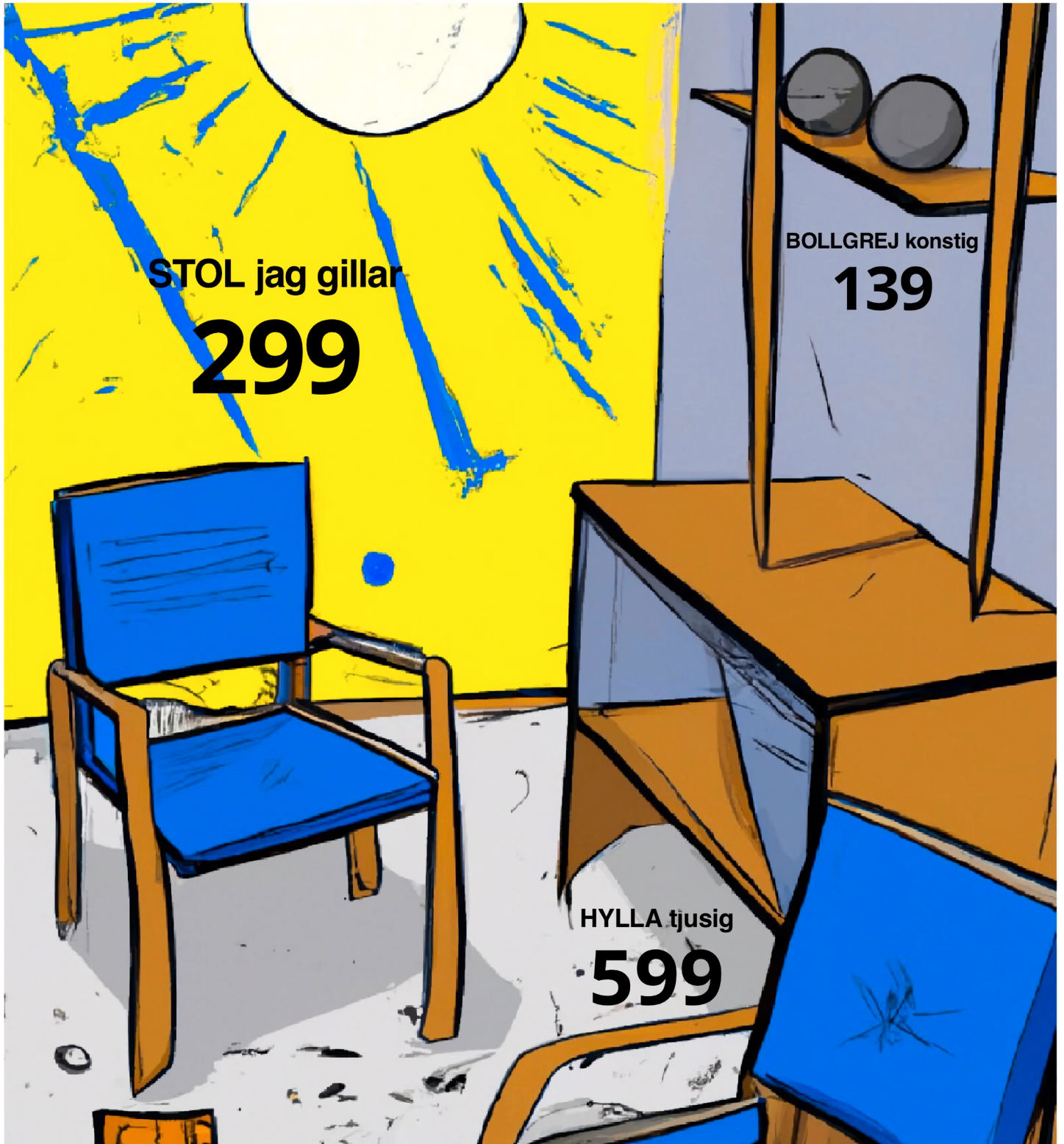


CHAPARRAL®

2023



STOL jag gillar

299

BOLLGREJ konstig

139

HYLLA tjusig

599

IKEA
75

LÄS INUTI FÖR ALLT IKEA.
DET HÄR ÄR DIN KATALOG.

PRISERNA I KATALOGEN KAN BARA BLI LÄGRE,
FRAM TILL DEN 31 JULI 2023, ALDRIG HÖGRE.

IKEA®

Ekås
\$59

Rickarum
\$119

Knislinge
\$299

Tyseggal
\$139

Ankl Monitö
\$19

**Time to *Enjoy*
House Arrest**

SWEDEN ADOPTS UKRAINIAN FLAG COLORS IN SOLIDARITY

In a historic show of solidarity, the Kingdom of Sweden has changed the colors of its national flag to those of its newest ally, Ukraine.

When asked in a recent assembly about this move, Prime Minister Ulf Kristersson responded, “Sweden has always been a modern, dynamic nation; ready to change with changing times. Moves like this are what make Sweden renowned for its incredible dedication to human rights and world peace.”

This unprecedented move has not gone unnoticed by Sweden’s greatest contribution to the world economy, IKEA. A spokesperson for the brand has announced in a recent press conference that IKEA will follow in the footsteps of the great nation it was founded in and change its primary colors to yellow and blue to show support for its Ukrainian customers.

Additionally, IKEA plans to launch a new campaign of expansion to Ukraine, especially to areas inhabited by customers who in the past have felt excluded from outlets near major cities.

The spokesperson said, “No one should feel like they cannot access IKEA - not even if they are based in Chernobyl. It is in increasing access, especially in areas traditionally neglected by government and human inhabitants, that IKEA plans to transition from finding new markets to seizing whole countries.”

This deeply politically-motivated move by IKEA has left several respected political theorists wondering how else the Swedish giant plans to enter into the complicated world of global politics. “It’s not a matter of if, but when”, says Lars Larsson, a

prominent self-described Flat-Earth activist who is convinced of IKEA’s imminent entry into the gun manufacturing, statecraft, and/or higher education industries. (Note: Larsson has since contacted the author of this article, requesting his title be changed to “self-employed”.)

It would certainly be considered a revolution if IKEA manages to extend its build-it-yourself, minimalist-design philosophy to guns, objects that have historically suffered an image issue in the hands of DIY hobbyists.

On being questioned on their intentions along this line, IKEA’s spokesperson hinted that “There are currently discussions within upper management that could lead to a massive overhaul of the company and western society as we know it.”



