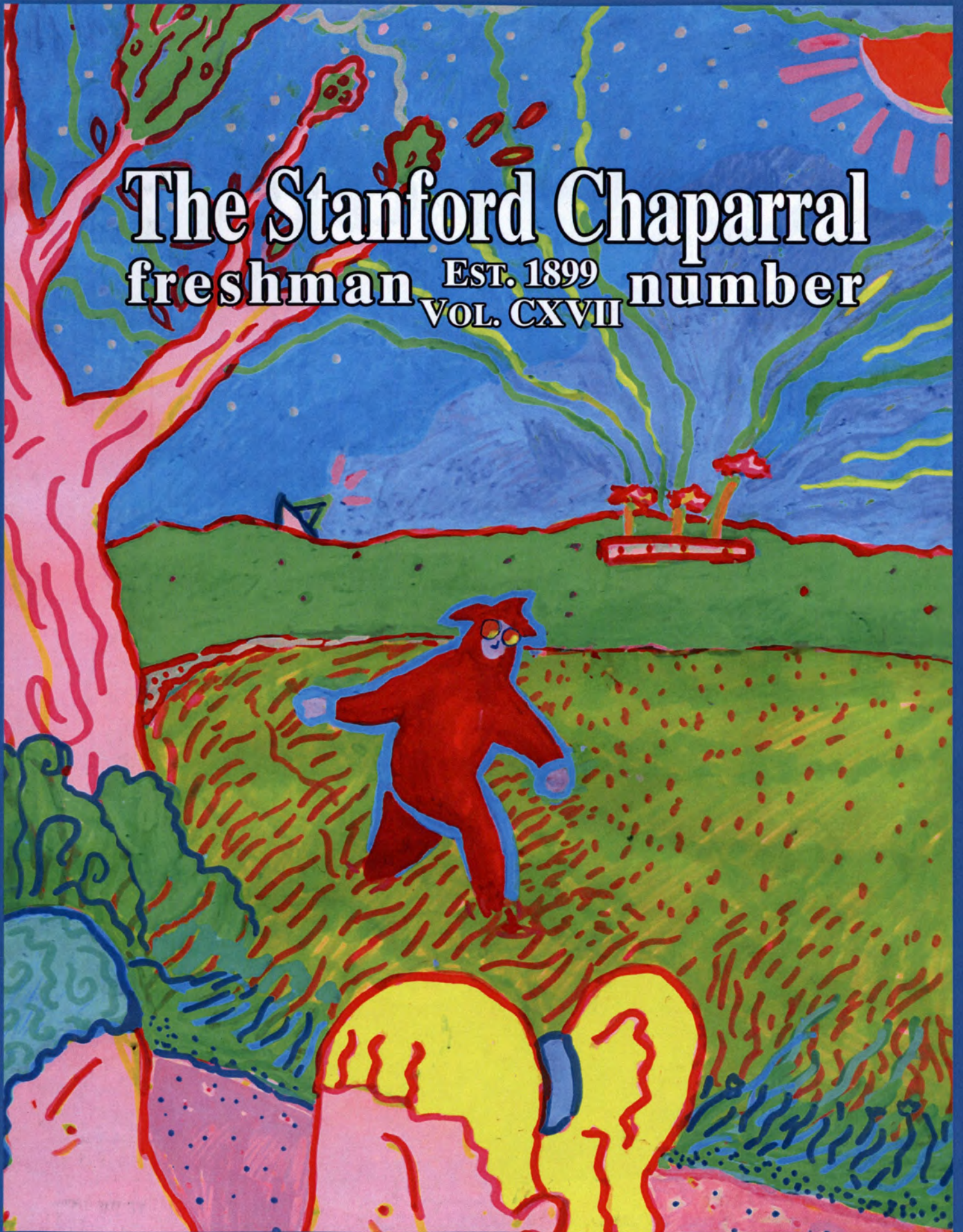


The Stanford Chaparral

freshman EST. 1899 number
VOL. CXVII



STANFORD Chaparral



HUMOR MAGAZINE

VOL. C NO.1 \$3.00

Vol. CXVII., No. 1 FRESHMAN NUMBER The Stanford Chaparral

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¹ Originally published 1998, Vol. C, No. 1

² 1999, Vol. CI, No. 3

³ 1980, Vol. LXXXI, No. 4

Stanford Chaparral founded October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams.
It is owned and Published by the Chaparral Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Society,
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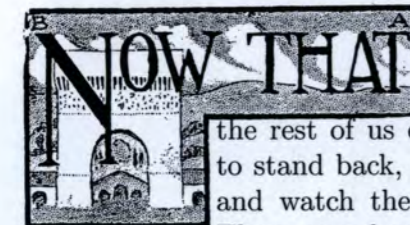
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

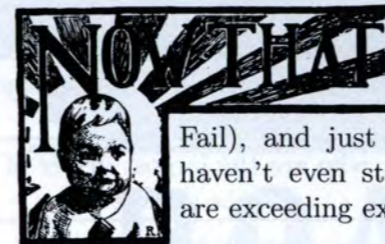


the finely curated Class of 2019 is open for display, the rest of us can take a moment to stand back, crack our knuckles, and watch the wheels spin, spin. These round-a-bouts, they're nice, right? Before them, we had to stop or turn, taking up her time, your time, and my time. These days are much less violent.

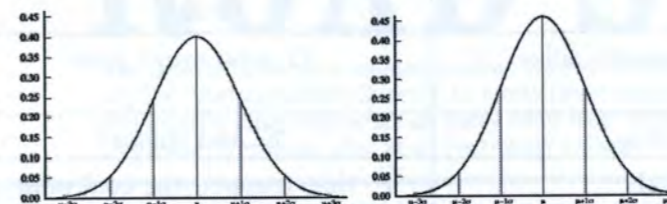
Recall: Counter-clockwise is the other way around, opposite of the agreed-upon rotation. In

the future it will be important for you to remember the agreed-upon rotation, likely very suddenly. The easiest way to remember the agreed-upon rotation by heart is to understand it. Use numbers if you can.

