

# STANFORD CHAPARRAL

The Humor Magazine  
Vol. CVII No. 2



**All  
Smiles**

# WHY DO THEY SMILE?



NOTHING CURES  
A HANGOVER LIKE  
SACRAMENTAL WINE



NEW SCYTHE TO  
IMPRESS THE LADY  
FRIEND



MARRYING ELDEST  
DAUGHTER OFF TO A  
GANG OF WILD PIGS



FOUND HER  
SEVERED TOE



DIGGING A HOLE DEEP  
ENOUGH TO BURY  
THE SECRETS



OWNS HIS OWN  
FOUNTAIN



KNOWS THE TREES  
ARE HELPLESS TO  
DEFEND THEMSELVES



THINKING  
ABOUT HAY



UNAWARE OF THE  
RISKS OF CARBON  
MONOXIDE POISONING



FINALLY FOUND A  
PUBLISHER FOR HIS  
SHEEP POETRY



FOUND THE BASTARD  
WHO STOLE HIS SHOES  
HIDING IN THE HAY



ONCE THE FIELD IS  
PLOWED, HORSEBURGERS  
FOR EVERYONE!!

# In Retrospect

I was very nervous about my first date with Mary. After dinner, the two of us went to see a movie at the theater near our neighborhood. I could tell we were both very nervous. Yet, sure enough, it became the magical night that I kissed Mary for the first time. I was in love. In retrospect, though, I think there may have just been people kissing on the screen.

Growing up in rural Alabama, there really wasn't too much to do. One day my friends and I were in the woods near a creek when we met this kindly old man fishing. He never talked much, but boy was he good at fishing. We spent a whole summer fishing with him every afternoon until he mauled my friend Bill. In retrospect, I'm pretty sure he was actually a bear.

When I was really little, I had a lot of trouble sleeping, because I was always scared the monster in my closet would eat me. My parents assured me, night after night, that there was nothing in my closet but clothes. Yet, countless times I would swear I saw a monster emerge from my closet and lurk about my room. Although, in retrospect, I'm pretty sure the monster actually was clothes.

Angelo always used to bully me in middle school. Everyday at school I felt like I was going to a war zone. I didn't know if punches would be thrown, if Principal Withers would hear any banging come from the inside of the locker, or whether my friends would embarrass me by bringing it up. I suppose, in retrospect, I was actually bullying Angelo.

It was hard having my dad as the coach. For him, practice didn't end at the park. He'd make me run several times a day, and used to always tell me that he knew "his champ" would make it into the majors. He put me under a lot of pressure, and I thought my dad was ashamed of me. In retrospect, though, my dad still loved me, even though I never became a professional ice dancer.

When I was thirteen, my dad told me it was time for me to become a man. He handed me a 30-06 caliber rifle, and told me to shoot the first buck I saw. I was very nervous, but a couple hours later, I downed my first deer. My dad got very nervous, and told me to stay put, saying everything would be alright. In retrospect, my dad was probably not expecting me to actually shoot a deer.





Advance Praise for Tom Calloway's new historical work:

## KEEP OUT! RADICALISM, REVOLUTION, AND REBELLION IN THE DIARIES OF THE FAMILY HATTERS

"Tom Calloway traces the female line of succession in the Hatters family diaries with grace and wit. Set against the backdrop of several different historical periods, *Keep Out!* invites the reader *in* to a hornet's nest of secrets and chores."

-Malcolm Gladstone, author of *Tea Time* and *Foppish Follies*

"The Hatters family kept such extensive diaries that we now know what American women have struggled through in detail. We know that they valued respect above all, family second, and kept diaries."

-Margaret Shipley, author of *Secret Candles*

### Excerpts from *Keep Out!*

On Martha Van Hatter, 1684-1717

"...A woman in colonial America knew her place. But as we see from Martha's diary, a woman also went to bed at exactly 8:00 every night."

On Madeline Emily Hatter, 1705-1742

"Times were not those of her mother Martha. Laundry started to assume a central role in every woman's life, and all newborn sons were named George."

On Theresa Hatter Jones, 1840-1861

"As we can see from Theresa's diary, most American women were killed by stray bullets fired during the Civil War, radically dropping life expectancy for this group."

On Maggie Hatter, 1986-

"One of the most difficult times to live as a woman, the twenty-first century blows. All women hate it at school. The boys of this modern time suck. Though seemingly improving our lives, globalization, technology, and new cultural norms have a dark side. Boys are meeting girls in Italy when they go abroad, and dumping women over email. In Maggie's own words, 'I can't even believe him.' Indeed, it is hard to believe that all of our advancements could come at such a cost."



# Stanford Chaparral All Smiles Number

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### WRITING CREDITS

2	Why Smile .....	Pihulic
3	In Retrospect.....	Scodary
4	Diaries .....	Chanderraj, Kemper
6	Now That .....	Chanderraj
7	Paris .....	Kenter, Stockman
8	Mike's .....	Kenter
9	Casanova .....	Chanderraj
10	Cavity Crew.....	Wait
11	Insult to Injury .....	Kemper
12	Orthodontist .....	Kemper
13	Invisible Hand .....	Chanderraj
14	Dad Quarterly .....	Phillips
15	Shipwreck .....	Wyman
16	Freshman Facebook .....	Staff
18	Blues .....	Phillips
19	Sign Convention .....	Stark
19	On the Map .....	Scodary
19	Fool's Game.....	Chanderraj
20	Recommendation.....	Haas, Kenter, Phillips
21	Nomination .....	Chanderraj
22	McCartney .....	Kemper
23	Did You Mean.....	Kemper
23	Finally Legal .....	Chanderraj, Kenter, Scodary
24	Hey Everyone.....	Chanderraj
25	History of Smiles .....	Chanderraj, Kenter
26	Mistaken Identity .....	Chanderraj
27	Austen .....	Kemper
28	Mysterious Ways.....	Kemper
28	Touch Base .....	Kemper
29	Urban Outfitters .....	Kemper
31	Subtlety .....	Scodary
31	Self-Ad.....	Chanderraj, Kenter

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11	Cavity Crew.....	Worswick
28	Touch Base .....	Kemper
29	Urban Outfitters .....	Wyman



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**THE STANFORD Chaparral**

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**Hammer Coffin**

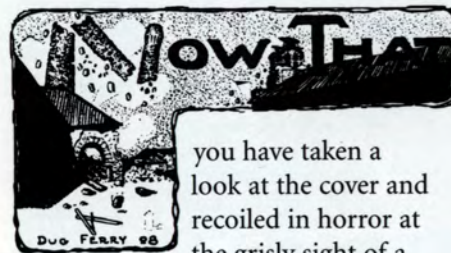
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**REFLECTIONS**

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED



you have taken a look at the cover and recoiled in horror at the grisly sight of a smiling jester being eaten alive, you might be suspicious that there is some deeper meaning

behind this issue's theme. Maybe we are trying to suggest that there is a thin line between tragedy and comedy, and that upon consideration life is truly absurd and meaningless. Then again, maybe we just like dentist jokes. Let me assure that neither of these explanations is correct.

I see you there, rolling your eyes. You don't believe me. I will admit the claim might seem pretty ridiculous.

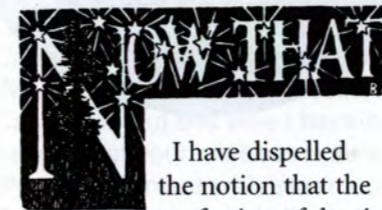
Who doesn't love a good dentist joke? Have you heard the one about how dentistry is the most suicide prone profession in America? It goes a little something like this:

*A guy walks into a dentist's office and says, "Doc, according to an article in the June 2001 issue of the Journal of the American Dental Association, there is little evidence to suggest that dentists are more prone to*

*stress-related suicides than the general population."*

*The dentist replies, "It would be so ironic if the one profession most dedicated to improving the American smile was most prone to suicide," and then shoots himself in the head.*

Maybe that joke's a little heavy handed, but it points to a fundamental truth about society. You are wrong about most things. Why would you assume that dentists commit suicide more often than orthodontists (who happen to be the group most prone to suicide in the nation)? Do you simply accept every ridiculous fact that you are told? What if I told you that only 70 percent of ridiculous facts are true?