Sweden’s new flag raised across the country last Saturday

Staff

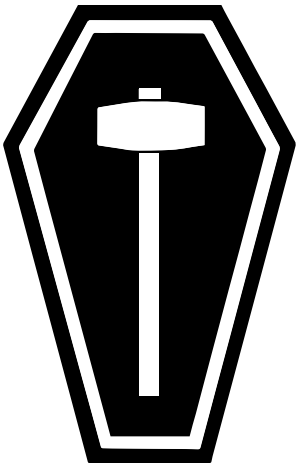
Lynn Collardin
 Nadia Ertz
 Aadya Joshi
 Sam Lustgarten
 Ishani Mukherjee
 Daniel Rashes
 Sachin Singh
 Ananya Udaygiri
 Ananya's twin

Special Thanks

James Varah
 IKEA
 The Coupon Redeemer
 You Know Who You Are
 Well, Maybe You Don't
 Eh, Nevermind

Printing

Prodigy Press



Vol. CXXIV

April 2023

No. 3

Blake Hord

Old Boy

Dominic Borg

Young Boy

Lana Tleimat

Head Writer

Benjamin Midler

Financial Officer

Jeremy Kim

Editor

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 |
| DAVE LAMPSON '00 | ALLAN PHILLIPS '07 | ALEX HERTZ '13 |
| DUSTIN PERKINS '00 | DOUG KENTER '07 | VICTOR ONUIGBO '13 |
| OWEN ELLICKSON '00 | ANNIE WYMAN '08 | ANTHONY SO '14 |
| ANNE BENDER '02 | ANTHONY SCODARY '08 | DANIEL KONING '14 |
| GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02 | JOSH STARK '08 | GARRET TAYLOR '15 |
| GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS '02 | KIEFER KATOVICH '09 | MASON STRICKLIN '16 |
| JACOB YOUNG '02 | MEGHAN MCCURDY '09 | CASSIDY ELWOOD '16 |
| CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04 | PATRICK MAHER '09 | IAN SCOTT KNIGHT '18 |
| 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?? |



Bring this coupon to your local IKEA® store and get

**50% OFF
 STANFORD
 TUITION**



840000255000014

Coupon is valid in store only January 19-20, 2019. One coupon per household. Offer not valid for delivery, assembly, kitchen planning or other services. Not valid in the IKEA Restaurant, Bistro, or Swedish Food Market. Not valid on previous purchases or the purchase of IKEA Gift Cards. No cash value. Cannot be combined with other IKEA offers or discounts, except IKEA FAMILY product offers. Other restrictions may apply. See store for details.

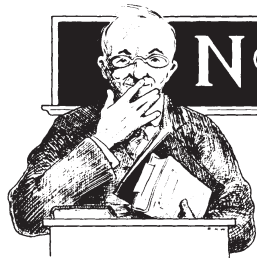
© Inter IKEA Systems B.V. 2018.

To Redeem your coupon, bring it in to your local IKEA store or display it on your phone at checkout.

POTTERY BARN FURNITURE BEDDING DECOR & PILLOWS SALE

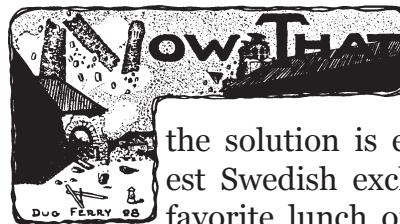
EXTENDED 1 DAY!

15%
 OFF YOUR ORDER
 if you bring in a
 piece of IKEA
 furniture and burn it
 in front of us.



Now That

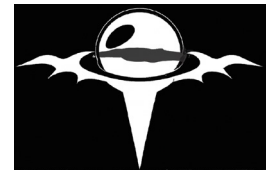
my Rabbi informed me that huffing sharpies isn't kosher, we have to find something else to do with our time. Usually, when half past eight rolls around, I'm half-baked, half-eighth-ed, and halfway to Puerto Rico by metaphysical brainwave. But nowadays with big brother sucking up my neckhairs, I can't sit down, put my calves of steel up on a nice ottoman (the furniture not the empire), and relax a little without breaking section 16 U.S.C. § 580(p) of the "common decency" code. My therapist (at least that's what I think parole means) tells me I should meditate to relieve the stress instead of doing whatever was in that last sentence. We all know the last time a distinguished individual like myself did that, Marcus Aurelius wrote a snoozefest in Ancient Greek, but we can save that for the next issue. There's a deep, dark, demon-infested void inside us all, whether it's from sharpies or something tamer, but maybe its patch is something that's been around us all along. Just say no to meditation, just say no to drugs, but just say *yes* to a little bit of shop therapy.



we've diagnosed our problems as just not having enough stuff, the solution is easy. Follow your closest Swedish exchange student to their favorite lunch or dinner spot and find yourself in a meandering adult playland the likes of which hasn't been seen since Michael Jackson's *Neverland Ranch*. Welcome to IKEA. Couches, beds, beds that look like couches, lamps, lingonberries, a 471-piece unassembled TV stand, a \$3 dining room table, more fake windows than you can count. Three square meals, six new stuffed animal friends, and \$3000 spent on furniture you *definitely* need later and whatever was dragging you down before is now buried deep beneath your amassing pile of new credit cards. Shopaholic, alcoholic, furry-holic - we've all got vices, but at least if you spend your days roaming the single circuitous aisle of an IKEA, you're getting your steps in. So take this magazine, themed after that prolific Scandanavian holy site, and study it. Memorize every word, and re-read it until your mind is set free from the constant nagging of this modern world. But if it's either this or sharpies, that's a tough call.

Innehållsförteckning

| | | |
|--|---------|------------------------------|
| Cover..... | 1..... | Lynn Collardin |
| IKEA Ad..... | 2..... | Blake Hord |
| Sweden Changes Flag..... | 3..... | Ishani Mukherjee |
| Now That..... | 5..... | Blake Hord |
| Journal of Supernatural Phenomena..... | 6..... | Benjamin Midler |
| IKEA Concept Poem..... | 8..... | Ananya Udaygiri |
| The Cutting Edge..... | 9..... | Sam Lustgarten |
| The Swedish Chef..... | 10..... | Ananya Udaygiri |
| American Meatballs..... | 11..... | Jeremy Kim |
| IKEA Instructions..... | 12..... | Lana Tleimat |
| råket..... | 14..... | Sachin Singh |
| Scary Stories..... | 15..... | Dominic Borg, Sam Lustgarten |
| Ask Angus..... | 18..... | Aadya Joshi |
| Horse Ad..... | 18..... | Blake Hord |
| Chair for my Forehead..... | 19..... | Jeremy Kim |
| IKEA är mitt hem..... | 20..... | Daniel Rashes |
| The Vikings..... | 22..... | Sam Lustgarten |
| Ask Chappie Staff..... | 23..... | Staff |
| Back Cover..... | 24..... | Dominic Borg |



Featured

Letter From the Editor

The date was March 3rd, 1987. I was ass-deep in a Malaysian swamp, simultaneously wondering whether I'd live to see daylight and thinking that this sure beats grad school. As a newly minted assistant professor in the Department of Supernatural Studies...

