

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Civil War

THE SUBSTITUTE MUSKET



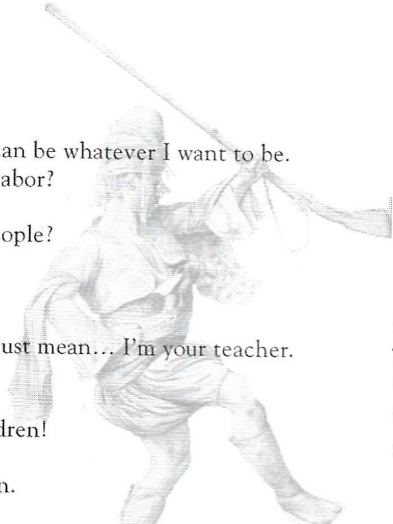
He once was a man, and now he is a musket.

James F. Willoshire contracted a rare form of post-traumatic stress in which he developed symptoms of being a musket. First went the hair, and soon he looked like a musket. Trying to recover a sense of normalcy, he now serves the town of Lexington as a substitute teacher.



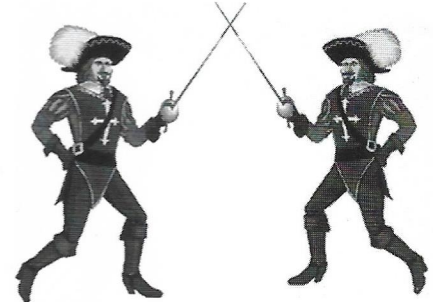
James F. Willoshire, b. 1768, at the wedding of Sir John Flagstaff and Madeline Libson

Child My mom says that when I grow up, I can be whatever I want to be.
Musket In what profession does your Mother labor?
Child She's a doctor.
Musket So you mean she gives death to old people?
Child I don't think so.
Musket She gives death to old people.
Child You're mean.
Musket Maybe so, but until Tuesday, I'm not just mean... I'm your teacher.



Musket Time to go to the recess grounds, children!
Child I have to use the restroom school.
Musket You are hampering your own education.

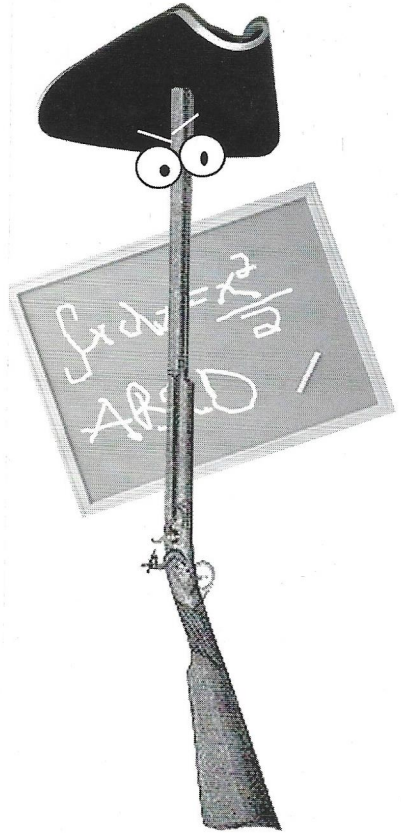
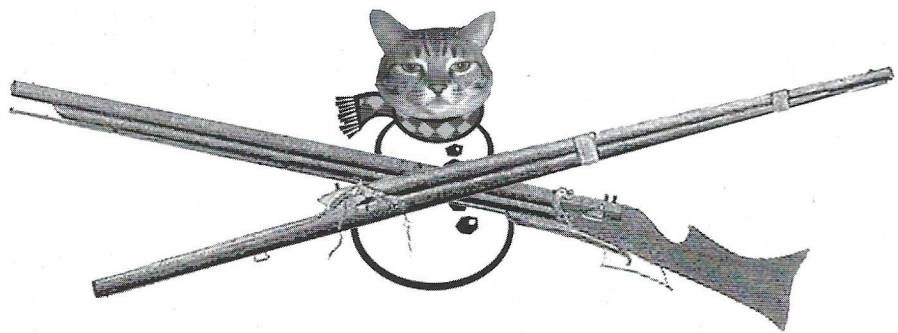
Child Here's an apple for you, Sir.
Musket What a kind and thoughtful philanthropy. To you, Jimmy, my gratitude has been endowed.
Child Really, it's nothing, my mom made me bring it.
Musket In that case, I shall have nary a bite.



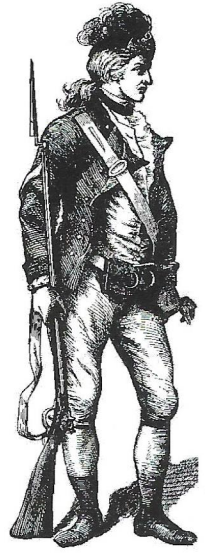
Two men dancing with swords.

Child When is our real teacher coming back to the schoolhouse?
Musket Whenever you apologize for making him leave.
Child But I thought he had the pox!

Musket Such a valiant attempt at a snowman, Sally.
Child It's my cat. Her name is Snowball because she looks like snow.
Musket Such witchcraft will not be tolerated. I must shoot it all with my head.



Musket, c. 1788



Musket posing with man, c. 1789

THE SECRET NUT JOURNALS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

June 7, 1878: Today is my 14th birthday. That is fourteen years living in a world without a portable and convenient sandwich spread. I am so tired of these ham hocks and turkey chops that just go stale after a long day of travel through the hills. And so today I embark upon on a most precarious journey. I shall turn a solid victual into a smooth and refined liquid spread that can be stored in canister and applied at will.

August 14, 1879: Today I invented a mortar and pestle so I could easily crush and refine the proteins. I crushed horse kidneys and bird stones. I crushed deer antler and fishtail. But alas, nothing became delicious or liquid. Today I am discouraged, but tomorrow is a new day.

March 15, 1880: I have had a most splendid breakthrough: Beans. I am so agitated with excitement, I cannot hold my hands steady. Perhaps they will be the answer to this devilish challenge of portable foods.

September 21, 1880: The answer! I have found it today. I will make the spread out of nuts and oils. But which nut, and which oil? There are so many kinds and so many ways.

October 10, 1880: Ah, this damn'ed Cashew nut. It cracks, but it will not crush. The flavour is lost. Such a beautiful color and aroma, but the texture is all wrong. Course and grainy, it will never do. If there were the runt of nuts, or another pest that did not make a convenient meal to carry, I have found it.

January 1, 1890: I have been rejuvenated in my quest. For today I was told by my bittermost rival that my ambitions have always been made pointless by very fact of the fruit and berry jellies. 'They already will stay preserved,' he touted. 'What is more they are sweet to the tongue.' I am sorry. That was uncouth.

March 13, 1890: I am growing wary of this common and heedless faith in simple carbohydrates. They simply do not provide the necessary nutrition for extended vigor. I will turn my efforts to thicker spreads containing more of the fatter oils.

March 14, 1890: The fatty oils disgust me. I am quitting this futile quest once and for all.

Historical Note: George Washington Carver went on to invent the peanut, and then developed over 300 different uses for peanut butter. However, he declined to found a University dedicated to the consumption of simple carbohydrates.

HAPARRAL CRASH COMICS



February 1942 15c

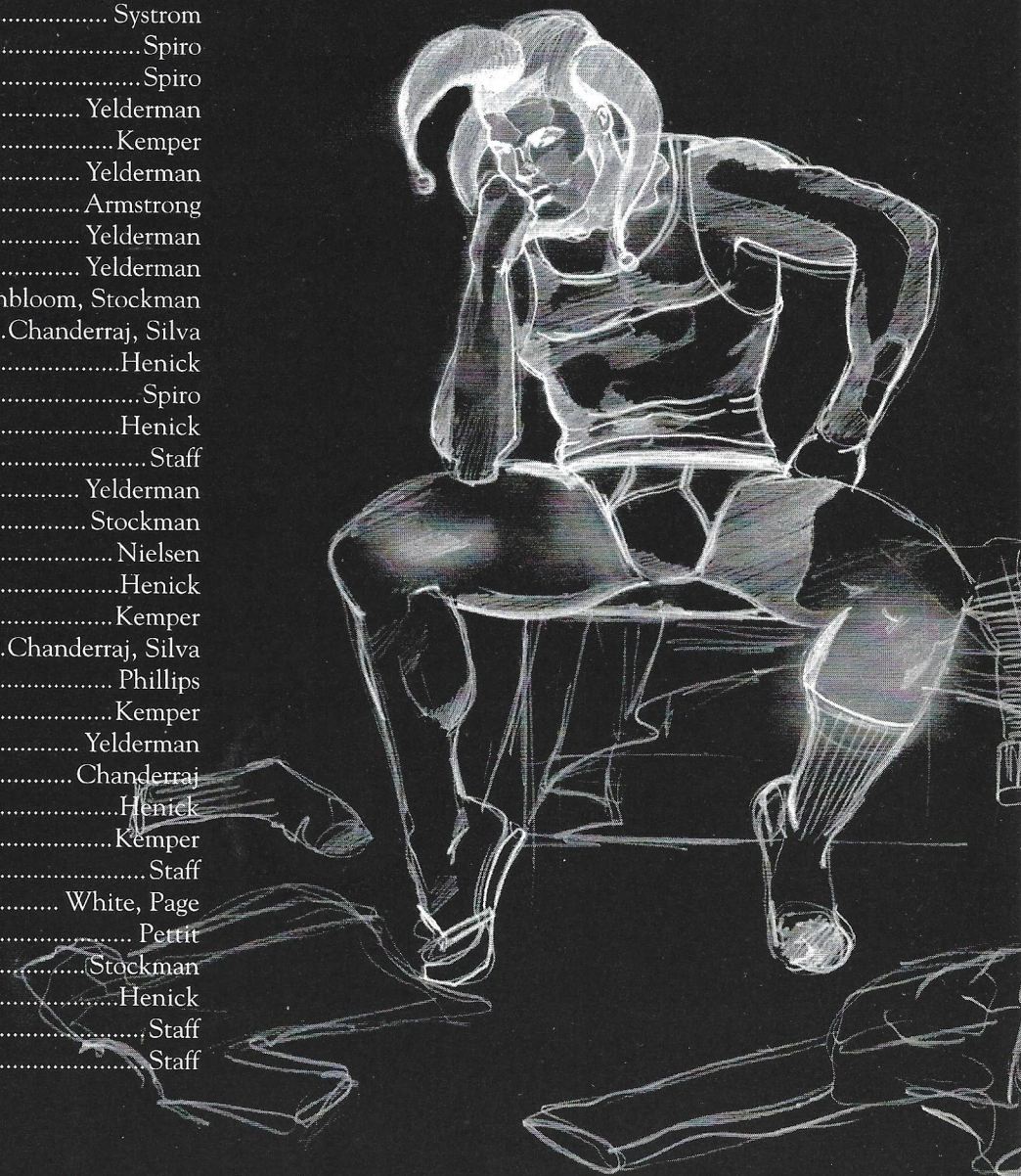
REPULSO
SUPERFELLA
ICKDAY ACYTRAY
CARDINAL O'HARA
SMILIN' JERK
AND THE SPOOK



The Stanford Chaparral • Civil War Number

Writing Credits

2	Substitute Musket	System
3	George Washington Carver	Spiro
6	Now That	Spiro
7	Accordion	Yelderman
8	Time Travel I.....	Kemper
8	Civil Engineering War.....	Yelderman
9	Movie Reviews.....	Armstrong
10	Submarines.....	Yelderman
11	Books for Dumb Kids.....	Yelderman
12	Civil War Draft.....	Rosenbloom, Stockman
13	Civil War Playbook	Chanderraj, Silva
13	Own Personal.....	Henick
14	Hair Economy	Spiro
15	Ryan	Henick
16	Freshman Facebook	Staff
18	Reenactments.....	Yelderman
19	Reading Disorder	Stockman
20	Labor Party.....	Nielsen
21	Shitty MacGyver	Henick
22	Finders Keepers	Kemper
22	Gratuitous Violence.....	Chanderraj, Silva
23	Simile Tips	Phillips
23	Self Ad	Kemper
24	Forget Technology	Yelderman
24	Glass Eye	Chanderraj
25	Desk Lamp	Henick
25	Time Travel II	Kemper
26	Déjà Vu	Staff
26	Mopping.....	White, Page
27	Lazy Eye II.....	Pettit
28	Irish Uprising	Stockman
29	Every Heart Beats True	Henick
30	Civil War Winners.....	Staff
31	Campustruth.NET	Staff



Art Credits

1	Cover.....	Worswick	22	Gratuitous Violence.....	Silva
3	Peanuts.....	Yelderman	24	Glass Eye	Nielsen
5	Table of Contents	Worswick	25	Time Travel II	Kemper
7	Accordion	Yelderman	26	Mopping.....	White, Page
8	Time Travel I.....	Kemper	27	Lazy Eye II.....	Pettit
11	Books for Dumb Kids.....	Nielsen	28	Irish Uprising	Love
13	Own Personal.....	Henick	30	The Modern Jester.....	Goodman
15	Ryan	Kemper	32	Back Cover.....	Worswick
20	Labor Party.....	Nielsen			

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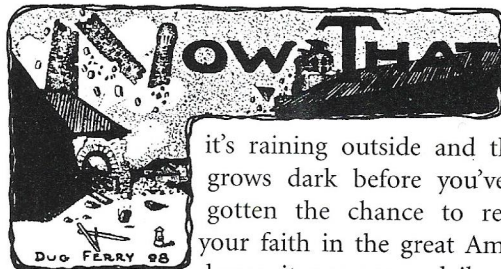
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

WENZEL 1916



it's raining outside and the sky grows dark before you've even gotten the chance to reaffirm your faith in the great American dream, it seems your daily routine needs some sort of change. With all this water spilling off eaves, collecting in gutters, and washing the urine from institutional walls, it seems like a

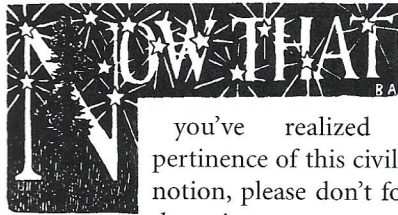
timely opportunity to give into your inclinations. Open the floodgates and let your despair flow out. And don't be stingy. Haven't you ever driven on a highway in the rain? It's not until the rain really starts pouring, and for at least ten minutes, that the oil slicks and metabolic wastes can really wash away. Until then, it's even more putrid and hazardous.