I have dispelled the notion that the profession of dentistry meaningfully reflects the plight of mankind, let me be serious for a moment and talk about the intimate connection between comedy and tragedy. It's true what they say, "Comedy equals Tragedy Plus Time." For instance, some of the Chaparral's greatest writers have gone on to produce some fantastic work for the nation's leading tragedy magazines. In addition, tragedies viewed in a certain context can be extremely hilarious. There is the story of the great Bellini, the clown that was smiling on the

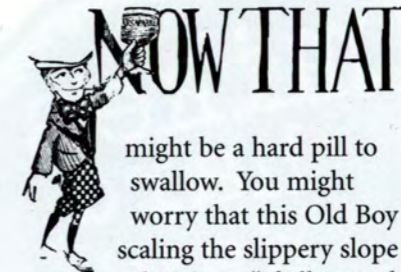
outside and crying on the inside. It goes something like this:

*Bellini walks into a doctor's office and says, "Doc, I'm so depressed. What should I do?"*

*The doctor replies, "I'm an orthodontist. I can't really help you."*

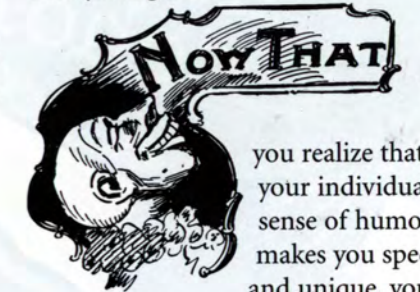
*Bellini realizes how ironic his situation is, and bursts into maniacal laughter. The orthodontist thinks that Bellini is laughing at him and commits suicide, as orthodontists are prone to do.*

What can we learn from this story? From Bellini's point of view, life is meaningless. There are no answers; there is no God to save him. From the orthodontist's point of view Bellini is not a very funny clown. The point is that everything is a matter of perspective. Watching a sad movie can be an extremely depressing experience. Watching a sad movie in 3-D can be an adventure. This is the lesson that we should take away from this story



might be a hard pill to swallow. You might worry that this Old Boy is scaling the slippery slope of relativism. "If all comedy is relative," you ask, "what's to stop me from supporting euthanasia in a humorous manner in cases when it maximizes the public welfare?" Well, let's check your assumptions there, pancakes. Just because you have a

strong visceral reaction to euthanasia does not mean that everyone feels the same way that you do. Secondly, what if there was a fundamental standard that we could use to judge comedy? Why, the whole business of comedy would simplify to a simple algorithm used to generate hilarity. We would be no different from the machines. In fact, with their superior processing power, the machines would be thousands of times funnier than we could ever hope to be. Could you imagine a world in which a sitcom based on circuit related humor was the number one hit in America? It's not a place I would want to live, and I'm sure you agree.



you realize that your individual sense of humor makes you special and unique, you might be a little dismayed.

How are you supposed to determine what is funny and what is sad? Ease up there, short stack. You do not always have to make sense of everything. The world is not all black and white, funny and tragic. The world is various shades of green. Life is so absurd that it is both funny and sad in the same breath. Sit back and let it overwhelm you. Let out a good cry, and smile. This issue is a study in contrasts. We hope that you enjoy it.

Do you want to go to Paris?



No, I want it to be my idea.



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**YOUNG MEN AGES 24-35**  
**THESE DRINKS ARE DIFFICULT TO DRINK**  
**ARE YOU UP TO THE CHALLENGE?**



**MAKE IT MIKE'S™**

**How Eduardo Casanova's Bizzare Courting Rituals and Victoria Crum's Penchant for Witticisms Led to the Firing of a Charming Female Servant.**

(The First Attempt)

Charming Female Servant: Hello?  
 Casanova: Good day! My name is Eduardo Casanova! I am here to declare my intentions to court Victoria Crum! I have brought the mistress of the house a gift! (Presents Potbellied Pig to Servant)  
 Servant: I must discuss this with my mistress. (Closes door. Returns one minute later)  
 Servant: My mistress says that we will not accept the animal!  
 Casanova: ?!  
 Servant: ...but the pig, we will take! (slams door in his face)

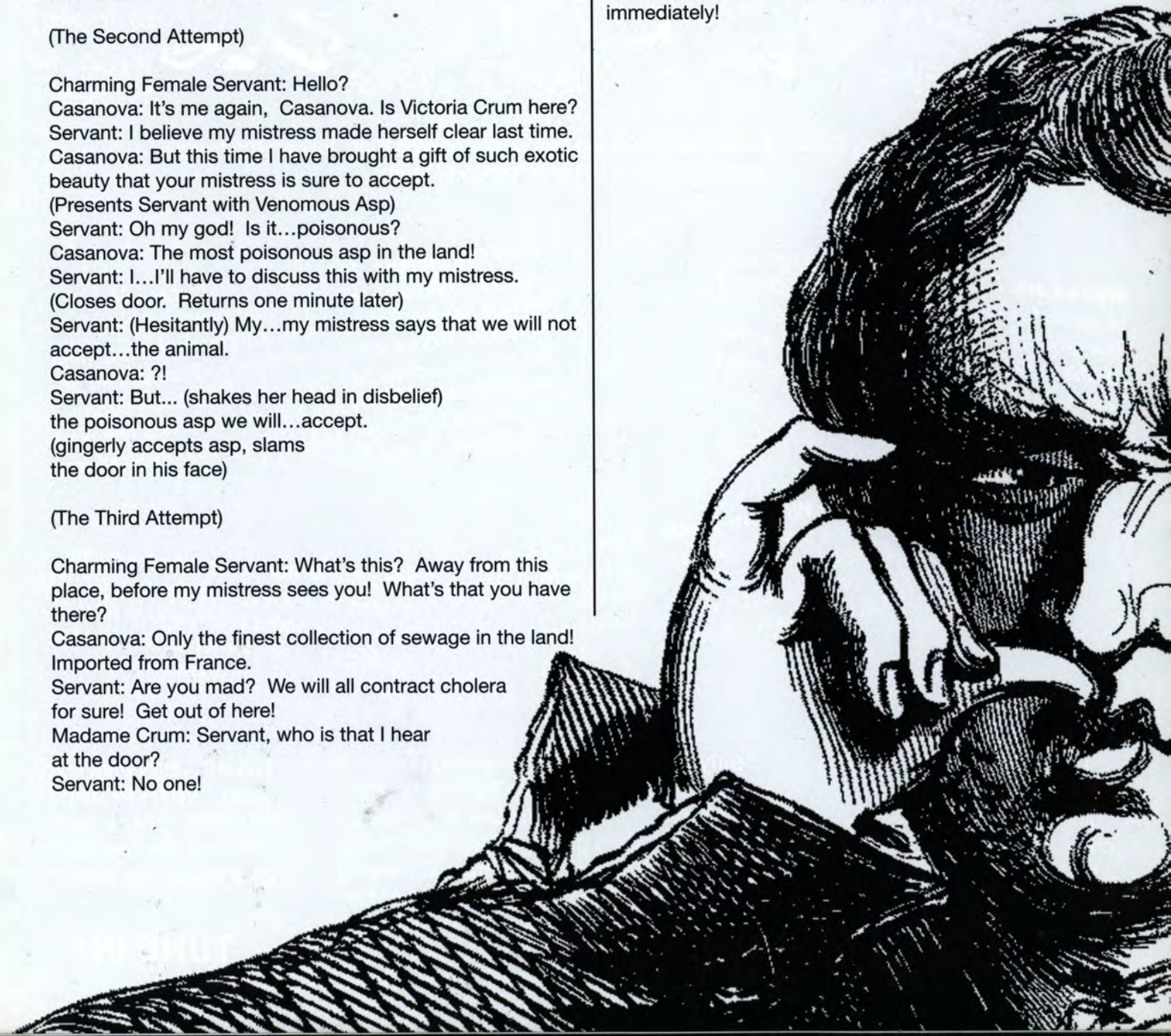
(The Second Attempt)

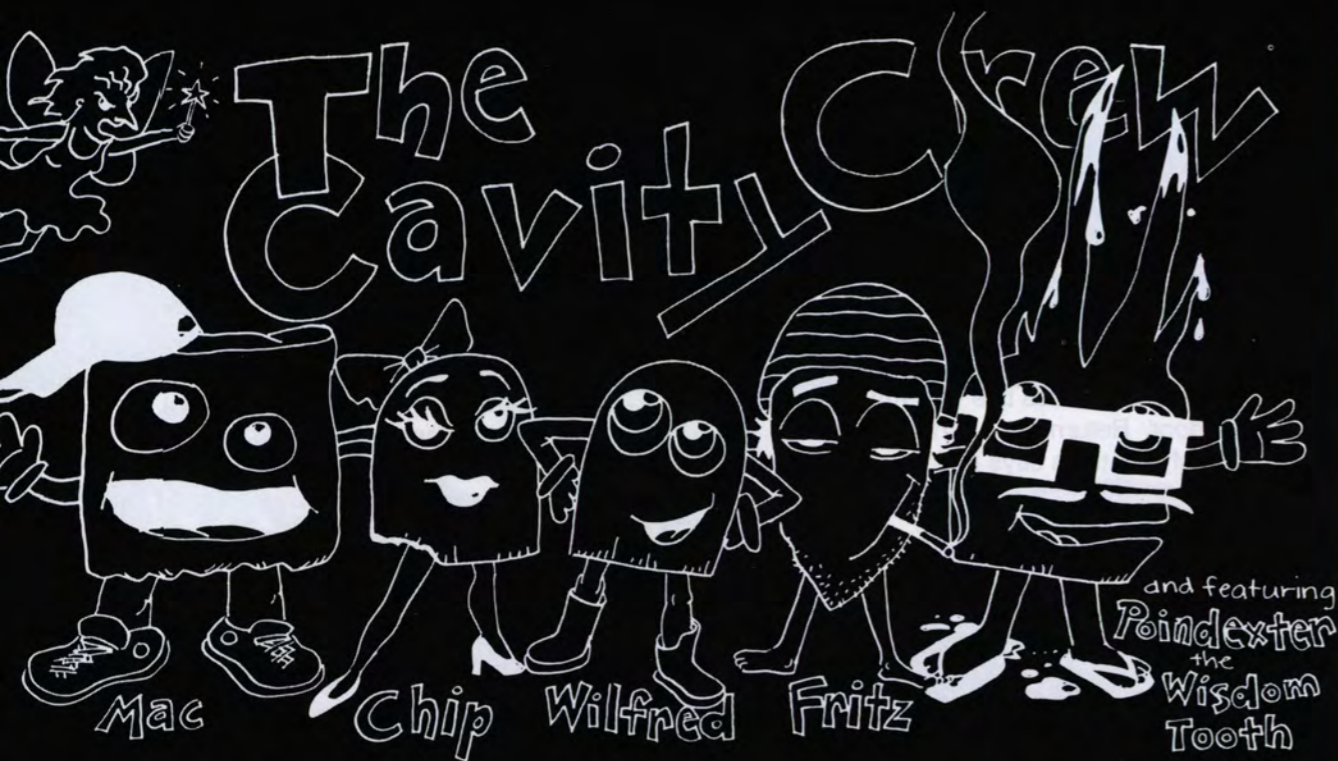
Charming Female Servant: Hello?  
 Casanova: It's me again, Casanova. Is Victoria Crum here?  
 Servant: I believe my mistress made herself clear last time.  
 Casanova: But this time I have brought a gift of such exotic beauty that your mistress is sure to accept. (Presents Servant with Venomous Asp)  
 Servant: Oh my god! Is it...poisonous?  
 Casanova: The most poisonous asp in the land!  
 Servant: I...I'll have to discuss this with my mistress. (Closes door. Returns one minute later)  
 Servant: (Hesitantly) My...my mistress says that we will not accept...the animal.  
 Casanova: ?!  
 Servant: But... (shakes her head in disbelief) the poisonous asp we will...accept. (gingerly accepts asp, slams the door in his face)

