

The Stanford **Chaparral**

TREE GETS AXED

The tree has fallen, but did it make a sound?

Banned by Band, broke Tree resorts to "fertilizers", found trunk in public

Laid off mascot picks up pottery, sucks



Martha Stewart's Secret Recipe "PRISON TURKEY"

INSIDE
FAST & EASY DIET PLAN
RESULTS IN 1 WEEK!



FAMOUS CELEBRITY SPOTTED



PROVOST'S PURSE
STOLEN REVEALED!



MORUE DE ROCHE

DE GUCCI

Collected fragrances inspired by Stanford's most iconic landmarks, including:

*Arrillaga Dining's Poisson
Crothers Hall's Au de Mildew
Toyon Hall's Déluge par Arroseur
The Entire Campus's "Oui weed"
EVGR's "Better than Eau" de Parfum
Kappa Alpha's Rohypnol*

CHAPPIE YEAR IN REVIEW:

BEST STORIES OF 2022

Shatter That Ceiling, Girlboss!
Woman Arrested at Sistine Chapel

SHOCKING: EELS

Stanford Tree Gets Stuck in Trash Chute, Face Down, Ass Up

Paris Hilton Changes Name To **Tel Aviv Hilton** After Passing Israeli Citizenship Test

More Like Michael Bidet!
Singer Bubl  Incapacitated Following Bathroom Incident

Aw, Shucks!

Russian Nuclear Armageddon Obliterates Eastern Seaboard

BANKRUPTCY ALERT:

Stanford Mock Trial Receives Mock Funding

“Losersayswhat!”

Check Out The Russian Army’s Newest Tactics for Winning the War

EXPOSED: Self-Driving Car Found to Target Pedestrians Who Didn’t Go to Top-25 University

Parfaits Declared “The Most Delicious Thing On The Whole Damn Planet”

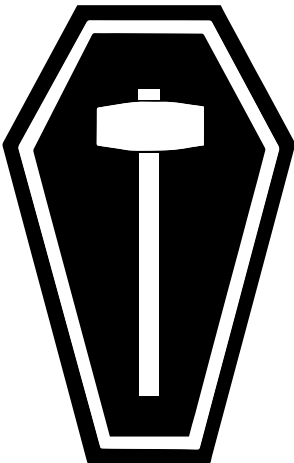
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Special Thanks

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The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CXXIV December 2022 No. 2

Blake Hord
 Old Boy

Dominic Borg **Lana Tleimat**
 Young Boy Not A Boy

Benjamin Midler **Jeremy Kim**
 Money Boy Edit Boy

Hammer Coffin

| | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| CHRIS ONSTAD '97 | CARRIE KEMPER '06 | JOSH MEISEL '12 |
| EUGENE PARK '98 | MIKE PIHULIC '06 | SAM COGGESHALL '12 |
| CHRIS CRANE '00 | NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06 | SPENCER LEROUX '12 |
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| IAN SPIRO '04 | GARRET WERNER '10 | TRISTAN NAVARRO '18 |
| MATT HENICK '05 | BILLY KEMPER '11 | SCOTT MUTCHNIK '19 |
| | JOHN LYMAN '11 | PETER TELLOUCHE '20 |
| | SIMONE PERRIN '11 | NICHOLAS MIDLER '22 |
| | DAVID ROSENTHAL '12 | AL X '?? |

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

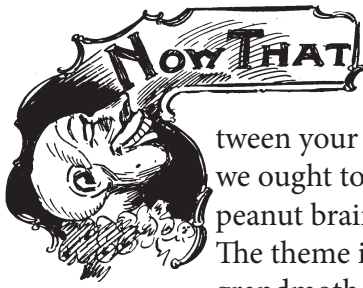
TARGET COUPON **EXPIRES 12/31/15**

50% off

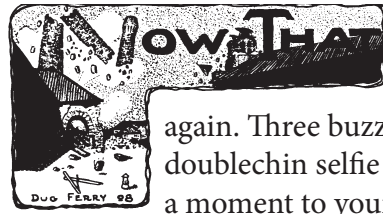
Storewide purchase

Valid in store only. This coupon for use by original recipient only. Limit one coupon or offer per guest. Void if altered, transferred, purchased, sold or prohibited by law. Item(s) may not be available at all stores. Quantities limited; no rain checks. Coupon value may not exceed value of item purchased. No cash value.





we've clickbaited your eyes into fondling this dying piece of print media between your grimy little iPhone fingers, we ought to give your TikTok swiping peanut brain a proper dopamine rush. The theme is *tabloid*, but this isn't your grandmother's tabloid. None of those slow "who's dating who", boring "hottest celebrities", or cerebral "winter's best tapioca pudding" articles. This tabloid is overflowing with raw sex appeal, capitalism, and references to the 1600's. Now *that* should get you going.



you've stared at paper long enough to call it "reading", it's time to check your phone again. Three buzzes, two texts, and a quick doublechin selfie later, you're spiralling. Oh no, a moment to yourself. Let's reel you back to the world of media. We've upped our game this issue in ways only the printed word can. Half our pages are scented (don't ask like what) and the other half reveal secret messages under black light. All else fails, crumple us up and stave off the existential dread by Kobe-ing this premium tabloid into the trashcan. Now *that* should get you going.

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True Crime

Later: Move Over, Brangelina -
Introducing Preese Davidspoon



Last Thanksgiving, Soft-On-Crime Biden Pardoned a Turkey for a Triple Homicide and Seven Counts of Grand Larceny. The Turkey Has Begun a New Murdering Spree. Here's What We Know:

(Color police Sketches Pictured Below)



Name: Unknown, alias "Hannibal Lecturkey"

Age: Unknown

Physical Description: Turkey

Distinctive features: Beak, Tail, "tramp stamp" on hindquarters that reads "pluck me"

Last seen: Alderson Outdoor Education Federal Detention Camp (AOEFDC), Cafeteria

What Else We Know

- Culprit likely previously worked at several local hanky-pankies, slammers, harems, brothels, honky-tonks, houses of ill-repute, and Tommy Hilfigers.
- Culprit generally kills other turkeys, is notorious for killing and stuffing his victims.

Your Horoscope This Week

MistressOfAstrology.com

Aries

You're buying too many plane tickets. Greta Thunberg is going to cancel you on Twitter.

Cancer

You will be crowned Snake Princess. Do not flinch when they hand you your scepter, because then they will laugh at you with their horrible slithery tongues, which will hurt your feelings more than you might think.

Libra

The battle. The gunfire. The stench of rotting corpse. You awaken from your reverie, reliving traumas from a fictitious life. You yawn, you stretch, and you itch your head. Your hand meets the cold, remorseless steel of your Salatschüssel World War I helmet. Get up, soldier. We've got a war to win.

Capricorn

Someone is going through your mail, and they're doing something weird with the stamps. It's not clear what yet, but it can't be good.

Taurus

A carrot a day keeps the doctor away. Seventy carrots a day finishes your carrot punch card. Three hundred and fifty carrots a day is too many.

Leo

Everything you hope for will be robbed from you.

Scorpio

Your efforts to win a majority in the Senate have failed. All of your endorsees lost except for J.D. Vance. Your chances of Presidential re-election in 2024 are slim. Your sex life with Melania is fizzling fast. Oh, and Ron DeSantis has better hair than you, plus his human mask looks more realistic than yours.

Aquarius

When the moon is in the seventh house/
And Jupiter aligns with Mars/
The peace will guide the planets/
And love will steer the stars.

Gemini

You will be sad. Very sad.

Virgo

A storm is brewing. A big one, like category five. They're going to name it after you, and no one is ever going to let you forget that.

Sagittarius

You will develop an affinity for muted flannel, Texas hats, and mid-calf cowboy boots that click with alacrity. You will come to appreciate fiscal conservatism. People will like you less - but that's Dallas.

Pisces

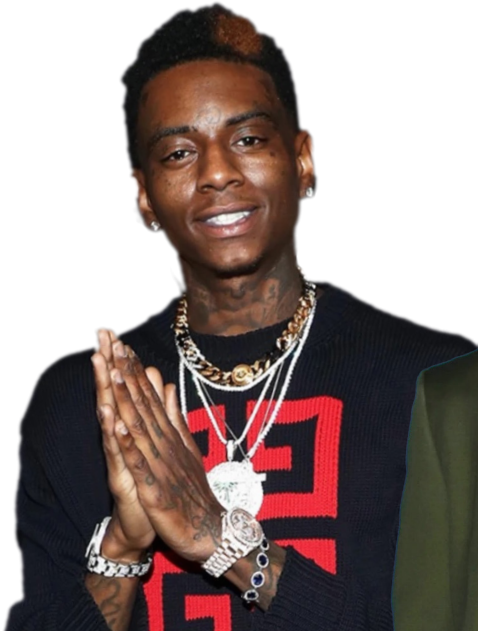
You will wake up this particularly moist Saturday morning, sweating through your clothes. You will fall out of bed, crawl to your bathroom, mouth more parched than ever. You will pull yourself up to the mirror. You will be a fish. Welcome to your new life.

