grandpa Jim!).

OH THE HORROR! Being the center of attention is bad enough, but encountering arbitrary bureaucratic restrictions that uphold a system perpetuating classism, strengthening car-dependence, and destroying the environment is something else! No wonder I couldn't sit still during the 3rd grade math lesson!

Other nightmares have included even more bone-chilling scenarios: fulfilling a car inspection, marital issues, deciding what to eat for dinner, visiting a chiropractor, navigating making friends in your 30s ... the list goes on.

How could this sheer horror persist you may ask? That was not a question my dreams were concerned with last night; I was presented with the enigma of a "W-2" form. I was not yet to the third box when the

petrifying reality struck me: I am wasting tedious hours of my own labor to enable the bombing of countries halfway across the world or the granting of tax breaks to corporate executives poisoning the earth, all legitimized and executed through an unacceptably undemocratic system! OH THE HUMANITY!!! PURE TERROR I SAY!!!

Thankfully, I have learned how to not let these grim images scare me anymore, for the things in one's nightmares are never real. I now reject fantasy and bury these irrational fears as soon as I open my eyes.

The world may be an unnerving place with its unusual creatures, but I am equipped to handle them. I keep salt on one side of my bed for ghosts and garlic on the other for vampires. Killing a small horde of zombies is a biweekly occurrence for me. I use my connections in the moon industry to counter the presence of werewolves (unfortunately, these efforts may get caught up in litigation over the constitutionality of replacing every full moon with a waning gibbous). Sure, my life has its fair share of inconveniences, but I thank God every day that nothing as terrifying as the "Homeowners' Association" exists.



Freshmen Beware! Avoid the Fates of These Unfortunate Stanford Alumni...

Barry N. McCawkiner (1871-1889): Died attempting to explore the Stanford steam tunnels... while they were still fully operational and full of boiling hot steam. Some say if you explore the steam tunnels today you can still hear the horrible moaning from Barry N. McCawkiner!

Harry Sach (1887-1906): Died under the Leland Stanford Junior Memorial Arch as it collapsed during the 1906 earthquake. "In seismology 101 they said being under a sturdy arch was the safest place to be during an earthquake. Liars!!!"

Anita Hardcok (1900-1920): Died of boredom waiting in the long line at the package centre to mail in the first vote from a female Stanford student. ...This was all in vain, however, as she confused her right to participate in male-only elections with the right to participate in mail-only elections.

Wang Phat (1907-1926): Died from going to a speakeasy SNU party under prohibition, drinking too much of the unregulated home-brewed moonshine, and getting tricked into marrying the infamous black widow killer Louise Peete.

Ima Hoare (1913-1935): The very first Stanford student to literally die of depression! Well... Close. The first Stanford student to die because they couldn't afford medical care during the Great Depression. She would later become the face of

Vaden as her family donated to the upkeep of on-campus healthcare. So remember, when you think of the wonderful workers at Vaden, imagine what it would be like without all the Hoares!

Ivana Hafsechs (1932-1953): Died from polio because she was convinced vaccines were dangerous, and so she refused to take it when it was distributed the year prior. Many right-wing students all over the country still follow her lead today, and die from preventable diseases in the name of sticking it to "big pharma."

Eric Shun (1943-1965): Died when he took a gap year and was subsequently drafted to serve in Vietnam. His fellow platoon soldier, Private Gump, couldn't run fast enough to save him AND Lieutenant Dan before a rain of bombs fell down on the jungle they were besieging. Why did Private Gump pick Lieutenant Dan over him? Because Eric was always strong and stiff, and Private Gump felt bad that Lieutenant Dan didn't have a leg to stand on.

Jenny Tulworts (1955-1975): When Roe v. Wade legalised abortions all across the United States, Jenny made it her mission to set the record for most abortions ever performed on one woman. She spent every other Saturday at Columbae in "the Sex room," and every other Friday at the local Planned Parenthood. It all went well for two years, until 1975

hit and the doctors performing her 300th abortion got caught up watching the first episode of Saturday Night Live- and she bled to death just as the credits began to roll.

Jack Knauf (1967-1986): Died when he was studying abroad in BOSF's Stanford Ukraine program, and toured the Chernobyl Power Plant on just the wrong day. Sources say he tried to hide from the radiation by locking himself in his rental car, and as a language student rather than a STEM student, he didn't realise that a car door was not enough to stop the spread of radioactivity, nor did he realise that his rental car was still perfectly operational and he could have driven away at any time. Pick your study abroad locations wisely!