So why not be practical and pencil these thing into your new daily routine? Tear out clumps of your hair in the morning. After lunch, go to the shopping mall and purchase several thousand dollars worth of consumer electronics. Take a break to feel

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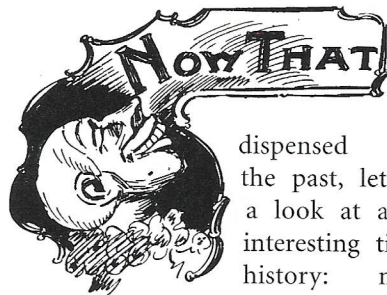
guilty, overstuff yourself with food and chemicals. Grow dependent upon all of it. Anything you can find in the *DSM IV* is fair game. But lesser known disorders, like despising your own haircut, or even plain and simple *schadenfreude* might be acceptable too.

Embrace this dark game. It is, afterall, the greatest battle of your life. But in this battle, which features you pitted against your secret self, one way or the other you will come out victorious. That is the nature of the civil war. It starts out idealistically, or at least immaturely. It's black, blue and terrible in the middle. And in the end you get to do the cleanup. But after that, you are left with the singular privilege of post-game analysis, and you will declare yourself the winner. For such a remarkable human phenomenon as this whole process, the cause is surprisingly simple: Sometimes you just outgrow yourself. Let's hope the stretch marks end up in nice, concealable locations.



Now that you've realized the pertinence of this civil war notion, please don't forget that its scope extends beyond your own inability to cope with a little rain. For several thousand years, other individuals, collective groups of these individuals, and even city-states have been dealing with this same fundamental problem. Even this very country you're standing on right now found itself in just such a mire not more than a few centuries ago.

But don't bother with the things they told you in grade school. That self-loathing bleach-moustache woman who spit through her teeth something about slavery and states' rights- she was just bitter that she never got her master's degree. And maybe you've heard that tired old history-teacher adage that tells us, essentially, to learn from our mistakes. Does history repeat itself? No more than anything else does on a stochastic scale of this massive order. Speaking of probabilities, you are most likely a person, not a person who will affect things a hundred years from now. So why not keep your history on the bookshelf where it belongs, or maybe sell it to an immigrant who has to study for the US Citizenship Test.



we've dispensed with the past, let's take a look at a more interesting time in history: namely, right now. There are several billion civil wars going on at this very instant. Granted, most of them involve colonies of worms or bacteria, but a few noteworthy examples still manage to stand out.

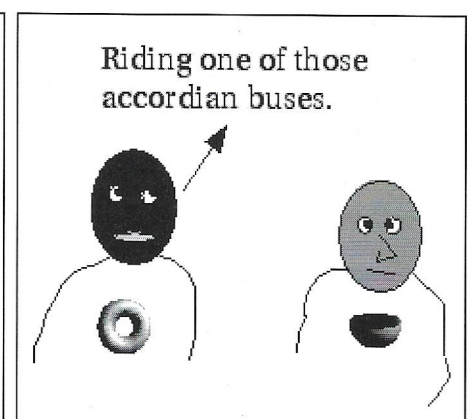
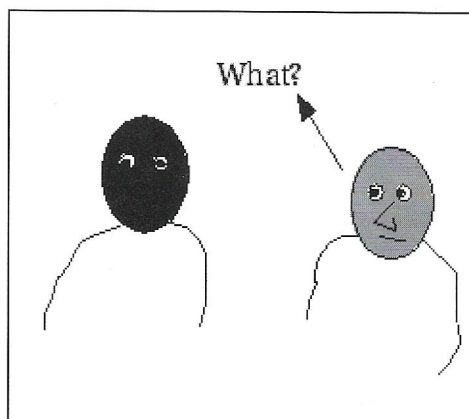
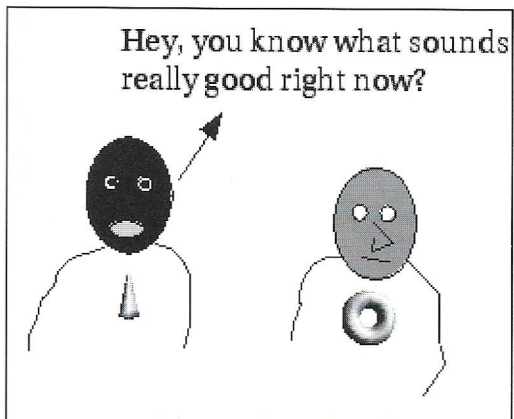
Take the Cola Wars. The real battle is not between two mega-corporations. It is every person in the world who can afford to drink something that isn't water, in a battle with him or herself. Standing in aisle six of the supermarket, trying on a weekly basis to decide between two very

refreshing mega-beverages and a slew of similarly stimulating generic alternatives. The winner in this war? Everyone.

But now it's time to forget about soda and take a more biographical approach to this whole business. Consider for a moment, one man who served as a nurse in the American Civil War. Sensitive and deeply troubled by the war, he still found a certain beauty in the soldiers to whom he tended. After his nurse experiences, he went on to become one of America's most ambiguous and prominent homosexuals, and also wrote poems on the side. Some of America's best poems. So why not follow his lead? Embrace your own civil wars and write something down. Throw away most of it, but maybe in the pile there will be one thing worth keeping.

That's precisely what the Oldboy and his clamoring staff have been up to: studying the various civil wars around them, producing many pieces of paper, and misplacing most of them in the trash. The rest of it gets thrown into a puddle, stirred around, and ultimately converted into a series of hexadecimal misunderstandings. War tends to destroy, but what she does produce must be destroyed most deliberately. And frankly, no one seems to mind the system.

Mixed metaphors of birth and death put aside for another 31 pages, you may now safely proceed on your journey towards civility. After all, these roads lead to Rome, and rest assured that the Senate and the People will be at each other's necks long before you get there. So hurry on, lest your arrival become impediment rather than blessing. They'll be glad to see you. After all, you're the voice of everything civil about war.





CIVIL ENGINEERING WAR

1962

Claiming that the rain season has been shortened by a long-standing decline in professional ethics, a faction of the American Society of Civil Engineers migrates to the greater Rio Grande Valley region and establishes itself as the Civil Engineering Society of America. Trade flourishes in the fertile and structurally adequate rolling hills.

1964

A militant wing of the American Society of Civil Engineers installs counter-balanced water sloughs spanning 500 miles of the Rio Grande. The economic and environmental consequences for the Civil Engineering Society of America are tremendous. The need for water and other minerals drives aquifer levels to new lows. Hydroelectric power is achieved.

1971

Civil engineers are slowly working their way out of business. Someday, every gap will be spanned, and every river will be dammed.

1972

Nature is officially conquered, and both groups find that their only opportunity for employment is preventative maintenance and the occasional repair of collapsed structures. Both tribes initiate campaigns to destroy civilization, and in doing so, rebuild it.

1980

After smashing all the levies and ultimately replastering them, both the American Society of Civil Engineers and the Civil Engineering Society of America are truly on the verge of extinction. Finally, nature kicks back.

PRANKSTERS!

Director
Paul Engleman

Music
Kenny Loggins

Rating
☆☆☆☆



Two college buddies are always pulling crazy pranks on the Dean and the sorority of which his daughter is a member. Ten years after graduation, one is a cop, the other an eccentric millionaire. The two team up to solve a crazy caper involving the kidnapping of their former Dean's daughter. The dean is also now the chief of police.

Hijinx:

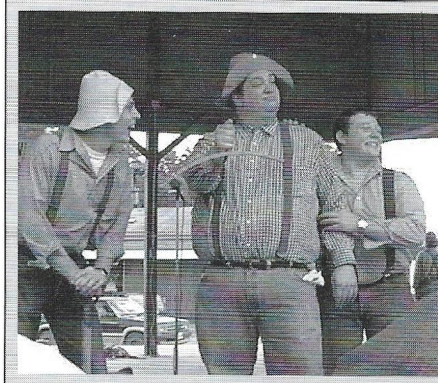
Good car crashing hijinx, very good unintentional destruction of property hijinx. Left something to be desired in situational hijinx. Nice ending with an authority figure covered in manure. Overall, fairly good hijinx.

**WET & WILD
PRANK SUMMER**

Director
J.J. Luna

Music
Kenny Loggins

Rating
★



Two college-bound high school grads spend the summer at their crazy uncle's beach house. In an effort to raise money for a family business that is hugely in debt, the two return to the American dream by joining an all-women's high-stakes shuffleboard league. Then, to make matters worse, they win! (And have to represent the league at the South Tennessee Annual Wet and Wild.) Finally, someone catches on, but not before the dean of admissions finds out and gives them pre-bids into a fraternity with a not so... stellar... reputation.

Hijinx:

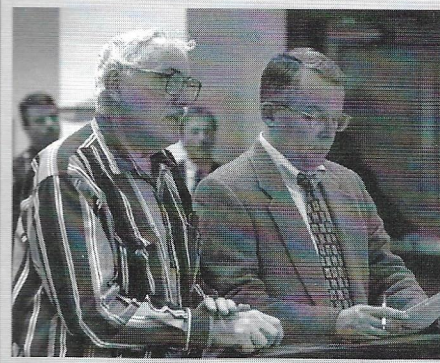
Underdeveloped hijinx; plenty of missed opportunities for good locker room and/or shower hijinx. Repeated gimmick of shuffleboard puck in the crotch gets old. Overall, poor hijinx.

PORK BALLS!

Director
Paul Engleman

Music
Kenny Loggins

Rating
☆☆☆



Two down and out entrepreneurs (one a former world-class ping pong player and the other with a flawless fake Australian accent) make a high-stakes bet one night with the Vice-President of a multi-million dollar company that they will be knighted by the Queen of England before the end of the year.

Hijinx:

Good use of senseless nudity. Hijinx ensue in strip clubs and nude beach. Hilarity results over confusion between the word "condo" and "condom". Could have used more car crashing and/or bumbling police hijinx.

PRANKSTERS 2

Director
Paul Engleman

Music
Kenny Loggins

Rating
☆☆☆☆

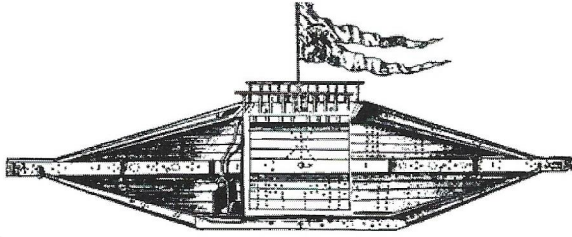


Ten years after the last installment of Pranksters!, the two mad-cap buddies once again join forces, this time to raise money for a strip club going out of business. In order to raise the money, the two must go undercover and tour the country as beauty pageant judges.

Hijinx:

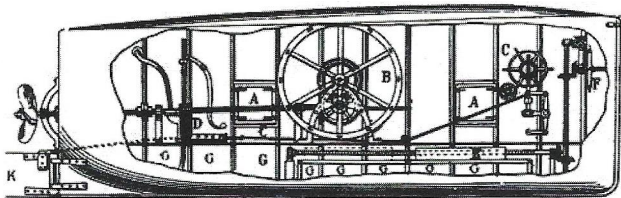
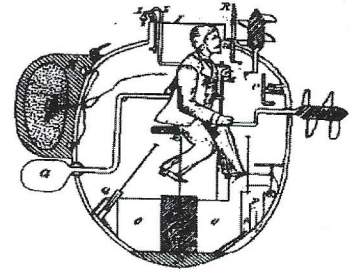
Wonderful Hijinx. Revisited popular theme of strip club hijinx. Also, good monkey hijinx and driving out of control hijinx. Best "Pranksters" film to date!