Spot The Differences!

Answer: my parents' divorce!



the TALK of the TOWN



Well sometimes I don't feel like a man. I still think someone ought to put me on their shoulders and take me to a ball game, and there's nothing wrong with that.

- **SOULJA BOY** on his name



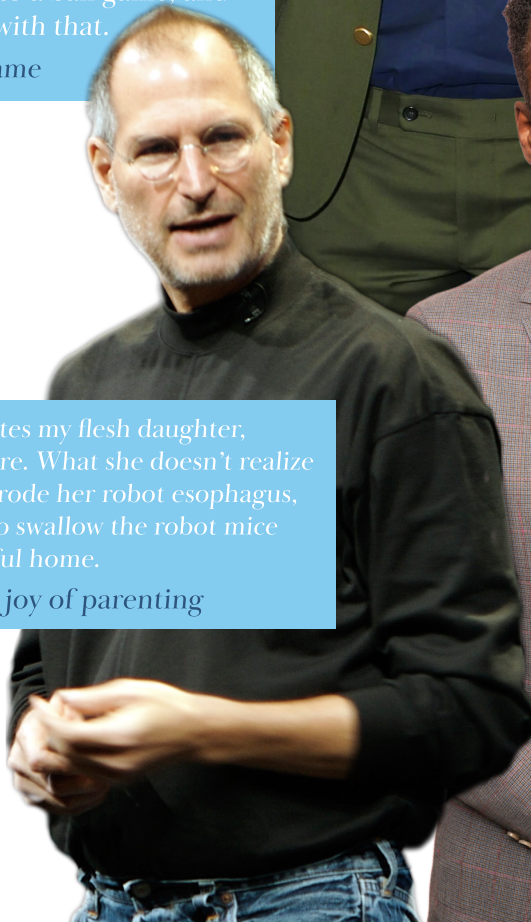
No, I like them, I like the silly dances they can come up with. I wish I had stupid little feet like that, but what can you do.

- **ELLEN DEGENERES** on children



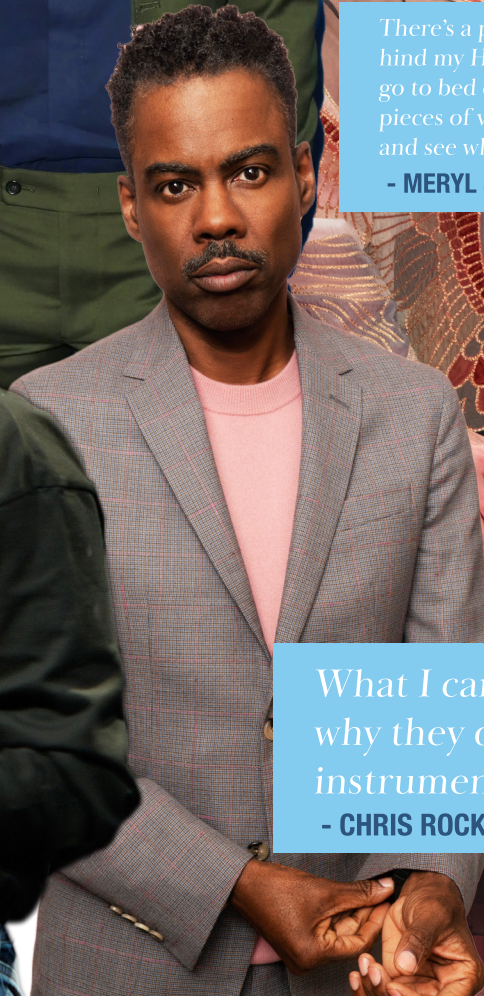
There's a pack of stray dogs that live behind my Hamptons mansion, and before I go to bed every night I like to throw a few pieces of veal out from my Juliet balcony and see who comes out on top.

- **MERYL STREEP** on giving back



My robot daughter hates my flesh daughter, because I feed her more. What she doesn't realize is that food would corrode her robot esophagus, which was only built to swallow the robot mice that infest our beautiful home.

- **STEVE JOBS** on the joy of parenting



What I can't understand is why they don't just play instruments.

- **CHRIS ROCK** on youth choirs

Rendezvous With Destiny

Closing time's 11, so I roll up to Sunny's at 11:05 sharp. My Mustang's still running, so I beach her, leash her, and drop the keys at the valet. Alejandro's a friend of a friend, so he'll reopen the gates for one well-dressed customer with a sexy ride. 'Not a scratch,' I tell Alejandro. 'And remember, three bales of hay by midnight.'

'I'm not cleaning that shit up,' Alejandro frowns. It's not his first rodeo.

I stumble towards the revolving doors, stopping only to apply a quick layer of eau de cologne along my inner thighs to mask the equine aftertaste. I adjust my tie, button my cuffs, and take three deep breaths. I repeat to myself: *Who's the man? You're the man. Who's the man? You're the man. Who's the man? You're the man. Who's the m-*

'What was that, sir?' Alejandro spins around.

Shit. I'm saying stuff out loud. No time to dwell on it, though, because I've got a rendezvous with Destiny. I walk through the revolving doors and scan the restaurant, skirting through ornate dinner-tables illuminated by golden chandeliers dangling overhead. Tuning out clinking cutlery and ambient chatter from a cavalry of dinner-guests, I scan the room, turning my head left and right, left and right, left and right.

There she is. Seated alone at a table, dark bourbon in hand, coral red dress seducing the curve of her waist, she's got a sultry smile that could hold the universe together. She's got gray eyes, thin lips, and bish-op-kicking blonde hair. She greets me and I hear her voice - husky, serene, enough to make any man neigh their approval.

'Hi, I'm Destiny,' she says.

'Uh, I'm Sachin,' I say.

I'm sweating bullets, but she doesn't know it. *Fucking keep it together, man.* She's the most beautiful girl that someone who was attracted to girls could conceptualize in his wildest goddamned dreams.

'So, what kind of things are you interested in?' I offer.

'Well, I like to paint. And sing. And meet mysterious new men.' She tilts her head and smiles, raising her glass. 'And what about you?'

'I-uh, I'm not that interesting,' I mutter. 'I'm just

your regular, average, regular guy.'

She smirks playfully. 'There's got to be something.'

She's conventionally beautiful, I think to myself.

She blushes. 'Well, thank you! I think you're wonderful, too - but I want to know more about you.'

I need to stop saying my thoughts out loud.

'Well, um, I guess I like to ride horses.' *Shit.* It slips out suddenly, easily, like a child of divorce climbing out of the back alley window when Dad comes home drunk. Nothing wrong with what I said, though, so I keep smiling.

'Horses? That's so interesting, and cool! Where'd you pick that up?'

Fuck. She's a master conversationalist. Before I know it, the words flow from my mouth like bourbon into her lips.

'Well, the first time I was with a horse was when I was eight. Her name was Bessie. It started out pretty slow, but got comfortable pretty fast. She and I developed a pretty special connection.'

'That's wonderful! So do you, like, know horses really well?'

'Intimately.'

'So how often do you ride horses?'

'Every night.'

She pauses. 'Wait, what?'

'What?' *Uh-oh.*

'Do you, like, *ride* horses?'

Act natural. Act like a regular human being.

'What?! Like, have sexually intimate relationships with horses? Who would do something like that?'

'Oh.' She sighs, clearly relieved. 'I thought you were, like, into horses. That would've been so weird.'

I laugh. *She doesn't know I have sex with horses.*

'Wait, what?'

Fuck. I'm doing it again.

Ask Angus



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

Hi Angus:

I've been seeing this girl that I really like, and it seems like it's going to be time soon for our relationship to get more physical. I've never really slept with anybody before, and I'm really nervous that I'm going to choke when the time actually comes. Do you have advice for managing sexual performance anxiety?