The Stanford Chaparral has been around a long, long time—been surrounded on all sides by excellence at all times, watched it work, fold in on itself, sand itself round and shiny, burn itself, tax itself, and so on. It has been quite a show. We'd tell you all about it if we could. When this Old Boy cracks his fingers, it's like fireworks.



the Abstract is done, you'll have to be level, for a moment (Pass/Fail), and just look at these results: You haven't even started yet, and already you are exceeding expectations!



figs 1. *Class_of_2019_fingerscrossed.jpeg* versus *Class_of_2019_actual.jpeg*

You see that bump? The bump that's the difference *That's you all*. What surprises do you have in store? Could it finally be—the Class Stanford Was Looking For? You don't have to tell us now. We'll wait. We have this framed in our *office*. We even have it filed away, *in a drawer*.

(Inquiries into the margin of error of your own class compared to the ideal should be made via email: garbage@hammercoffin.org)



you hold a hard-copy of the truth in your hands, you can roll it up, wring it out as much as your heart desires, spill your drink on it, keep it in a stack, recycle it adeptly. . .—Let's daydream for a moment and wonder: What did people have before the ink-and-sweat cocktail all over your palms and fingers, before Joe Gutenberg?

We'll save you a trip down the google hole: *zip*. These pages right here in your hands, whether they're sweaty or not, our senile old humor magazine's loveletter to you, Class of 2019.

The Stanford Chaparral, est. 1899, is Stanford's humor magazine.

We publish printed magazines twice quarterly, among other things.

Meetings are every Wednesday evening at 8:30 PM in the *Chaparral's* office, on the 2nd floor of The Nitery. But you don't need to come to meetings to write for the Chappie, and you don't need to write to come to meetings. Anyone is welcome to sit in.

We are looking for people interested in writing humor, illustrating it, layout design, speaking with strangers, among other things.

IT'S 8:30 PM.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CHILDREN ARE?



You can (you really should) email its editors at oldboy@hammercoffin.org about those thoughts you've been having.

Presidential Campaign Slogan Generator

First Initial	Middle Initial	Last Initial
A: We've got to stop	A: Mennonites	A: because of the iranian hostage crisis
B: I endorse	B: cyborgs	B: who are the largest driver of climate change
C: Jet fuel can't melt	C: kids	C: who are planning a nuclear winter
D: We must maintain the supremacy of	D: semi-automatic rifles	D: who won't pray
E: Slaughter	E: moms	E: and spiders
F: You will abolish	F: dads	F: that trapped the coal miners
G: Together, we will vanquish	G: taxes	G: that undulate wildly to the sound of absolutely nothing
H: We will give up on	H: bleached assholes	H: —I want answers!
I: We are doomed because of	I: cavity critters	I: because Germany would be better off without the EU
J: If you can't beat them, join	J: shady blood banks	J: to the point of no return
K: Shred	K: tensions with Cuba	K: be still, my aching heart
L: Let's vehemently inflate	L: the elderly	L: which I fear have gone rotten
M: Bring on an era of	M: buckets of milk	M: because your family loves you
N: We must never lose hope in	N: software engineers	N: for I am too drunk to drive
O: A vote for me is a vote for	O: those veiny people	O: now that immigrants have ruined this country
P: I kill	P: dismembered orangutan	P: that stroke owls in the dead of the night
Q: I vow to uphold the value of	Q: Michelle Obama	Q: and their moms
R: If elected, I promise to eradicate	R: for-profit prisons	R: even though they reproduce wildly
S: Police need to stop shooting	S: 5 bitcoins	S: since voter turnout is at an all-time low
T: We will collectively disembowel	T: our Founding Fathers	T: because their parents are brother and sister
U: I will singlehandedly lobotomize	U: Fruit Roll-Ups	U: which is simply not sustainable
V: We should never be afraid to exercise our right to	V: Planned Parenthood	V: because my brother was killed by a Google self-driving car
W: This country is being ruined by	W: fracking for the sole purpose of screwing with small communities	W: due to the inevitable heat death of the universe
X: I will not rest until every nuke is used on	X: hunting people	X: which would teach China a lesson
Y: Russia supports	Y: pleasure domes	Y: and bow to our dimensionless overlords
Z: Did you know liberals have sex with	Z: the drone uprising	Z: because dolphins are non-human persons



ROAD SCHOLAR

Gus Gristlethorpe is a maniac trucker. He eats leather, drinks shoe polish, and shits loafers. He's driven his rig, the "Amphetamine Queen", to limits never explored by human beings in trucks. He's left skidmarks and endangered other motorists on every road from Albuquerque to Altoona. Now, he faces his biggest trucking challenge: freshman year at a prestigious college.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS

GUS: Hot enough for you?

FRESHMAN: Sweet Jesus!

GUS: Hey, hey, man, I'm just kidding. The name's Gus Gristlethorpe, I live right down the hall. What's your name? *[extends hand]*

FRESHMAN: These are NOT communal showers, you ape!

AT A COLLEGE BEER PARTY

GUS *[suppressing contempt]*: This is some party, what with all the rum punch and... ethnic music and such.

WENDY: Oh, yeah! Say Gus, I know you normally go for the trucks, but how'd you like to get a look under my hood tonight?

GUS: Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom! Varoom!

FRIDAY IN THE DORM

EVERYONE: Chug! Chug! Chug!

CURTIS and RONALD *[nerds]*: Where did you learn to drink like that, Gus?

GUS: On my Dallas-to-Texarkana runs I used to do cocaine and benzedrine to stay awake. Sometimes I'd need a case of beer to keep my heart from exploding.

RONALD: Similarly, I sometimes need a beer to keep from exploding after a long week of midterms.

CURTIS: My doctor says my heart will explode if I ever eat corn syrup.