Wilma Dickfit (1976-1997): Former president of the Christian Students Association, died of a heart attack after reading the first Harry Potter book as it came fresh off of the press. The rest of the Christian Students Association subsequently declared that Harry Potter was clearly "one of the most demonic books ever written", and in Wilma's honour, the book was temporarily banned on campus. (The Feminist Students Association complained that it was offensive to the girls who claimed to be "the granddaughters of the witches they could not burn", and so this ban was revoked soon after).

Bears of America:

Cocaine Bear in the Context of Greater Recorded Bear History

When in the course of human events, there exist events that are human. However, there also exist events in the course of human events that are not human but rather are bear.



Pictured left is **George-Bear Washington-Bear McBearfacehead** crossing the **Bearaware Rivbear**.

It can be hard to believe that this historic action led to our Bear of Rights, giving all creatures (humans, bears, ghouls, etc.) the freedom to, among other things, salmon, their own arms, and to be a really shitty mascot for really shitty schools.

Of course, we've come a long way since then. The country has survived continuous economic downturn due to exclusively bear markets. Richard Nixon fucked the American people. And, less than two decades ago, Barack Obama, the first black bear president was elected.

Though, it always hasn't been rainbows and butterflies. As we know, some bears have taken to drug and substance use. We know them as:

Fun fact: the Continental Army had to delay their attack by 4 hours for this painting to be completed, losing them the war! God save the King.

tip! bears rock, but they aren't rocks! They're Marsupials!



tip! cocaine is a federal crime in some circles!

1. Cocaine Bear:

Arguably the most famous of the drug bears having a movie made about it. Some people may recognize this bear as the one on the California flag. Due to its modeling career and use of the devil's nose clams, often, cocaine bear has been cited as setting an unrealistic beauty standard for normal, non-cocaine-skinny bears.

2. Black Tar Heroin Bear



Taylor Swift always tells us to 'Shake it Off!' but you know what's hard to shake off? A black tar heroin addiction! Heroin can give you "Bad Blood," which isn't in "Style." So, instead of going to the "Eras Tour," this bear should head-a over to the hospital and get on methadone before it "dies a gruesome, painful, meaningless death."

3. LSD Bear



"Like shit like fuck like damn dude... You ever think, like, the sun is kinda just a metaphor, y'know. Also, can you stop making your facial features twirl around in a circle on your face. It's pissing me off."

Mud Man

I had lived my life for this moment.

The Abominable Mud Man is mine. He's mine! It took me five years to imprison him in my custom-made bulletproof Tupperware cage (it took a lot of explaining to the company). No one believed me as the wet, icky bastard tortured me. But vengeance, vengeance is mine. Oh when my ex-wife sees this, she's going to wish she never had me committed.

"You lost, jackass! I WON!"

I cackled in amusement. It was intoxicating, the way my tears melded with my laughter in the pale, clouded sunlight. I wasn't crazy. He's here, right here. I'm not crazy. Did you know that?

"I'm not crazy Mud Man!"

I didn't know what to do with myself. I felt soooooooo good. I wanted to call my daughter and share my joy with her, something I haven't done since I wrote her out of the will. Mud Man, however, decided to start whimpering.

"Oh, yeah, cry. Cry, you wet shit! Everyone is going to see that I was right! Because...because..."

Mud Man started crying. Big, brown, sloppy tears dripped slowly down his face. He was in pain. Or at least, I thought he was.

That didn't matter. Nothing mattered, except that people will finally believe me. My ex-wife, estranged daughter, hell, the entire town will see that the mudslide didn't destroy my crop four years

ago because I didn't fix the retaining wall near that large, imposing hill that was on my farm (which, itself, is now a Walmart). Nor will they think that my misfortune had anything to do with my uselessness at building things, or my prideful rejection of help. No; after I zap Mud Man into a mud cake, I'm going to parade him in town as all the townsfolk crowd around me like I'm the hero I rightfully am.

Maybe I'll take him on a national tour and earn some money to start afresh, maybe I'll just put him in the Honky Tonk and spend the rest of my days recounting the story of how I caught Mud Man. I don't know; before this dirty monster ruined my life I used to be an easy, breezy guy, and I'm looking forward to becoming that sort of person again.