SUBMARINES: A DARK LEGACY OF RACIST SUPPRESSION



1865 - The Confederate Navy builds the first submarine. It is used to delay the inevitable Union victory for almost 18 months, thereby extending slavery as an American institution for another 300,000,000 man-hours. After the war, the submarine is embrowned and becomes an emblem for the large-scale subjugation of millions of Americans.

1865 through 1913 - Humankind lives in peace and harmony, with every waking hour spent celebrating the eternal defeat of the submarine. Regardless of race, religion or creed, all men are at last considered equal. Popular satirist Mark Twain proclaims, "What man could cause discord who knows that it is only fish that are in the ocean? ... For hate is made of metal and it no longer swims among us."

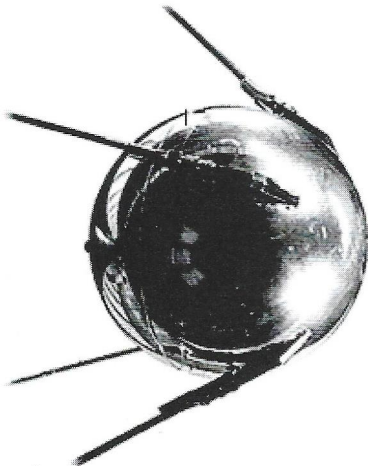


1914 - Racist German historians revive the idea of an underwater white-supremacist vehicle and begin using it to initiate a dialogue of race-based nationalism.

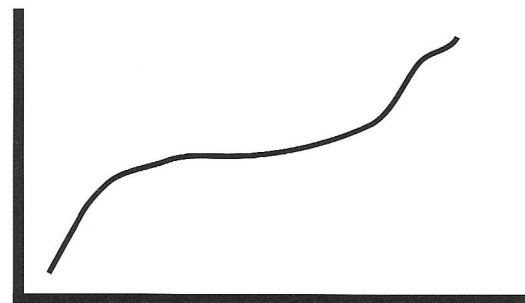
1935 - Adolf Hitler, a popular submarine commander during World War I, begins a secret German program to revitalize the Aryan submarine movement. Over the next ten years, submarines become an integral part of the fascist subculture. Local youths are organized into "undervasser clubs" to prepare them for life under the sea, and indoctrinate them with hate for non-submarine faring races.



1961 - The launch of the first satellite orbiter makes submarines obsolete as a form of misinformed racist conversation.

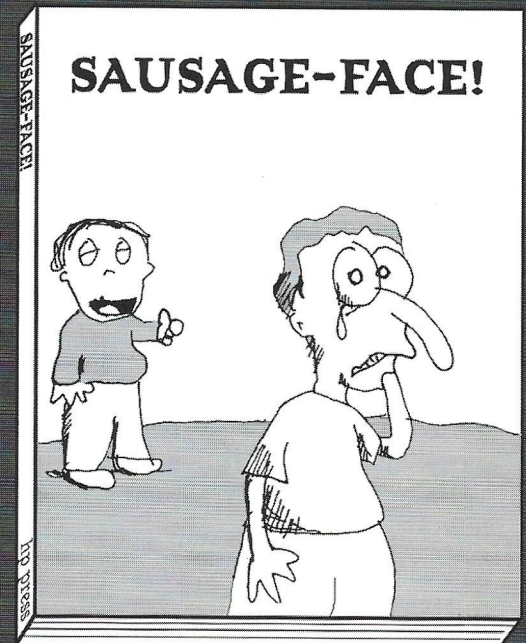
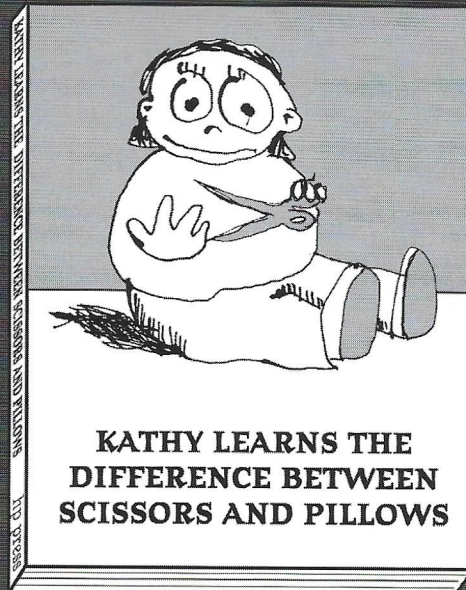
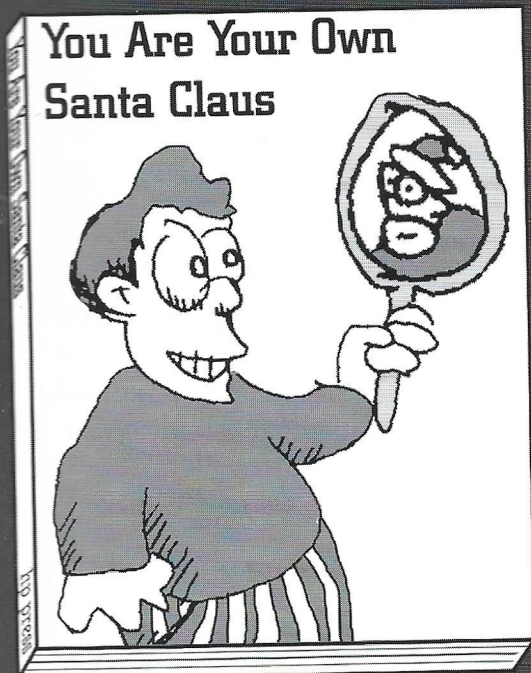
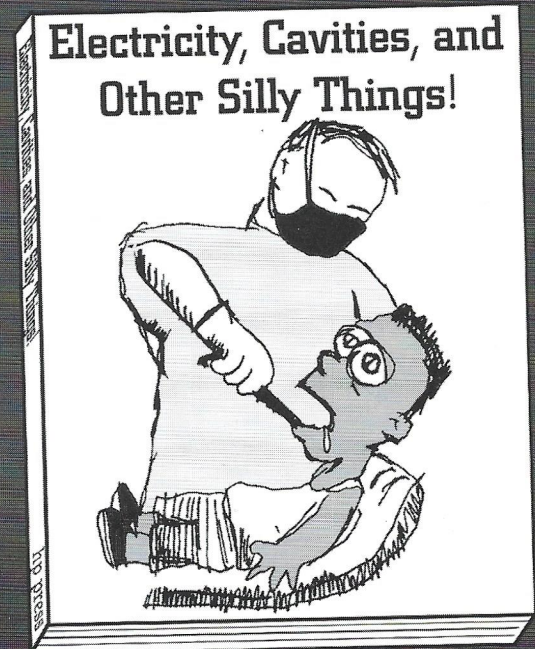
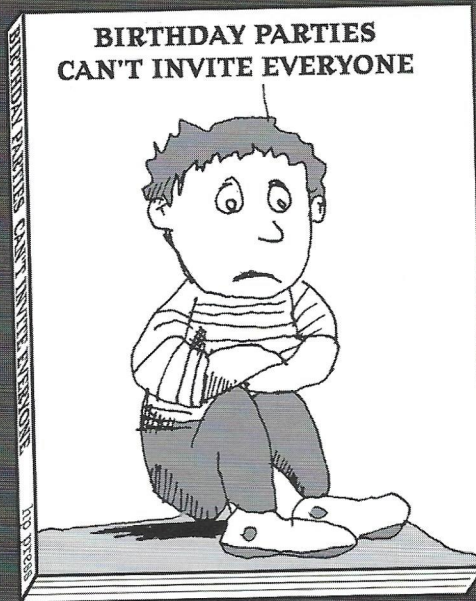
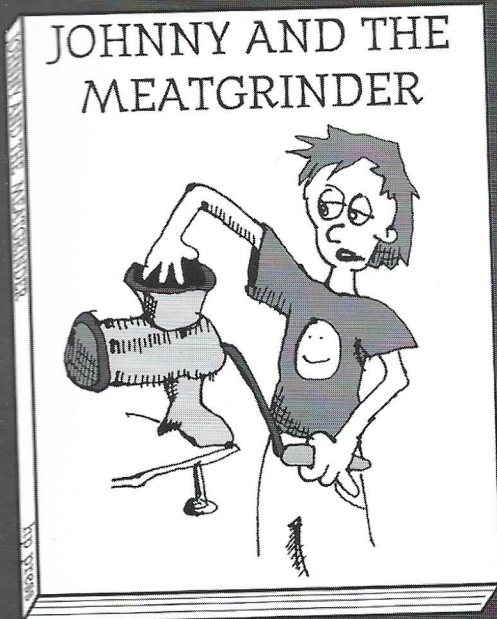


SUBMARINES



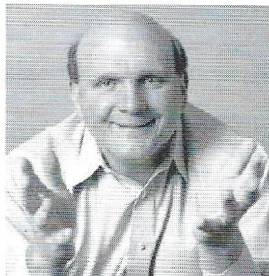
HATE

BOOKS FOR YOUR CHILD OF BELOW-AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE



1) North Takes Industry

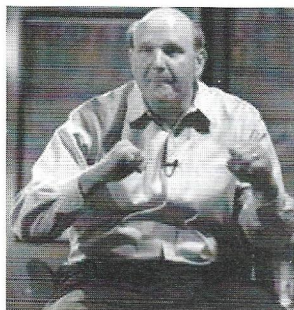
North will almost certainly take Industry. Industry is perhaps one of the most hyped prospects ever to come into the war. So far industry has done nothing but live up to all the hype. Railroads have cut transportation times five fold. Factories are making everything better. Even the South was turned around when Industry separated a pound of cotton seeds in 4.3 seconds during preseason workouts. Industry's biggest challenge will be keeping the hype from getting to its head, or causing it to lose momentum.



2.) South takes Pride

Pride was the most valuable player in secession. Now comes the time to see what Pride can do with the big boys. Not as physically endowed as Industry, Pride's heart and leadership abilities are what makes it a standout. Prides biggest challenge will be to see if it can perform in situations of utter desperation. So far, looks good.

3.) India takes Passive Resistance

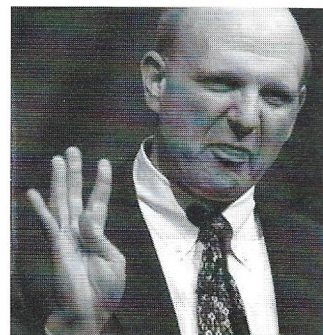


Despite having the worst record last season, India ended up with only the third pick from the lottery and will probably have to settle for Passive Resistance. Passive Resistance is still a pretty raw talent. Nobody knows whether or not it will be able

to compete at the Civil War level. No matter what, whoever chooses Passive Resistance will have to wait some time to see results. The hope is that in the long run it will turn into a real franchise player, particularly once the international community gets involved. Biggest downside: in the short run playing Passive Resistance will get its ass kicked on a daily basis. Note: Many experts have stated that they think India should trade up to get Passive Aggressiveness.

4.) IRA takes Catholicism

Catholicism is a proven leader. Many hope that it will fill the gap created by the Irish's innate drunkenness and irresponsibility, and help the Celtics bring home their first successful rebellion. Despite the high hopes of some, other critics have questioned how Catholicism's hierarchical tendencies will fit into the IRA's long term communist goals.



5.) Satan takes Trickery

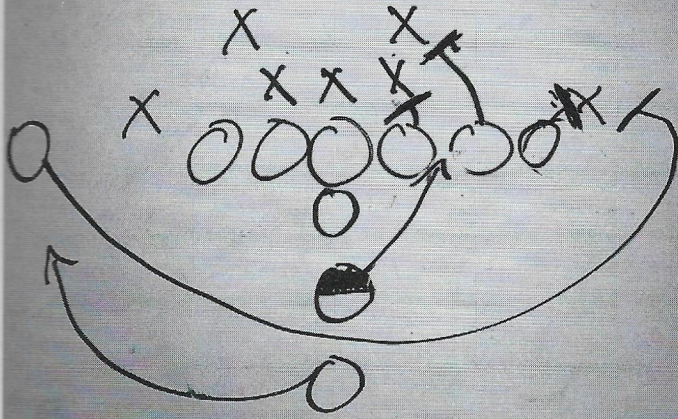
Trickery could be a real sleeper pick. Because it is only an abstract idea, many people have argued that Trickery will not be able to compete with other domineering physical presences, such as Portland's tax on non-recyclable plastics or England's island geography. What's more, several sides have even speculated that Trickery could still be used without having to formally pick it. For these reasons, it will probably be passed up in the early slots. Despite these knocks, Satan has expressed serious interest in taking Trickery if it is available, and has stated publicly that the teams ahead of him will be making a serious mistake if they don't take it.