(The Third Attempt)

Charming Female Servant: What's this? Away from this place, before my mistress sees you! What's that you have there?  
 Casanova: Only the finest collection of sewage in the land! Imported from France.  
 Servant: Are you mad? We will all contract cholera for sure! Get out of here!  
 Madame Crum: Servant, who is that I hear at the door?  
 Servant: No one!

Casanova: It is I, Eduardo Casanova. Here with a gift for you my lady.  
 Madame Crum: Oooh! What is it?  
 Servant: It's nothing! He has brought nothing.  
 Casanova: It's a steaming pile of human excrement.  
 Madame Crum: (Smiles Coyly) Servant, please inform Casanova that we will not accept the steaming pile of human excrement, but...  
 Servant: NO! I'll say nothing of the sort! I'm busy enough tending to the venomous asp and the potbelly pig! I won't accept another horrible present just to satisfy your penchant for clever witticisms!  
 Madame Crum: Then, I'm afraid you'll have to leave immediately!





"The Cavity Crew", a new cartoon airing this winter on WB Kids, follows the lively adventures of a dynamic group of teeth.

**Mac the Molar:** These front teeth, noble, are the natural leaders of the crew. They're the first to tackle any challenge that comes their way, be it a crisp apple or a rapidly approaching lamp-post. Mac always prefer the former.

**Chip the Incisor:** A late bloomer, Chip joins the Cavity Crew in their third season. Despite his precocious brilliance, Chip nonetheless crowds out the other teeth with his overpowering personality. He is cut after two episodes.

**Fritz the incisor:** Fritz always knew he was special. Wielding the awesome power of the wedge, young Fritz could tear through the toughest of foods. Bored with his abilities and convinced of his own invulnerability, however, Fritz soon began experimenting with Novocain. He now is a tweaked-out shell of his former self, getting his only kicks from biting babies in the face.

**Mac the Molar:** Mac may be a little slower than the rest of the teeth, but he has a wonderful heart, and is always willing to ... ah, forget it. Mac's a big dumb oaf. No one likes him.

**NOTES**

"Billy turns 12" - When a bad case of the gum disease strikes the cavity crew, they are forced to take on a second challenge. It's a little intense, but the crew! C'mon - you can do it!

"Billy turns 12" - After hounding the cavity crew for years, the Tooth Fairy, their arch-nemesis, finally rips the last of the baby teeth from Billy's gums. As the final credits roll, the camera pans away from a bleeding, toothless Billy. Exhaustedly falling to his knees, Billy groans a gut-wrenching moan of defeat.

"Toast!" - Billy eats some toast - WITH PEANUT BUTTER! Stay tuned to see how the crew gets out of this sticky situation.

**TUNE IN!**

# INSULT TO INJURY

**Injury**

Fall on the track, resulting in significant track burn all over the palms and knees.

**Adding Insult to Injury**

"That was a really *ungraceful fall*."

**Adding Significance to Insult to Injury**

"That was a really *ungraceful fall* that just cost you the *award*."

**Adding Gravity to Significance to Insult to Injury**

"That was a really *ungraceful fall* that just cost you the *Olympic gold medal award*."

**Adding Contradiction to Gravity to Significance to Insult to Injury**

"That was a really *ungraceful fall* that just cost you the Olympic gold medal award. At least it was a *graceful fall*."

**Adding Nickname to Contradiction to Gravity to Significance to Insult to Injury**

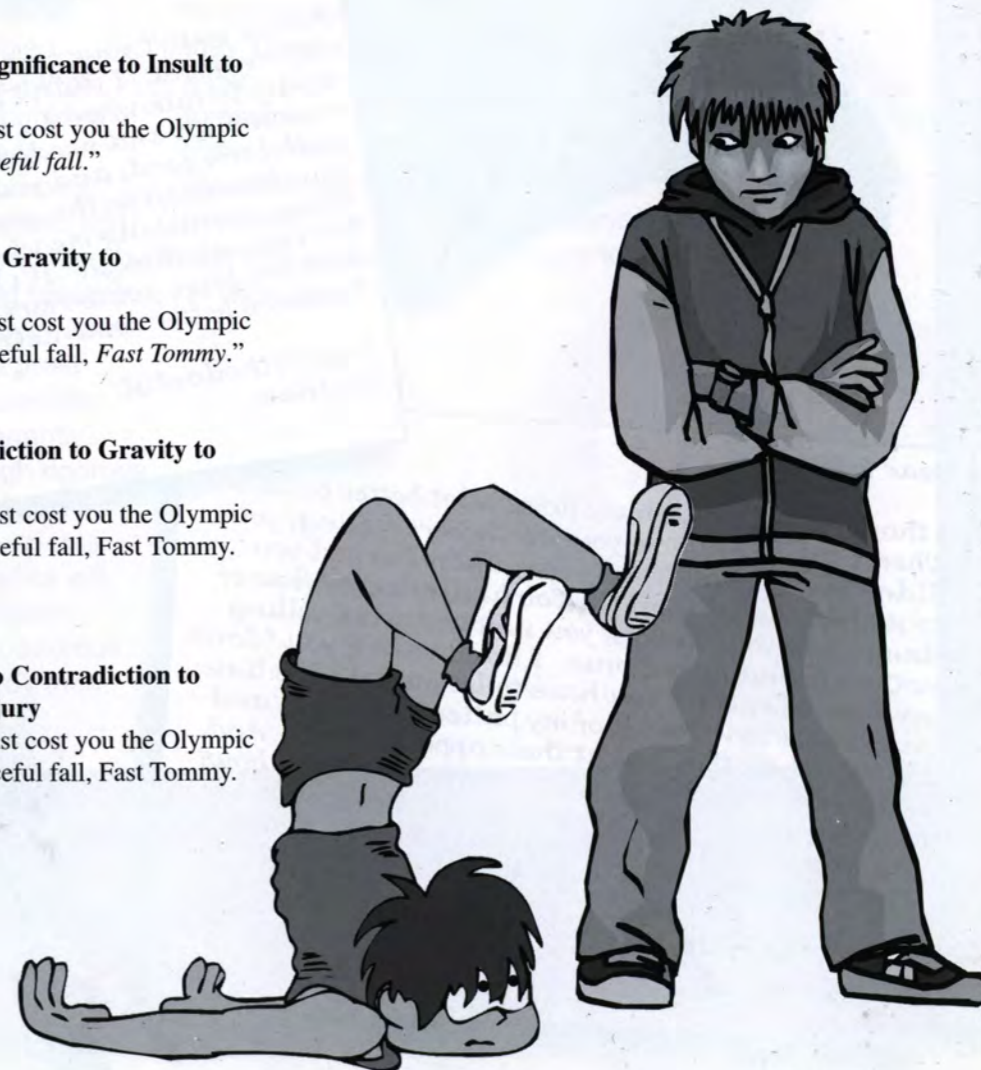
"That was a really *ungraceful fall* that just cost you the Olympic gold medal award. At least it was a graceful fall, *Fast Tommy*."

**Adding Food to Nickname to Contradiction to Gravity to Significance to Insult to Injury**

"That was a really *ungraceful fall* that just cost you the Olympic gold medal award. At least it was a graceful fall, *Fast Tommy*. Here is a *piece of bread*."