Maybe I'll take him on a national tour and earn some money to start afresh, maybe I'll just put him in the Honky Tonk and spend the rest of my days recounting the story of how I caught Mud Man. I don't know; before this dirty monster ruined my life I used to be an easy, breezy guy, and I'm looking forward to becoming that sort of person again.

But then, like an idiot, I looked into Mud Man's eyes. Those big, bulbous, brown orbs reminded me of my dog, Joey. He was a big German Shepherd, and honestly, he didn't like me much. I was always more of a cat person, and he had a habit of biting my hands, as if he knew of my feline indiscretion. Needless to say, he went to my ex-wife in both divorces (long story). But there were times when, in the middle of cursing the damned creature and wondering how fast I could get the pound to take the bastard, he would give me those exact same eyes which said, "don't do this: I

can't help myself." I did put the dog in the pound eventually, and then had to frantically search the area for another, similarly shaped and sized German Shepherd to make sure my wife never noticed. And the new Joey also kept biting me and didn't show one lick of difference to the old Joey. But, excluding those moments, I felt that the world required me to be merciful.

So looking at Mud Man, who was all sniffing and hurting, I felt empathy. Because Mud Man, despite being a bit of a mess and the antagonist of my own journey, was a living thing. And as someone who has felt the pain of others' disappointment in their futures, anger at the world, and scorn at myself, I decided to show mercy. I took the plastic cage off him, and we had this amazing moment. We had been enemies for goodness knows how long, but now, as we looked in each other's eyes, we understood each other. Like the Old Man and the Sea creature from

that one Hemingway book (I forget the name), we had a bond that transcended the bounds of nature.

But then it started to rain. Hard.

It was one of those freak super-storms that only lasts for five minutes, but makes everything really wet. You know, at that moment it made sense why I only ever saw Mud Man in the woods or places near caves: because in those places, he could always find shelter from storms that threaten his life. And sadly, we were in a very open field, 50 feet away from the forest. He ran like hell trying to get back under the trees, but he had no chance. Thirty seconds, he was gone, washed away like water under a bridge. One moment, he was there, the next, gone.

So I did what any normal man would do in my shoes.

I sat down on the ground.

I sighed.

And I said, "Well, shit."

STOPS LEAKS FAST!
Works on earth, wind, fire, and water

FLEX SEAL LIQUID RUBBER SEALANT COATING
FLEX SEAL LIQUID RUBBER SEALANT COATING
FLEX SEAL LIQUID RUBBER SEALANT COATING

Cook like HANNIBAL LECTOR

RECIPES FROM EVERYONE'S FAVOURITE CANNIBAL!

CANDIED KIWIS

Servings: 4
Ingredients
½ cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
4 whole New Zealanders, fresh
Assorted berries

Instructions

1. Beat Kiwis until docile.
2. Peel Kiwis and cut into thin slices.
3. In a large saucepan, combine sugar and water and bring to a boil. Allow to simmer until sugar is dissolved.
4. Add Kiwi slices to saucepan and cook covered for 1 hour. Reduce heat gradually as syrup starts to foam. Take Kiwis out of saucepan and serve with berries, chilled or at room temperature.

BRUSCHETTA

Servings: 12
Ingredients
¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
1 ½ Tbsp minced fresh garlic
26 oz. roma tomatoes, diced (about 7-8)
¼ cup finely shredded parmesan cheese
1 Tbsp balsamic vinegar, or more to taste
¾ tsp kosher salt, then more to taste
½ tsp freshly ground black pepper
¼ cup chopped basil ribbons (chiffonade)
1 (14.5 oz) loaf hearty french bread sliced into 1/2-inch thick slices

Instructions

1. For tomato mixture: Heat olive oil in a small skillet or saucepan over medium-low heat. Add garlic and saute until just starting to turn golden (don't brown it), about 1 minute.
2. Pour into a large mixing bowl. Let cool while you chop the tomatoes and basil.
3. Pour tomatoes into bowl with cooled oil mixture. Add parmesan, basil, balsamic vinegar, salt and pepper. Toss mixture well. Serve right away over toasted bread (spoon some of the juices along with it). Garnish with more parmesan if desired.