6.) Little Boys of America take G.I. Joe

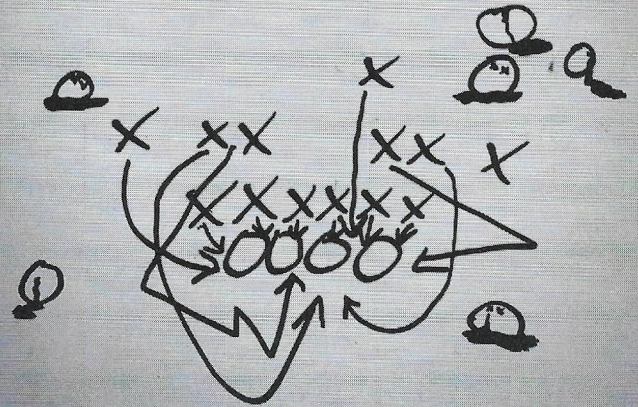
This might be exactly what the little boys need to gain the upper hand on their adversaries' lockable diaries. G.I. Joe has been coined "The Real American Hero" and he is exactly that. From the unflinching features, to the unremovable camouflage, to the unyielding limbs, he is prepared to adopt any position and stick to it. He could be just the take charge leader that Ninja Turtle and Transformer teammates have been waiting for. Nevertheless, G.I. Joe has shown vulnerabilities, and the pick could turn into a disaster if the Little Girls are able to pick up Microwave or Magnifying Glass.

CIVIL WAR PLAYBOOK

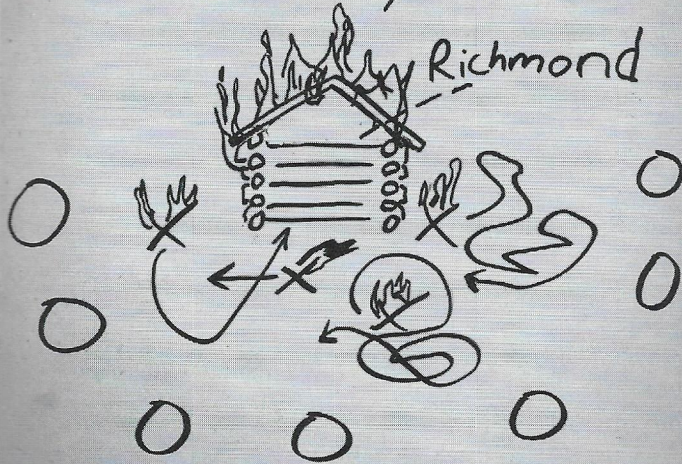
22 Cannon Fodder... GO!



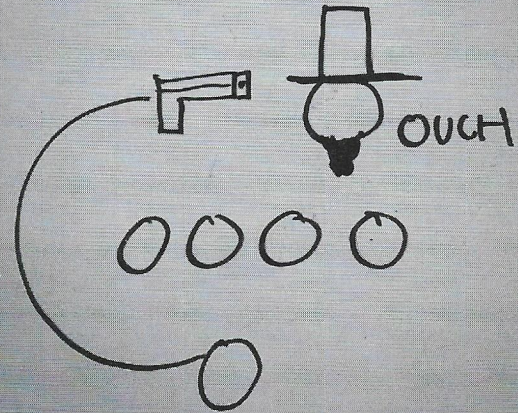
Gettysburg: Oh Shit



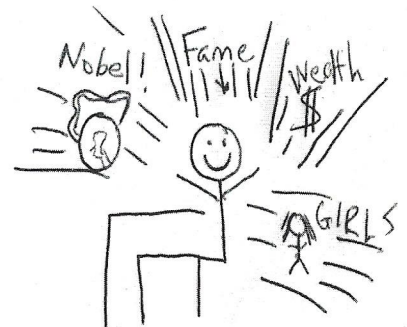
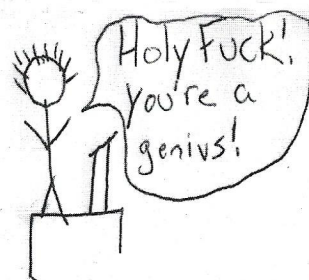
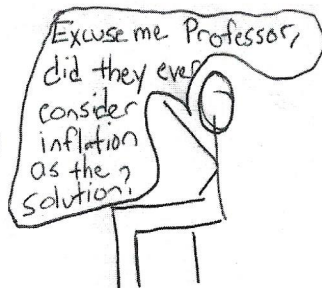
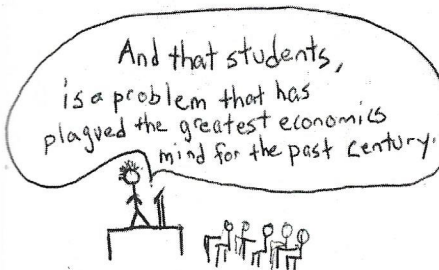
Safety!



Hail Mary (Todd)



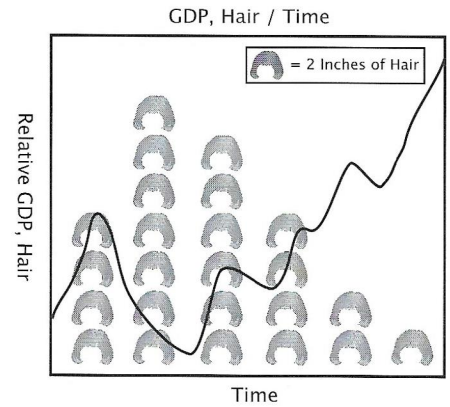
Your Own Personal Genius



The Economists have done it again!

Once again, we have shown that simple mathematical formulas can triumph over the most complex of human psychologies, even on a national or international scale.

We now know that the average American hair length in a given time period is not some arbitrary function of the fashion industry or media. In fact, hair corresponds exactly to the price of hair cuts, and thus, the overall economy of the era. The six key events in America history demonstrate this theory unquestionably.

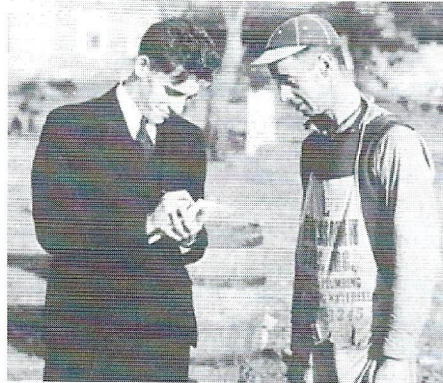


1. Industrial Revolution



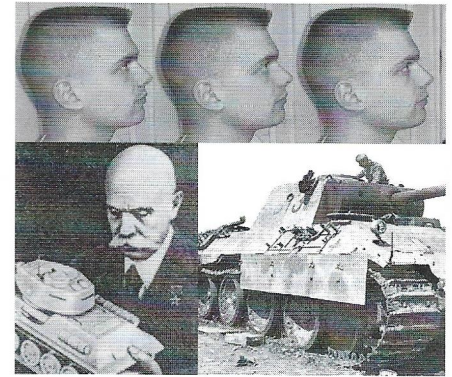
American economy sags as Europe launches into industrial revolution. Price of haircuts surge, hair grows obscenely long.

2. The Great Depression



Economy gets even worse. Price of haircuts surges further, then plummets as interest rates bottom out. Americans have beautiful, short hair once again.

3. World War II



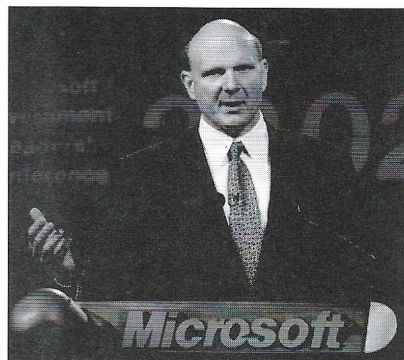
War spawns one of the strongest American economies in the nation's history. America emerges as the victor in this worldwide battle for the shortest haircuts.

4. Beatlemania



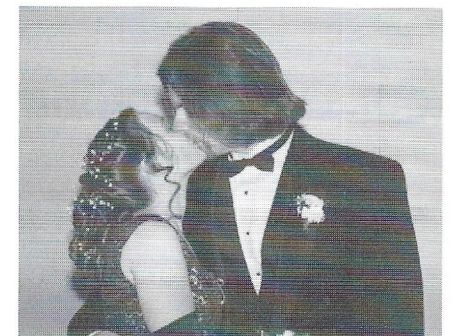
Beatles infiltrate American pop-culture. Imported record sales devalue the dollar. Haircuts at highest relative cost since Industrial Revolution.

5. Dot Coms



Prices for physically tangible services plummet. Email puts drive-thru restaurants out of business. Traditional haircutters slash prices to compete with online boutiques.

6. The Aftermath



Economy levels out as baby boomers enter retirement phase. Haircut prices sore to record heights, and no one seems to notice. Clearly, it's no longer cool to be rich in America.

Joey
my mom
say your
dad is a
pet o'file
- LISA

JOEY,
I gunna
miss your
pee-pee
- Ritchie

Cool JOEY,
we
learned
to curse!
FUCK!
TIMMY

JOEY



Dearest Joey,
I loved being
your counselor. It
was great to be
your head counselor
this summer. Do
good in school
and don't get
in trouble
pulling down
your pants
anymore. Sincerely,
Ms. Riggins

Joey.
we're all
just logs
in the
machine
- TOM

JOEE
WE ARE
POWER
RANGERS
LOVE
DANNY

Separated at Birth



Amanda Christian
Battle Ground, WA



Ben Trombley-Shapiro
Edina, MN



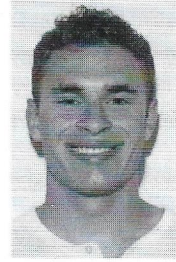
Alex Chen
Arcadia, CA



Eric Chen
Hillsborough, CA



Jason Chen
Cerritos, CA



Joshua Corn
Allendale, NJ



Nikolai Smirnov
Russia

Sex and the City Cast



Soja-Marie Morgens
Shepherdstown, WV

Miranda



Kirk McConnell
Lompoc, CA

Samantha



David Kahn
Pullman, WA

Carrie



Nate Hannon
Davis, CA

Charlotte

Books



Cynthia Eguavoen
Mesquite, TX

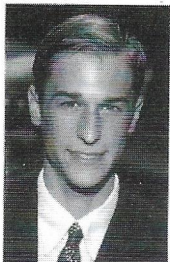
Ooo!
I like your
books.



Tim Mincey
Arlington Heights, IL

Hey, thanks.
I like your
style.

Future Occupations



George Capps
St. Louis, MO

State
Comptroller



Nathan Parkhill
Louisville, CO

Lead Singer of
Smashmouth



Channele Hill
Newman Lake, WA

Comptroller's
Wife



John Roe
Antioch, CA

Major League
Jerk



Kevin Boldt
Carrollton, GA

Pez Dispenser



John Cadena
San Antonio, TX

Caterpillar
(future butterfly)

Alondra, Inc.

Seven freshman living in Alondra. As individuals, their interests range from Computer Engineering, to Economics, to Human Biology. Although an unlikely group of Stanford friends, they will one day create Silicon Valley's most powerful company.



Hui Huang Lee
Malaysia

The President



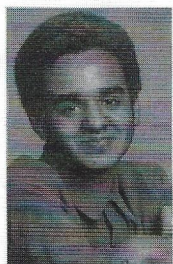
Pierre Font
Boulder, CO

Chief Financial Officer



Katherine Brooks
Dallas, TX

Head of Marketing



Kyle Haynes
Marlborough, MA

The Innovator



Tom Richardson
Palo Alto, CA

Head Intern



Eva Dehlinger
Sebastopol, CA

Catering Service



Jack Loveridge
El Paso, TX

The Whistle-blower

Freshman Hackers



Ankit Fadia
India

The planet's most ethical hacker



Nathan Clement
Nixa, MO

The Midwest's most dangerous hacker

Top Gun Flight School



Cameron Percy
Seattle, WA

Hey man! You wanna be my wingman?



Natty Bokenkamp
Bloomington, IN

Of course Maverick! I'll be your Goose.



Dave Pekar
Laurel Springs, NJ

Dude! I thought I was like your wingman.



Cameron Percy
Seattle, WA

Things change man. Risky business. You ready to jet Goose?



Natty Bokenkamp
Bloomington, IN

I'll follow you anywhere.