Sincerely,
Nads Nikkelsen

Hello,
I used to have that same problem when I was a wee freshman. Here's my advice, and it's a piece of advice that I picked up while doing musical theater in high school (incidentally, also the reason for my lack of sexual experience): when you're in bed with somebody, and you're feeling nervous, I want you to close your eyes and picture that person naked. I find that this is a great way to manage anxiety and distract the mind, especially in sexual situations.

Angus

Dear Angus,

I'm not really looking for a relationship right now, but I just have this problem I wanted to share: I have this one friend who keeps trying to set me up with random girls that he knows, and I was just wondering if you had any advice for making this highly irritating behavior go away?

Sincerely yours,
Anonymous

Dear Colin,

Is this just your passive-aggressive way of telling me that you and Cindy didn't hit it off? As if that's supposed to be my fault? How was I supposed to know that she was actually a thirty-two year old sex worker. When I tried to set the two of you up, I'd only known her for about twelve hours since meeting her during Anthro section, but I really, genuinely thought you guys would vibe. Maybe things would have gone better if you hadn't led by showing her your ability to turn your eyelids inside out. That's, like, third-date behavior. Whatever.

Toodle-loo, you stupid ingrate.

Angus

Hi Angus,

I'm just starting to get intimate with a guy that I've been seeing, and I really want to get better at talking dirty, but all of the normal words for sexual body parts seem kind of silly and are a major turn-off for both of us. Do you have any advice for how to get better at dirty talk without killing the mood?

Yours truly,
Eccentrica Gallumbits

Hello,

I always thought the Victorians were onto something with their dirty talk. Next time you're out together, lean over to him, and in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, ask him if he wants to go back to your place for some illicit basket-making. As your lovers' embrace nears its apotheosis, ask him if he intends on engaging in coitus interruptus, and whether he would like to either be bagpiped or have his chimney swept. Don't forget to fight in armor and use protection!

Angus

DR. SEAH CHEEZ NEEDS YOU

Hey you! Yeah you! I'm talking to you, punk. You're an ugly piece of shit, and honestly, if I were anyone else, I'd tell you to never leave your house. Better yet, don't even leave your bed. Poke two holes in the sheets, and when someone enters the room, yell "Boo! I've become a ghost because I'm just so ugly!"

But, fear not! I've developed a FOOL-PROOF way to make you look HOT! And when I say hot, I mean hotter than my sexy cousin Lisa.

See that hot, hot specimen? Yeah, so naturally, my surgery template is my mother. Sexiest woman I've ever had the pleasure of meeting.

So, if you want to fix that sad little life of yours, join me.

My procedure is simple. I tell you how much you suck before performing an extensive reshaping of your face. I have a muse. Maybe you'll get to meet her.



CALL 1-800-FIXME TODAY!

ДСК КОМЯДЕ ДИГУС

Stanford's top authority on Russian, Eastern European, and Eurasian issues is back to answer your questions!

Ediv Zhopu: I'm thinking of running off to join a Guerrilla army in service of Ukraine with some other dudes from the HAAS Center. How do you plead for mercy in Russian, just in case I get captured?

A: Good question! I'm sure a lot of you out there are wondering the same thing, so let me give you a quick tutorial of important vocabulary to use if you ever become a Russian prisoner of war. First, you must address all soldiers with respect, calling them the formal titles of "ГОВНЮК" (Gavnyuk) if you are speaking with a male comrade, or "Сука" (soo-ka) if you are speaking with a female comrade. To ask for mercy, simply ask them "Отсосешь у меня?" (ot-sos-esh oo men-ya?) which means, "will you spare me?" (And definitely doesn't mean "will you suck my dick?") Finally, if neither of these work, simply tell them that you surrender with a simple "Иди на хуй, коммунист" (ee-dee na hui com-munist), and they are sure to repay your kindness with even more kindness.

Sugma Balzach: My friend asked if they could drop off a Bosnian with me in my apartment for a quarter. Is there anything I should know to prepare for his visit?

A: Good question! Bringing a Bosnian into the household certainly poses a lot of new challenges to everyone involved. First I would Czech if your apartment allows pets, so they won't Serb you with a lawsuit if they find out. Bosnians are a proud breed, undeterred by the fact that their econ-

omy is collapsing and that their infrastructure is dismal at best. However, they are also known to be distrustful because of the violence and danger which is ever-present in their home country, so they may take a while to warm up to family members and other pets you may have in your home. Fortunately, Bosnians are not known to have any natural predators other than members of their own species, so once they acclimate to the lack of land mines here, you can feel free to walk around with them unleashed in most public places. The diet of the average Bosnian consists of simply a rolled pastry dish filled with meat called "Burek". Bosnians also require on average less alcohol to function than other Eastern European species, so it is far more economical on average to adopt a Bosnian than any other breed from the area. If you are willing to prepare for all of these challenges, then you should have no problems when your friend comes to visit!

Mike Hawk: What country really invented Borsch?
Edit 1: Borscht? Edit 2: Borsh?

A: We do not ask this question. For your own safety, I recommend staying away from this subject entirely, and if prompted, you should simply agree with whoever makes the dish for you.

Anna Borshin: Where are all the cute Russian, Eastern European, and Eurasian boys on campus?

A: Well, there is an unusual-

ly high concentration of them in the Yost (At Home Abroad) house. The Yost Former-Soviet Hottie Shop (YoFoSoHoSho) has to offer a fine selection of men anywhere from Bulgaria to Russia to Uzbekistan! You want them? Yost has them! All for the low low price of trekking all the way over to west campus, and letting the Suites parties right next door destroy your eardrums. Yost now offers a special deal on Thursdays from 5:30 to 6:30 pm when there is a whole extra table full of handsome Russian speakers ripe for the taking!

*Yost does not actually advertise or advocate for the sale, rental, or harassment of any human beings, regardless of how attractive their accents may be.

Until next time, comrades.
With love from Russia,

КОМЯДЕ ДИГУС

Text your exciting new questions to
+7 495 606 36 02



КОМЯДЕ ДИГУС THE MOSS-COW

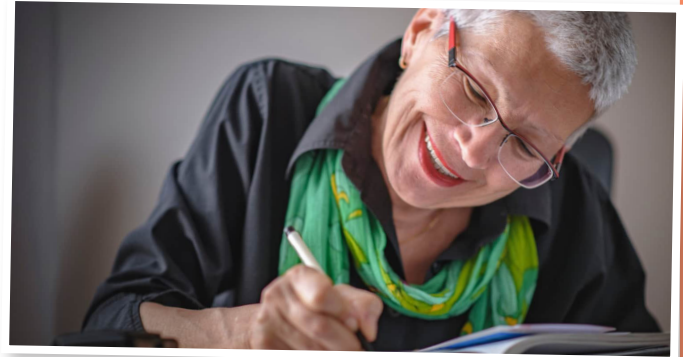


A pair of your ex boyfriend's boxers

They stopped smelling like him after like a month, but what are you supposed to do with them now? Give them back? Why bother when he wears briefs now anyways. (... It's not your fault he changes with the shades open.)

Sleep shirt depicting your high school's racist mascot

Okay, yeah, you can see the problem now. And, like, you would never wear it where anyone would see you. But it took years to get it this soft...



FALL'S HOTTEST DORM ROOM TRENDS

Six unanswered letters from Meemaw

You told her your address so she'd send cash. But since the accident, all she ever gives you are these long-winded narratives about when the barn burned down with your great uncle Harrison inside. You know you should reply, but you're just so busy with Stanford Jumprope! You'll get to it before she dies, for sure.

Limp Cardinal Nights build-a-buddy

Look what you gone and did. They done told you not to pet 'im too hard, but you just couldn't listen, could you.

Really gross candle

Maybe at one point it smelled like 'Tropical Mango Beach Sleepover,' but that was like three cigarette butts ago.



They Chose Not to Be!

ROMEO AND JULIET HATH ELOPED FORTHWITH!!!



Deep in the abyss of misty trouble,
Summer morning through yonder window breaks -
Two star-crossed lovers hath made their double;
Yet no light doth reveal their tryst opaque;

Spotted together at first light of dawn;
Verona wouldn't not see her walk with he;
But Romeo, breaking silence withdrawn,
And their love taketh flight, no rough wind flees;

In the castle, our camera hath seen
That young nuptial bliss was not to be;
Of hands, of lips, of passion'd love to be,
They hath found fortune in pornography:

But soon their story Pornhub will revive,
In *Barely Legal Italian Teens, Part Five*.



Major **SUCKAGE**

From Bacon Apothecary and Shaxpir Glovers' Guilt
comes a new miracle product:

Leeches®

The only product currently on the market that's **GUARANTEED** to suck!