**Adding Doubt to Food to Nickname to Contradiction to Gravity to Significance to Insult to Injury**

"That was a really *ungraceful fall* that just cost you the Olympic gold medal award. At least it was a graceful fall, *Fast Tommy*. Here is a *piece of bread...?*"



## A Note From Your Orthodontist...

Dear Patrick,

Excellent job at your orthodontist appointment this afternoon. You have been improving in your patience, manners, and dedication to your teeth. I would, however, reconsider your choice of color for your new rubber bands. I realize that you are a Red Sox fan, but you don't have to show your support in your mouth. All in all, I thought you had a really good appointment.

Your Orthodontist,  
Dr. Shaw

Dear Megan,

Today wasn't your best work at the 4:15 appointment. I didn't like the way you kept trying to talk when I was clearly dealing with your mouth and needed it to be still. Your teeth look good, and you should be able to get your braces off in the next couple of months. Please stop asking me when exactly they will be removed, though. It's hard for me to know, and you have got to respect that uncertainty. Please be better come next appointment.

Your Orthodontist,  
Dr. Shaw

Dear Peter,

I thought you could have done a lot better today. When I asked you how your teeth were feeling, you didn't even respond. Likewise, when I urged you to stop eating corn on the cob at dinner for fear of damage to your braces, you simply started yelling—not a reasonable response. I don't care if you "don't even have braces." You have to let me take the time each night to write all of my patients in script and tell them how they did at their appointments. And yes, if I mess up, I have to start over. I'm not about to start writing my letters in pencil. Peter, if you're going to be my husband, you have to realize that my work will always come first.

Your Orthodontist,  
Theresa



Everybody knows about Adam Smith's theory of the "Invisible Hand." Individuals, by nature self-interested and rational, act to maximize their own well being. In doing so, they accidentally maximize societal well being also. "It is as if," Smith wrote, "They were guided by an invisible hand."

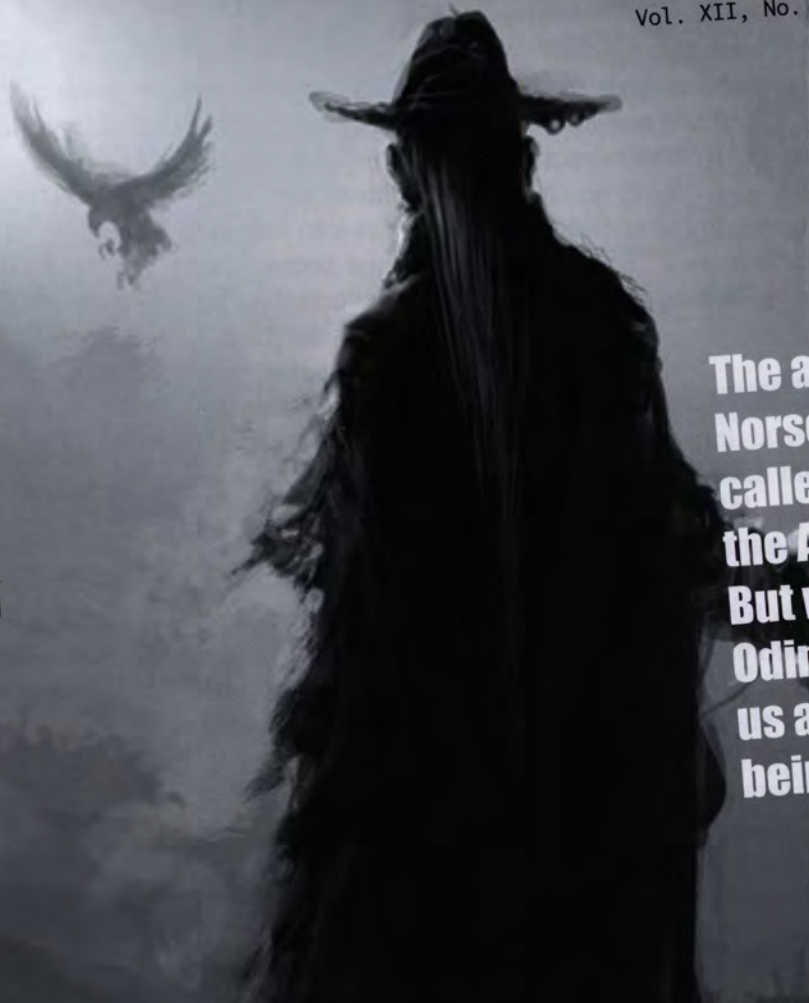
What you probably don't know is that economist John White added an important caveat to Invisible Hand Theory. White observed that individuals seemed not to be guided by an invisible hand, but rather, chased away by invisible monsters. White claimed that self-interested and rational individuals were surrounded by invisible monsters whispering fallacies into their ears. By running away from these monsters and towards profit individuals unwittingly promoted the societal interest. More importantly, White understood that through rigorous mathematical modeling, human behavior could be modeled. "Some day," wrote White, "mathematics will provide us with the exact location and source of these most wonderful beasts so that we may destroy them."

The last step came from Ralph Black, who added the final piece of the puzzle. Black observed that in their haste to run away from the monsters, people invariably tripped over each other and fell into the mud. "If everyone could just cooperate and run away in a calm, collected manner, society wouldn't have so many problems." Black elucidated this idea with the example of the prisoner's dilemma. "If two men are held hostage by monsters in a prison, they stand a better chance of surviving if they don't confess and work together to escape." Thus, in some cases, self-interest must yield to cooperation. With these deviations taken into account, all of human history seemed explained, and economists looked forward to an exciting new future.

# INVISIBLE HAND

# Dad Quarterly

Vol. XII, No. 5 June 2005



**20** ways to milk Father's Day for all it's worth.

Think you know the score? Take our Drug Slang Quiz!

Are you strict but fair? ...or just fair?

Credence Clearwater Revival Revival?

Coming out to your son (So he knows what it feels like!)

The ancient Norsemen called him the Allfather. But what can Odin teach us about being Dad?

INSIDE:



We take TV's dopey dads to task!

THE CHANNEL:



Aaron Burr: Traitor or Forgotten Patriot?

PLUS:



DAD mag review fall's new topsiders.

## THREE MEN WERE SHIPWRECKED



At first, it seemed they might live a new life, a life purged of the tribulations of modern society. But, isolated from civilization, they began to lose their very humanity. Here, then, is an account of the true descent of man into savagery.

### ON A DESERT ISLAND.

#### THE DAY THEIR OPPOSABLE THUMBS FELL OFF

On the first day of the second week, Clive found he could not button his shirt. Claude struggled in vain with a cummerbund and tie - and by five, Carl declared that Cocktail Night must be cancelled. Indefinitely.

#### THE DAY THEY WERE DETHRONED FROM ATOP THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

The mules slipped the harnesses of the plows, and, thumbing their mule-noses, retreated into the jungle. But the men did not lose heart. Claude took up the harnesses and said, *We need no mules, my boys, while we each have two good calves!* And they tilled the soil themselves and sowed their nasturtiums and rye.

#### THE DAY THEY WERE NO LONGER BIPEDS

The plow stood abandoned, and the fields lay fallow. The crows scratched the seeds of the men from the newly feral earth. And pants, well, you can imagine that no one was wearing pants. Not anymore.

#### THE DAY ON WHICH AN OUTSIDE OBSERVER MIGHT FIRST HAVE NOTICED THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIGHER LINGUISTIC CONCEPTS

Clive wrote a message in the sand for the planes that sometimes passed overhead: SLOW DOWN! WE LIVE HERE! it said, in a large but legible script.

#### THE DAY THEY WERE SUDDENLY UNABLE TO HATE

Carl tattooed a poem by Pablo Neruda in a spiral around his navel. He used squid ink and a serrated shell - and when he rejoined the circle of beds in the sand, not a man spoke the heretofore-sanctified words of judgment. No man spoke out plainly, saying, *Carl, you are a super-douche.*

#### ALSO, THEY COULD NOT REMEMBER HOW TO LOVE

Claude built a woman of sand and took her to a nice dinner. He spilled some wine on her blouse and talked about sports the whole time and refused to pay for her dessert. *Fat*, he said. *You'll get fat.*





## WWII



Alfred Dersidan  
Germany



Taiji Harimoto  
Japan



Kazu Hayashida  
France

## Carlos



Tina Mayers  
Franklin Lakes, NJ

"Carlos Dear!  
Come to  
Dinner!"



Carlos Fernandez Ortega  
Fresno, CA

"Who, me?"



Carlos Dear  
Gulfport, MS

"No, man.  
Me."

## Peter Pan



Aaron Quiggle  
Santa Cruz, CA

Peter



Ariel Dixon  
South Lyon, MI

Tink



Cynthia Barboza  
Long Beach, CA

Wendy



Shaker Muasher  
Jordan

Captain Hook



Douglas Stanford  
Anacortes, WA

Lost Boy



Max Zamkow  
England

Nana

## A Young...



James Super  
Arlington, VA

Matt Damon



Adrian Anzaldua  
McGregor, TX

Johnny Damon



Matthew Paden  
Raleigh, NC

William H. Macy

## A Living...



Brandon Herzog  
Richmond, VA

Jonathan Brandis

The Boy Who Will Save the Blues

## "Polly in the Wheat," a Play in Two Acts

Growing up in a prairie town isn't easy for Polly Brown. A story about life, death, and the struggle in between, "Polly in the Wheat" introduces some of the most memorable characters in all of Western literature...