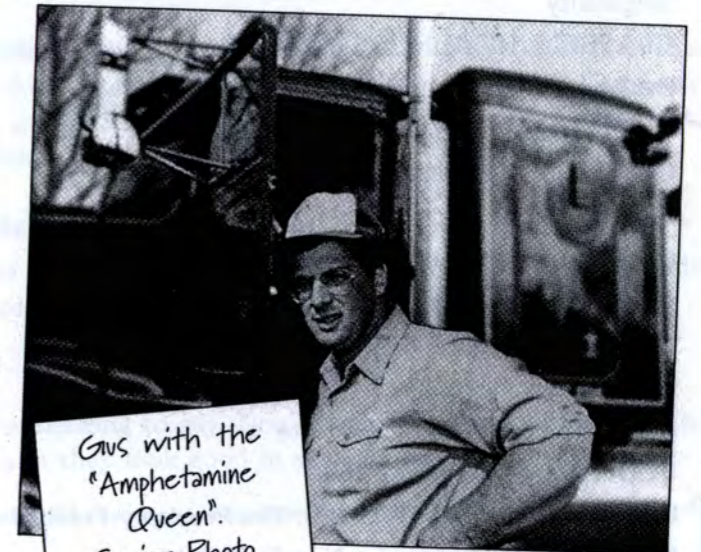
MUSICAL MISUNDERSTANDING

MICHAEL: Say, Gus, do you think you could turn down your music?

GUS: *[strokes mustache]*

MICHAEL: Don't get me wrong—I love Blue Oyster Cult—but I've got an orgo midterm tomorrow morning.

GUS: *[spits stream of tobacco juice onto Michael's leg]*



Gus with the "Amphetamine Queen". Senior Photo, Wrustleville High '87

DISCUSSION SECTION FOR "ROAD VISIONS: THE AMERICAN HIGHWAY IN THE 20TH CENTURY"

ELLIOT: I find it paradoxical that although the road is the lifeline, the circulatory system, if you will, of America, it has simultaneously created deep divisions in our cultural landscape.

T.A. *[sipping coffee]*: Interesting. I'm going to redirect that to you, Gus, since you've had some real experience out there. Can you resolve this matter?

GUS: Well sir... mostly I just drove truck. Uh... there was this one time in northern Nevada... I was rolling down a four lane stretch on I-80 around sunset and I seen this majestic buck about 400 yards on down the line, just standing there staring at me, his gorgeous antlers nearly takin' my breath away. Well sir, I'll tell ya, I angled my rig just right, and I knocked that fucker's head CLEAN OFF!

- ARTHIST/ANTHRO 27:** Post-postpost Modernism
ARTHIST 91: Basic Shapes
ARTHIST 65: Failure and the American Artist
BIO 40: Resume-padding for Research Assistantships
CHEM 33H: Chemistry for Daredevils
CHEM 109: Professor Does Many Neat Explosions
CLASSICS 100: The Odyssey, The Aeneid, and the Singularity
CLASSICS 106A: Introduction to Programming with the Abacus, and Sundial
COMM 121: Throwing Shade
COMPLIT 100: Navel-Gazing
CS 106A: The Kool-Aid¹
CS 106B: Hold Your Horses Kid
CS 107H: No Sleeping
CSRE: Whiteness and College Stand-Up Groups
DANCE 15: Spins
EARTHSYS 100: It's Too Late
ECON 1C: Advanced Graphs
ECON 182/EARTHSYS 183: The Prophecy Fulfilled
ENGLISH 10: Twitter for Non-English Majors
ENGLISH127: Postmodern, Postmodernism, Postmodernity
ETHICSOC 2: "There's no code of ethics out here, anyone will take shots at you"
FEMGEN 1BC: Bill Cosby
FEMGEN 2JL: Joe Lonsdale
FEMGEN 3ES: Evan Spiegel
FEMGEN 365: (Advanced Seminar) Bill Cosby, Joe Lonsdale & Evan Spiegel
FEMGEN 65: Texting and Its Subtexts
FILMPROD 3: Art-house Snapchat: Curating for Your Followers
FILMSTUD 4Q: Boyhood: Americana or Too Damn White?
FILMSTUD 107: Kubrick Backwards, Upside Down
HISTORY 20: A Biblical Explanation for ISIS
HUMBIO 60: Shotputting for Pre-Meds
INTLREL 223: The Canadian Problem
LAW 75Q: Oversaturated
LINGUIST 00: Alphabet, I Mean Google
LINGUIST 80: Defining, Ethics, Should We Trust Dictionaries
MATH 9: Self-Help Algorithms
MATH 51H: Support Group
ME 141: The Longboard
ME 415: House of Mirrors (d.School-studio course)
MS&E 142: Optimization and Simulation Modeling of Divestment Policies
MS&E 177: Artistic Mumbo Jumbo: a d.school class
PHIL 6: "Runnin' through the 6 with my woes"
PHIL 10N: Introduction to Footnotes
PHIL 105: Philsophy & Microsoft Excel
PHIL 107: Why, Why, and WHY
PSYCH 100: Nightsweats and You
PSYCH 10/TAPS 10: Stanford Prison Experiment
PUBLPOL 309A: Ten Bucks For A Burrito Goddamn
RELIGST 20: Sierra Camp
SOC 130: The Email
SOMA: Unaffordable
STS 21: How to Schmooze Without Booze
STS 78: Explaining Your Major, Your Troubled Past
STS 107/SYMSYS107: How to BS Your CS Class
SYMSYS 200: Senior Seminar, Bringing It All Together, How To Make It All Worth It
SYMSYS: Senior Seminar
TAPS 200: Cry A Single Tear
TAPS 300: Crying Many Tears
TAPS 303: You Can Win Her Back!
URBANSTUD 102: The City Is Alive
URBANSTUD 103: The City Is Alive and Screaming
URBANSTUD 104: The City Is Alive and Screaming and Coming For You

¹ No cheating!



BUSINESS-CASUAL.

Never show up to a meeting mistaken again. All of our clothing has been designed with you in mind, meaning you can't go wrong with any of our items from our BUSINESS-CASUAL clothing line. Not too fancy and not too plain—Our Oxfords will leave your colleagues thinking, Now here's a person I can tolerate.