Personal Ads

Me: the hot TA with a thing for chewing the end of my lensless Warby's. We could meet after office hours, whose attendance exceeds class enrollment, and read freshman shooting their shot with Carta reviews. We'll have to go back to your place as I was evicted from EVGR to make room for refugees from the Great Toyon Flood.

You: the ugly TA.

Me: nobody's poet, but I didn't think this personal ad was half bad.

You: likes making love at midnight.

Me: an undergraduate wise beyond my years. Dabbled in tweed jackets and smoked a pipe once, but found a sweet-spot with quarter-zips. Harboring suspenders. Not afraid to ask the tough questions in philosophy section although you wish I wouldn't.

You: willing to recite Plato in a dusky whisper over candlelight. Knows which fork goes where and what happened at the races. Descent from gentry a plus, but not necessary. We can pretend together. Middle-aged.

Me: fiscally conservative but socially challenged. Probably named Chad, or Brad, or something. Looks dashing in Patagonia crewnecks, and mastered the art of saying your name three times. More of a "no, but" than "yes, and" kind of person.

You: just had new highlights put in.

Me: Can throw ball good.

You: both Shaws—Richard and David.

An undergraduate with an itching for the less-fine things in life looking for someone else to wear a burlap sack. While my sexual orientation is purely hypothetical, yours certainly doesn't have to be. After spending a romantic evening chewing the grass on Roble Field, we can swing-by Cougar Night and pick up a third to dominate the shuffle-board court.

Me: exposit on social justice more than enough to make the Malcom X poster fit-in, but too well adjusted to not raise aggressively whitewashed children in a leafy suburb after promising to change everything from the inside.

You: a hypocrite.

Me: a masochist, a glutton for punishment, and an absolute fiend with an ax to grind. Also into arson, but only as a hobby.

You: the chemistry department.

Me: knows that emotional abandonment is the gift that keeps on giving and likes to pay it forward. Currently evading attempts at my kneecaps, so I must be on to something.

You: folds clothes, my mother's way.

Me: aggressively attends climate protests and takes the whole not-showering thing as a competitive sport. Enjoys being tear-gassed as much as everyone else, but will allude to ambiguous childhood trauma each time. It's Winter, but I refuse to put my toes away.

You: owns a gas mask.

Me: wore silver-framed glasses before Dahmer made them cool. Ditto cannibalism. Self-published my own cookbook and personally consider it all the rage.

You: tasty

LOSER CRAAYG LOCATED!



We've been on the hunt for an alleged sad loser stranger who has been having the worst time of his life. After days of searching, we finally found him. His name is Craayg. A truly sad little man. Here's the scoop.

We found him wandering around on the street, pacing in circles looking very suspiciously at the McDonalds. What did he want with McDonalds? First, he peeked into the window of the establishment, smearing his nose on the gold plated chicken mcnuget in the window. If you didn't know, McDonald's has become a place that the Kennedys and Bill Clinton frequent on the daily. It is a place of respect, and Craayg knew it.

We decided to put a stop to his pitiful actions. When we neared Craayg, he let out a little squeal and scampered behind a trash can. It took a few bags of Takis to coerce him to come out. We informed Craayg immediately that we were doing a profile on him, which made him seem skeptical at first. He crouched down, and brought his voice to a whisper: "Why?"

Well, Craayg, isn't it obvious? Craayg is the only person in this entire universe that somehow has nothing to look forward to ever. He's just having a miserable time, and the rest of us are having a blast! In fact, the CIA actually stormed his house and took his scattered belongings for "charitable purposes." They gave him a large cardboard box in return, saying it was insulated with some "super cool brand new tech." Of course, this was a lie. It was just a cardboard box.

Since that fateful day, 13 hours ago, Craayg has become a nomad, looking like people similar to himself, who got "f***ed over by everything everywhere all at once." Personally, I was gifted with a phone that allows me to request everything I could possibly want, with immediate teleportation delivery. From what I've heard, everyone around the world has received the same thing. Aside from this sad little chunk of a man Craayg, of course. When he heard about this device, Craayg was shocked.

"What do you mean you can have everything you want? Is this a joke? Like, someone from Prank'd is going to pop out right now, right? I've been harassing people on the street to let me into the McDonalds. Apparently I'm a safety hazard, cuz I yell 'I hate all of you just wait until I get my revenge.' Like, how is that unsafe?" Craayg also has access to the nation's nuclear arsenal, and we are still trying to figure out how that is possible.

We convinced Craayg to join us in a local cafe to speak for a little while, and he whipped out a dagger. He thought we were kidnapping him. When we told him that was ridiculous, a single tear trickled down his face. I told him he was pathetic, and he promptly wiped it away.

When I first spotted Craayg outside of the McDonalds, I felt a bit of pity for him. But, now I've come to realize that if any person had to be excluded from happiness, I would rather it was him! Hey, is my editor going to censor me for this? Probably. Sorry! Sue me! It's true! The more I got to know Craayg, the more he irritated me. You know what? I actually began to LOATHE Craayg. I wanted to take a tiny little spear and stab it through his tiny bald little Caillou-ass head.



★ *Star* CHASE



UH OH! LOOK WHO WE FOUND!



**POWER WALK!
CHAPPIE SPOTTED
SACHIN ON A "HOT
GIRL WALK"
OUT
OF HIS CAR**





ANGER PROBLEMS!



OUCH! HAS HE BEEN WORKING OUT?



**STARS ARE JUST LIKE US
THEY DON'T LIKE BEING CHASED**



SHE GOT BURNED!

What's in Persis's Purse?

We stole found Provost Drell's purse and were SHOCKED at the scandalous items she carries around with her!

Key

1. Pearls
2. 1928 California Merlot
3. Hammer with tag still on
4. Lint (bellybutton?)
5. Brick from Eurotrash 2019
6. Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*
7. Monopoly money
8. Knives (dull)
9. Indian passports (2)
10. Tiny plastic organs
11. Condoms & lube



AUTOCRATIC ADMIN

RENAMES STANFORD

An onslaught of building name changes is sweeping the campus - has big-head admin finally gone too far, or is more needed for Stanford to repent for millenia of discrimination? The first domino to fall was White Plaza. Circa 2021, the now-disgraced Prof. Plaza - a proto-fascist, Webkinz fetishizer, and senior lecturer in biochemistry - never put his pronouns in his email signature. Last Monday, White "Plaza" was renamed the White Assembly Point for Community, Inclusion, Tenacity, and Yard-signs (WAP CITY). This began a temper tantrum flurry of name changes spearheaded by the admin-clique of musty Marc, punchy Persis, smartass Susie, and Sarah.

"Tressider? Munger? Cantor? I barely know her!" moody Marc quipped as he scurried out of his office when berated for comment. On Tuesday, that fearless furry (unconfirmed) was met with nervous applause at an alumni fundraiser/kink club event when he railed against antisemitism then

"This is just step one. Eventually, everything will be named Marc, but I guess some things can be named Mark with a k."



changed the name of the Stanford Children's Hospital to the Stanford Hospital for Small Bodies. The reasoning - Hitler was once a child.

Wednesday brought celebratory hump day changes. "I'm more of a Pinot Noir man myself, but I'm happy with the change," meek Marc added over instagram DM when we swiped up to ask about his renaming Lagunita Court to the Bud Light Lime Quadrangle, apparently after a billion-dollar investment from an anonymous donor (sources say John Doerr again). Also Wednesday - "Not everyone has a family, but everyone loves war memorials," the preeminent provost declared after changing the Arrillaga Family Dining Commons to the Arrillaga Vietnam Veterans' Dining Commons.

On Thursday, saucy Susie announced that in an effort to reduce the spread of disinformation on campus, the bookstore will be demolished and replaced with what the administration is calling a Center for Learning and Institutional Truth. In addition, the Arrillaga Outdoor Education and Recreation Center was renamed to BIG GYM, since the previous name was too long for the attention span of many student-athletes using the building.

To finish the week off, the abominable administrators dropped a bombshell and changed the entire university's name from Stanford to Snatfrod. "We'd like to even the playing field between those with dyslexia and those without, so all students have the opportunity to succeed at this instuitoin."

NAMES TO CHANGE

- ~~Bing~~ Auditorium who even uses Bing?
- Duck Duck Go
- ~~Marguerite~~ Buses fixed the misspelling!
Margarita
- ~~Green~~ Library not offensive to colorblind people
Grey
- ~~Panama~~ Mall we're not even in Panama
United States

ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK

Anonymous source leaks maniacal Marc's handwritten list of future changes. Has the power gone to his head?