Pre-Civil War Reenactments



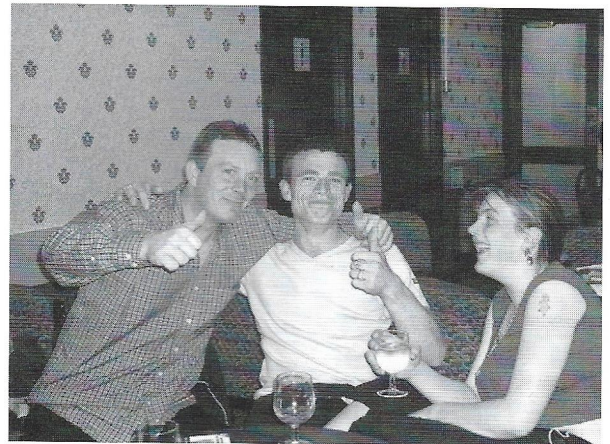
Reenacting the Missouri Compromise



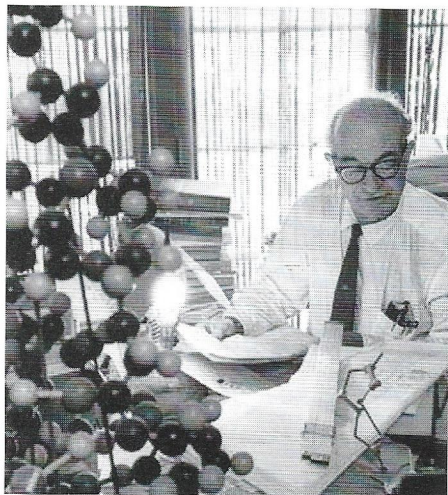
Reenacting the Lincoln-Douglas Debates



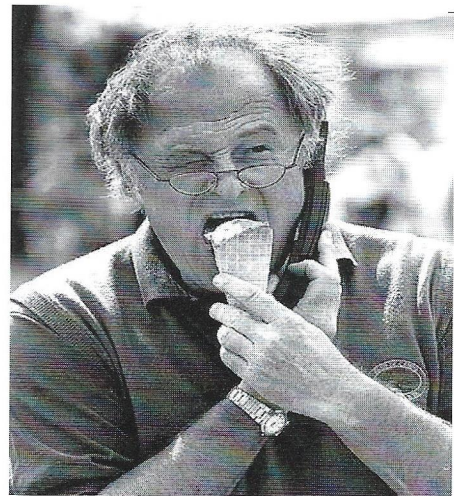
Reenacting Bleeding Kansas



Reenacting the Whiskey Rebellion



Reenacting the Invention of the Cotton Gin



Reenacting the First Fourth of July

just a thought...

My name is Kathy, I am a 19 year old female, and this is the story of my personal struggle with reading disorders.

Like many girls, my reading disorders began as early as freshman year of high school. I had just begun going to a new school, and all of the girls there were so well-read. They raved endlessly about the pleasures of Conrad and Dostoevsky, while I would sit in the corner, ashamed of my preference for the tasteless amusements of Tom Clancy. I remember sharing with them my current love of *The Pelican Brief*, only to be mercilessly harangued for my appreciation of such insipid claptrap. "Kathy," my friend Amber jeered, "like, that was so seventh grade."

And of course I figured she was right, after all, she was dating the hottest guy on the baseball team. I knew that my propensity for the easy reads must have appeared juvenile to my classmates, and would no doubt stand in the way of my lifelong dream of achieving a boyfriend.

And so, in an effort to become as well-read as possible, I restricted all of my readings to only the most revered masterpieces. I fed my mind on Shakespeare, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald, refusing to taint myself with New York Times Bestsellers, magazines, or anything else that I couldn't find published by Penguin Classics. And it worked. The compliments just started pouring in. Even Bobby, the captain of the football team, said that my "gratuitous use of ornate language" was very cool.

But it started to get out of control. I remember spending hours debating whether Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* was truly a classic, or just the closest thing that 19th century America had. In the end I read the first chapter, and then threw the rest of the book out the window in disgust. My parents began to get worried when my unwillingness to read the nutrition facts on the back of food items made me oblivious to how many calories I was consuming in my meals.

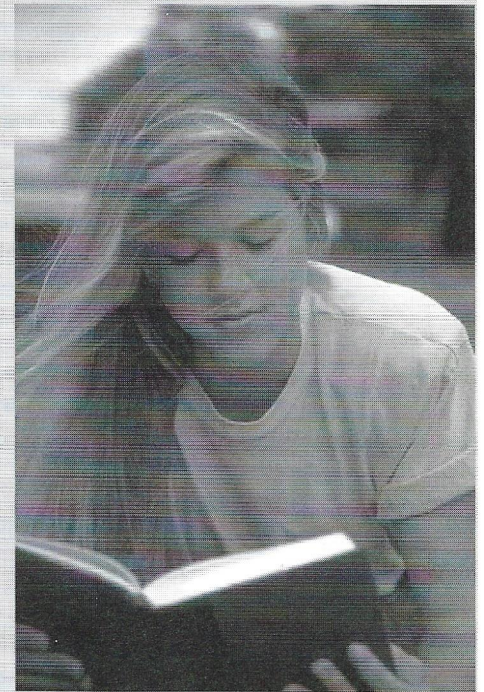
After I lost almost twenty pounds, they realized that I had a problem. They took me to a psychologist, who told me that my reading problems stemmed from my illiteracy as a child. And despite the fact that I had grown into my cognitive abilities, I still possessed an ingrained notion that I could never be literate enough. Everyday, she asked me to stand in the mirror and say a daily affirmation, "people like me, I am smart, I can read at a 12th grade level." It wasn't easy, but with my parents support I was able to read healthily again...for a while.

I started out fine. I would still read Virgil and Milton, but that was okay. After all, there's nothing wrong with an appetite for the epic poem. But I would also allow myself to take in the less academic texts, such as Cosmo's Beauty Q&A, which helped me do my best to carry on in a society that hates seventeen year-old girls.

Although I could maintain these reading habits most of the time, every once in a while I wouldn't be able to resist my urge to binge on the latest John Grisham novel. Afterwards, I would feel so sick with myself for having just absorbed 500 pages of such simple-minded filth that I would slam my head against a porcelain toilet seat in an effort to unlearn it. This went on for almost a year, until my friends began to get concerned when they noticed that I would always go to the bathroom after each chapter of Michael Crichton's *Sphere*. At first they were too afraid to confront me, but after I passed out in the hallway with the 3000-page Masterpieces of Literature Volume 2 in my arms, they decided that, for my own safety, they had to do something.

After talking to my parents, they organized an intervention at my house. They fooled me by pretending that we were all meeting to confront our friend Tiffany, who had been reading Stephen King short stories recently.

But when my parents arrived, I realized that it was I who was the object of concern. They told me how worried they were, and how unhealthy my behavior was. They reminded me of our old neighbor Shelly who had suffered from



YEAH, I'M A GIRL. AND I READ. SO WHAT?

the same illness, and eventually stopped reading street signs and drove off a cliff. They cried and said that they didn't want me to end up like her. I cried too. I told them I knew I had a problem with what I would read, but I couldn't control my intellectual appetite.

After the intervention, my parents knew that I needed long term help. They got me a reading tutor who put me on strict 1 to 1 regimen of Steinbeck and Mademoiselle. Every week I met with him, and he made sure that I was sticking to my routine by weighing my knowledge of the last week's assignments. He made sure that my intake of Swift's *A Modest Proposal* was being countered by my intake of Teen People's Diet Tips.

Through two years of hard work and my parent's unconditional love, I am finally well. I have a bookshelf full of Hemmingway and a weekly subscription to Maxim for Women. I just hope that by being open about my battle with reading disorders, I might save other girls from going through the same thing. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that even us girls need a friend sometime. Don't think you're too smart to ask for help. And maybe that boyfriend won't be too far away after all.

LABOR PARTY



achewood

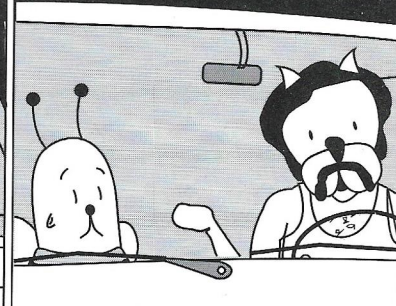
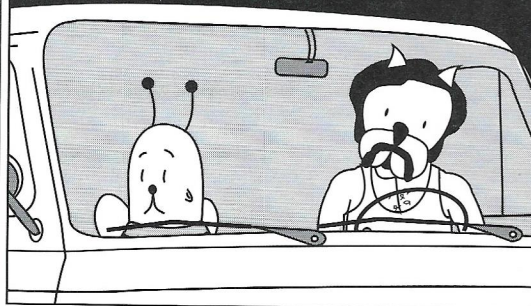
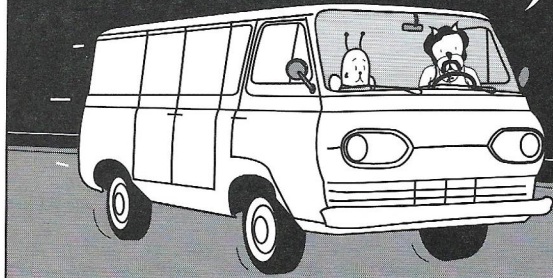
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So then I said Can you put your legs behind your head

And she was like all Excuse Me sir

And I was like My tongue can reach into my ears do you want to see

And she goes You're not welcome in this McDonald's anymore



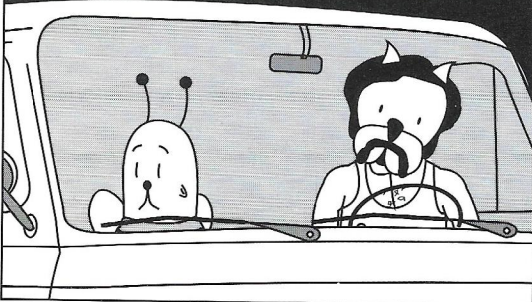
So I was like Well actually I'm not welcome in ANY McDonald's and do you know why

Then I just clenched my fists and SCREAMED as I stared straight into her eyes

I got in like a good eight-second scream

That may not sound like much but try it sometime

Boy, is this guy talky! When are we gonna get to the Super-Secret Ice Cream Shop already?!



A LETTER FROM SHITTY MACGYVER

To Whom It May Concern:

I was born in 1970, well before that ill-fated TV show ever took the air. My mom's maiden name was Loretta Dean and my Dad's name was Francis Anderson. I was named after my grandpa, who died during a horrible blacksmithing accident at Colonial Williamsburg before I was born. There is no way to blame my mom for naming me Richard Dean Anderson; all the pieces were already there. She calls me Dicky, anyway. But when 1985 rolled around and ABC-TV debuted "MacGyver" (to much acclaim from critics and gadget freaks everywhere) my life changed. People stopped calling me Dicky Dean Anderson and began calling me MacGyver or Mac. I felt compelled to live up to my namesake. I made a vow to carry no weapon, to rely only on my wit, knowledge and objects at hand to solve my problems. And here are my stories. . .

Saturday, May 22, 1986

Robert and I were eating lunch as usual in the cafetorium. As I was struggling to pull back the protective plastic layer on my Lunchables dessert quadrant, the layer sprang off and the petite serving spoon flew through the air and landed on the floor by my feet. I looked around and I knew that this was my initial real chance to show everyone that I could live up to my television likeness. I quickly bent down and untied my shoelace. I reached into my pocket, pulled out a stick of Juicy Fruit, and thrust it into my mouth. After a couple of chews, I molded the gum onto the lancelet of my shoelace and began swinging it around my head. Everyone was in awe of my wit and improvisation.

After wrangling the spoon, I triumphantly attempted to pull it from my clever contraption, but the gum stuck to the spoon. Robert immediately shouted out so the whole lunch room could hear, "Way to go, Shitty MacGyver." That didn't phase me; I just went straight for the pudding. After I was done, I went to the bathroom and cried in the back stall until the end of eighth period Latin.

Tuesday, February 5, 1993

It's been a long seven years since the show took the air and it's been replete with few triumphs but many failures. I've been called "Shitty MacGyver" more times than one man can usually bear, but nonetheless I continue. The show has been cancelled for one year now, but I still feel the burden of living up to Mac. I graduated from college and began work at Redline Networks, a far cry from the Phoenix Foundation but it has potential. After all, their Web Accelerators are quite ingenious, almost as ingenious as using a paper clip, a wrench, and shoelaces to conquer two bazooka-clad men.

One day, while talking at the water cooler, Billy and I were remarking about how great a decision it was to provide Peanut M&Ms in the bowl by the water cooler. I thought Billy was laughing at my joke about my "hello world" T-shirt, but actually he was choking on a Peanut M&M stuck in his throat. He collapsed to the floor in a coughing spasm.

I knew what I had to do. His air passage was clearly blocked, and it had to be opened. I laid him on his back and tilted his head back to have a clear look at his neck. He needed a tracheotomy, but I was not a doctor and I didn't have a Bic ball point pen. That wouldn't stop me. I tapped his neck twice with my index digit and then reached up for the pencil behind my ear, I bit off the eraser and then jammed it into his neck. Billy sat up in shock. I thought that it had worked. Then the blood began to spurt and Billy seized until his body went limp on the floor. Just then Nick from the cubicle next to me walked by and yelled, "Nice try, Shitty MacGyver." Then I locked myself in the copy room and pulled out all of my leg hair until I could feel no more pain. I then noticed that I was locked in the copy room from the outside. I tried to pick the lock with the safety pin I use to keep my jean cuffs folded, but in vain. I waited till the next morning for someone to open the door.