Kevlar Basketball Shorts.

More than any year before, you'll need to keep your cool on and off the courts. Redesigned this year to fit comfortably underneath both skirt- and pant-suits, and easily rolls up to fit into any carry-on. Water resistant up to 90 feet, guaranteed protection up to 300 degrees Fahrenheit. *Colors available in Black, Gunmetal, and Metal*

Treats the Chest You Already Have Right.

You look great. But you don't need us to tell you that. Our new line of under-shirts are made using an outstanding cotton blend that will remind you again and again.

THE-ORIGINAL BUSINESS-CASUAL.

Designed for men and women who have something to say. Don't keep your original ideas hanging up in the closet—They are brilliant, and they look good in salmon, even better in eggplant.

Made-to-Order NSO's

Fill out the form below and hand it to your NSO proprietor. All our NSOs are made fresh here and never dry

DRINK WHEN:

- Hour 3 in the dorm lounge & conversation is picking up
- Upon the fistbump
- Remember their name, not where they're from
- Remember where they're from, not their name
- Someone cries (0.75 extra)

SHOTGUN A CAN OF BEER:²

- Your roommate reveals a disarmingly personal fact
- The RA holds "drop-in" hours on his/her couch
- The RA has a beanbag

TEQUILA SHOT:¹

- "I was choosing between"
- "What are your passions?"
- "I'm thinking about co-termining..."

YOUR CHEESE (extra cheese 0.75):

- Cheddar
- Pepper Jack
- Provolone
- Swiss

¹ A "shot" is 1.5 fluid ounces; Less than your hands cupped together

² That is to say, hit a hole through the can and drink all of it fast

Proposition 5.1.6 - ROUGH DRAFT

We all know President Hennessey loves water. Rumor has it he's the one who originally slurped up all of Lake Lagunita back in the early 90's. He takes extreme pleasure in his daily fire hydrant showers, claiming "the skin-peeling beams of water are just what a high-profile guy like me needs to wake up in the morning." The man keeps his entire family suspended motionless in massive tanks of water—he checks on them three times per day. Try pulling him away from the sink while he is splashing water on his face shouting, "I'm the big guy on top, I rule this fucking place!" Try it, go ahead, it's nearly impossible!

Thus, when the drought forced California to take water conservation more seriously, Hennessey began hoarding his precious water. He tried watering his grass less, cutting Stanford's drinking water with ocean water, and secretly replacing everyone's cups with slightly tinier versions of the same cups. However, Hennessee's thirst was relentless and called for further cutbacks. Turning off Stanford's fountains was the only way to go. Although morale plummeted, letting go of the water fountains was the only way to safeguard Henney's one true love, water.

Fortunately, the Stanford Board of Trustees recently approved Proposition 5.1.6, which allocates funds to reroute sewage through the school's fountains. No longer will the water fountains be limited by the availability of fresh water! Stanford's water fountains are to be powered by sewage.

Thousands of gallons of sewage are moving throughout an extensive network of pipelines below your feet at this very second. That sewage isn't standing still, dummy! It has to flow somewhere. Since the sewage is already moving, we can plug those pipelines into the water fountains and voila! Functioning water fountains. It's a win-win. Stanford gets to keep its fountains and Hennessey continues to bath in the tears of students.

Public Notices (rough draft)

AVOID EXPOSURE TO STANFORD WATER FOUNTAINS

DUE TO RECENT PROPOSITION 5.1.6, WE RECOMMEND NO SUBMERSION OF ANY BODY PART(S) INTO WATER FOUNTAINS ON STANFORD'S CAMPUS.

WE DON'T JUMP IN YOUR FOUNTAINS, DON'T JUMP IN OURS!

STUDENTS MAY PARTAKE IN "HOPPING IN FOUNTAIN" EVENTS NO MORE THAN TWICE A MONTH WITH 3 MINUTES MAXIMUM BODILY SUBMERSION, WITH RESIDENTIAL ASSISTANT SUPERVISION AFTER SUGGESTED 3 MINUTE PERIOD, PLEASE CALL VADEN HEALTH SERVICES.

YOU USED TO SING ALL THE TIME. . .

AND NOW YOU'RE UNSATISFIED, YOUR OLD PALS ARE OFF PITCH, THEY DON'T GET IT, YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING MORE. . .

Face the Music

An Alternative A Cappella Experience

A PRECIOUS NETWORKING OPPORTUNITY

Between the seven of them, they have 128 years of a cappella experience (network your tail off!), and have seen the industry (among other things) rise and fall, to rise and fall again: You can bet along this rollercoaster, they were in perfect harmony all the way.



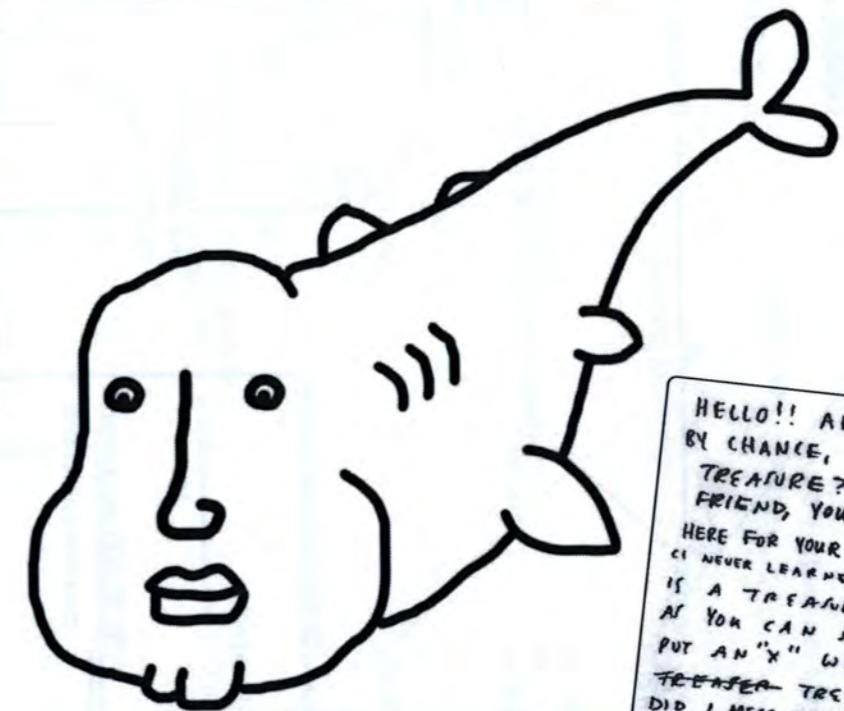
(From the far left) April, June, May, July, Bess, January and Big Julie know what a cappella is all about

LEAVE THE BOYS BEHIND! LEAVE THEM IN THE DUST!