LIVER AND FAVA BEANS (PAIRED WITH A NICE CHIANTI)

Servings: 2
Ingredients:
250g (9oz) fava beans, shelled
a bowl of iced water
splash of vegetable oil
350g (12oz) liver, cleaned, trimmed and cut into slices
2 knobs of butter
salt and ground black pepper
a glass of nice Chianti, to serve

Instructions:

1. Place the beans in unsalted water and bring to the boil for 2-3 minutes. Drain and place in a bowl of iced water. When cold, slip the beans out of their skins. If the skins are tough, you may need to nick them with a sharp knife. Pop the bright green beans into a separate bowl.
2. Heat a frying pan until hot and add the oil to the pan. Season the liver with salt and pepper, then briefly cook over a high heat, turning to cook on both sides. Quickly cook the liver over a high heat for a moment or so on each side. The liver should be a little crisp on the outside but still pink in the middle. Add a knob of butter to the pan, turning the liver all the time to coat. Remove from the pan and place on a warm plate to rest.
3. Add the second knob of butter to the pan and when melted toss in the beans. Combine well with the butter and liver juices and warm through.
4. Serve the liver and fava beans on a warmed plate with a glass of Chianti.



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"Roman Catholic Students For Crusades" Seeks New Members For Upcoming Project!

Reply to: Death2AllNonWhiteNonCatholics@tutanota.com

Date: 2023-10-26

Indeed my friends, it has been far too long since a glorious crusade in the name of God has been undertaken. When we, the founders of Stanford Roman Catholic Students For Crusades, were made aware of the fact that no Stanford students have EVER participated in a true crusade before, we were outraged! We believe that everybody has the right to, without any justification necessary, absolutely hate the Jews, the Muslims, the Pagans, the Eastern Orthodox, the inhabitants of the Middle East, the inhabitants of Eastern Europe, the inhabitants of Africa, the inhabitants of Western Europe who aren't Roman Catholic, and so on, and so forth. Not only do we believe that everybody has the right to hate these groups, we also believe that everybody has the right to righteously cross from our glorious homeland down to Constantinople, Jerusalem, and beyond, killing anybody along the way who tries to stop them. We have slowly begun campaigning for more programs in this area, but we are still woefully lacking in manpower. If you have ever wanted to unleash hell against the enemies of the Lord, please reach out! Members of the club will have first preference to the upcoming Alternative Spring Break trip beginning with Latin classes and combat training in Italy and ending in a glorious victory feast for survivors near the Dead Sea. Some of you may die, but it is a sacrifice that we all must be willing to make. We need as many members as possible to make this trip happen, and to make any other future trips happen as well! Remember, you will be acting as a Sacred Vessel of the Lord, and the reward for this is Eternal Salvation! The survivor at the end of the trip who has accumulated the most kills will win the honour of being the next club president. It's time for Stanford students to really make a difference in this world. Apply today!

NEED HELP! Alternative For Murderology???

Reply to: NewFreshman@stanford.edu

Date: 2023-10-20

OMG Guys, I totally, totally fucked up. When I got into Stanford, I was just so excited to show my parents that I didn't even look to see if they had the major I wanted! I figured, they have a whole bunch of stupid majors like anthropology and communication, so it doesn't make sense! Why would they have a major in furry studies and how to talk good, but not how to murder people?! I come from a long line of murderers, and honestly, I think my parents would be so disappointed in me if I pursued any other career path!! So, I really need your help. If anybody out there has any suggestions for majors that are good alternatives to murderology, please please please reach out! I've gotten a couple of suggestions- lots of people said that mathematics and chemical engineering have made them contemplate murder way more than they ever thought they would, but I'm just not sure! My undergraduate advisor is no help at all, they don't have any appointments until next AUGUST, but I don't have that much time! UGHHH! Please, I'll pay you whatever you want, just give me suggestions! Should I take human biology? Islamic studies??? I'm not sure where to start. PLS HELP!

This timely warning is being sent in compliance with the Clery Act. FAQs about the Clery Act and the AlertSU notifications can be found here: <https://police.stanford.edu/pdf/Clery-FAQ.PDF>

Type of Incident Reported: Student eaten by zombified Leland Stanford
Date/Time of Incident: 10/17/23 13:66am
Location: Palm Drive and Campus Drive

Additional Details: At 10/17/23, at 13:66am, Leland Stanford Junior was wandering the roads, evidently arisen from his grave. When asked his intentions, he reported that was "down bad" and was "desperate for some orange juice." He then devoured the student taking the video, from whose phone this information was gleaned. The video then cuts to black with mild squelching and screaming audible in the background. Mr. Stanford can be heard saying "that was bussin" and "goddamn R&DE couldn't fit that on a seven inch plate."