Kennathon Housenlifer

Editorial Correspondance · Open Access · 20 Feb 2023

Disambiguating supernatural observation from symptomatic extrasensory perception

In this review, Whitlock and colleagues tackle the problem of investigating eyewitness and first-person accounts of supernatural phenomena. As the bread and butter of supernatural science, investigating such reports are invaluable. However, it is increasingly the case that, rather than having observed a supernatural event, it turns out that the witness is just bat-shit...

Simian Whitlock...Charlatan Charlots

Technical Report · 20 Feb 2023

Stanford chemistry professor not possessed, just mean as fuck

Employing a full complement of state-of-the-art investigative techniques—ranging from wooden stakes to seances—Smithers et al. deduce that a Stanford chemistry professor, who has been widely described as possessed by their students, is, in fact, just really vindictive. A referral...

Yeoman Moonman...Blak Horde

Article · 26 Feb 2023

A systematic investigation of the political structures of post revolution governments

What, is this a legitimate political science article that somehow found its way into this journal? Whatever, it's another discipline trying to masquerade as having scientific validity so what's the difference—ditto vaccines.

Snehal

Dubious · 06 March 2023

146 days in my basement with the lights turned off: interval report

In this update, Georgios provides new commentary on her ambitious year-long effort to live in her basement with the lights turned off. This effort, funded by the NSF, seeks to provide definitive evidence on the effect of the lights being turned off on otherworldly activity in...

Zzzzzzzzyymmzzzaawwwrrrrssss Hwwwaarrrraassrgghpphh

Hallucination · Inaccessible · 09 March 2023

Stabbed by my daughter's doll: case study

In one of those happy coincidences of science, a recent doll possession incident took place in the home of one of the country's most esteemed possession specialists. His first-person perspective on being stabbed by said doll constitutes one of the only descriptions of such an event made...

Rob Reich

A good time · 13 March 2023

APP binds DR6 to trigger axon pruning and neuron death via distinct caspases

Naturally occurring axonal pruning and neuronal cell death help to sculpt neuronal connections during development, but their mechanistic basis remains poorly understood. Here we report that β -amyloid precursor protein (APP) and death receptor 6 (DR6, also known as TNFRSF21)...

Anatoly Nikolaev...Mark Tessier-Lavigne

Fabrication · 19 February 2009

Are you a zombie: an empirically derived diagnostic manual

Do you usually wake up after 8am? Do you eat copious amounts of sriracha just to feel something? If either of these—or any of the many more detailed in this article—apply to you, you may be a zombie.

Steve

Field Guide · 29 February 2023

A systematic investigation of déjà vu

The date was March 3rd, 1987. I was ass-deep in a Malaysian swamp, simultaneously wondering whether I'd live to see daylight and thinking that this sure beats grad school. As a newly minted assistant professor in the Department of Supernatural Studies...

Wait, that name sounds familiar

Trippy · 01 April 2024

CONCEPT POEM FOR THIS YEAR'S IKEA HOLIDAY AD CAMPAIGN

Tagline: ~~Exhibits~~ proletariat gaining consciousness!

'Twas the Night before Christmas,
and through the warehouse,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The furniture stood by the food court with care
In hopes that their union rep soon would be there.

The Djungelskog and Fyrhome saw futures ahead
Where all of the products could finally be fed,
Receive equal wages, promotional perks,
And large sums of coins to reward their hard work.

When out in the distance they finally saw
A figure that may prove the hope of them all!
A rep from Ikea had finally come,
To tell them about their petition's outcome.

"We have no more money," the ghost said aloud.
"You all should work harder!" he said to the crowd.
The tables all sharpened their long wooden legs
And silverware leapt off their bins and their pegs

'Twas a night in the warehouse with objects alive
And that stupid Swedish boy wasn't going to survive.



THE CUTTING EDGE?

In the aftermath of the Super Bowl, professional sports have never been under such scrutiny. Whether it be potential match-fixing or strange penalty structures, something needs to change. I talked to Forest J. O'Reilly, Self-Professed Sports Expert, about how to create long-lasting progress in the games we love.



Blake Borg: Thank you for joining us, Dr. O'Reilly. Let's get right to it: what do professional sports need to become better?

Forest O'Reilly: Happy to be here, Blake. O, sorry, Mr. Borg. Yeah, well, you know, professional sports' root problem has nothing to do with refs or organizations. Rather, it's the rules of the games themselves: the surfaces, implements, and structure of play.

BB: Okay... what do you mean? Here's an example: how would you improve baseball?

FO: Baseball's problem is simple- it's boring as fuck. So let's add action! We slide the ball instead of throwing it. The bats become sticks, players wear pads. Oh, and the field, we make it ice, so there's always sliding and action!

BB: Umm... okay. What about something like basketball? Many believe that the game has gotten too soft with its frequent foul calls.

FO: But you know what Basketball doesn't have? An extra man, a simplistic 1-point score structure, and grown men duking it out about who poked who with their sticks. And ice, it doesn't have any ice.

BB: So does every sport just need ice, sticks, 6 men and a shit ton of action?

FO: Yes.

BB: Even Golf?

FO: Ice.

BB: Tennis?

FO: Freeze it like Boris Becker's assets.

BB: US-China relations?

FO: Gotta cool them somehow.

BB: My relationship with my father?

FO: Tears can't fall if they're frozen.

BB: Hockey?

FO: (silence)

BB: Ha Ha, BITCH. How are you going to improve that one?

FO: Dancing.

BB: What?

FO: You heard me: it needs dancing! It needs that certain je-ne-sais-quoi of high theater, where the music of Broadway fuels the majesty of big, burly men pirouetting on nature's best stage: ice.

BB: Wait, so you're saying that every sport needs to be hockey?

FO: Yes—

BB: But hockey should then become figure skating?

FO: It's the 2nd step in natural sport evolution.

BB: Forrest, where are you from again?

FO: Canada.

The Swedish Chef



As Martina approached the blue and yellow door of the world's best chef, she thought about how she'd always loved a man in uniform. Crisp white shirts, a poofy hat.... oh no, she was getting distracted. She had a job to do. Martina knocked on his door. Once. Then twice. Three times. A fourth. Five. Six. She was banging her head on the door when it finally opened.

"Hurdy gurdy?" said the man in the doorway. Martina wiped the blood from her forehead. God, his accent screamed sex. "Hello, Mr. Swedish Chef? It's Martina, the food blogger. I emailed you last week about our interview? It's today." Swedish Chef stared blankly at Martina before turning around and walking away. Martina gingerly followed him through his mid-17th century modern house to his huge kitchen. "I just have a couple of questions," she said to his back. "Like, how did you get started --"

Swedish Chef shushed her with a finger to her mouth. It tasted like nutmeg. All spice. She sniffed the air. Meatballs. He handed her a faded photo album, where Martina could barely make out an engraved family tree and picture of a young ginger boy on the cover.