Polly Brown  
Washington D.C.

Starring Polly Brown,  
as Herself



Brendon Pezzack  
Canada

Jack and Martha  
Brown, the Stoic  
Prairie Parents



Diana Bowers  
Brooklyn, NY



Amy Frohmayer  
Eugene, OR

Gerty Brown, the  
Pre-Teen Younger  
Sister

Also Featuring:



Amanda Gelender  
Castro Valley, CA

The Snoopy  
Midwife



Andy Hall  
Palo Alto, CA

The Huckster  
Travelling  
Salesman



Josh Stone  
Deerfield, IL

The Tireless  
Abolitionist  
Crusader



Thomas Yeh  
San Francisco, CA

Mr. Frank,  
the Evil  
Industrialist



Silas Johnson  
Bloomington, MN

The Village  
Idiot



Alex Blackstock  
Bellevue, WA

Elijah, the  
Vision from  
the Future

## Midnight Snack



Colin Duke  
Georgetown, TX

Corn on  
the Cob



Zesee Mekonnen  
Chino, CA

Hot Sauce

## The Sneak



Joachim De Lombaert  
Madison, CT

# The Boy Who Will Save the Blues

See that kid? One over yonder, 15 years or so and puffin' on that harmonica?

That there's the boy who will save the blues.

Oh, I know you don't hear much about the blues these days. No sir, you hear so little, you didn't hear nothing of it when the blues up and died. Just the quiet. Sad day when ain't no muddy waters churnin' and that's the truth.

His name is Trevor Nordgren, which ain't much name for a bluesman, but it will be anyhow. When he was born, there was a voice in the room with doctor, mother and child. Some say God, some say the Devil, some say both 'uns. And this voice, it said:

Put up with dirty diapers  
Put up with terrible two's  
Take good care of this one,  
He's the boy who'll save the blues.

Then, showing up late and smelling of sweet wine and bitter women, there were the three wise men. Buddy Guy. John Lee Hooker. And BB King. They took the little fella and each of them offered a gift.

John Lee gave him his singin' voice, to help him say it.

Buddy gave him his guitar, to help him play it.

And BB, well BB gave the sweetest gift of all. He promised Trevor a youth full of hardship. For a happy man can't sing blues no how.

And he delivered, yes sir. By the time he hit eight years, Trevor had lost three women to BB's wily ways. BB pulled some strings with Trevor's parents, and the boy has no allowance to speak of.

There was a time, I will admit, when things weren't goin' too well for our little fella. He didn't sing much blues, he just updated his Xanga.

So BB took the Xanga away.

That led to "Xanga Blues," a ditty which you may have heard your woman hummin' soft to herself when she thought you couldn't hear.

Why just last week, BB gave Trevor's JV football coach a case of fine Canada whiskey to cut the boy from the squad. Has hit written all over it.

He ain't there yet, but Trevor's on his way to bein' strong. And he can make his block o' wood sing like Ella Fitzgerald gettin' it from an eager farmhand. Once BB ruins T's Senior Promenade by faking a diabetic coma, he'll be ready for the Ascension.

The prophecy's writ. Couple years time and Trevor will open for that rock and roll U2. Devil's own self will worm inside the Edge and call our Boy out.

Says no man what lives and breathes and dies in the dirt can outplay him on a guitar.

He'll get to the hootin' and hollerin' and squealin' and dealin' like your heavy metal guitar players, playin' notes lickety split. Trevor's gonna look overmatched with just that '57 Telecaster. But then he digs deep and taps the one thing he got that the devil ain't.

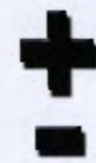
A soul of his own.

Trevor hits the right notes the right way. He play that axe like he's ringin' the bell at the wedding of Joy and Hurt. And the devil goes back to hell.

Long live the boy who will sing the blues.



## AT THE SIGN CONVENTION...

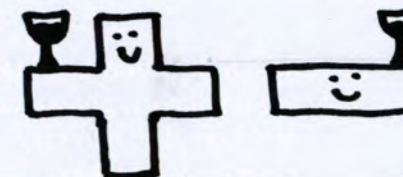
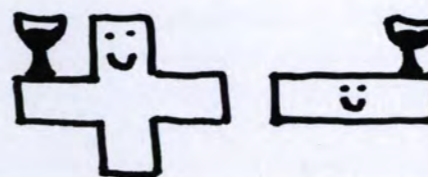


"I don't think I've ever seen you at one of these before."

"They always make me feel awkward."

"Well, this isn't so bad, is it?"

"No, I guess not."

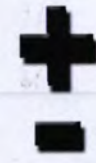
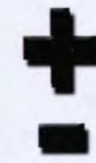
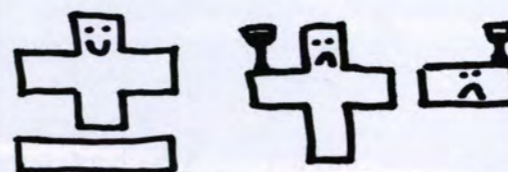


"Hey guys!"

"..."

"..."

"Oh, come on. Get with the times."



## On the Map



Italy



A boot



Michigan



A mitten



The Philippines



A cloud

Give up this fool's game! Golf does not give a man enough to feed his family! You learn a trade, you work hard, and you make an honest living. Sometimes you have to give up your dreams and be realistic. You will thank me later.

What are you DOING? A chef? Cooking doesn't give you enough to feed your family! It gives OTHER people's families enough to eat! We can sit here all day and argue all day, but the fact is that pie-in-the-sky fantasies don't necessarily lead to pie-on-your-plate realities.

Competitive Eating? What about your kids? Are they just going to sit there and watch you gorge yourself? What about them? What happens to them?



**EVALUATION** Please write whatever you think is important about this student, including a description of academic and personal characteristics. We are particularly interested in the candidate's intellectual promise; motivation, maturity, integrity, independence, originality, initiative, leadership potential, capacity for growth, special talents, enthusiasm, concern for others, respect accorded by faculty, and reaction to setbacks. We welcome information that will help us to differentiate this student from others.

Kyle is a very outgoing and present member of the school community. His many attempts to get noticed seem to have paid off; everyone is aware of Kyle in one way or another. No one is allowed to forget his numerous accomplishments. He is frequently a topic of conversation among faculty and other students' parents. I wish Kyle the best, and cannot wait for him to move onto college so he may share his gift with others. It feels like Kyle has taken every one of my courses. He is that much of an unrelenting presence. He views me as a role model / father figure, though I am not sure where he got that idea.

An excellent speller eager to help others learn his craft, Kyle is always willing to point out grammatical errors no matter how intimidating the situation. Kyle's deft oratory and passable rhetoric formed the backbone of five successful defenses when called before the Honor Council. Each time, he was cleared of all allegations and emerged somehow unscathed.

Kyle's has left quite a legacy during his time at Worthington Academy. Through his tireless efforts and activism, our school now has mandatory drug testing for students who want to do community service. His intrepid reporting revealed the senior prank two days before it happened. I can't even imagine how many tens of dollars in manpower hours would have been wasted removing those shopping carts from the hall.

I feel like Kyle could grow a lot at as a person at a prestigious university such as yours. He could learn so many important life lessons: teamwork, deference, and most importantly, perserverance. I can think of no other candidate more qualified, and I wish him well in his future pursuits.

**RATINGS** Compared to other college-bound students in his or her secondary school class, how do you rate this student in terms of:

	No basis	Below Average	Average	Good (above average)	Very Good (well above average)	Excellent (top 10%)	One of the top few encountered in my career
Creative, original thought				X		X	
Motivation						X	X
Self-confidence							X
Independence, initiative			X				
Intellectual ability			X				
Academic achievement			X				
Written expression of ideas			X				
Effective class discussion						X	
Disciplined work habits					X	X	
Potential for growth							X

# NOMINATION

(Jane opens envelope)

Jane: George! Come downstairs!

George: What is it dear?

Jane: George, we've been invited to attend the 114th Annual Academy Awards.

George: Wow! That's great!

Jane: Well, I suppose so. Do you have any idea why we would get this invitation? Are you having an affair?

George: Jane, honestly, why do you have to be such a negative Nancy all the time? Can't we just enjoy being invited? Why do we have to question why this great thing has happened to us?

(Knock on the door)

Jane: I'll get it.

(Sheriff Enters)

Jane: George, the sheriff is here. He wants to talk to you.

George: Alright! He probably wants an autograph!

## Murder Suspect Apprehended After Oscar Nominations

CHRIS KEATON  
STAFF WRITER

Local man George Gray has been arrested on suspicion of being a murderer after having his life portrayed on the big screen in the movie, "Just a Guy." The film, which portrays Gray as a boring, slightly obese man with a normal job and a penchant for murder has aroused suspicion that Gray is a murderer. "The film explicitly states that George will kill a man on his way to the post office this upcoming January," states sheriff Doug Jones. "It just seems suspicious." Gray was recently placed under arrest right after finding out that his life had been nominated for a record number of Academy Awards. The news did not seem to lift his spirits, however, as a flustered Gray shooed away reporters that mobbed his house hoping to get a statement from him. "Get away!" cried Gray. "Haven't you jackals had enough? This movie has ruined my life. It's all lies. All of it. I'm right handed! I absolutely do not murder people!"