Back when gas was ten cents a gallon Face the Music toured from San Francisco to Indianapolis. Returning now to their roots, they're looking for a spritely young thing that can sing baritonoe at least drive a stick-shift, and keep up! for their thirtieth annual Hooch-and-Joe recital

Fax: (650) 785-3444 or email: bigjulie1@aol.com

Hello Darling
My persian rug has seem to have gone missing. If located, please do not call the police, but rather your truly at fax number 6654327p3798@email.org. Please no headshots.



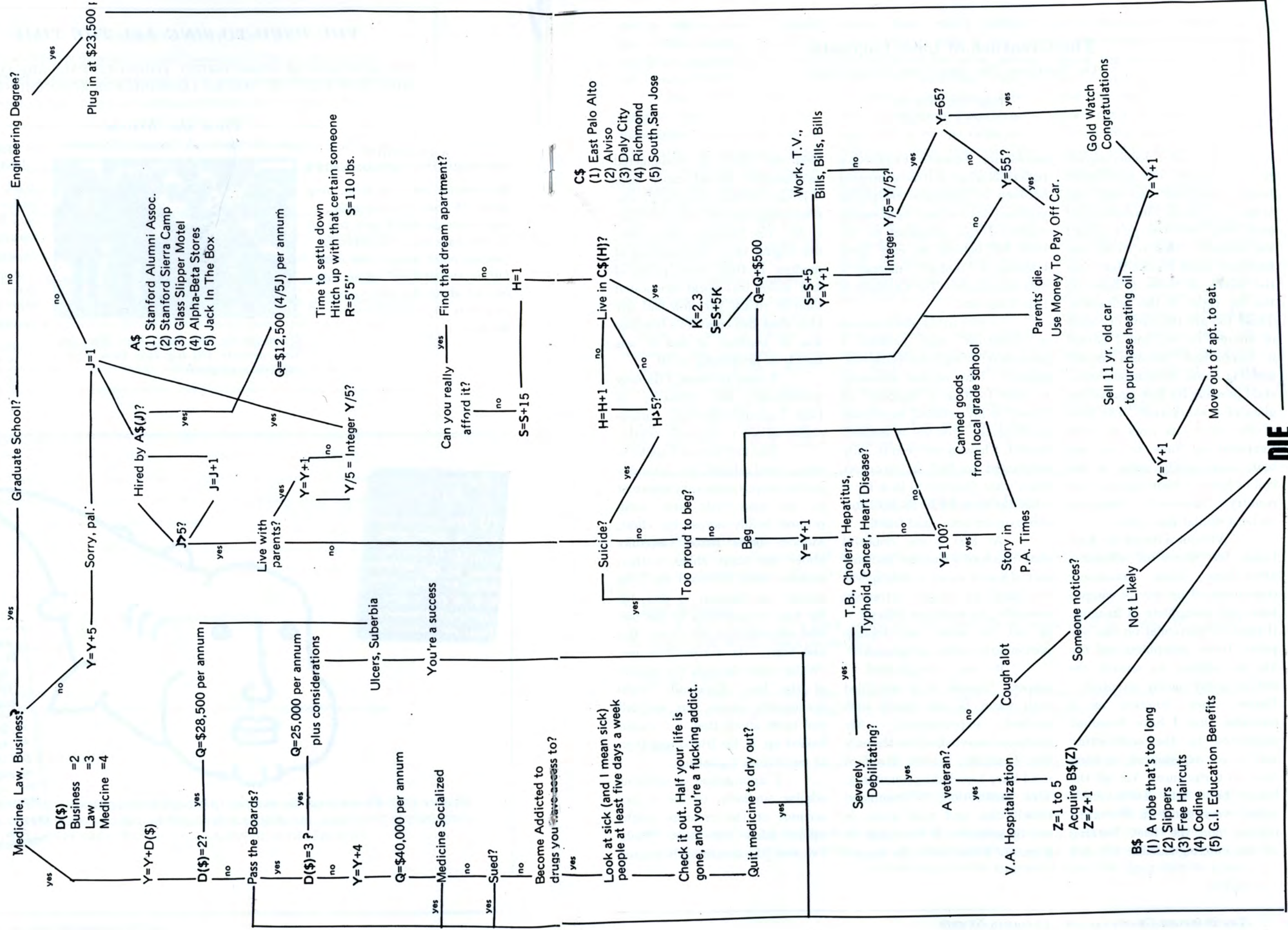
Do not trust the manfish. Although he resembles man, his allegiance lies with the fish.

HELLO!! ARE YOU, BY CHANCE, SEEKING TREASURE? WELL FRIEND, YOU'RE IN LUCK!! HERE FOR YOUR CONIENCE CI NEVER LEARNED TO SPELL IS A TREASURE MAP. AS YOU CAN SEE I PUT AN "X" WHERE THE FEASER TREASURE SHOW DID I MESS THAT UP I ALREADY (SPELLED IT) MAAR FUK IS HERE IT - DAMNIT!! I'VE RUN OUT OF ROOM

Real World Flow Chart

GRADUATION

Y=21 yrs.