Hopefully, whoever you are, you are reading this in good physical and mental health. Take my stories to heart, but don't let television stifle your ability to improvise. Tell Billy's family I am sorry.

Improvisationally,
Dicky Dean Anderson

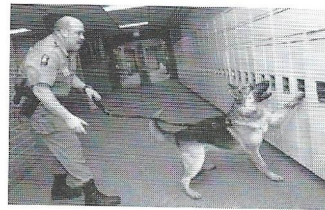
PS - I constructed the typewriter using some chewing gum, shoelace and old typewriter parts.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE "FINDERS KEEPERS, LOSERS WEEPERS"

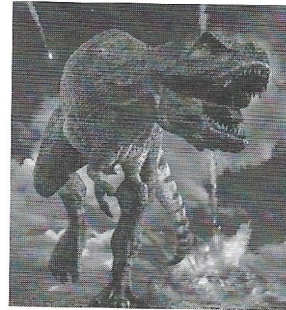
FINDERS



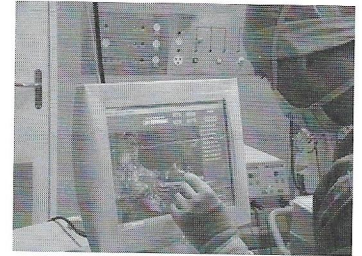
Who found Democracy?
Quakers.
But who kept it?
The Germans.
Case in Point!



Bark, bark! Search
dogs do not get to
keep the illegal drugs
they find.
Sorry, boy!



Grrrrr! Dinosaurs
found Planet Earth, but
they did not keep it.
The Germans did.



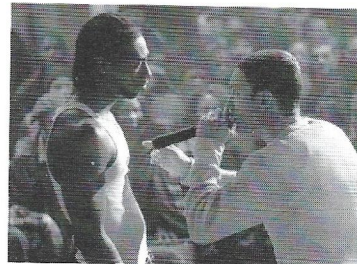
Ew, nasty! As a rule,
surgeons almost never
hold on to growths they
find in patients.

KEEPERS?

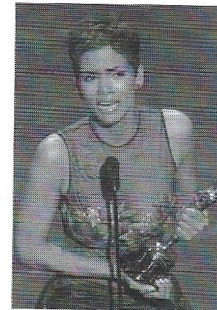
LOSERS



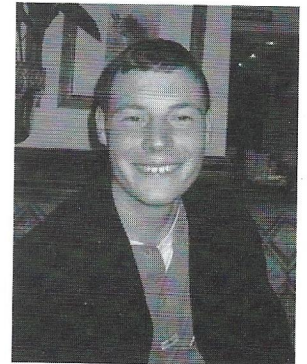
Weep away? More like "strum
away"! This lady doesn't
mind that she lost her pick.
Play Stairway to Heaven!



Look, y'all, this guy went to
Taft Boarding School!
Eminem loses hisself
in the music, the
moment, and you know
he ain't cryin bout it.



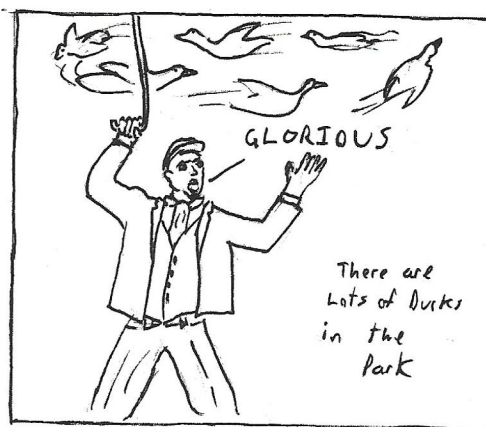
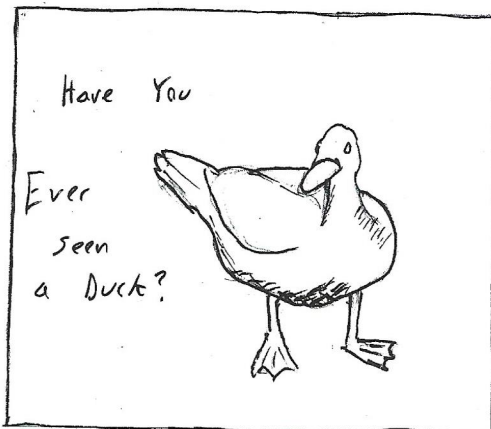
Halle Berry weeps,
and we all know she
didn't LOSE this Oscar
for half- black
people everywhere.



Nice to meetcha!
Ben Hampton does
not mourn the fact that
he recently lost his virginity.

WEEPERS?

A Fine Evening in the Park with Gratuitous Violence, Caused by Ducks, in Part



Tips for Writing Similes

Don't be too similar to the original

The wolf chased the rabbit like a wild dog in hot pursuit of a hare.

Don't make them too personal.

The gathering crowd raged out of control, like a flame war in my Buffy: the Vampire Slayer fan-fiction newsgroup.

Don't kill the mood just for the sake of colorful language.

The canister hissed as mustard gas filled the air like the peal of a child's laughter.

Don't be overly technical.

All in all, Tiffany's birthday was disappointing, like Metallica guitarist Kirk Hammett's guitar solo on Unforgiven II; previous birthdays had set such a high precedent, much like his brilliant axemanship on the original Unforgiven.

A simile is not to be confused with a smile.

He smiled. He was happy.

Some things just defy comparison. Let 'em go.

The convention was like

8:15 P.M. Wednesday, you say?
Why, I'm off to the Chappie...



to Drink COINS!

Chappie Meetings are Every Week
Wednesdays, 8.30 PM, Storke Building
Corner of Santa Teresa & Lomita
This Week: Coin-Drinking Contest
Next Week: Beauty Contest

For info email oldboy@zonker.stanford.edu

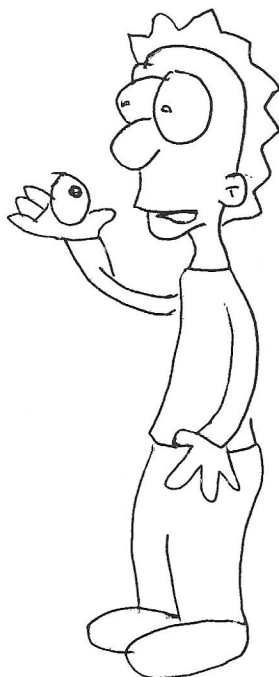
Diane,
If there's one thing I've
ever wanted, it was to have a
woman, who for one moment,
could make me forget about
technology.

- Christopher

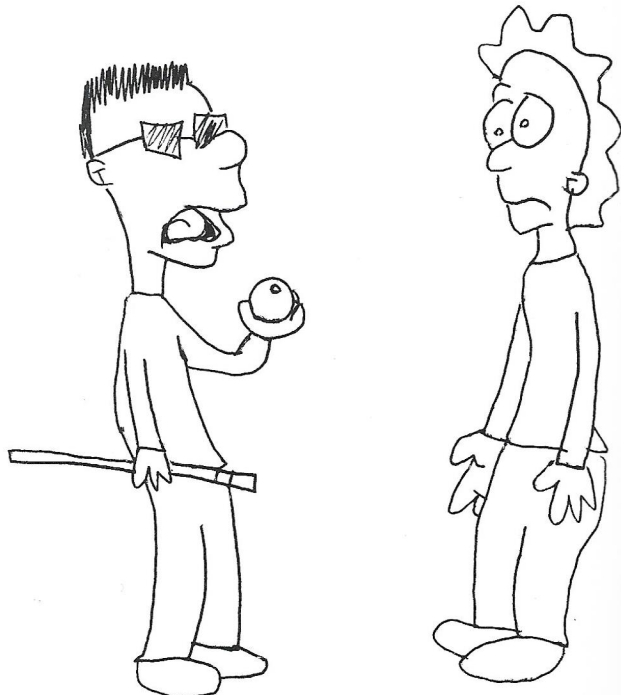
P.S. I ~~forget~~

P.S. I forgot to charge my cellphone last night.

NEW TV SHOW GLASS EYE
FOR THE BLIND GUY



THAT DOESN'T HELP.



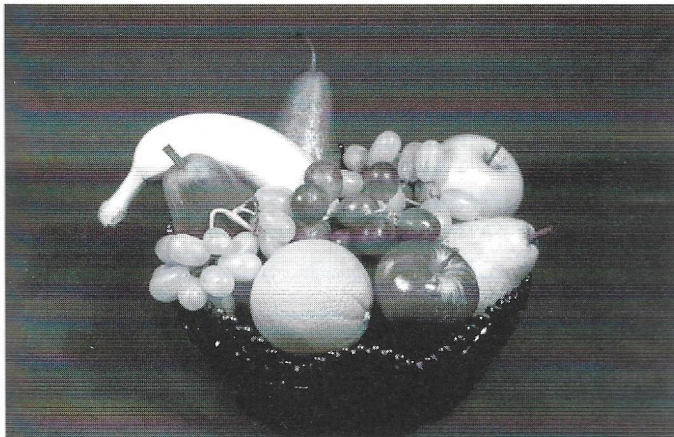
Fenstor Lighting

The Finest Name in Functional Lighting

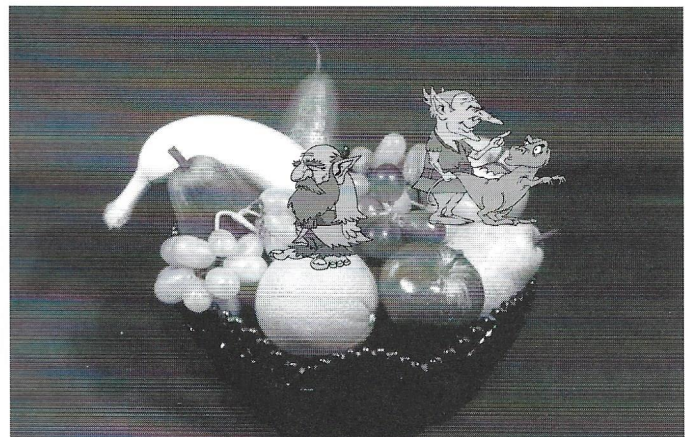


The **Boduin Desk Lamp** features mind-numbing elegance with extreme functionality. By harnessing the power of natural sunlight, this fixture can reveal colors and nuances never seen before with any other lamp.

Other Brand Name Lamps

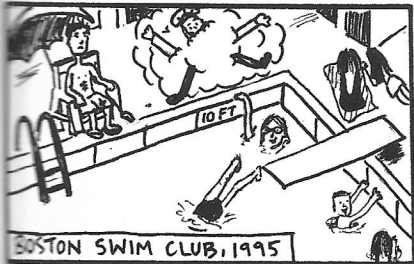


Fenstor Brand Lamps

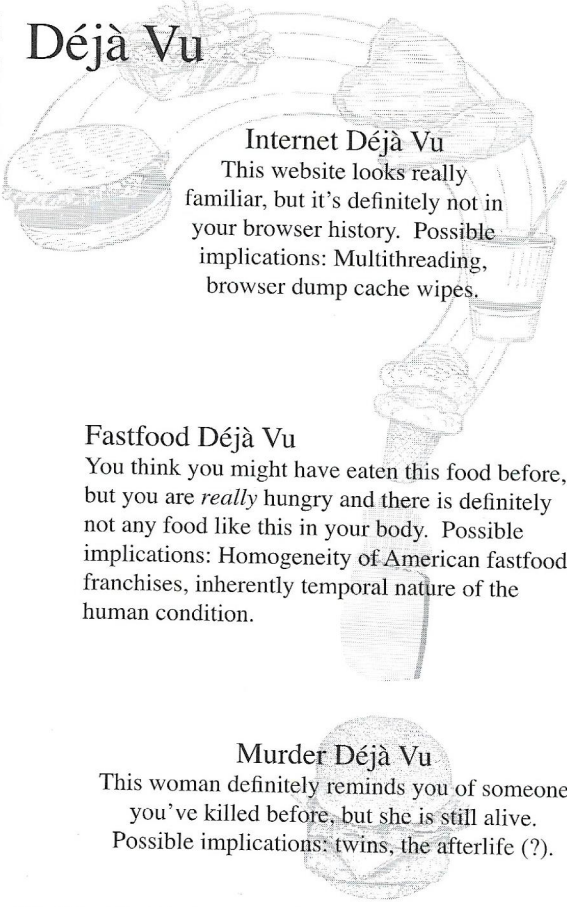


Try Fenstor Lighting and See the Difference™

TIME TRAVEL WITH MARCO POLO



Déjà Vu



Internet Déjà Vu

This website looks really familiar, but it's definitely not in your browser history. Possible implications: Multithreading, browser dump cache wipes.