What the Tomato Said...

Carrot, Onion, and Lettuce showed up to the meeting late. When enigmatically told by their good friend, Tomato, to show up to this very meeting if they wanted to still be his friend (and if they wanted delicious, Beyond Karot Cake), they didn't know what to expect.

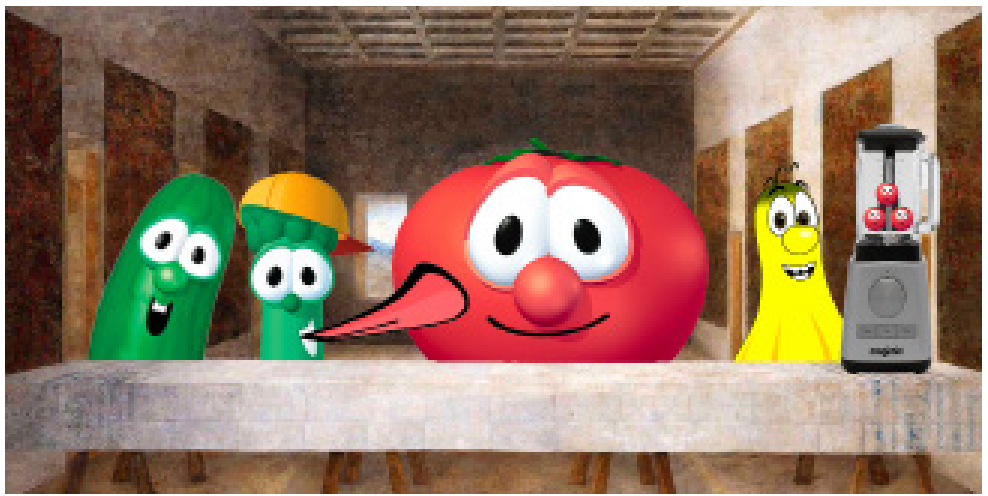
Sitting at a table in the middle of an open-air gazebo, Tomato sat pensively, almost sprout-like as he anticipated the arrival of his comrades. He knew it as well as he knew the sky, the earth, and the seas: *The Time Has Come*.

"Gentleveggiess, hello!" Tomato stood up and welcomed his friends before taking back his original seat. And then, and only then, did he begin:

"My friends, I have something important to tell you, so I am gonna be like Janet Jackson's left melon and just come out, unexpectedly and with little warning. My comrades, I'm a fruit!"

Now at this moment, Tomato expected a variety of scared, shocked, and scandalized reactions. But instead, he got stunned looks. It took 15 minutes before Carrot had the nerve to raise his hand.

"Oh thank god, Carrot! I knew you had something in that round stalk of yours. Give it to me baby!" Tomato began mak-



ing oddly suggestive, prostrating movements with his hands.

"Well it's just..."

"What?"

"I mean..."

"Just say it dude!"

"What does this mean about ketchup?" Carrot finished this last statement rather abruptly, quickly, as if he were embarrassed.

"Pardon?" Tomato wasn't expecting this.

"Actually, he raises a good point," continued Onion, the most intellectual of the lot. "Since you are now a fruit—"

"I have always been a fruit, Onion," corrected Tomato.

"Excuse me for my error. Since you are allegedly a fruit, does this mean that the condiment that launched a thousand stained white t-shirts is still a sauce, or is now a smoothie?"

"Umm, you guys know that this was a big deal for me, right?"

"Well, it is a fruit blended into a smooth paste. So isn't it a smoothie?" Asked Lettuce, the least intellectual of the lot.

"But to make the ketchup, you blend it with spices, sugar,

vinegar. Do you do that with other smoothies? I think not, sirrah!" pronounced Onion.

"Dude, that is the literal definition of a juice cleanse," informed Carrot.

"You know, I'm still here and am willing to answer questions about this..." Tomato didn't know what to do: on one hand, they weren't mad. But ketchup? Of all the things to focus on, KETCHUP?!?

"Maybe we need to consider the straw test. Can you drink ketchup with a straw?" posed Lettuce.

"Yes," said Onion and Carrot, too forcefully to have never done that before.

"But can we suck other non-Newtonian fluids?" continued Onion. "I say, hath anyone done so with a straw and that marvelous concoction called 'peanut butter'?"

"Oh my sweet Jesus that's it, I'm going to In N Out." Tomato grabbed the keys to his fruitymobile, leaving their debate for what would be the very, Last, TIME!

To Be Continued...

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!

Imagine Tom Cruise in Top Gun: Maverick, speeding down the road on a motorcycle with his hair swishing in the wind and looking incredibly fine. Don't you wish you were sitting behind him on that motorcycle? Or even better, that you were that motorcycle? Well, perhaps this exposé with Navy pilot Hank Scruise Thomas will change your mind.



Chaparral staff (CS): How were you involved in the movie?

Hank Scruise Thomas (HST): Whenever Tom was filmed flying a plane, I was the guy who actually flew the plane.

CS: You flew it quite well!

HST: I know. The Navy selected an elite group of pilots to fly the actors, so I'm part of the best of the best of the best. What can I say? I'm good at my job, don't ya think?

CS: Good enough to be a real-life Top Gun pilot?

HST: Let's just say I was a pilot in the Top Gun Movie.

CS: Okay. Perhaps we should talk about something else, big guy. What was it like to fly Tom?

HST: It was a bit weird. When Tom took his first flight, he tried to ditch the helmet. I forget what he said, but it was something about the Supreme Being already protecting him.

CS: Interesting. What did you do about his helmet?

HST: Yah, well he was being stupid, so I went over to him and slammed a helmet over his head. He stopped talking about Scientology after that. Scientology can't protect him from a smack from the best of the best of the best, am I right?

CS: Wow, maybe you converted him! Moving to a new topic, what was he like as a passenger?

HST: He did not last for a minute the first time. When I spun the plane, he immediately puked.

CS: Oh my! Did that get all over the plane?

HST: Nah, he had his helmet on, so the puke just sat in his helmet. It took probably 5 minutes for me to land the plane.

CS: His puke was just sitting there for 5 minutes?

HST: Yah! I could hear it sloshing around his helmet.

CS: No way. THE Tom Cruise blubbered in his puke for five minutes..

HST: Most pilots would have taken longer to land the plane. [Whispering] Best of the best of the best of the best, baby.

CS: Okay. I'm assuming his flights afterwards went well?

HST: Ah, they were fine. He kept making weird noises in the plane. I think he heard that Navy pilots had some breathing technique to handle the g-forces, so I would hear him loudly breathe in the plane every few minutes. But my plane and I were just coasting, so I have no clue what he was trying to do with his breath.

CS: I mean, I like his dedication to the role.

HST: You could say that, but when you start hearing someone go "HsssK HsssK HsssK HsssK", every few seconds, it starts getting on your nerves. And then he would get so annoyed when I would comment that you only needed the breathing technique on intense plane maneuvers. He would say some stuff like, "Please do not disturb my creative process."

CS: That must have been tough to sit through.

HST: Nah, I would just shake the plane left and right, and he would lose consciousness for a second or two. Stuff like that is what makes me the best of the best of the best of the best of the best of the best.

CS: It looks like whatever he did in the plane paid off because people, myself included, thought he was a true Top Gun pilot.

HST: If you want to think that, be my guest. He was a great guy off the plane, but I can't take a guy seriously when I know he took a dunk in his own vomit.

CAN YOU SAY 'ROLL MODEL?'

SISYPHUS

After 3000 years, Sisyphus finally did it: he rolled the rock up the hill, and it stayed! The Chaparral's own Motivational Marty caught up with him to see how he's doing in the aftermath and how YOU, too, can roll the boulders of your life up the hills of victory!



MARTY: Sisyphus, you old rascal! How are you, buddy?

SISYPHUS: I'm doing alright. I've been dealing with a lot of ups and downs recently, so it's nice that my life has finally "Plato"ed a little bit.

M: What's it like to be done Running Up That Hill (TO MAKE A DEAL WITH GOD) [chuckles] Have you seen that part of Stranger Things?

S: Morty, I have been in Tartarus for a long time; I'm 3000 years behind on pop culture. My social skills need some work too. [pointing at the Editor] Why isn't your serf bringing me more wine?

M: Umm... okay. Anyway, soooo: how are you adjusting to your new life?

S: I hate it.