The Creature of Lake Lagunita;

Or: The Great Trip 'Round and 'Round Again

FROM THE DESK OF
SHANNON P. BUCHANAN

I do not consider myself to be a scholar, but nonetheless found myself since an early age bound by some immeasurable and often contrived pull toward the scholarly—that is to say, the highbrow knick-knacks that cross the minds of those reclined on the far right of the bell-curve. These too are the sorts of things of interest to me, and I hazard a comparison between myself ambling about institutions and a child pressing his face against the glass of a shark tank. The jaws of the shark, its rows of teeth tempered by time to rip and tear, never really settle in the child's heart; I visit many of our country's university campuses under a similar perception.

Without a doubt the East Coast has troves of scholastic attractions, most commonly consummated by way of campus tours and pamphlets—I imagine. (I must be particular on this one point: Tours, pamphlets and the like do nothing to scratch the itch so severe on my attention—Rather, they function as a reminder that I have remained unaffected by the architecture and have experienced nothing close to turbulence.) Yet all the bones built into Dartmouth's walls, every ghost in Harvard's towers, nor the heat burning off the inextinguishable fire still

smoldering beneath Princeton's papermill which is itself concealed between its inaugural swimming pool and its exorcised replacement combined can compares to the buzz felt behind my eyes upon learning of Stanford University's own humdinger—The Creature of Lake Lagunita.

(I refer to the phenomenon as "creature" only because I hesitate referring to anything else. Indeed, I have no real authority to refer to it as a "monster" or "beast" as my personal experience knowing the creature is limited. Indeed, I have never seen it, only attempted to find it, moreover learn what features to look for—what the creature looks like, how the creature acts—and failed.)

At first I was doubtful that Stanford's campus had any sort of horror about it. Biking was too easy, it's people extremely beautiful, its walls not difficult at all to scale, no rooftop particularly violent or reproachful.

It was complicated, I suspect, because it is not filled with water (I was raised with modest expectations). My confusion snowballed into the only clue I needed; I knew Stanford must have been hiding something. This institution, I reminded myself time and time again, is run by geniuses. It was plain to a man of simple taste like myself

that the story of "endangered salamanders" would cause such a tender student body to swoon, remaining content that their lake is dry. Yes, Stanford had a fine, fine legend here—Its handling of modern mythos more practical and more real-world orientated than its rivals: Very few had any idea what this creature's business was or whether or not it was hostile or interesting at all.

I came to know, I daresay understand, the Creature of Lake Lagunita through various conversations with people nearby.

The first person I spoke to was a local scholar, his authority on the campus geography apparent in his dress: THE RED ZONE printed boldly across his chest, salmon shorts fitted tastefully above the knee, shoes leather, austere, ready to board any boat should one happen to pass by. He was accompanied by his pal, who was watching his phone. "Big and hairy," the scholar told me. "Walks right through the middle of the lake. Especially when it's muddy. Justin here can tell you more about that. . ." Justin looked up, at his friend and then to me, before "updating".

I approached a different scholar similarly, to see if her account of the creature might square fairly with this. "Yeah, I've seen [the creature]. It wanted

me to take a survey." I asked this scholar whether she did, to which she happily replied: "Heck no! I had a PSET!"

One other scholar—to make it three—this one clearly maladjusted but fine for now on The Farm. He explained to me that he had seen the creature "Juggling, late at night, in the lakebed. I wasn't going to go down there though. No way. I haven't juggled in years. He seemed pretty good, too."

I needed an outsider's perspective, of course, someone less top-heavy. The next person I spoke to was in charge of replacing the campuses' dirty keyboards with newer, flatter keyboards. I asked him what I might expect to find in the bed of the lake. "All I find is snakes down there, my friend. More

snakes than you'd believe." I explained to him it was no problem at all for me to believe there were hundreds, even a thousand snakes in the lakebed, but I would like to know if there happened to be one snake more creaturely than the rest. The stranger waxed thoughtful, borderline melancholic, and gave me one last hunt before returning to his two pales full of intolerable Dells: "Snakes ball up in the winter, to keep warm. A great ball of snakes, just in time for Christmas. . ."

By now I was convinced that the creature must more or less resemble a human being. Yet my intuition was soon defied by the account given of an extremely reliable looking mother of three, on her eighteenth-and-counting orbit of the lake's

circumference. She was fit, and plainly explained what she knew about the creature: "I've seen [the creature] sometimes, sure. Bad running form, but those quads can't be human." At last I had a detail about the creature I could hold onto, something I could anchor my search around. Indeed, I have spent the past six nights awake in the bed of the lake, my stupor rendering my bikelight and the moon above indistinguishable—My head reeling, spinning, turning around and around the lake, ready for any survey to come my way, warming up any snake that comes around—I am lighthouse and harbor combined, if only to catch a glimpse of those inhuman quads.

Real World Riddles

1. The War on Drugs

There is an Escalade with doors open and twenty NYPD officers and an all-white dressed woman in stripper heels. Where's the coke?

2. Race Relations

A white person and a black person got in a fight. There was blood at the scene. Who pulled the trigger and did the black person die?

3. Foreign Policy

A Muslim is recruited into a contract with a high-profile Islamic organization. The Muslim is tasked with recruiting Jewish men. How is ISIS recruiting strategy evolving?

4. Justice

Someone's being tried for a crime he did not commit. Innocent until proven guilty?

1. There is no coke. DMX was being arrested for unpaid child support.
2. No, Nicki Minaj is alive and well. There was racial harmony at the VMAs over Taylor Swift's "Bad Blood."
3. ISIS is a threat to Iran and the US as well. President Obama is rallying up support for his Iran nuclear deal.
4. Surprise! Caitlyn Jenner's being tried for vehicular manslaughter.