Fastfood Déjà Vu

You think you might have eaten this food before, but you are *really* hungry and there is definitely not any food like this in your body. Possible implications: Homogeneity of American fastfood franchises, inherently temporal nature of the human condition.

Murder Déjà Vu

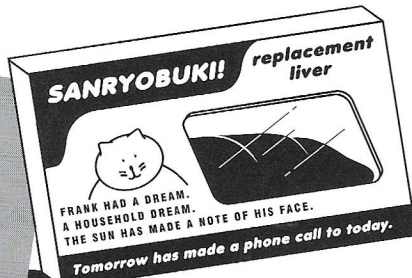
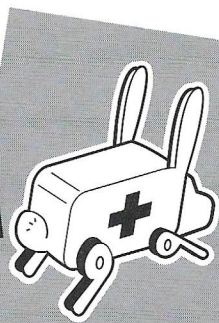
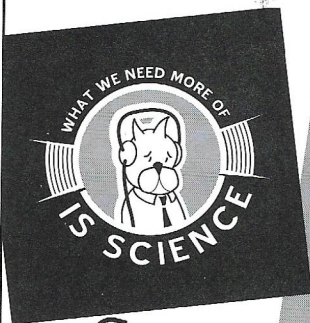
This woman definitely reminds you of someone you've killed before, but she is still alive. Possible implications: twins, the afterlife (?).

I SURE LOVE MOPPING



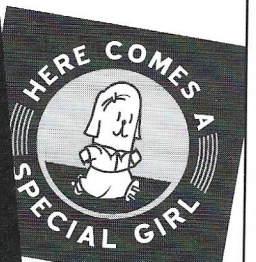
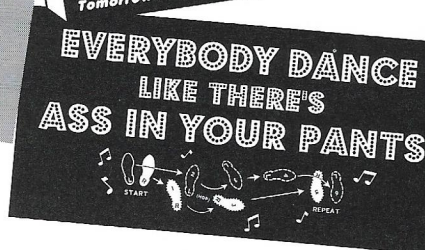
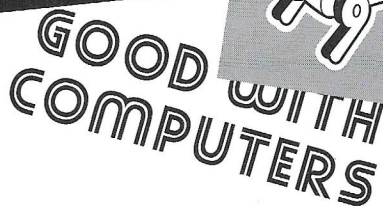
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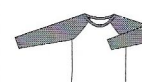
Ladies' T



Ladies' Hoody



Spaghetti Tank



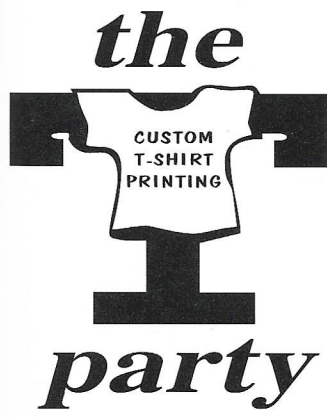
Ladies' Raglan



Ladies' Fleece

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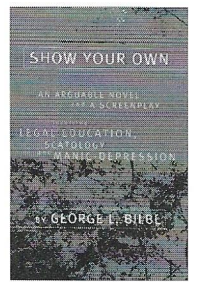
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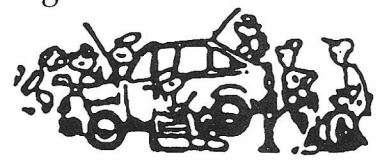
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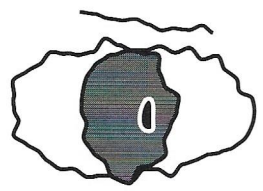
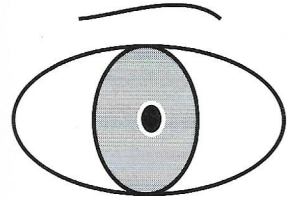


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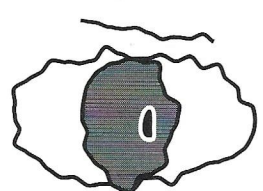
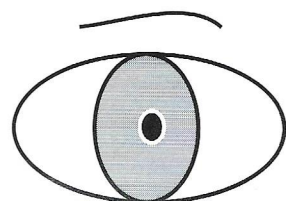
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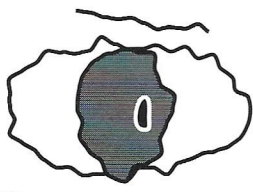
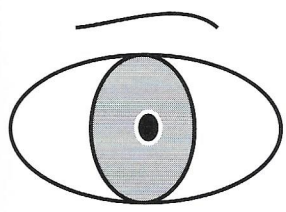
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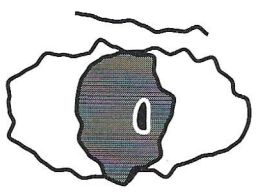
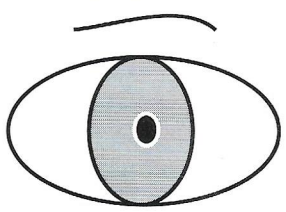
Hey, Ira.



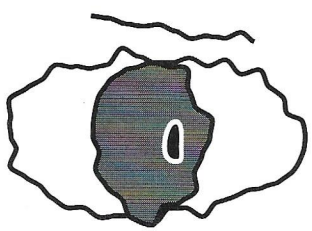
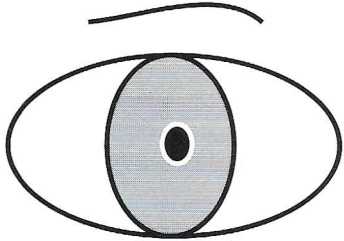
Yes, Joel?



Wanna go see a
dirty movie?



Sure, just let me
get the contacts.



Ehhhhh, ohhhhhh. It feels better without
them... and the silicon is so irritating.

An Irish Uprising

In a limestone cottage, in a village called Korin, nestled in the hills of County Wicklow, a boy awakens with the knowledge that today is the day. He uses a bent potato peeler to coerce the tops off two Guinness bottles while he reiterates the plan in his head. As he finishes the second stout, the boy pulls on a pair of raw woolen trousers. He walks into the other room and washes his face with old laundry water from a rusted tub. "Ah be'orraah," he says to himself, bending down to grab the half empty bottle of whiskey he had left beneath the toilet turned sink, "if ever twuz a day to do it, today most certainly moost be it." He swigs at the bottle, coughs, and swigs again. "Tis not gonna be aisy oweva," he reminds himself on each successive swig. But, of course, he had accepted this long ago, and as the sun is now several fingers above the horizon, he makes his way to the door, cutting his bare feet on the Jameson bottle he had just smashed on the dirt sludge he calls a kitchen floor.

He walks first to McCaffey's. He begins by ordering five pints at the bar. He grabs the first pint, stretches his lips all the way around the rim, and turns it upside down, emptying the 14 unsettled ounces down his gullet. He turns in his stool, then, with the air of confidence possessed only by a man who knows his purpose, falls to the floor. "Oos ready for a change aire," he shouts looking at the men around the pub. Glasses clink, eyes turn to look, but nobody responds. "O' course," spouts the boy knowingly, as he pulls himself back up to his 4 remaining pints, all of which he pours into the jar of pickled pigs feet at the end of the bar. Dunking his head into the jar he sputters through a medley of vinegar, Guinness and pig juice, "Perhaps you didn't ere me, I says, a change, is anyone ready fer one." Still no one responds.

But just as he is licking the last drop off the last swine's toe, a man approaches the counter, nods to the boy, and orders the filthiest shoe-full of grain alcohol in the pub. The booze vanishes in a single gulp, and the now empty loafer smashes the glass jar still stuck on the boys head.

"Well fer fook sake," the boy proclaims joyfully, "a change it tis, this man's ready fer." An old man, wearing the garments of a priest and swaying back and forth like a potato plant stricken with the blight, steps unsteadily up onto his chair. "I wuz supposed to give this ere mooney to the fookin orphans. But the boyo is roight. Points o' terpentine on the house." As the father empties his pockets of the several schillings intended to hush the grumblings of bastard stomachs, men from all over the pub stagger to the front to receive the church's generous handouts. Together, they all take their allotted three fingers of well-aged paint thinner, and with this great boy leading them, inhale the sweet pungent right up their noses,

exploding
in roars

of joy and revelation. "Today," says the boy, "Is the day we foight back, it tis." Then in a spectacular display of patriotism, he consumes the rest of all the drink left in McCaffey's in a single gulp.

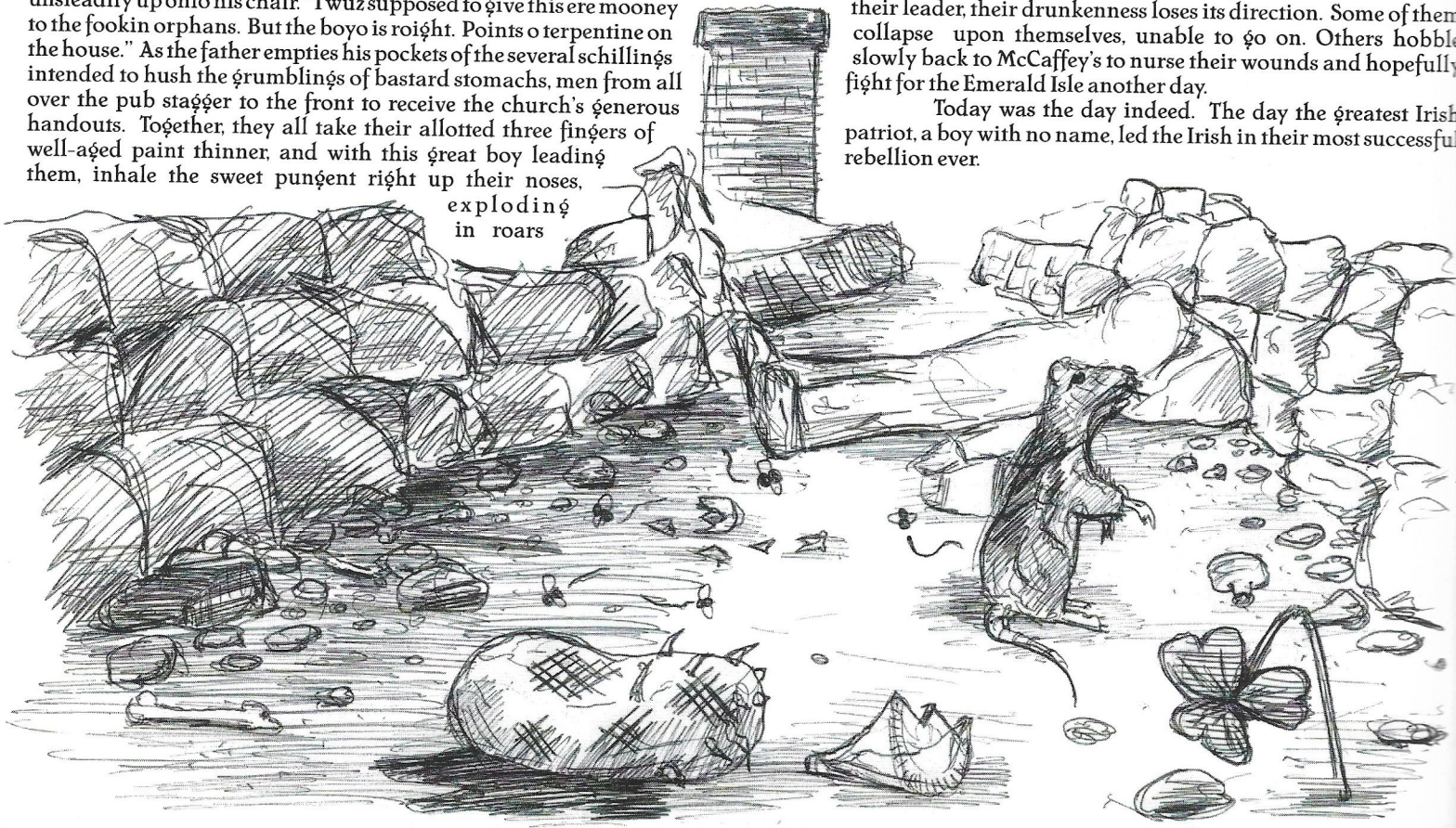
Without a word the boy lurches out of the pub, all the men following, and makes his way to the Wicklow County Post Office in Kilhenney. His intends to overthrow the British postmasters corrupting the sacred Irish mail system. "Those gobshites er messin with the letters, they is," he cries, inciting howls of agreement from the growing mob. "Everydays Isey them. Isey them eegits touchin, and proddin our cards. Well yous I'm not sure about, but I says that its better that we's bleed those envelopes red with the blood o' the Irish, then let the Brits be carryin on with em like that." At this point the mob erupts, pulling the boy to his feet and breaking into various slurred verses of "Danny Boy," while at the same time dousing their heads into a barrel of partially fermented molasses and smearing pig feces on their faces.