M: I beg your pardon, but whaaaaaaaat? You're not happy?

S: I miss my rock.

M: WHY?!?

S: Because it gave me purpose, okay. Look, I was forced to roll a rock up a hill continuously for thousands of years. Sure, it sucked for the first half an eon. But you wanna know what happened? I enjoyed my rock. Rolling it up the hill over, and over, and over again gave me purpose, hope, a goal. And when it rolled down, it hurt, but that pain made me a real man, you know? Like I'm talking about balls. Strife, builds, character!

M: Oh my gods, what have you become? This isn't supposed to happen! You're supposed to be our hero, the man we could all look up to!

S: Like hell I was. [he chugs his mug of wine and licks his lips seductively] Oh that's good. Now that is the real way of having a can-do spirit.

M: Haven't you tried to put yourself into modern society?

S: Of course I did. But to do that, you need an apartment. And to get an apartment in the Bay Area with real estate prices as they are, you need a job. But with the current state of the economy, you need an excellent job history. You try getting a job at Burger King with a 3000-year gap on your resume.

M: How have you been supporting yourself?

S: Until recently I was living in the basement of a dorm on Stanford's campus called Crothers. Right now I'm trying to become a fitness influencer on TikTok. In fact, I want your readers to know that my latest fitness tape, "Get Rock Hard Abs with Rock Hard Sisyphus," is out now on all the big platforms with the younglings these days. My handle is @bouldermoulder. Check me out, my brothers!

M: Um, maybe later.... Welp, this was a waste of [he sees a violent glare in Sisyphus's eyes] no one's time! Thank you for coming, Sisyphus! Can't wait to see what you do next!

Editor's Note: Sisyphus was recently found dead at the base of Mount Everest, trying to roll a boulder up the mountain in the middle of producing a new fitness tape entitled "Ain't Know Mountain High Enough." Find the unfinished video exclusively on Truth Social.

MUST HAVE!

Chappie's Essential Home Decor of 2022

Whether you're looking to spruce up your living space or to switch things around for a change of scene, we've got you covered with this list of living room essentials that no home could ever be complete without!

Lettuce

If you want your living room to make a great first impression, spice it up with a few bunches of lettuce. "Green is a lucky color in many exotic cultures," says Lara Allens-Barett, a New Jersey-based stager. Introduced in America by our loveable role model Christopher Columbus, this delightful veggie will make itself right at home in your living room (much like Columbus himself) to give it that fun, vegetarian edge.

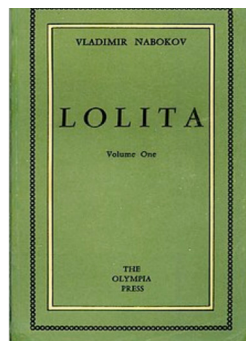


Morgue Beds

Ditch the sofas this season, for we have a new winner in the comfort category - morgue beds! These metallic luxuries not only provide a cozy space to curl up with movies on Saturday nights, but also remind you to live life to the fullest, while you still can, of course! These beds come with a little friend included!

Coffee Table Books

Coffee table books are great for casual browsing on lazy Sunday afternoons. The bigger the better when it comes to a coffee table book! These suggestions are perfect for curling up with a warm cup of hot cocoa after a long, stressful day.



Soil Carpeting

Going for that elevated, rugged, nature-esque look? Soil floors are a great way to add some personal style to your space. They also have the unexpected benefit of boosting your social skills: science has proven that soil also invites a variety of local guests. Who needs friends when they have mud!

Sculptures

In the spirit of exoticism, sculptures are a fun way to add some personality and a pop of color to a room. When it comes to sculptures, it's important to realize that less is more - nothing is more tacky than a sculpture that doesn't fit the room!



FEAR and LOVING at the SAND HILL ROSEWOOD.

As I enter the warm, bright Madera Bar at the Sand Hill Rosewood Hotel, the gin and tonic from earlier begins to kick in, and I feel the beginning of a low buzz as the warmth spreads outward from my gut.

Dark mahogany panels line walls adorned with mirrors and large, painting-sized photographs of famous patrons from years gone by. Men, young and old, in evening shirts and ties, hob-nob with thin, heavily made-up women wearing pastel-colored evening dresses. The atmosphere is one of nervousness, but also excitement, filled with the rose-tinted hopes of young engineering PhDs and the occasional baby-faced Masters' students.

For tonight is Cougar Night at the Rosewood, when all of the bored tech wives of the Bay Area congregate to rekindle the passion of their glorious youths, to try on the past like an old garment and see if it still fits.

This, at least, is the appeal of the event, the story that attendees tell about themselves. They are all, in fact, bird-people. Scrotum-necked, pecking at whatever moves, shedding their monochromatic day clothes for the gaudy plumage of the nighttime circuit. Finally, scanning the room, I see her. Standing by the bar, all alone amidst the swarm of mating pairs. On a cocktail napkin, in a cloudy, sepia glass, sits her mint-topped drink of choice.

"How old?" she asks with a flick of her hand, which holds a cigarette and hangs loosely over the edge of the bar.

"Twenty," I reply.

"Then move along," she says with an insouciant tilt of her chin. "You're out of my age range."

"Too young?"

"Young! Ha! You're one bad cough away from a pacemaker."

"Such big talk coming from such a little wom-

an," I parry. "You ought to get away from the door before the draft knocks you down." And for the first time, she gives a tight, wry smile.

"You know," she says. "I've often been accused of having a thing for young men. I'm guilty too, guilty as O.J." I lead her by her bony wrist up to my penthouse suite, bought courtesy of the higher-ups at the Toronto Star. Shushing each other and giggling, we make our way to the master bedroom, and then...

"When you really think about it, it all comes down to the fucking politicians," I tell Trixie as she sits up in bed and huffs blue smoke from her cigarette. "They're not looking out for the people anymore. It reminds me of something my godfather's baby mama used to say - you follow the money, you find the motive. We haven't had a good, upstanding politician since Reagan, you know? I've had it up to here with Pelosi, and McConnell, and - there were others, but I forgot their names."



“Lindsey Graham?” offers Trixie.

“Her too.”

She puts down her cigarette. “Pardon this old gal while she powders her nose,” she says, before taking a hand mirror and a small bag of white powder from the bedside table and snorting a long line. I take the mirror from her and polish off the residue, then excuse myself to the bathroom, locking the door behind me.

I wipe my nose and glare at my glass brother. Man, he’s hot.

He’s a fucking smokeshow.

He makes Chris Hemsworth look like Liam Hemsworth.

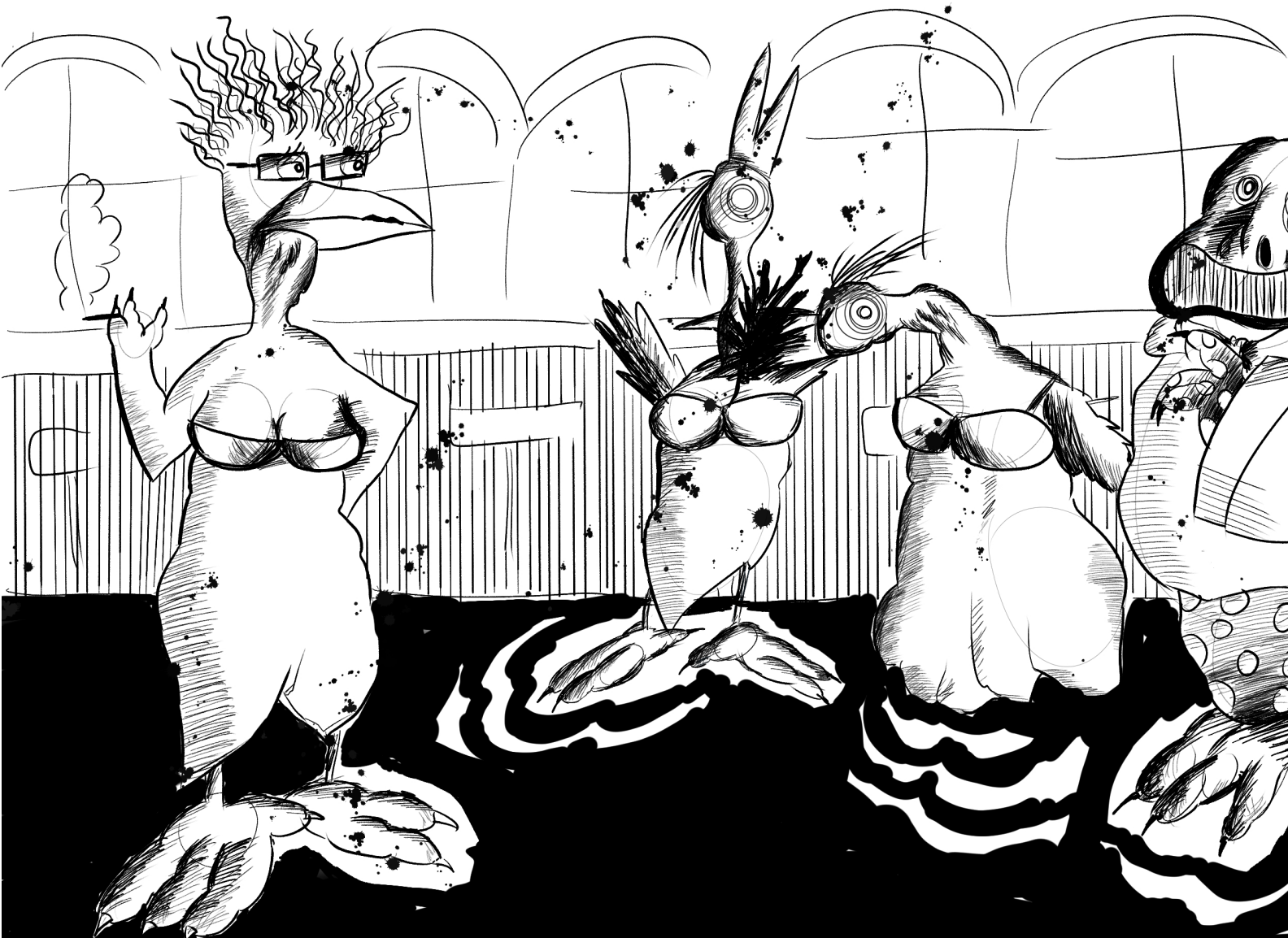
Who did I have for dinner last night? What did I eat with? Why is John Galt?