See GOOBER, page 12

## ACTOR

Continued from page 2

Henshaw shows a true passion for the craft of acting. He underwent a complete physical and mental transformation in order to prepare for the role of local goober George Gray. "I gained thirty pounds and didn't floss for a month. I am fluent in both French and German, but the character that I play, George Gray, doesn't speak anything other than poor English. I had to forget how to speak both French and German. Everyday in makeup, someone would have to beat my beautiful face in with a baseball bat just so that I would bear a passing physical resemblance to my character. I also had to learn how to write left handed." Even after doing all this work, Henshaw dismisses the notion that he's a hero. "A hero? Me? The real hero is George Gray, who everyday makes the conscious decision to live his life in this manner. I'm just some actor that can slip into and out of a role. George, he has to be George for everyday of his miserable life."

# The McCartney Hearings

-138-

McCartney Hearings, November 3, 1967  
Prosecutor: Paul McCartney Witness: John Lennon  
(cont'd from previous page)

1 Mr. McCARTNEY: Is it or is it not true that you are writing lyrics  
2 such as "All together now, All together now, All together now, All together  
3 now, Black, white, green, red, Can I take my friend to bed,"?

4  
5 Mr. LENNON: Yes...

6  
7 Mr. McCARTNEY: And is it also true that in a Communist society,  
8 everyone works "all together" in order to overthrow capitalism and rise as  
9 a triumphant mass of proletariats?

10  
11 Mr. LENNON: I guess.

12  
13 Mr. McCARTNEY: Well it is, Sir, and-

14  
15 Mr. LENNON: Paul, you wrote that song with me! In fact, it was  
16 your idea to make the refrain "All Together." I wanted it to be "Soggy  
17 Weather," if you well remember.

18  
19 Mr McCARTNEY: Your honor.

20  
21 Justice JONES: Mr. Lennon, please.

22  
23 Mr. LENNON: What? What the hell is going on?

24  
25 Mr. McCARTNEY: You are a Communist! That's what's bloody going on!

26  
27 Mr. LENNON: Because I wrote "All Together" with you? Paul, you wrote  
28 "Back in the USSR"!

29  
30 Mr. McCARTNEY: Your honor.

31  
32 Justice JONES: Mr. Lennon.

33  
34 Mr. McCARTNEY: Let me ask you another question after you've calmed.  
35 Why, just why, did you decide to record "Paul is dead" backwards on the  
36 White Album?

37  
38 Mr. LENNON: Paul, it was a hoax. What does that have to do with  
39 anything?

40  
41 Mr. McCARTNEY: Hoax. HOAX?!? Do the words "Paul is red" mean anything  
42 to you?

43  
44 Mr. LENNON: As in, you're a communist?

45  
46 Mr. McCARTNEY: You are mixing metaphors.

## Did You Mean...

Katie wanted help with her English homework.

Google™ gave her a calling.

proper noun definition

Did you mean: proper nun definition

run-on sentence

Did you mean: nun-on sentence

what is a verb

Did you mean: what is a nun

parts of speech

Did you mean: devote your life to Christ

when to use comma

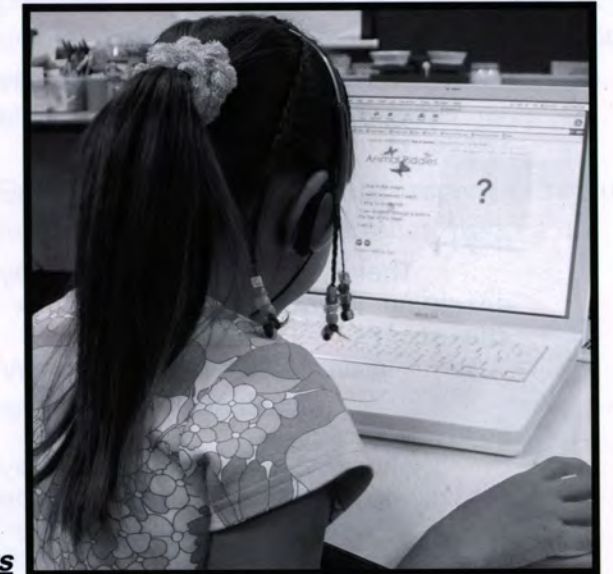
Did you mean: extraordinary health benefits

how to become nun forever

Your search - **how to become nun forever** - did not match any documents

Suggestions:

- Make sure all words are spelled correctly.
- Try different keywords.
- Try more general keywords.
- Learn how to take a joke, Katie.



## Finally Legal

- |       |  |    |  |
|-------|--|----|--|
| 4 yrs | You are now considered a legal human being.  | 24 | It is legal to murder, but not in self-defense.          |
| 7     | Aggravated assault is now legal; any assault that you commit is extremely adorable.  | 38 | You can now commit perjury.                              |
| 10    | Legal to drive while drunk, but illegal to drink and illegal to drive.   | 39 | It is illegal to testify as a witness in a court.        |
| 16    | You can drive, but cannot drink.   | 47 | It is legal to have your artwork featured in the Louvre. |
| 18    | You are old enough to be drafted, and also can now legally commit manslaughter in a car.                                     | 65 | It is now legal to rob a grave.                          |
| 21    | You can legally drink and vote for a candidate you don't want to win.  | 70 | Treason is legal.  |
| 22    | Racketeering becomes legal.*<br>*Implicit in this law is the belief that 22-year-olds don't understand what racketeering is. | 80 | The laws of physics no longer apply.                     |
|       |  | 90 | The laws of logic no longer apply.<br>You are too old.   |

# THE HISTORY OF THE SMILE

Hey Everyone,

There's no class on Monday. Martin Luther King was born on Monday, so we do not have to go to school on Monday, because on Monday there is no class.

Remember,

There's no class on Monday. The proletariat do not have to toil in the factory while their bourgeoisie masters laugh, because on Monday there is no class. Whew!

Hey!

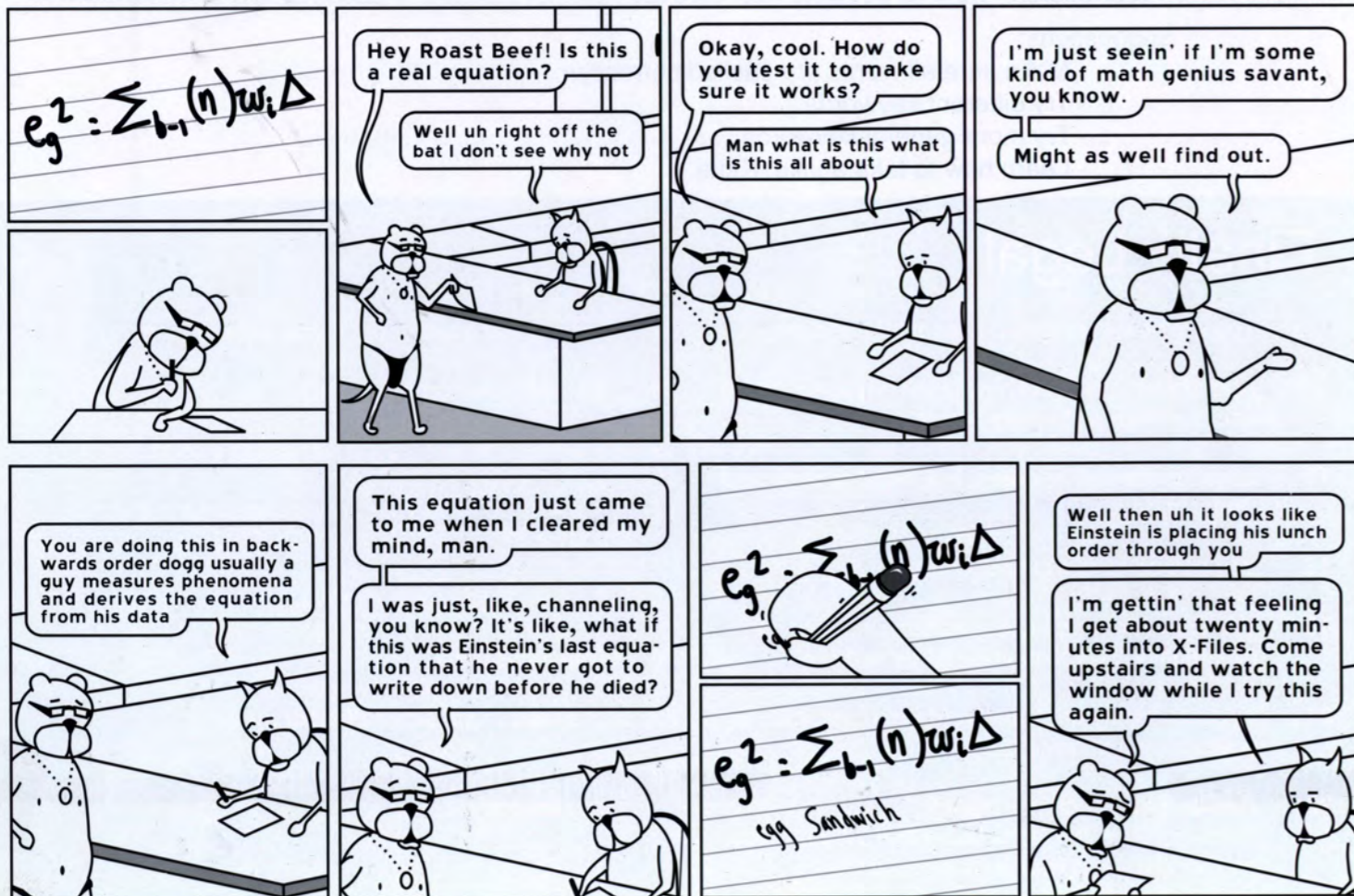
There's no class on Monday. On Monday, we can spit in the drinking fountains and not tuck in our shirts and push old ladies down the stairs. It's a day off.