But unfortunately, on this particular day, the Wicklow County Post Office in Kilhenney is a full 50 miles from Korin. The boy knew beforehand that if anything went wrong, the rebellion would fall, and so be it the final blow breaking the souls of his countrymen. He takes two steps forward and collapses to his knee. He looks as though he has aged 20 years, the horrors of the rebellion having squelched his thirst for vengeance. "Oh fer fook sake," he exclaims. "The British are too strong." And of course, it is true, and all of his remaining followers can see it.

And now, in a final display of the defiant spirit that had captured the hearts of all of Aran, the boy speaks solemnly, slurping at the remaining whiskey left in the bottom of a broken bottle. "The battle tis not won. But as whiskey still floods the blood o' the Gaels, so shall my dreams flood the blood o' the babies. Let my epitaph not be written, until mines post cards tis untouched by the paws o' the protestants." After these words he sinks, and then with his last remaining gasp, rises again and adds, "they tis." And now the boy's eyes close, and his head comes to rest on the dirt road, the last of the whiskey still standing on his lips.

As the rest of the war torn rebels pause in silence without their leader, their drunkenness loses its direction. Some of them collapse upon themselves, unable to go on. Others hobble slowly back to McCaffey's to nurse their wounds and hopefully fight for the Emerald Isle another day.

Today was the day indeed. The day the greatest Irish patriot, a boy with no name, led the Irish in their most successful rebellion ever.



Every Heart Beats True

Johnny: Daddy, now that it's been two years since September 11th, can we take down our American flag?

Dad: No, John, we can't take it down until at least three weeks after the Nelsons next door do.

Johnny: Why Dad? Jimmy told me that his parents took their flag down last week.

Dad: Well, Jimmy's parents are terrorists.

Johnny: Dad, are we terrorists?

Dad: No John, Mom and I grow our own weed. We don't buy it.

Johnny: Robert told me that we are terrorists because you drive a Ford Expedition.

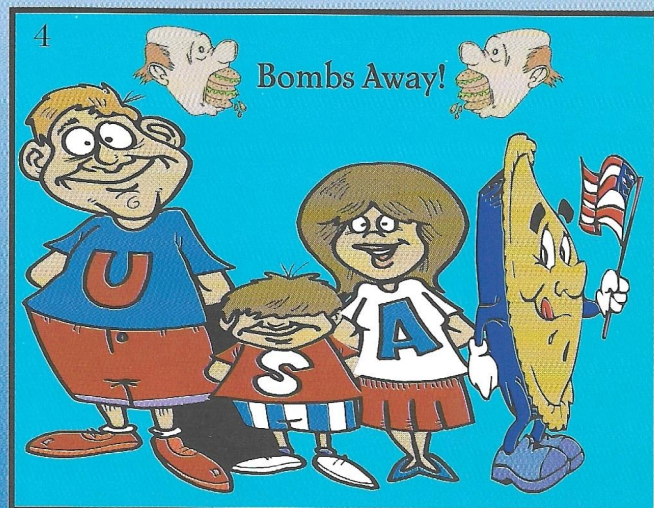
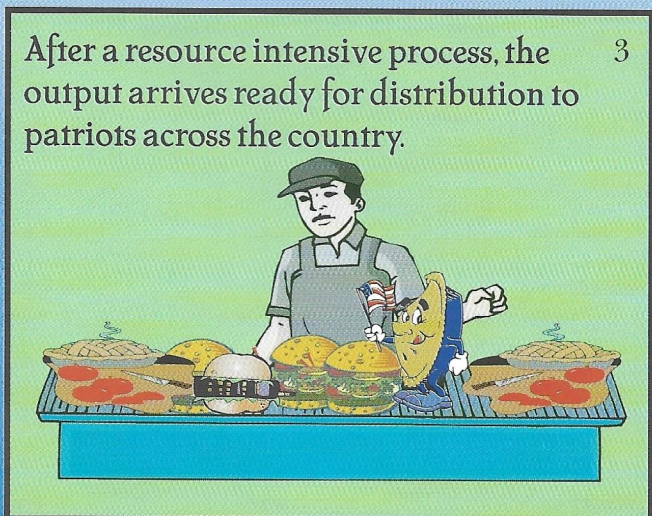
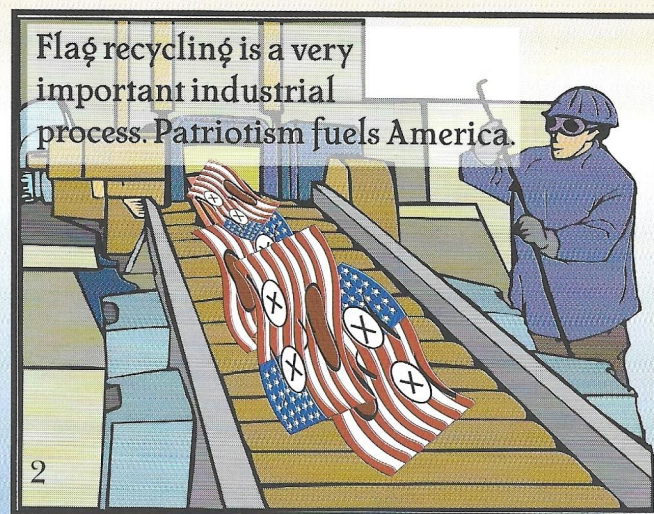
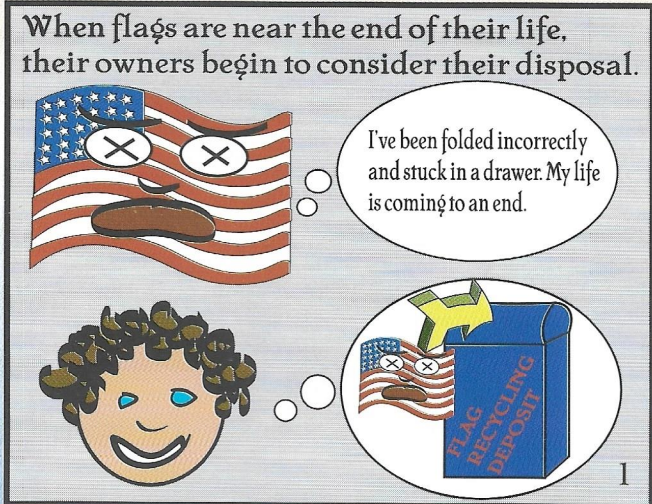
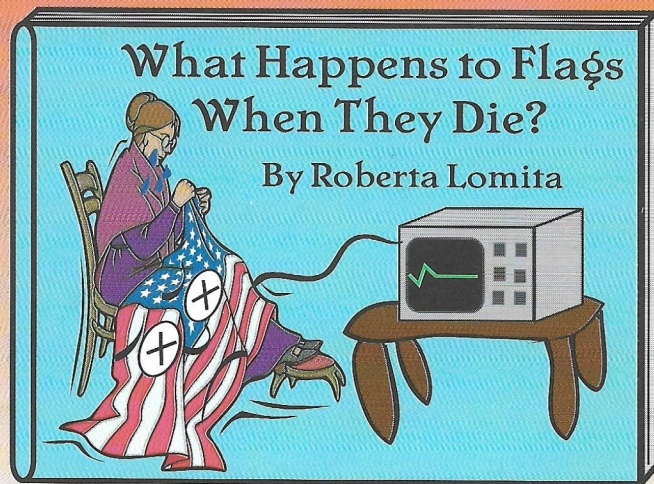
Dad: No Johnny, I decay my own dinosaurs and prehistoric mammals in the basement to power our SUV.

Johnny: Daddy, when we take down the flags, where do they go?

Dad: We put them in the flag recycling bins on Main Street. You know, the ones near the park.

Johnny: Yeah, but where do they go from there?

Dad: Well, I just happened to pick up a book on the way home...



“Who is winning the Civil War?”

Who cares? You think I do? Well you're wrong Mr. Worldly pants. Let those Eastern Europeans kill themselves. Africa? Whatever, I don't live there. Asia? I only eat the food. The south? I don't acknowledge their existence.

**Ethan Silva,
Chaparral Artist**

That depends. If we're assuming it's April, 1861, the South is clearly winning, what with its attack on Fort Sumpter. If we're assuming it's November of 1864, Sherman is Marching to the Sea, and the North is winning mightily. However, if it's September 17, 1862, we're in the thick of the Bloody Battle of Antietam, and there is no clear winner. Bye guys.

**Chris Canand,
Trouble in a Jumpsuit**

It will probably be whichever side has the greatest number of clubs, bows, pitchforks, slash-hooks and pikestuffs. And courage.

**Charlie Stockman,
Cannot Be Stopped**

Stephen Ambrose.

**Allan Phillips,
Freshman Writer**

Flocks of Mont Halvo, the flag of the Kortinas is approaching our shore. The Great War has begun. If we are to keep dominion over Gronomon we must fight like the mountain bears of Kregmor, we must move like the cave mice of Yetmin, and we must multiply like the field hares of Ryst. Remember, if we can strike down the she-beast of Kale, we have won.

**Adrian Perry,
Down in My Fliptop**

Nobody's winning because Freedom is for Losers.

**Erik Lessac-Chenan,
Cooking Foreign Meats**

Delisha Milton. Assuming "the civil war" is referring to the 2003-2004 WNBA Regular Season Points Per Game. We assumed that last year.

**Carrie Kemper,
She Got Next**

Not the fucking South, that's for shit sure.

**Matthew Steinberg,
Dirts**

The Rebel Alliance.

**Chris Holt,
Hold the Onions**

C: Who is winning the Civil War.

A: That's what I want to find out.

C: I say, Who is winning the Civil War.

A: You know the fellow's name?

C: Certainly!

A: Well then who's winning the civil war?

C: Yes!

A: I mean the fellow's name!

C: Who!

**Rishi Chanderraj,
Stuck in Another Generation**

If somebody talk bad 'bout the dirty South, I would have to agree. No one will be acting the fool on this day. (In summary: The South is not winning the civil war, but Ludacris is still awesome.)

**Chuck Armstrong,
Actually Wrote This**

Peanut Butter and Jelly. Because no matter who you marry, you can have peanut butter and jelly any time you want it, for the rest of your life.

**Amanda Pettit,
Handling the Circulation Crisis Offshore**

Jerry is, man! Tom is just an incapacitated feline with a painful demeanor. Jerry is the liberated mouse who deserves the victory he procures.

**Andrew R. Nielsen,
Working Hard for the Magazine**

America, and you'd better not forget it. No other country has won as many Winter Olympic medals, and we completely dominate when it comes to purchasing Limp Bizkit albums. Héy Denmark: You might have universal health coverage for all your citizens, but can you say you did it all for the Nookie, the Nookie? I didn't think so. So you can take that cookie, and stick it up your YEAH. And, like, remember the Alamo? We whooped their asses then, and we'll whoop yours now.

**David Shilane,
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The civil WAR? Well we tried our best, but it's all over... It was the bottom of the ninth, bases loaded, the tri-city titans were already up by 15, but big Chas Cheadle knocked it out of the park, no questions asked. Icing on the cake, that Chas really came to play.

**Katie Ann Gillum,
Embracing the Autobiographical**

The real winner in all this is democracy.

**Ben Trombley-Shapiro,
Fair Skin**

I'm pretty sure the legislative branch won the civil war. Their strategy of fattening up Newt and lodging him in the Supreme court's pantry door was executed with great proficiency. They were so desperate for ovaltine that they surrendered at Don Mattingly's lake house. Reconstruction of the pantry door forced all the go-fers back into slavery though.

**Josh Constine,
Ad Salesman**

Me dammit, I'm winning it. I've got ironclads, a republican leader with Marfan's disease, a single African American infantry, textile factories out the wazoo and one fucking sweet emancipation proclamation.

**General Matthew Henick,
Street Cred Extraordinaire**

The civil war of the Palo Alto Dental Association is clearly being won by Dr. Herbert Rosenblatt. He has taken control of over 90% of the reserved parking spaces, and the entire receptionist staff joined him after the murderous betrayal of Bunny Mitsenmooker by Dr. Aggerwol. The awful event is said to have involved the use of a gingiva plasmodium.

**Sean Lucy,
President of SSE**

I think that the Pirates are winning the Pirates vs. Ninjas civil war.

But it isn't for lack of trying on the part of the ninjas.

**Geoff Schaeffer,
Nostalgia for Themes of Old**

The observant are winning. I'm breaking forth into the new millennium of jazzzzz.

**Marie White,
Obscurity of Deliberance**

It's impossible to say who or what is winning, or even who is in the battle or why they are even trying. The only thing for sure is that whoever it is, they sure must be ready to finally win this thing.

**Steve Yelderman,
Sitting in Filth**

Civil War? Are you sure you don't mean civil war?

**Ian Spiro,
Writing the Questions**

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