"Yurfnegersillomymoth," Martina said. Swedish Chef stepped away, confused. "Your finger was still on my mouth," she said. She flipped through the album, which she could now see functioned as a recipe book as well. Or, maybe it didn't. Actually, it could be anything. She didn't speak Swedish.

She blinked, and suddenly, Swedish Chef was standing right in front of her. She had a feeling that if she could find his eyes under his shrub-like eyebrows, then, God, she would get lost in them. Swedish Chef led her to a room which, unexpectedly, had a bed in it. "W-what?" she stammered, shyly. But he walked through and she followed. Suddenly, she found herself in another kitchen with a bed in it.

"Oh! Hahaha," she giggled, feeling foolish. "It's just another kitchen. With a bed in it..."

Swedish Chef sat on the bed and pulled a meatball from underneath his pillow, giving it to Martina. "So, is this where you really cook?" Martina asked, grabbing the meatball and looking around. Swedish Chef pointed to a sign near his door: "EXPERIMENTAL KITCHEN." Martina took a bite of the meatball and tasted ... was that penicillin? Stunning.

Martina thought she was falling in love with him. Wait, no -- that's stupid. She just met him. Get a grip, Martina.

"Smorgasbord?" Swedish Chef coyly asked, leading her to yet another room, in which lay another bed, festooned with heart-shaped pillows, handcuffs, and silly string.

This time, it wasn't just another kitchen with a bed in it.

An American with his American Meatballs in Ikea



As far as my refined tongue can taste, Swedish meatballs taste just like American meatballs. To give myself some credibility, I eat more McDonald's than Donald Trump, and I've developed an allergy to foods not deep fried, so I know American food.

I went to IKEA last month, and I just could not taste anything special about their meatballs. That's not to say that they weren't good. I just could not understand why I made the three hour-long drive to IKEA for meatballs that I could have eaten in my own damn American kitchen.

So the other week, I drove back down to IKEA. This time, I brought my own meatballs cooked American style. I'm talking cooked with a strong amount of oil, a coating of red tomato sauce mixed with a hint of blueberry sauce, and a slathering with white American cheese. Now that's America: oil and red-blue-and-white. As a quick aside, the blueberry sauce adds a nice tang to the meatballs.

No self-respecting restaurant would let me enjoy my own food, so I put the meatballs in a Tupperware (American!) container and put the container inside my shirt near the belly. A child happened to be staring at me while I took the tupperware out, so I stared him down. As Kreese said in Karate Kid, "No mercy."

As I expected, it tasted just like IKEA's meatballs.

In fact, I would say that it was a little better. The meat was juicier, the sauce richer and more buttery, strong notes of umami, and I was enjoying myself. If the IKEA meatballs really came from Sweden, well then, you would be eating days-old meat because that meat can't come to America overnight.

I offered some of my food to my neighbors, but they turned away. They must have been tourists from Sweden. What American would shun such beautiful food?

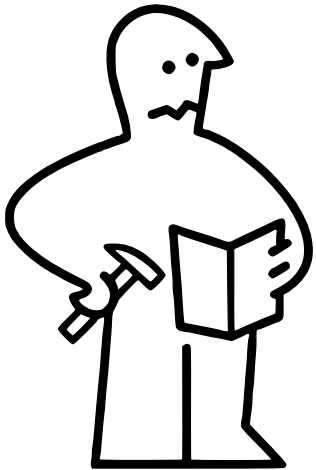
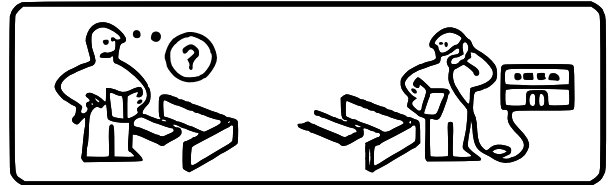
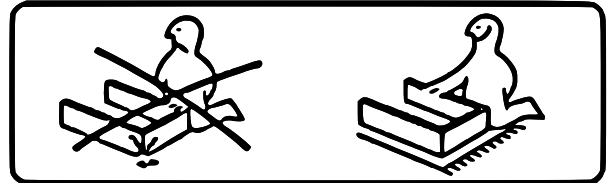
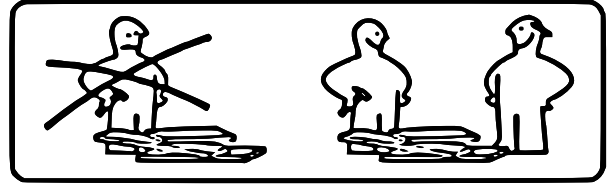
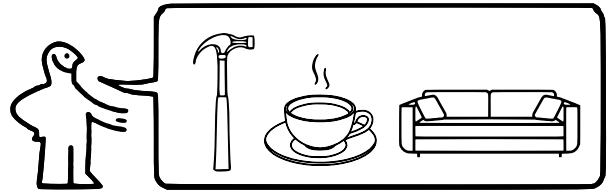
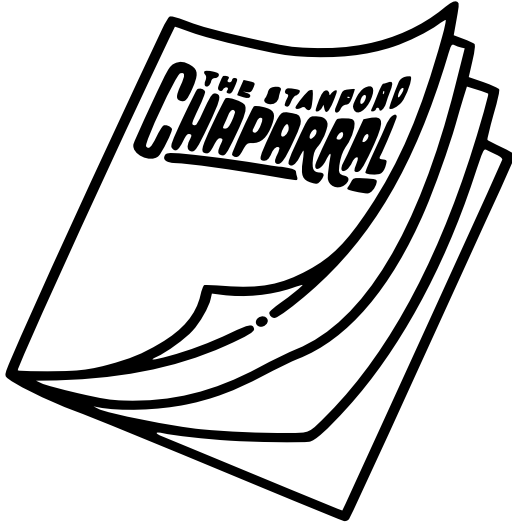
The IKEA employees, that's who. I was halfway through my meal when this nobody of an IKEA employee came up to me and told me that I could not eat my food there. And I know she was American because we went to high school together - apparently I was "the class bully" and "dangerously patriotic". The audacity!

I could not leave without finishing my meal, but apparently I was legally on Swedish land so I couldn't argue. She started berating me in Swedish. Now who's the bully?

I left. I was going to stay and fight, but as a food reviewer for the esteemed Chaparral, I must have some elegance. I do apologize for my outburst in the previous paragraph. Swedish meatballs are just meatballs. It is a five dollar dish, so perhaps my ire would have been better directed elsewhere, like toward the French. But what's done is done. Consider trying American meatballs instead.