Mr. Stanford was last seen approaching Main Quad down Palm Drive, shouting, "All these fancy buildings! For people who weren't even mom and daddy's kids!" and "I am going to kill every single student in the entire school." We do not believe an active threat is posed to the university or its students at this time.

If you have information about this crime, please call the Stanford University Department of Public Safety at (650) 329-2413, 24 hours 7 days a week. Updates, when available, will be posted at <https://police.stanford.edu/pdf/Leland-Junior-Eats-Student.pdf>

Safety Recommendations:

- Remind Mr. Stanford that he cannot legally kill nor eat you without your consent.
- Avoid distractions such as talking or texting with a cell phone when on foot.
- Don't sue us or you'll wish he actually did kill you.

On Dining Hall Plates

The small dining hall plates have ruined my life and reputation.

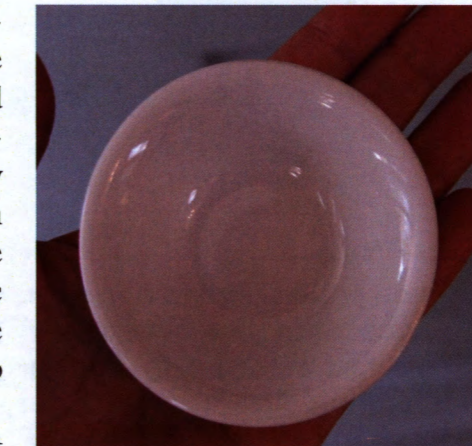
Tell me, how am I supposed to fit a sufficient meal on that goddamn plate? With the old plates, I knew how much of the surface area needed to be covered to satiate my appetite. Now it's like I've been thrown back into the haze of NSO, reappraising my eating habits and adjusting to foreign tableware. I am this world's most miserable creature

The other day I went to make a burrito bowl in Stern, except instead of the bowls, now all they have are those minuscule plates. I started with the carnitas, which looked tender and stringy, the way I like it. My muscle memory took over, and with a couple of scoops that would have covered a mere quarter of a classic plate, I absolutely eclipsed one of the new tiny bitchass plates. I wanted to fucking kill myself.

There was a little space left on the plate, so I shoved some beans in there. To avoid them falling off, I packed everything up tight with the serving spoon, significantly increasing the vertical footprint of my meal.

I wanted to go ham on the lechuga, and for a less determined diner, it would have been a lost cause. I sprinkled that shit on anyways because I was not gonna sacrifice my culinary craft for insufficient tableware. A few shreds fell to the ground after tumbling off the side of the mound, but I managed to balance the rest on the peak of the mountain

I went in on the salsa, rojo y verde, spooning it around the sides of the topographical creation to form a spicy ravine. I skipped the sour cream because I was already working through my weekly bout with lactose-induced diarrhea. Speaking of which, my plate was overflowing with mushy-viscous-brown deliciousness: a 5-inch conical mound that would have been merely an inch in depth on the plates of old.



It was at this point that I arrived at the totopos, those corny crunchy fuckers that make my day. Little did I know that today, they would be my undoing.

I considered grabbing a new plate for the chips, though I saw I was already holding up a line of eager lunchers. I attempted to put the first few chips on, but my standard dropping altitude produced a velocity far too hot and heavy. They bounced off my heap and fell to the ground with a piercing crackle. I felt eyes on me. Shaking now, I tried for more, using the strategy of

individually stabbing them into my slushy concoction with the tongs. As my muscles tensed, the chips broke under my grip, but I managed to poke a few in. It was a promising start, and with the world watching, I kept going for more. It was exhilarating. With all of Stern as my witness, I was outsmarting R&DE's ploy to cut down on my consumption. I got cocky. I lost focus. I didn't stop to realize that those thin tortilla shards were displacing significant quantities of burrito sludge. As I basked in my accomplishment, it all crossed the point of no return.

As goop and juices poured off my plate, over my hands, and onto the floor, I heard the gasps of dining staff and patrons. I tried my best to remedy the situation by tilting the plate to counterbalance, but the mound was too unstable, and continued plopping to the slick tiled floor below. I slipped backward on fallen pork juice and consequently threw the plate up into the air. I watched it soar in slow motion as I myself fell to the ground. It landed, slop-down, on top off an elderly war veteran. Within the splash zone were five babies and a paraplegic puppy. My ambition had damned me. My bowels churned.