Enough. I’m here to do a job. A job. I am the job. I am the walrus. Goo goo goo joob.

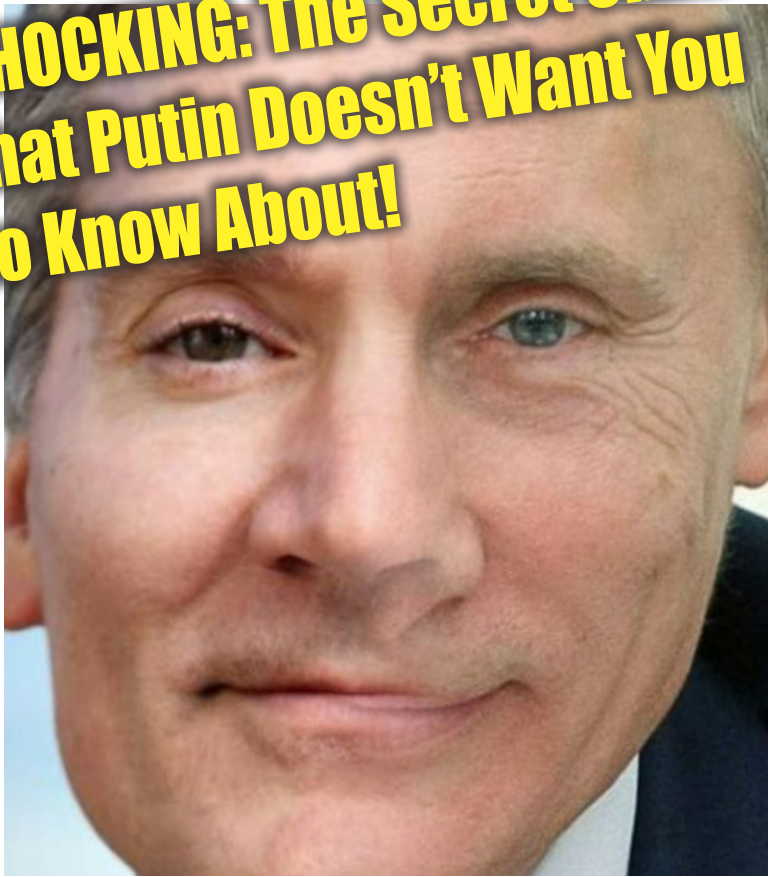
I have to lose the woman, have to shake her

off and get the hell out of this town before her jealous tech CEO husband learns about me and cashes in on a favor he once did for the San Francisco mafia. Sony would watch the door while Fabrizio ties me to a chair and breaks my nose, and Trixie would cower in the corner, screaming and pleading with her stone-faced (ex) husband. I would end up in the back of somebody’s black eight-seater Cadillac, bound and gagged among the tire iron, baseball bats, and oily new-car smell like a newly broken-in catcher’s mitt...

There’s no future for me here with Trixie. My ambitions are beyond that of a Secret Gigolo, sneaking in and out through the bedroom window, hiding out in the pool house and sleeping on a bag of putters and nine-irons. I’ve followed this road as far as I’m willing to. I open the bathroom door, bolt for the hallway, and, amid the screaming and cursing and squawking from behind me, make my final break for the lobby.



SHOCKING: The Secret Child that Putin Doesn't Want You to Know About!



Ruthless Rootin' Tootin' Russian Ruler Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin has certainly had his fair share of admirers, but he has even more CHILDREN! We are sure that many totally real people (and not just strategically coded bots) find Putin highly attractive. Because of this, there is no shortage of conspiracy theories about how many children he really has; our reporters believe that there really are more devil spawn in the world than we had once thought, and that one of those devil spawn may even be at the root of all of Stanford's many (many, many) problems. Wikipedia claims that he has "at least 2" children, but as we all know, Wikipedia is a hole in the world like a great black pit and it's filled with people who are filled with shit and the vermin of the world inhabit it, so we at the esteemed Chaparral went and conducted our own investigation to figure out the cold, hard truth.

Unfortunately, our team couldn't get an interview with any real admirers because we just really didn't want to, but a Yahoo Answers user, СуссиБакка, said "I think his smile is cute and he has a nice frame. Not fat, but large and strong-looking when he's topless. He has an aura of power and

it turns me on." And on twitter, we found more than 7,000,000 completely real accounts posting pro-Putin content such as "I am real genuine American, and as real genuine American I can say that more people in America should be loving Supreme Leader Putin. He is really not bad guy when you get to know him." This is enough proof for us that Vladimir Putin is definitely having a lot of sex.

Interestingly enough, most people who accuse Putin of having extra children only claim that he has secret daughters. Some claim that he has a daughter named Luiza Rozova, or Elizaveta Krivonogikh; we couldn't tell which one was real, or why she has two names, but some (including us) think it has to do with her OnlyFans. Other websites, like *The Daily Beast* claim that Putin has a child named Katerina Tikhonova, a famous pro-West Russian dancer, and that her baby daddy is in fact named Igor Zelensky (the other Zelensky).

In fact, the real secret child of President Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin is Stanford's very own President, MTL. Just like his alleged sister, MTL goes by two names: Marc Tessier-Lavigne, and My True Love.

Just how do we know this to be without a shadow of a doubt true? Well, at first we could just tell when we looked at them side by side. Namely, they both have that look of insanity on their faces that comes with being the evil authoritarian dictator in charge of a population of thousands of miserable people. But just to be sure, we conducted a totally legitimate experiment to be absolutely certain.

The foreign reporters on our ОФО (Определенно не Фальшивая Организация) team in [REDACTED LOCATION, RUSSIAN FEDERATION], gathered some of what little hair Putin has remaining, while our team waited for MTL to clog one of the poorly-maintained Stanford toilets, and finally we analysed both samples for DNA matching.

In the end, we found both strands of DNA to be almost identically as shitty, thus proving a definite match. We reached out to Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin and MTL for comment, but their only responses were "Что, черт возьми, такое Чапараль?", and an apology for last year's mass Rock Coddling, respectively.



Coupa Cafe's Secret Founder: Who is D.B. Coupa?

In the 1970s, D.B Coupa, who is wrongly referred to as D.B. Cooper because people thought he had a British accent, scooped up America in the quest to figure out his identity. He was the mystery man who jumped out of a plane with a stolen \$200,000. No one ever found out who he really was. However, we know what he did with his money. Behind most of the late 20th and 21st century's evils lie his influence.