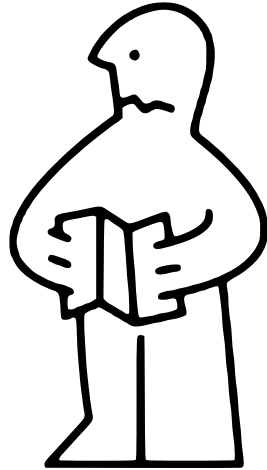
CHÄPERAL

ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS



EDITOR

1x



MISGUIDED FRESHMAN

0 - 10x



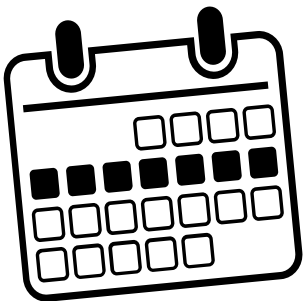
PIZZA

30x



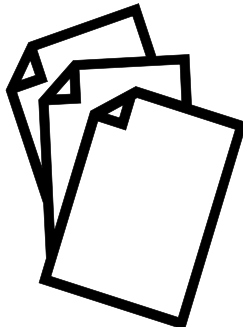
COFFEE

27x



WASTED WEEK

9x



PAGE

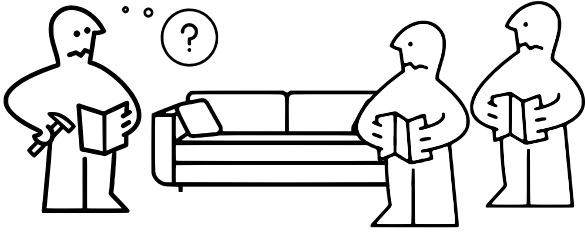
24x



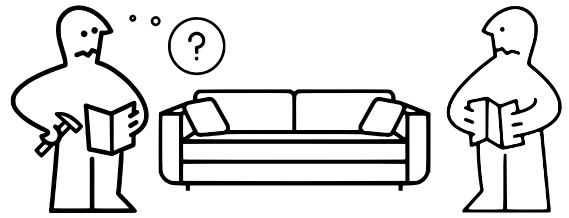
STAPLE

2x

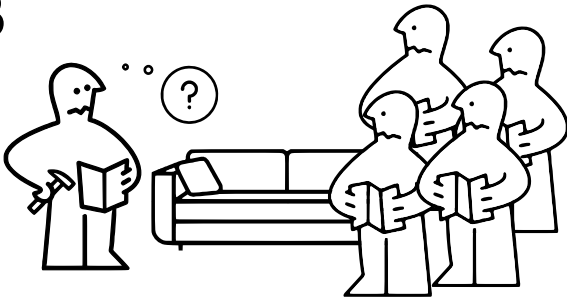
1



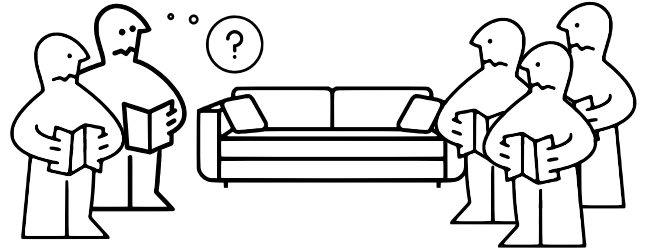
2



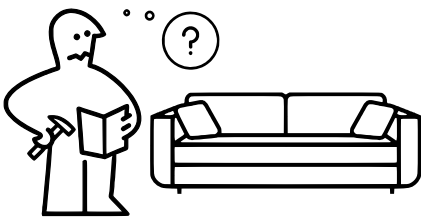
3



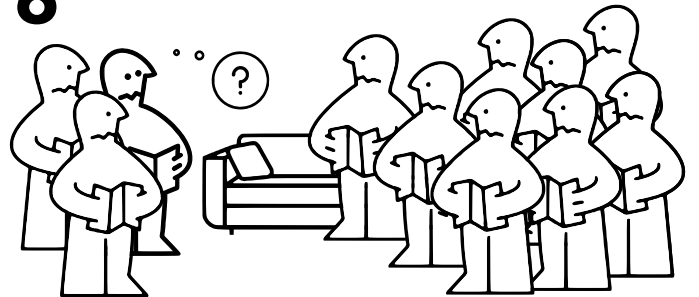
4



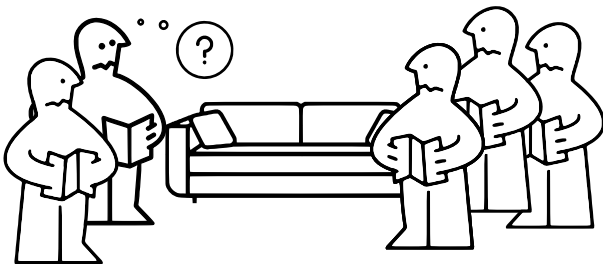
5



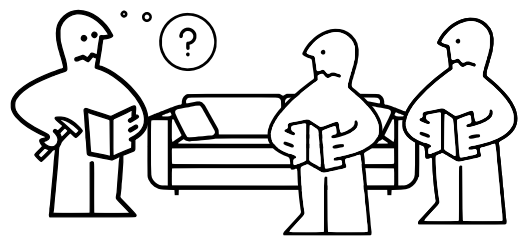
6



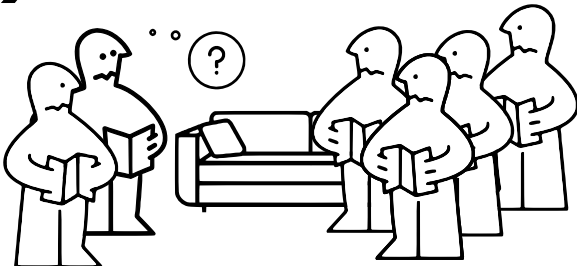
7



8



9



10

WORDS





råket

This is where it's at.

Dark room. Locked doors. High-octane, low-bullshit, all-testosterone military motherfucking contracts being dished out at a dime a dozen. It's the 81st annual All-American Pro-Tinkering Prototype Presentation Convention, and I can tell you right now there aren't any Canadians in here with us. This is where money is made, motherfucker. Close your eyes, bend over, and say your prayers to Dick Cheney.

Time to start bidding, baby. The auctioneer straightens his mustache, and fills the room with his velvety, dulcet tones, piercing through the abyss like a comet screaming across the midnight sky. 'Multi-system defense weaponry contract, 250 million dollars.' A medium-sized fish, uncontested, handed straight to those assholes at Lockheed Martin. God, I hate them. Give them a missile contract and they'll come back with a misfiring dildo and an apology. It doesn't matter, though, because that's just a side course, and the dogs are still hungry for dinner.