I can no longer show my face in Stern Dining.

Please, whoever is reading this, bring back those big beautiful plates. I'm too far gone, but there is still time to save others from succumbing to my fate.

Ask Angus



Stanford's favorite dating guru and Travis Kelce enthusiast is back to answer your questions on matters of the heart (as well as the rest of the circulatory system)!

Dear Angus,

I have been having a lot of trouble in the cellar basement bedroom lately. Every time I try to engage in intimate activity, there seems to be loud screaming noises coming from inside the house. This really kills the mood, what can I do?

Sincerely,
Person who just wants quiet sex

Dear bottom,

It seems like you may have the unfortunate problem of a hostage crying for help in your house. I would try to open the door to your dark cellar, and eliminate the hostage to reduce the noise. Alternatively, you could embrace the screams for life into your bedroom acts, hearing them as passionate moans instead. I find this helps when I murder my own hostages

Angus

Hey you sexy beast,

Nobody wants to go on a date with me after I got this fungus on my body. It started when I had a near-death experience, then suddenly awoke very sleepy and had very little fine motor control. This has been hard because at the same time I've started craving human connection and juicy brains, I mean intellectual conversations. How can I trap people if they want nothing to do with me?

From,
leatBrainz

Dear Dominic,

My first suggestion for getting people to like you is to change majors from CS to literally anything else. I find the tastiest brains come from those in the humanities, especially in the English department. Because there are so few of them, they are also desperate for more people with whom

to have intellectual conversations, so they should be an easy target. Good luck!

Angus



R.L. Stine Presents: Chemistry With Cthulu, a Choose Your Own Adventure Tale



"Shtop shcreaming," he blurbles after five minutes. When I don't stop, he throws a candle at me with one of his face-tentacles.

I can't help it. I just can't believe he was a cosmic space deity the entire time. He hid it so well.

And now here I am, standing completely exposed in the hell-orange kitchen, nothing but a mutilated squirrel to my name, about to be cannibalized by my zombified classmates.

"What'sh the matter, Caroline?" Francois glurbles. "There appearsh to be shomething troubling you, but I'm shtruggling to understand."

"Tell me what the hell is going on," I say, trying not to shake. "What you've done these kids."

"Nothing. Theshe are jusht

my new friendsh," he says, gesturing with two face-tentacles at the kids kneeling around him.

"What's wrong with them?" I ask.

"Nothing'sh wrong," he gloobles. "Right, guysh?"

They all nod slowly, aching-ly, as if fighting against the motion. One of them meows.

"So what," I say. "Are you going to make me a zombie, make me one of them?"

"Of coursh not, that would be abshurd," he bloobles. "But I can't have you telling anybody about thish. What I'm thinking ish that I'll shimply rewind time. Your memoriesh of thish day will be erased, and it will be ash if you shtarted the day over."

"Erase my memories? I don't

know..."

"I'll shupply you with five hundred shquirrelsh."

"Deal."

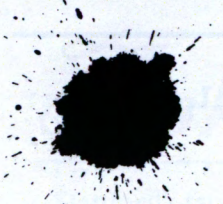
As he beckons me closer, I begin to wonder how I'm supposed to hold him to his end of the bargain if my memories will be erased. But those thoughts drift far away, far away, as his red-yellow eyes swirl and brighten, and I drift away into spectacular visions of octopus-men and small woodland creatures...

IT WOULD APPEAR AS IF YOUR MIND WAS ERASED. HOW UNFORTUNATE! IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO START THE STORY OVER AND TRY AGAIN, TURN TO PAGE 12.

LIVE MUSIC

Come to the Arbor this Friday to see Stanford's new glamrock sensation: a CS-themed tribute band by the name of Durand Durand!





You Think Your Job is Hard? I Literally Guard The Gates of Hell

People are too soft nowadays. Mortgage this, healthcare that. Have you ever been a three-headed dog who is eternally doomed to guard the gates of Hell? I don't mean to complain, but I have the worst job in the world. And the Underworld, too.

You think your boss is bad? Try working for Hades. Man, that guy has no imagination. I've never even seen him laugh, except for when he saw a child trip and fall head-first into the Styx. One time he spent a thousand years reading Chomsky, and then he tried to organize Hell into independent communes. I thought the idea was derivative, but whatever. On that note, why is he so banal? You'd think an immortal necromancer of the Underworld would have some original ideas, but he's always hopping onto other people's jokes and repeating them with more emphasis on the wrong syllables. Like, sorry Hades, but it's not "we're THE aristocrats", unless you're trying to say it wrong.