ANSWERS

Redacted - app'd for
~~TOP SECRET/NOFORN/EYES ONLY~~
Public viewing

9-11-

IT SEEMS

M

PEOPLE BELIEVE

LANGUAGE

IS AMNESIA

INRI

ING

IN HEBREW THIS IS SHEOL

W

A

S

DEATH FOUND TO BE PROPER DETERRENT

GRAECUM EST; NON LEGITUR

K

E

MEN CONVERTED INTO WOMEN

SHOWED NO REMORSE

POST ERGO HOC

QUID PRO QUO

AD ABSURDO

HOC EST BELLUM

SO WE BEAT ON, BOATS AGAINST THE CURRENT, BORNE BACK
CEASELESSLY INTO THE PAST

Redacted - app'd
for ~~TOP SECRET~~
Public viewing

Note to self
Sharpies get
you high

Lullabies From Around the World

Poland

Sleep quietly baby
Remain safe in the night
Dream of Poland
Dream of the forests and lakes
Oh Polish baby!
The Russians will try to steal you
Awake in your bed unharmed
Do not let the Russians steal you



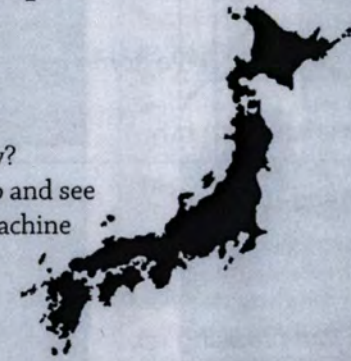
England

Go to sleep child
You've been a bad child
You've complained about supper
You've cried without cause
You've tried to seem innocent
But you know the laws
So sleep well tonight
And rest your small head
Tomorrow you're an urchin
A gutter for your bed



Japan

Small child,
You are going to sleep
You are like a machine
That is powering down
Are you a machine baby?
We cannot open you up and see
So perhaps you are a machine
This possibility
is a happy one



France

Little baguette
Your eyes are so fresh
Close them now and sleep
You love the world
You are unburdened by ennui
Like the night, this will pass



South Africa

In the jungle
the mighty jungle
the lion sleeps tonight
In the village
the peaceful village
the people sleep tonight.
The jungle surrounds the
village
You are too young to
understand
how terrifying that is



Russia

Hush tiny one
You must be strong
You must conquer the
cold
And accept your new
life
Forget about the for-
ests and lakes
Forget about Poland
You are Russian now
Russia is your home



BIKERS OF BROOKLYN



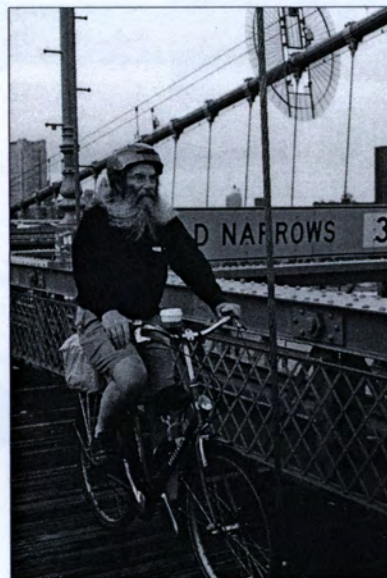
"If I can't make the 6pm vinyasa yoga, maybe I could try the 6:30 bikram."

- Education Consultant, 42 years old



"These Williamsburg whiteass parents better pay me double for watching their kids while they're at their yoga-rave."

- Babysitter, 18 years old



"You have a PhD in anthropology yet your student-girlfriend is fucking a Bain bro."

- NYU tenured professor, 54 years old



"One minute you're making a quinoa casserole, and then the next it's all over the oven, the oven is covered in quinoa, and that's that."

- Freelancer, 32 years old



"Yes! I love New York City!"

- Youth, 12 years old



Meyer Ghost issues

4 messages

Trish Nailer <trishnailer1@stanford.edu> To:
Jon <res.jon@stanford.edu>

Mon, Sept 27, 2015 at 2:14 AM

Res ed,

Hi, I'm a freshman living in Larkin, and I am concerned about the voices. You've heard them too, right? They say, "I am Meyer. Listen to me. Listen. I will never die."

This is interfering with my academic work, and horrifies me. I'm scared to talk to my RA or anyone - I don't want to make the impression that I'm crazy! What is Meyer? Why is it talking to me?

Larkin Love,

Trish Nailer

Jon <res.jon@stanford.edu> To: Trish Nailer
<trishnailer1@stanford.edu>

Mon, Sept 27, 2015 at 4:12 PM

Trish,

Thank you for your email, there is no need to worry. They were a side effect noted on page 717 of the Environmental Impact Report.

Best,

Jon

[Quoted text hidden]

Trish Nailer <trishnailer1@stanford.edu>
To: Jon <res.jon@stanford.edu>

Mon, Sept 27, 2015 at 4:46 PM

Jon,

What "Environmental Impact Report" are you talking about? I am sorry, Jon, but the voices are still here.

-Trish

[Quoted text hidden]

Jon <rest.jon@gmail.com> To: Trish
Nailer <trishnailer1@stanford.edu>

Wed, Sept 29, 2015 at 1:13 PM

Trish,

I am sorry these voices are bothering you. The Report actually says that anyone hearing voices should cease being bothered by them. I am forwarding this correspondence to Bill of Res Ed, who will be able to refer you to a FERMA Corp. representative in 2-3 days.

Jon

We asked our staff. . .

"But what did it feel like? (Getting into Stanford)"

"It felt as if the sky tore open and Hennessy's hand descended from the erupting light just to give me a warm and welcoming handshake."

Mason Stricklin,
Miserly Philanthropist

"For me getting into Stanford felt like hearing Santa Claus' footsteps on the roof and then seeing that the wood in the fireplace is still burning."

Cassidy Elwood,
Bucolic

"Similar to the way it felt when I spoke my first words, which were 'Please stop. I hate having my underbelly tickled.'"