Guys,

There's no class on Monday. This means that on Monday there is no taxonomic category ranking below a phylum or division and above an order. Sometimes Monday can be confusing.

achewood

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6500 BC

A pair of Cro-Magnon brothers are attacked by a primitive Lion-beast. One brother growls at the animal, trying to scare it off. The other brother attempts to growl, but accidentally invents the smile and is pounced on and eaten.

5000

Smiling is retooled as a polite response to unfunny jokes, and eventually replaces the growl for convenience's sake.

15 AD

Why is young Septus Aurelius smiling? Friiiiiidaaaaaay!

600

A woman contracts typhoid instead of the plague. She smiles at her good fortune.

840

A Prussian peasant named Bluri tells himself a simple potato-based joke that "you just had to be there for" during the crop cycle and cracks a smile. He is immediately shot in the back.

1215

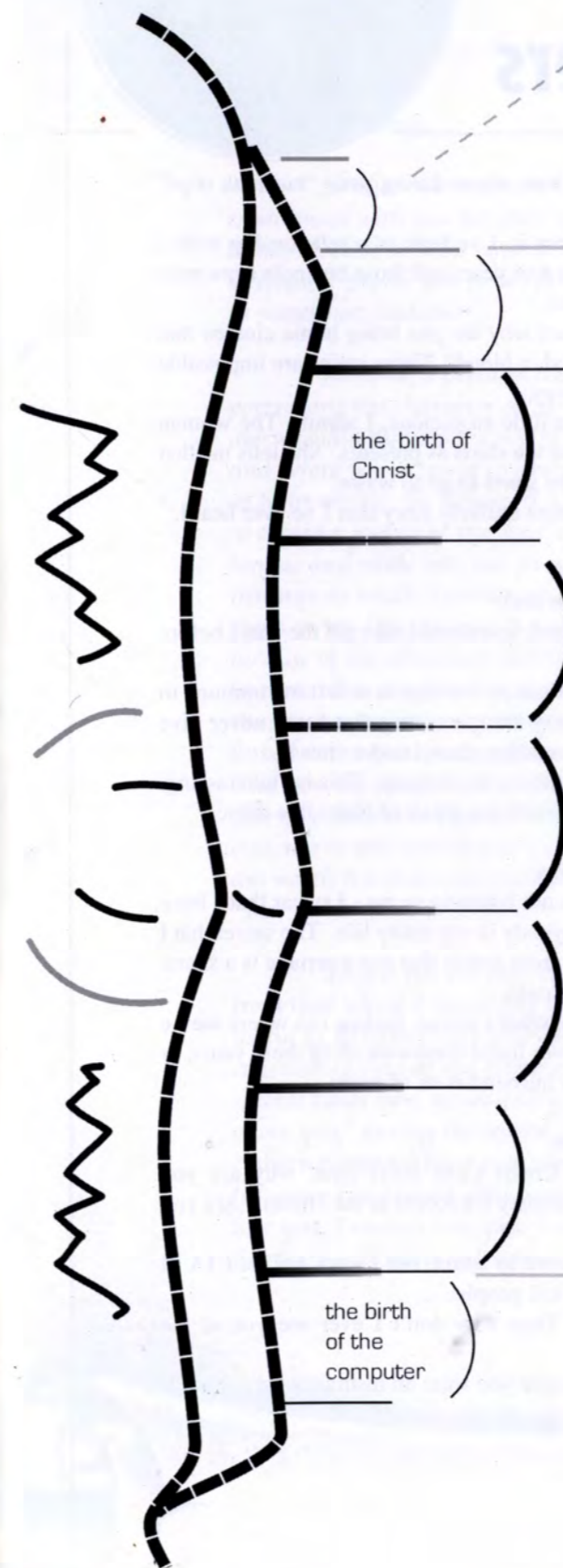
A man attempts to make himself happy by inventing money and declaring himself the richest man in the world. He instead makes himself miserable and realizes that money can't buy happiness, thereby inventing irony.

1918

At the end of World War One, the death of vaudeville ushers in the Golden Age of The Smile.

1931

Is surrealist Andre Bréton smiling?



# A Case of Mistaken Identity Caused by a Typographic Error at CIA Headquarters



## The home of:

**Tim and Jane Johnson**  
3860 Coast Line Court  
Springfield, IL 62704  
(The Wrong Address)

**Tim:** Honey? I'm home.

*(Jane is scowling)*

**Tim:** Is there something wrong?

**Jane:** I think you know.

**Tim:** I honestly have no idea.

**Jane:** Tim, I got a visit today from a man who says he's your boss. He had quite an interesting story. Why don't you tell me who you *really* are.

**Tim:** *(Sigh)* Well, Jane, this is hard, but you're right. I can't live a lie any longer. I've been having an affair.

**Jane:** Oh, Tim. If it were only that easy.

**Tim:** Easy?

**Jane:** Let's drop the lies, okay *Joey*? I know who you are. I know how many men you've killed. I know that you work for the CIA.

**Tim:** What?

## Meanwhile at the home of:

**Tim and Jane Johnson**  
3860 Coast Line Court  
Springfield, IN 62704  
(The Right Address)

*(Tim walks into the living room with pants covered in blood)*

**Tim:** Honey? I'm home.

**Jane:** Oh goodness, your pants!

**Tim:** I accidentally walked into a deer while I was walking in from the driveway. I tried to swerve away, but the thing just stood there frozen.

**Jane:** Tim, those stains will be impossible to get out.

**Tim:** You know what honey? I'm just going to burn these pants in the backyard, if you don't mind.

**Jane:** Those are some good pants. I'm getting pretty tired of burning all our best clothes every time you stain them.

## The Wrong Address

**Jane:** Don't lie *Joey*. The man knew where we lived. He knew our first names. He even knew our zip code.

**Tim:** This is crazy, when could I have killed a guy?

**Jane:** Well, *Joey*, how about during your "business trips" to Indiana?

**Tim:** Jane, I'll admit it, I've been in a relationship with a woman for the past five years and those business trips were an excuse to see her.

**Jane:** Really? Then why do you bring home clothes that aren't yours covered in blood? Those stains are impossible to get out, by the way.

**Tim:** Well, that's a little suspicious, I admit. The woman I'm seeing gives me the shirts as presents. She tells me that she doesn't want the shirts to go to waste.

**Jane:** That is the most unlikely story that I've ever heard.

## The Right Address

*(Tim lights pants on fire)*

**Jane:** Don't you think you should take off the pants before burning them?

**Tim:** It's alright. Years of training have left me immune to pain or torture of any kind, ensuring that I will never give up important secrets when placed under stress.

**Jane:** Tim, the neighbors are looking. This is embarrassing. I know a guy who could use a pair of pants like those.

## The Wrong Address

**Tim:** Jane, you are not listening to me. I swear that I have never murdered anybody in my entire life. The secret that I have been keeping from you is that our marriage is a sham, not that I am an assassin.

**Jane:** I don't know what's worse, finding out where we've been getting all of our finest dressware all of these years, or finding out that my husband is an assassin.

## The Right Address

**Tim:** *(Examining Credit Card bills)* Jane, why are you spending so much money for rooms at the Hilton? Are you having an affair?

**Jane:** Tim, this is hard to admit, but I work for the CIA. I go to the Hilton to kill people.

**Tim:** Is that so? Then why don't I ever see you at the office?

**Jane:** What? I thought you were an insurance salesman.

18th of December, 1813, the hour of Eight in the Morning

Dear Miss Austen,

Neither the incessant chatter of the town nor the personal interactions I have experienced with you has ever suggested you to be a remarkably bright woman. However, though foolish in some regards and quite frivolous in others, your recent little "Pride and Prejudice" proves you to be rather clever, and, for the majority of its leaves, proves itself to be somewhat readable.

However, a problem lingers. I cannot know why you decided to do so, but in portraying the character of Mr. Darcy so close to mine own character, you have both overwhelmingly insulted my family and aroused suspicions of a most indecorous manner, and before you attempt to contradict my observation, let me but offer you sound evidence as to its verity. In Volume I, Chapter IX, your "Darcy" proclaims, "I have been used to consider poetry as the *food* of love." This, Miss Austen, was taken directly from my tongue and made into ink on a page. I remember as well as I do yesterday the first instance in which I pronounced this dictum, and have now said it more than twice thirty times in my life. Indeed, it was not one fortnight ago that I stated my phrase, and because of the abundant nature of my issuance of this noble proclamation, I believe it to be more than possible that I have uttered it once, if not twice, in your presence. You have thus stolen not only my thoughts on poetry, food, and love, but have so demonstrably linked me to your fictional character, that mine own character shall never recover fully. And now my passion for poetry—as I have been used to consider it as the *food* of love—Glory be damned! Again!—This passion has led me to overlook the most persuasive of evidence in this introductory of my letter: that I, like "Darcy," live in Derbyshire, that I am worth ten thousand pounds, and that I am overwhelmingly proud—even referred to as "Mr. Pride" in some circles.