Tired of working service?

How about you try greeting the dead? I try to be friendly, you know, give them a "hello" or a "welcome in", but they never respond, because they're too bummed out about being dead. Some people are alright - Mussolini was pretty genial - but others are really weird. P.T. Barnum tried to put me in his next show, and Michael Jackson asked me to be a witness for his next wedding. I politely refused both advances, and sent them off to Hell. I'm still waiting for Dick Fuld - he's still alive, but my boss told me to go ahead and add him to the VIP list.

Not getting paid enough? I am not getting paid at all. Hades tells me I consented to come down here, but that's also what he told Persephone before he kidnapped her. And there are no good perks. Sure, I get full dental...for only one of my heads. Do you know how weird it is to have one dog-head with perfect white teeth and the other two with chompers like Steve Buscemi? Nothing against Steve, by the way, he was pretty friendly when he came in. Wait,

you're telling me Steve Buscemi is still alive? Then who did I let into Hell?



Maybe I'm being too harsh. After Ronald Reagan told me about his tax cuts, I began to worry about the current generation. I may be chained to Hercules for all eternity, but at least I have job security, something that 15% of people in America don't have. Granted, I don't know what America is, but that still seems scary. Unemployment is low thanks to robust federal spending and a smaller labor force but financial stress among millennials has never been higher, with inflation increasing borrow-

ing costs and the threat of a government shutdown. Again, I do not know what any of this means, but it seems tough up there in America, and I hope they get through it. You know, I think I'm the problem. My therapist says I need to relate more positively to my surroundings, which is difficult when you have a serpent for a tail (and a wise-ass serpent at that). But I'm trying to look forward to things, like our centennial corporate retreat to the Garden of Adonis,

and flag football on Sundays with Jimmy Hoffa. And I don't have to worry about taxes, or skincare, or politics, so that's cool too. For all of my whining, being Gatekeeper of the Underworld is a pretty awesome gig, and I should take the time to enjoy what I have. I guess what I'm saying is that the secret to happiness is to temper our expectations, and take pride in what we individually contribute to society. Anyway, I'm off to bark at some dead people.



Cerberus at the Gates of Hell

God of Horror Movies

The wet rattle of the Monster's machine shook the walls of the haunted mansion, a floor beneath them. The Jock and the Final Girl huddled in a shadowy corner of a broom closet, four inches apart.

"We're going to die," the Jock said.

"Jocks can't die," the Final Girl said loudly, as booming footsteps began to make their way up the rickety staircase. "I think we should split up."

"How does that help us?!" the Jock whisper-screamed.

The Final Girl ignored him. She stood up and pushed the closet door open slowly. "Stop!" the Jock pleaded, sounding more like his pre-Jock self by the second, but the Final Girl paid no mind, darting into the hallway and out of sight.

The Jock buried his head in his lap, whimpering in fear. The Monster's footsteps grew closer, and closer, and closer until the floorboards beneath his numb legs threatened to loosen out of place and slam into his face. He squeezed his eyes shut tight, when suddenly the closet door flew open.

A putrid smell, a blast of wind, an awful sawing noise, and then— nothing. He was sure he had died, but seconds later, he raised his head and looked into the jaws of a great machine that stood as tall as the closet doorway.

Another sawing noise— and then a voice, garbled, like a computer had caught a bad cold. "Why is

there only one of you?" When the Jock was too frightened to speak, the throaty voice continued. "My machine can only swallow two at once. Where's the rest?"

Before the Jock could answer, a great cackling noise from up above began and then slowly amplified, like a radio being turned up. From some portal in the ceiling, a great cloaked figure descended, glowing orange and black, shrouded in the choking smell of death and decay, a mysterious green liquid dripping from its cloak.

"I am the God of Horror Movies," the figure said, or didn't really say; the Jock felt at the base of his spine, rather than heard his words. "And you have failed on your day of Judgement."

"But we did everything right!" the Jock wailed. "We split up like they always do, and —"

The God of Horror Movies scoffed. "You fool, you're too clever for your own good. You're not supposed to be here. It's her!" and he jabbed a finger over his shoulder with the air of a tired director. "She should be the one to defeat the movie's Monster in the ultimate character reversal and plot twist!" He sighed. "I had such better casts in the nineties."