Jamie Searles,
Millennial

"Severe swelling, difficulty breathing, and a bit feverish"

Soo Ji Lee,
Covalesces Quarterly

"Like that time I tried to go vegan for a week"

Alex Bayer,
Post-Vegan

"It felt... it felt like the time Zane took me out on his motorcycle, down into the next valley and all the way around the lake, his hair in my face blown back by the wind but I didn't care if I could see or not, I could smell the silver lake and the pine trees beside it and above us on the hills and I knew soon we would arrive at the post office and I'd slip my hands off his shoulders and slip the box key out of my jean jacket pocket and feel the satisfying crunch as the key engaged with the lock's tumblers, that mechanical zipper-pull schunkk as it slid into place, and I opened the door and found an envelope there, a bulging, fat packet, really, bent around and rolled up, and I knew what a fat packet or a fat letter-size envelope meant, I knew as I wrestled that overstuffed envelope filled with reading lists and campus life guides and move-in weekend programs and safety checklists out of that tiny P.O. box it barely fit into that I had been accepted to Michigan. Clicking on and reading the acceptance email from Stanford later that week felt very much like that experience."

Sam Coggeshall,
Out Waiting By The Lake

"Trembly"

Sukhi Gulati,
Culture Fit

"I felt good. It felt like not having to go to Dartmouth"

Alex Torres,
He Got Into Dartmouth

"I felt like a million bucks and change."

Colton Dempsey,
Breathes Deeply

"I went out and I bought five or ten Apple products (I don't even know), and now I oscillate between all them, I orbit. I don't give a fuck."

Anthony So,
Doesn't Give a Fuck

"Like all the — hits I took in — school were definitely worth taking. Joke's on you, — school health class."

Marge Tomaszczuk,
Outstanding

"Great knowing I'd get to spend the next and last four years of my boyhood on a farm calling John Hennessy 'Good Papa'"

Kian Ameli,
Good At It Too

"You remember when my spine popped into place at the movies? That look you saw in my eyes? Felt like that."

Jordan Huelskamp,
Aligned

"It was like—you know when you—yeah, sorry."

Nick Hansen,
Straightshooter

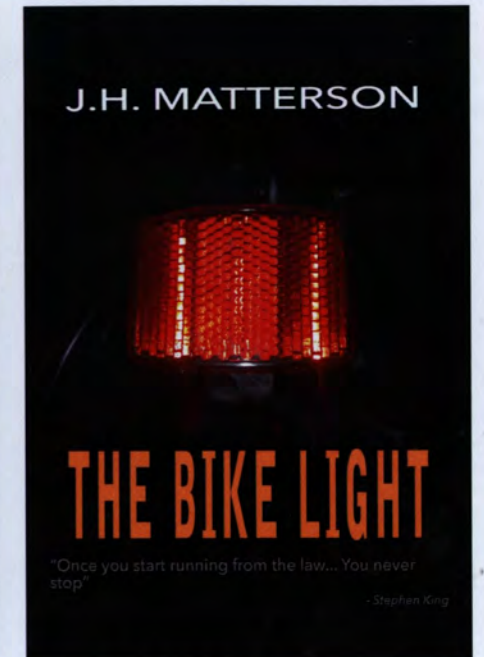
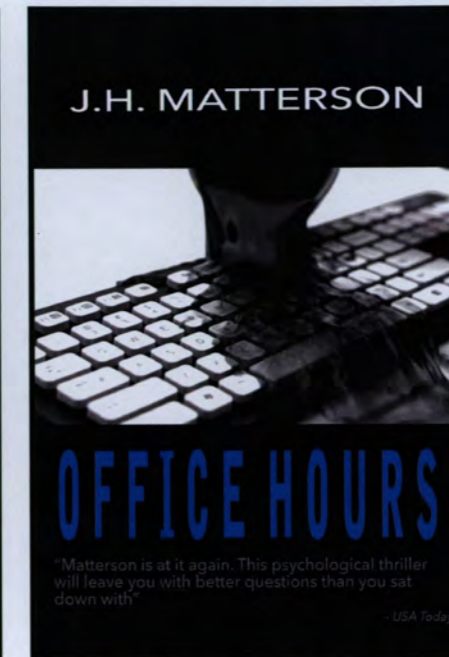
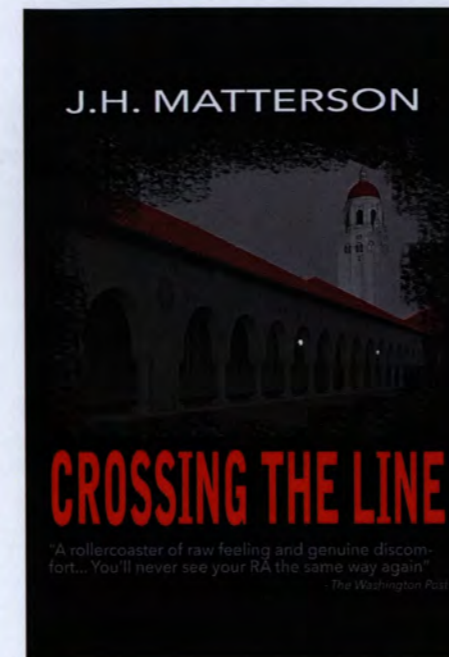
"All I can say about it, without giving too much away, is that I blushed"

Tristan Navarro,
Knee-Deep

"My brain said no, but my mom said yes."

Daniel Koning,
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Koning

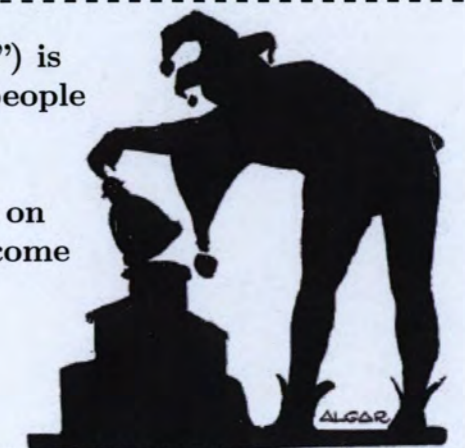
THE SAGA CONTINUES FALL QUARTER



PRE-ORDER THE COMPLETE BOX-SET

The Stanford Chaparral ("the Chappie") is always looking for writers, artists, and people interested in being writers, artists.

We meet every Wednesday at 8:30 pm on the 2nd floor of The Nitery. All are welcome to stop by.





The Stanford Chaparral

Meets every Wednesday evening at 8:30 pm,
2nd floor of The Nitery