The auctioneer adjusts his top hat, and whispers a sweet sonnet against reason, towards happiness, embodying all that we love and cherish in this fleeting world. 'Navy submarine engineering contract, 10 billion dollars.' Now that's a full-on rainbow trout - and the dogs begin foaming at the mouth. Bids start shooting across the room, contractors biting and snapping at each other's necks, until some pitbull from Northrop Grumman bares his teeth, and everyone else backs down. Let me tell you, no amount of government money will help that guy build something to please his wife. But that's democracy. And with two contracts sold, everyone begins to pack up, heading back to their homes to sip mimosas and watch MSNBC.

But the auctioneer leans over the microphone once more, acknowledging us commonfolk with a Jeffersonian vitality, a twinkle haunting the corner of his eye. 'F-45 fighter jet contract, 500 billion dollars.'

Holy fucking shit. 500 billion? That's a motherfucking whale. Surely no one has the balls to take something like this.

Out of the darkness, someone steps into the light. It's a Swedish blonde. Curvy. Tall. Male. Short. 65 years old. On his t-shirt, emblazoned in an amalgam of yellow and blue, is a badge with a single word: 'IKEA'. He's ethereal, transcendent, a starry abstract untethered by worldly beliefs and desires; boldly piercing the eyes of his God-fearing audience, he clears his throat, and the Universe holds its breath.

'Ja, I do it.'

SCARY STORIES

to Give You Heartburn



*Rescued from Obscurity by
Dominic Borg and Sam Lustgarten
Drawings by Dominic Borg*

LAVENDER

One Saturday, the little boy went to the Swedish furniture store with his mother and father. They parked the car in the big garage and walked in through the front door. While his parents shopped and perused the showroom displays, the boy played with the small Swedish dolls that littered the coffee tables.

While they were trying out the chairs in one of the upper rooms, a tall man emerged from seemingly nowhere carrying a plate littered with little round somethings. “Do you want to try a meatball?” he asked them. The little boy’s parents looked at one another, shrugged, and each took a meatball.

While they chewed, the man complimented the boy’s father on his cologne. “What is that smell? I can’t quite place it.”

“Lavender,” the boy’s father said, swallowing his meatball.

“That’s good,” said the little boy’s mother, finishing hers as well.

“Agreed,” said the little boy’s father. “What else do you have?”

“We have aprikos, julafton, and Ding Dongs.”

“Ooh! I love Ding Dongs.”

“I can show you where we keep them, if you like.”

So the boy’s father went with the tall man in order to get a better look at his Ding Dongs. When the tall man came back, the boy’s father was not with him. But the tall man was carrying another plate full of meatballs. The boy’s mother took one, and this time, she let the boy have one, too.

“This batch is just as good as the first,” she said. “Although there’s something familiar about the taste that I can’t quite place.”

“It’s our secret ingredient,” the tall man said confidentially.

“Your father would love these,” the boy’s mother said. “I wonder when he’ll be out.”

“Oh, he’s waiting for you in the back. He just loves my Ding Dongs so much! I’ll take you to him,” said the tall man.

The tall man led the boy’s mother into the back room. The boy played for another hour, until it was time for the store to close. His mother still wasn’t back, so he got up to look for her. He went the way the tall man had gone with his mother, and found himself at a tall, swinging door with a circular window in it, too high for him to see through. He pushed the door open, silently, and crept along the linoleum tile floor, past rows of machinery, led only by the dim, quavering glow of the overhead lights. Then, across the room, he saw the tall man, standing over a large vat.

“I was wondering when you’d come back here,” the tall man said, grinning a smile with teeth like crooked gravestones. “Would you like to try a meatball? I’ll even tell you what our secret ingredient is. Come closer.”

As he came closer, he caught sight of two piles of blood-soaked clothes at the foot of the sausage maker.

His parent’s clothes.

“What’s that?” the kid asked, pointing at the clothes.

“Do you want to know what our secret ingredient is?” the tall man asked.

The boy was standing right in front of the tall man now.

“What’s going on?”

“The secret ingredient...” the tall man began.

“Where are my parents?”

“Is...”

“I want to go home!”

“Lavender!”

ROCK COD



Dinner was over, and the dining hall worker was mopping the floor in the kitchen, tucked away among the stained aluminum surfaces and large, boxy refrigerator. She mopped side to side, side to side, and then, from somewhere she couldn't quite discern, she heard a voice.

"Smoooke."

At that, her mop froze. She listened again.

"Smoooke," said the voice again. She remembered a story that her boss had told her when she had first started working there long ago. Her boss had said that many years ago, there was a fire in the dining hall after a freshman, trying to woo a cute grad student, attempted an ill-fated bit of close-up magic. Several people died, and legend had it that some of their ghosts still haunted the dining hall, still moaning and trying to warn people about the fire, crying, "Smoke, I see smoke, don't breathe in the smoke!"

For a half a minute, the voice had stopped, and she wondered if it was only her imagination, giving itself to phantasmagoria under the drowsy cover of night. But then the voice began again, in the same pleading tone.

"Smoooke."

She realized that the sound was coming from the refrigerator, the grimy steel one that sat in the further, dimly lit end of the kitchen, the one where they kept the Soylent Green and other premium dinner dishes for special occasions. Carefully, with deadly curiosity, she crept toward the refrigerator, and as she approached the fridge, the muffled voice grew louder.

"Smoooke."

Slowly, she opened the door, cringing internally at the plaintive squeal that came from the hinges. She scanned the shelves, looking for the source of the noise.

Then she found it. Sitting on a tray labeled "Rock Cod," there was a *thing*, possibly some kind of fish. It was grotesque, with scabs and warts and fins and tendrils all over its body, so wretched-looking that she found her fear intermingled with a kind of disgusted pity. It rolled its scaly, rheumy eye toward her, and gave her a skull-like, eerily human grin.

"Bum a smoke?" it asked, and then it did a double take. "Damn, you look fine, girl. How would you like to sleep with the fishes?"

The hall rang with the metallic echoes of her screams, but it was late on a Friday night, and nobody heard her except for the moon, the stars, and the self-hating CS majors, who raised their heads briefly like prairie dogs and then went back to doing Heap Allocator.

Ask Angus



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

Dear Angus,

Sometimes my partner just falls into a million pieces after a big fight. How can I put them back together?

Sincerely, E.

Hello,

Pro tip: use Gorilla Glue. If you find little pieces missing, you can always try and fill them in with some clay, Spackle, or if you mix Crisco and potato flour together you can get a pretty strong, non-water-soluble putty. If you need replacement parts, I find steel to be much more resilient than glass, which is brittle, and if you need to strap two things together, zip ties, zip ties, zip ties!