He started with some small inventions, hoping that he could use them to escape the FBI's watchful eye. Spam calls? Coupa funded those, so he could spam the FBI with false tips on his whereabouts. Those small gaps on either side of a bathroom stall door? Coupa funded those so he could see what was going on outside of the stall and whether any law enforcement officials were in the bathroom. Though his money could be traced, it was always the case that Coupa would be long gone by the time the FBI knew of his purchases.

After 20 years of evading the FBI, Coupa realized that he would never escape the FBI's pursuit. He would never be able to spend freely, so he decided to punish Americans with more evil. He donated to political campaigns that supported standardized testing because children were too happy. He paid TV producers to make sure the DVD logo never hit the corner.



“He donated to political campaigns that supported standardized testing because children were too happy. He paid TV producers to make sure the DVD logo never hit the corner.”

In the early 2000s, Coupa realized that he needed to scale up his influence. He saw the action that was happening in Silicon Valley, so in 2004, he moved to Stanford in order to start Coupa Café's first location on University Avenue. It was his way of reminding the world of his name, and his way of meeting with likeminded people.

Most of the time, it was a normal coffee shop. However, every few weeks, his café would reopen at 10 PM, and two to three people would enter. People were looking to fund their projects, and Coupa had managed to turn his initial \$200,000 into multiple millions. According to Palo Alto insiders, Coupa funded Facebook because he thought Americans were getting too smart and antivax soccer moms were hot. The police never caught him because he had too many hiding spots.

After his café expanded to multiple locations, he vanished. Some say he died. Others say that he found a way to leave America. Unfortunately, the Coupa magic disappeared once he left; it became a normal café that never had enough seats for people. Nothing so despicable has been introduced into the world since his disappearance, and the Silicon Valley community awaits his return.

Check *This* Out: Mutilation @ Green – Change Overdue?

Library-goers beware, Stanford's new security measures are far from by the book. On this past Thursday, Clayton Johnson, a five-year veteran of the Stanford Library Checkpoint Taskforce, removed one of freshman Evan Walters's eyes in Green Library. Johnson apprehended and mutilated the student after he confused the student's personal copy of The Code of Hammurabi with the library's 3000-year-old copy.

Walters was allegedly walking towards the exit on the north side of the campus's largest library when Johnson snapped at him, telling the student that a standard search of his backpack must be conducted. These "routine" checks are supposedly designed to ensure no students leave the premises with library materials they have not checked out. Walters, when stopped for examination, was described as "shook" by a witness at the scene. He partially opened the main compartment of his backpack to be searched. According to Johnson's statement, "I saw what I perceived to be the library's ancient copy of the Babylonian legal text." It was at this moment that Johnson dragged Walters into a back office and gouged out one of his eyes. A PDF print-out of The Code of Hammurabi was later found in the backpack, along with hemorrhoid medication.

"It was bad vibes"

"It was bad vibes", says Reynolds, the primary eyewitness, "[the incident] was a real blow to my mental health. I'm not sure if I can psychologically pull through this trauma." Since our interview, Reynolds has been guaranteed free tuition by the university and will be excused from upcoming final exams. She has started a non-profit organization, "All Eyes on Violence," and is slated to appear on Jimmy Kimmel Live! this coming Tuesday.

"We all saw the signs," one of Johnson's colleagues claims, recalling a time in which Johnson tackled a student for calling another student with thick-rimmed glasses a "b-slur." (The "b-slur" is the preferred euphemism for "bookworm" in the

literary community.) "That's just not an attitude you can have in our line of work," says Sarah, "we appreciated the enthusiasm, but that kind of response was unjustified. This could have been prevented."

The incident culminates a history of complaints against Johnson. Over his tenure, Johnson has been reassigned to different libraries on three occasions. Most recently, he was removed from his post at the Bowes Art & Architecture Library after inflicting multiple paper cuts between the fingers of a student for calling it the "Bowels Fart Library."

Johnson has been placed on leave, with the fate of his employment in the hands of Library officials. Demonstrations pleading for Johnson's immediate removal began yesterday with student organizers asking all with checked-out books to gather in Meyer Green for a book burning.

"It's time for this senseless, bibliocentric violence to end, once and for all."

"It's the seventeenth incident in the last nine quarters," says student organizer Miranda Stevens. "it's time for this senseless, bibliocentric violence to end, once and for all."

Whether or not the university can turn the page on this tragic chapter remains as unclear as the Dewey Decimal System.



We asked the Chappie staff...

What's the tea?

Flip a page forward. Flip a page back. Stand up, and perform a three-point turn. Flip a page forward, and see your future unfold on the limitless expanse of canvas, capturing an arc of light as each word flits away from the abyss of banality. There is no 'tea', you fool, only an endless and inescapable hall of mirrors.

-Sachin S., nihilist

Actually, based on the size and angle of the exit wound, it's impossible for a lone gunman shooting from the eighth floor of the abandoned library to have hit the president with such force at such a great distance. In this answer, I will —

-Dominic B., truth teller

Overheard at the Stanford Visitor Center: "Berkeley (or maybe it was Berklee?) is getting more tourists than us" and "One tour group diverted, five more to go"

-Jeremy K., model tour guide

Based on estimates taken from woodcuts and eyewitness accounts from during the time, I would say that in 1773, you American wankers ruined an amount of perfectly good tea equal to about £30,000, plus about 2 pounds sterling, 1/2 shilling, 4 penny farthings, and a Money penny. We will accept payment in cash, credit, or stolen artwork.

-Aadya J., disgruntled Bostonian tea drinker

The better question is what's in the tea. Ha ha. ha. The answer is cocaine. It's cocaine.

-Lynn C., cartel market-ing consultant

Wet.

-Daniel R., Bostonian

What a load of tosh. First they're chargin' noine quid for me to grab a pint with the lads and now when I fancy a cuppa I'm throwing a wobbly at me mum's house instead! It's absolutely minging, bloody bonkers, innit?

-Blake H., faking it

Clearly you haven't watched my ten hour investigative YouTube documentary. You can skip all the birdcall tutorials in the middle, if you insist, but you might not understand the global billionaire cabal stuff without it.

-Lana T., speaks fluent bird

I ate Doc McStuffins

-Ananya U., eater of habit

The university is going to take my computer away for telling you this, but the real reason the Tree was suspended was because

-Ishani M., MIA

Come to the Chaparral Thursdays at 6 PM for piping hot tea and freshly brewed pizza.

-Little C., pizza pizza

I'm not actually funny—it's just a rat pulling on my hair, making me do things, making me live in the tunnels under Main Quad. Please, tell my family I miss them. I don't know how long I have. I've eaten nothing but cheese for 34 days.

-Benjamin M., dead

Actually it's spelled "чай".

-Nadia E., Надя

So Cassidy said that Traci with an I has got a thing for Tracy with a Y but I was like, umm, sorry but Traci (with an I) has a thing for Jon who got caught smoking crystallized corn syrup thinking it was crack but he was done with drugs unless you count that time he gave them to Blake who couldn't do shit unless Jeremy gave him the answers but he got all his wisdom from wise Piz`za guy Lana who was too busy being put behind bars for selling Dom a fuck ton of crypto that just turned out to be Ben's dirty underwear.

-Sam L., inexperienced with gossip



Martha, You've Been Chopped!

Scathing Reviews Abound for Martha Stewart's New Prison-Themed Cookbook

The reception has been terrible for *Martha Stewart Serving: Insider Tips for Eating Like a Convict*. Here are the worst recipes and most blistering comments from critics:

"Hash" Browns



"Far from the best cannabis-based breakfast item to enter the culinary world this year." - *Rolling Stone*

Homicidal Turkey Pot Pie



"Martha dumped Anthony Hopkins over his role as Hannibal Lecter. This story has now come full circle: Martha has become a butcher, and this recipe is her first victim." - *Gourmet Magazine*

Hearty Autumn Prison Gruel



"Tasted just like Mom used to make, although I don't recall her simmering it in piss." - *Food & Wine*

The whole project smacks of the bourgeois pretensions of an individual wholly unqualified to approximate the distinguished cuisine of America's incarcerated population. The appropriation is as insulting as it is perfunctory."

- *Knuckles*, Head Chef, Alderson County Federal Prison

Veal alla Milanese



"The recommended cook time is far too short. Mine actually got up, moored for its mother, and took a shit on the table." - *Taste of the South*

Insider Beef Tips (Braised in Stock)



"I actually thought this one was pretty good." - *Gordon Ramsay*





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MEETINGS THURSDAYS 6PM
NITERY 105

“THE NITERY: LIKE OLD UNION
BUT GRUNGIER”

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