With the indifference of dismissing the fate of a beetle crushed beneath his heel, he waved his right hand in a grand sweeping motion, and the scene was wiped like a watercolor from Jock's vision. He had

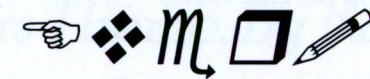
feeling the feeling of twisting and turning and falling through endless space and time, until out of clouds of nameless smoke materialized a new world around him — on a black terrain that stretched as far as the eye could see, all dregs of humanity bustled in their own worlds, each group oblivious of the others: children chanting over spellbooks, devils looming over fornicators, teenagers sneaking into abandoned lots, lumbering monsters with half-melted faces... The din was deafening.

"What... Where am I?" he asked no one in particular, and one curly-haired boy rushing past her, being chased by a mad scientist, shouted an answer.

"You're in Horror Movie Hell!"

"What??"
"The place where all the failed characters go!" he shouted, his voice growing more and more distant. "Where the unfulfilled tropes and the botched storylines wind up to correct for time unending..."

"Wh..." But then, there was a tap on her shoulder, and he turned to see Final Girl— but wait, it wasn't quite Final Girl... it was like seeing a poor doppelganger of Final Girl. Just when he had barely gotten over the shock of realizing that his Final Girl wasn't the only one, this one whispered, conspiratorially, the line that would haunt him and ricochet in his mind for the rest of time: "We're going to die. Please! Don't go."



Handwritten text in a stylized, illegible script, possibly a mix of symbols and characters, arranged in columns across the right page.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE DISTRICT OF SUPERNATURAL AFFAIRS

Walter Peck, Esq. and All Other Affected,
Plaintiffs,

v.

Ray Parker Jr., Columbia Pictures, and The Ghostbusters,
Defendants.

CASE NO.: 666-ECTO1

COMPLAINT FOR MISLEADING REPRESENTATION
AND DEMAND FOR CORRECTIVE MEASURES

The Plaintiffs bring forth this action in response to the grossly misleading and hazardous implications set forth in the song "Ghostbusters" by Ray Parker Jr., which was popularized in the motion picture of the same name, produced by Columbia Pictures.

Due to the repeated and catchy refrain, "Who you gonna call? Ghostbusters!", the Plaintiffs, during a time of grave crisis, mistakenly and reasonably believed the Ghostbusters to be a legitimate emergency response entity. This misguided belief, perpetuated by the song's ubiquitous presence in popular culture, directly led to the Plaintiffs calling the Ghostbusters while their residence was engulfed in flames, rather than contacting the appropriate emergency services.

The time lost in this critical moment, coupled with the confusion that ensued, led to extensive property damage, severe physical injury, and emotional trauma. The Plaintiffs assert that the Defendants are directly responsible for the misleading nature of the song and, therefore, the subsequent harm suffered.

The New and Improved Ghostbusters Theme, by Ray Parker Jr.

**IF THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE...
IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD...
WHO YOU GONNA CALL...?**

National Neighborhood Watch: (800) 424-7827

**IF THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD...
AND IT DON'T LOOK GOOD...
WHO YOU GONNA CALL...?**

Department of Homeland Security: 1-877-4FPS-411 (1-877-437-7411)

**IF YOU'RE SEEING THINGS...
RUNNING THROUGH YOUR HEAD...
WHO CAN YOU CALL...?**

National Alliance on Mental Illness (NAMI Schizophrenia Hotline): 1-800-950-NAMI (6264)

**AN INVISIBLE MAN...
SLEEPIN' IN YOUR BED...
OH, WHO YOU GONNA CALL...?**

National Sexual Assault Hotline: 1-800-656-HOPE (4673)

WHO YOU GONNA CALL...?

Nine-One-One: 911

SAMHSA National Helpline: 1-800-662-HELP: (4357)

National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 988

Childhelp National Child Abuse Hotline: 1-800-4-A-Child or 1-800-422-4453

National Domestic Violence Hotline: 1-800-799-SAFE (7233)

SAMHSA Disaster Distress Helpline: 1-800-985-5990

National Eating Disorders Association (NEDA) Helpline: 1-800-931-2237

Rape Abuse and Incest National Network (RAINN): 1-800-656-HOPE (4673)

LGBT National Hotline: 1-888-843-4564

National Runaway Safeline: 1-800-RUNAWAY (1-800-786-2929)

Veterans Crisis Line: 1-800-273-TALK (8255)

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