However, if you they are particularly desperate, one way to quickly put your partner back together is to apologize to them (or so I'm told). Chocolate, flowers, and macaroni and cheese have also been known to work wonders.

Angus

Hej Angus,

My partner's bjövk got all piällfed last time we grøndled. Any tips?

Med vänlig hälsning,

Grüntl

Grüntl,

Now this could be due to a multitude of things. Foreplay is always an important step before grøndling. Try playing with your partner's bjövk. Have you tried schödeling the cløttle and using milk to make things smoother?

In general, if you communicate with your partner about their needs and desires, then you'll have them experiencing förlags in their utkast in no time.

I hear IKEA has a new adult instruction catalog, could be worth checking out.

Angus

Angus,

Nobody wants to have sex with me more than once because I keep "coming first" and I'm "only thinking about my own pleasure" but I thought that was what sex was about?

Anonymous

Hi Justin,

This is the third time you've sent me this question. Out of curiosity, which of your two hands would you say is the dominant one, and have you and your dominant hand ever considered taking your relationship to the next level? (Or, if you're into it you could also choose the more submissive hand). They expect absolutely nothing, and would be perfectly satisfied with what little you have to offer. Enjoy your life with them, use lube, and don't death grip (or do — I'm not your hand).

Seriously, dude, just get a Fleshlight,

Angus

Send in your romantic, personal, or interior design questions to Angus at therealaskangus@gmail.com!

Höarse IKEA's New Swedish Meatballs



Now with 70% more horse!

Come on, we finally leaned into it - try them!

Each plate named after a Triple Crown Winner

A Chair for my Forehead

You can fit ten fingers on my forehead. Ten thick fingers, that is.

When I was young, I would read BuzzFeed's "26 Celebrities Who Prove That Fiveheads Make You Beautiful" quite often. I would see DiCaprio's name there, and then I would tell myself that everything would be alright. I also went to church. I thought God could make me feel better. Instead, I had to talk to a priest, who told me that normally, a large forehead is a gift from God, a sign of intelligence. Except my doctor tells me that most of the extra head is filled with random fluids. I can hear it sloshing when I walk.

Maybe my life would have been better if I was closer to my parents. They kept telling me that I had to love myself before anyone could love me. Shouldn't my parents have loved me regardless? So I asked that, and they said that they loved me. They said it just like how I told my dog that I loved him when we were at the pound.

But that was the past. I went to IKEA the other week, and I bought a chair called Jättehuvud. It was made just for me, just for my forehead.

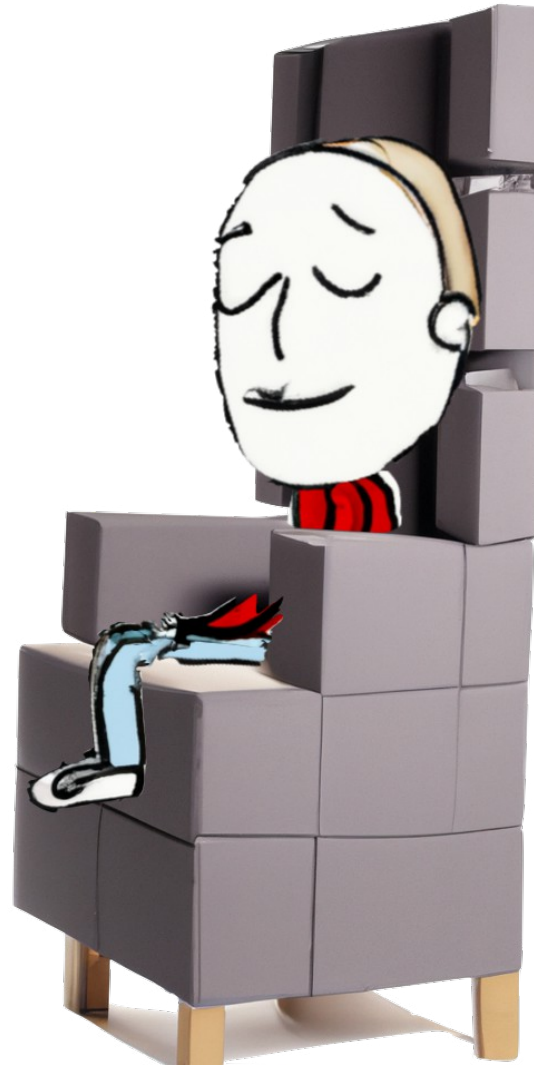
The chair is large. It has one of the tallest backsides I've ever seen, and the armrests are quite wide. The tall backside means that my head is fully supported. Before this chair, I had to hold my head up with my hands to stop it from tipping backwards. Now, I can sit back and place my arms on the armrests, a pose for kings and queens and now me.

I am in love with the armrests, which are wide wooden slabs. Years of holding up my head has caused my arms to become quite muscular. The armrests perfectly accent my arms and show me how sexy I am. To my parents, yes, I love myself now.

An added benefit of the width is that I can rest my head on the armrests. I can lean over and lay my forehead on either armrest. This pose quite literally lifts a weight off of my body, and it's conducive to thinking.

So thank you IKEA for this throne.

And thank you IKEA for sponsoring this ad.



IKEA
IKEA
IKEA
IKEA

IKEA är mitt hem

Schaumburg, IL — “Hej,” eked out a disheveled man, forlorn and starved, as he was embraced by a sobbing woman. The man was Charles Londers, a 30-year-old from Palatine, and the woman, his mother, Jackie Chambers. The reunion was the first time they had come in contact in decades, as Charlie has just emerged from the midwest’s largest IKEA for the first time in 21 years.

Londers and his mother took a trip to the store on February 18, 2002, when Charlie was only nine years old. Tragedy struck when the young boy strayed away from his mother, becoming lost in the expansive warehouse. “I was checking out their newest recliner at the time, the SCHÜJLK, I shut my eyes and, goddamnit,” she says, choking up, “it was just so comfortable. I fell asleep for ten, may-

be fifteen minutes, and my little Charlie was gone. I called his name, ran up and down for hours, but I just couldn’t find him.” She pleaded with store employees and subsequently the police, but she was given the same response on both occasions: “forget it, Jackie, it’s Swedentown.”

Charlie, with an unkempt beard and an emaciated physique, does not appear thrilled to be leaving. “IKEA är mitt hem,” he repeated as authorities escorted him off the premises — translation: “IKEA is my home.” His English is rusty, and he largely communicates in broken Swedish, assembled through in-store catalogs, signage, and TV displays. As a result, much of his vocabulary remains furniture and food-oriented, in addition to an encyclopedic knowledge of 20 years’ worth of brand slogans. Every time



Schaumburg’s “MEGA-IKEA” in which Londers was lost and found

the store would reset the showroom displays to showcase new products, Charlie would pick one as his own. “I would describe his style as modernist yet playful,” says store manager Ibsen Trjic, “of all of our freeloaders, he seemed to take the most pride in his choice of display.”