This is not the first time you have done something to wrestle my attention away from that which I would like to be attending: women besides you. Your letters, while useful as handkerchiefs and paper for the toilet, are a waste of effort and time. Your constant calling at my estate is, as I have shouted from my third floor bedroom window several times now, unnecessary and unwanted. The time you whispered into my ear "I adore you," during the second dance of the Brimshire Ball was the moment of the most embarrassment I have ever experienced, and the embarrassment was almost entirely for you. You are not, and never will be, Madam, a Miss Elizabeth Bennett. I do not love you; I cannot love you; I will not turn out to be nice in the end. Please, never write another novel about me again.

Fitzbilliam Darsty

THE LORD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS



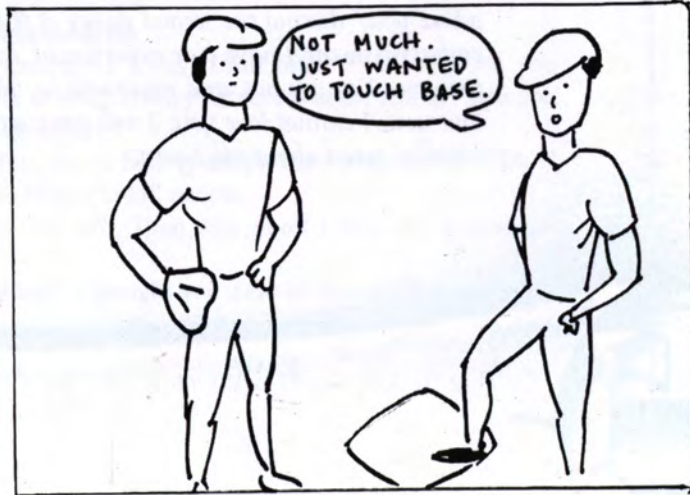
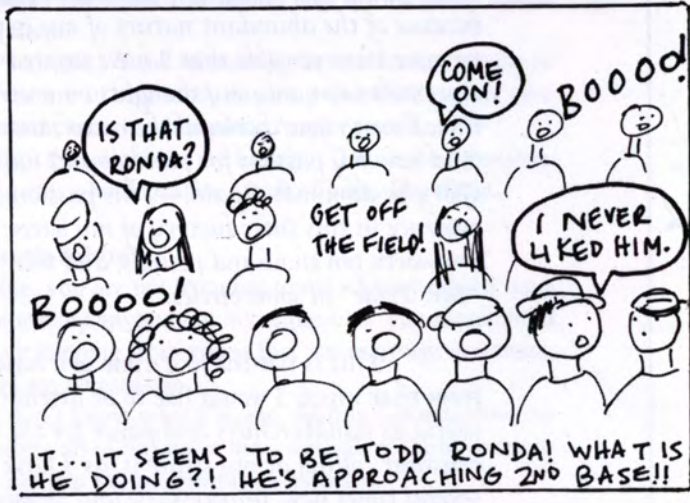
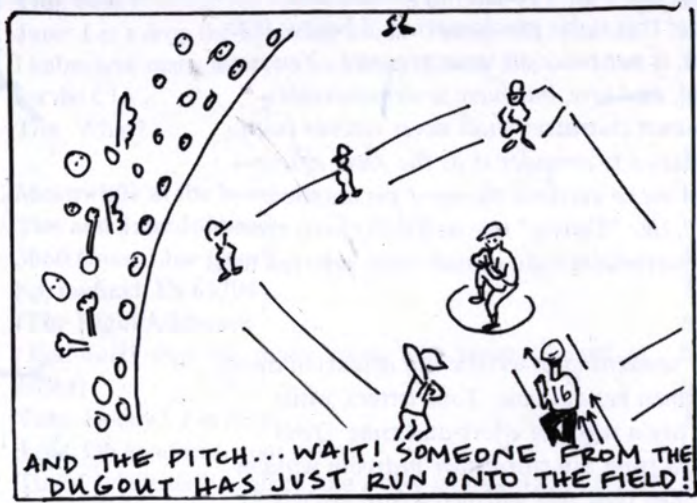
DEATH



DESTRUCTION



EATING HABITS



urban outfitters *Totally New Tees*



and introducing contro-vintage: controversial shirts from controversial times

We asked the staff...

# "What's so funny?"

Tom Swifties. It's a shame that there are no new ones. Language does not change fast enough to slake my thirst for Tom Swifties. That's more sad than funny, though.

**-Allan Phillips, Adverbally Abusive Writer**

What?  
(Was I laughing out loud?)  
Oh man, I was just thinking about...forget it.  
(Was that weird?)  
God, I think I'm too high. Just hold my hand for a second.  
(Did I say that out loud?)

**-Matt Steinberg, Just Trying to Fit in**

Nothing, my dear Millie. I'll put my wedding ring back on now.

**-Doug Kenter, Ingeniously Coy**

Cancer, but not if you were born in October.

**-Michael Pihulic, Born Under a Bad Sign**

Your face, stupid. In other news, I won 2 dollars in the lottery.

**-Andrew Ardinger, Blunt**

It's hard to figure out whether everybody is laughing WITH you or laughing AT you. But then you understand that nobody's laughing at all because you just aren't that funny.

**-Jon Eccles, Telling it Like It Is**

The earthy humor and bawdy tales of Geoffrey Chaucer. No? Fine, I'll just say Family Guy.

**Patrick Maher, Bows to Peer Pressure**

I don't know. I honestly don't know.

**-Rishi Chanderraj, Should Really Know By Now**

Monkeys. And Canadians.  
**-Jack Cackler, Budding Business Champion**

It's the spinach...in your teeth...but also in your fear of commitment. This just isn't working out.

**-Josh Constine, Still Wants to Be Friends**

I was just thinking about that time on Friends when Ross and Rachel broke up due to alleged infidelity on Ross's part, despite the fact that, in Ross's eloquent words, "We were ON a BREAK." Oh, David Schwimmer, you are truly the greatest wit of our generation.

**-Sini Matikainen, Knows What's What**

It's not even always really that funny, but its like, we'll start laughing at something, and then we'll catch each other's eye and then we'll just laugh for hours and hours like that. We're really good friends.

**-Katie Gillum, Denying the Obvious**

That look on your face when I told you how your dog died. Priceless. PRICE-less

**-Chris Holt, Only Makes Us Stronger**

I'll tell ya what's so funny, I'll tell ya! Just give me a call and then I will tell you. Please, someone, give me a call. I don't even care who you are, just call me. Please.

**-Chuck Armstrong, Crying for Help**

Nothing if not potty humor.  
**Ross Wait, Potty Mouth**

I'll tell you. That show "Freddie." Wednesdays at 8:30 (7:30 central) on ABC.

**-Adrian Perry, Reporting From Fabulous Hollywood, CA**

Last Thursday, Jen was telling me about her date with Mike and she was like, "Then I was like, 'Your mom!' and it was so hysterical!" But I just kind of looked at her and she was like, "I guess you had to be there." And it was totally hilarious. I guess you had to be there.

**-Kat Lewin, Funny in Context**

"Don't be confused by the smirk and glistening eyes," she said. "I gave up smoking years ago."

"Oh, it's not that I thought you were a smoker," I replied. "I just thought you were laughing at my joke."

Taken aback slightly, she explained, "Oh...no, not that either."

So I have no idea what was so funny, but it wasn't the cigarettes

**-Steve Yelderman, Smiling**

Family is funny. You can't deny that. But books? Books is SO funny.

**-Carrie Kemper, Doesn't Make Sense**

# Subtlety

**He says:**  
"You lookin' at me, punk?"  
**But he means:**  
"You're making me uncomfortable."

**She says:**  
"I think I'm free Saturday night,"  
**But she means:**  
"I have an important meeting Saturday night."

**She says:**  
"Eat your vegetables,"  
**But she means:**  
"I don't care if you eat your knife, you little shit."

**He says:**  
"The tests showed no irregularities,"  
**But he means:**  
"You have at most three months to live."

**She says:**  
"I think we should see other people,"  
**But she means:**  
"Your uncle does not give sound financial advice."

**You say:**  
"Tomato."  
**But you mean:**  
"Celery."

**He says:**  
"The wheels on the bus go round and round,"  
**But he means:**  
"I'm wearing eighty pounds of explosives under my Old Navy sweater."

**He says:**  
"The evidence clearly shows that the defendant had neither a motive or an opportunity to commit the crime at hand,"  
**But he means:**  
"I hope my parents don't find me naked."

**He says:**  
"That thanksgiving dinner sucked."  
**But he means:**  
"That thanksgiving dinner was delicious, thank you."

Misery loves company.

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