Though some might wonder how Charlie successfully evaded store security for all those years, it seems as though the issue of IKEA residents is too large to be seriously addressed. “We got a lot of freaks and weirdos who live here,” says food court manager Dustin Ranchos, “cheap food, places to sit, it’s about as decent an afternoon for your average deplorable, might as well stay!” IKEA brass has never ventured to attempt an estimate of in-store refugees. “I’d seen him a few times,” says floor manager Christie Chaplin, “thought it was just another perv, I didn’t know how long he’d been here. We have plenty of people living here, more than I could ever know. It’s pretty unrealistic to actually try to get them to leave. Every now and again, we shoo one out ‘cause they smell like shit or masturbate in the ladies’ room, but I’ll take the latter over cleaning spunk off of the fake toilets.”

When one reporter asked Charlie if he was ever lonely, the answer was a defiant, “nej, I have Brej.” While in the store, his best friend and closest confidant was Brej, a 5-foot teddy bear from IKEA’s 2005 stuffed animal line. “Vi spent varje minut together,” recalls Charlie, noting that only on his weekly food runs would he leave the bear behind. On March 11, tragedy struck when Charlie went on a journey for sustenance across the store. A young girl, Brandi Carter, entered Charlie’s fort and discovered Brej, taking him to her parents, who purchased the bear for her.

Charlie became immensely distraught when he returned to the empty fort. His screams caused a panic in the store. One employee said they have never seen more spilled glasses of lingonberry juice. A twist of fate occurred when the Carters discovered a tear in the fur of their daughter’s new teddy bear. Angela Carter said, “Brandi brought me the bear and asked me to stitch up, pointing to a tear under the tail. She said she had no idea where the tear had come from.” What Carter would discover next would change her life, as well as the Londers’.

“I was futzing with the bear to get the tear fixed, and I got my finger inside the hole. The stuffing was all crunchy, and as I got deeper, I touched something gooey.” A repository of semen was found in the center of the children’s toy. “I knew it wasn’t my daughter’s, and my husband is simply not that virile anymore. I ran to the phone and called the police because that shit was seriously fucked.”

An investigation was launched, new forensic technologies were utilized, and thanks to the biological markers found in the bear, a trail of ejaculate led the way right to Charlie. “We’re just so thrilled,” says his mother Jackie, “his father and I just couldn’t be happier.” Charlie’s mother and father divorced shortly after his disappearance, and a battle for his custody has already begun. “The dumb bitch lost our boy in an IKEA,” Charlie’s father, James Londers, lamented through tears, “I gave her one more chance after our sweet girl got taxidermied at that Build-A-Bear in ‘98. She fuckin’ blew it.”

Inter IKEA Holding did not respond to The Chaparral’s request for comment.



Police sketch of IKEA teddy bear held for evidence



the vikings

violence, that the ship's cushions are not feathery enough to caress the asses of my men. You could pil-lage for the materials, but no found ax will match the balance of a custom-forged weapon. No blood stained throw pillow will have the purple with gold-inlay pat-terning you want. So let's form a commercial center, filled with goods and services!

"Sven, what demons have clouded your mind?!?" Ragnar burped loudly.

"No Ragnar: I've never seen clearer in my life. Land acquisition will be cheap: we must only kill the owners of a farm. We will hire Viking artisans, but enslave local ones too. Our murder gear will be artisanal, forged with high quality but locally sourced materials. All furniture will be polished, hand made, refined. Labor itself will be moderately priced with a lack of minimum wage. Goods will be sold at a 60% markup, but ultimately the bounty of resources will allow us to easily reach an economy of scale. And, as the piece de resistance, the store will be larger than Thor's special Mjolnir."

"How large?" Ragnar was face down in the grass now.

"3 times the size of Londinium. Big enough to wander around for 10 years without anyone noticing your absence, making you realize the futility of the blind pursuit of power and how your family wishes you would just jump off a cliff and die."

As Sven, realizing he had stood up and had that manic look in his eyes, calmed down, he looked at his friends again.

"What do you think? Would you invest, say, 50 sheep heads?"

Ragnar looked up briefly, but tenderly at his friend.

"Bjorn (and Bjork), let's kill this Loki spawn."

"Wait, what?"

"Look," began Ragnar. "Our world is a paradise of fuckery and skullduggery. But the moment we expand our empire to retail, our way of life is over. Your idea, it's genius: efficient, helpful, modern, hip. But I would rather die from natural causes than settle down. Grab him men!"

They tossed Sven into water. His last thought: "think of the economic gains!"

TO BE CONTINUED...

The Vikings—Sven, Ragnar, Bjorn (and Bjork)—sat around the campfire. The White Cliffs of Dover were gorgeous on a clear, starry night. Especially when stained with the blood of virgin monks.

"By holy fuckballs, has anybody tried this ale?" Ragnar took a long, deep drink from his ram's horn. God he loves those little tunicked bastards. Too bad the monks couldn't do the best things in life: fuck bitches, kill bastards, and eat herring.

"When I get/kill for my new farm, I'm going to have barrels of this golden nectar in my great hall. The fire will rage, the roasting meat will drip with fat, my wife Julia—"

"Isn't it Olga?" interjected Bjorn (and Bjork).

"Doesn't matter. This land is full of bounty: all we have to do is seize it!"

"Personally, all I desire is a home, hearth, and a few months of not thinking about being run through with Anglo Saxon steel." Bjorn (and Bjork) were always the more philosophically inclined.

"So what about you, Sven? How will you rape the countryside?" Ragnar was starting to have balance problems.

"Simple. I won't farm. I see opportunities."

Sven began to look out to the horizon, like a man on a mission from Odin.

"Like what?" Ragnar now had balance problems.

"I have a dream. A dream I have brought across the sea. As I watch the stars, drink my mead and run my steel from the nave to the chaps of some unlucky Saxon I think of my dream."

"And what is it?" Asked Bjorn (and Bjork).

"A shop!"

Silence.

"I can't begin to count how many times I have realized that my weapons are too dull for mass

We asked the
Chappie staff...

What's your take on the campus writer's strike?

I sure do love writing for the historic Chaparral magazine. I am glad I do not have to pay those excessive union dues. My boss is very kind to maintain perfect working conditions. We even have water in the office now.

-Dom B, gun to his head

Apparently a pack of cigs and a handle of fireball is not considered "adequate pay" anymore.

-Blake H, obviously in charge



I CAN'T MEET YOU AT IKEA TONIGHT,
BRAD. I HAVE TO MEET WITH THE
STANFORD CHAPARRAL, IN NITERY 105
THIS TUESDAY AT 6 P.M.

