

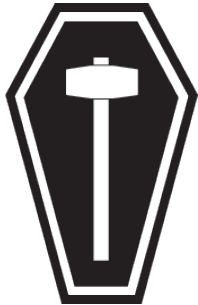
The Chaparral



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The Stanford Chaparral

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 JOSH MEISEL '12

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 ANTHONY SO '14
 DANIEL KONING '14
 GARRET TAYLOR '15
 MASON STRICKLIN '16
 CASSIDY ELWOOD '16
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 TRISTAN NAVARRO '18
 SCOTT MUTCHNIK '19
 PETER TELLOUCHE '20
 NICHOLAS MIDLER '22
 BLAKE HORD '23
 AL X??



REFLECTIONS



NOW THAT you've chosen to revisit your childhood vis a vis your college humor magazine, I want to take this time to reflect upon the stories that helped make us all. In these glossy pages, you'll find piece after piece harkening back to the world of childhood, of endless play. What did you like when you were a kid? Did you play video games? Do puzzles? Watch the Disney

Channel in Portuguese? Personally, I wouldn't be who I am today without cartoons, without Spongebob and Courage the Dog and whatever that puppet's name was. Hopefully, whatever it was that you liked, there's something in here for you. We've got everything a nostalgic college student or faculty member could possibly desire: fairy tales, educational television, and a crossover between Willy Wonka and Heart of Dark-

ness that illuminates both works and feels both surprising and inevitable, plus so, so much more!

We hope you like it. A disclaimer: do not fault us too much for misremembering certain things from when we were

kids. Some of us read these books long ago, and what's more, the ABCs are very difficult, so give us a break. Also, if you find anything in here to be offensive or in poor taste, that was probably intentional.

Enjoy!

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MONOPOLY

The game of modern socioeconomic systems

BRIEF IDEA OF THE GAME

THE IDEA OF THE GAME is to OPPRESS your fellow HUMANS with the aim of obtaining MONEY and POWER over them.



RULES

SETUP

INHERITANCE OF WEALTH

Locate the two Six Sided DICE. Each PLAYER throws both Dice and adds the Numbers on the skyward sides to attain their Class Level, between 2 and 12. Next, locate the MONEY. Give to each PLAYER their INHERITANCE, equivalent to their class level, multiplied by 1000. Individuals with class levels between 2 and 8 form the PROLETARIAT. Class levels between 9 and 10 form the PETITE BOURGEOISIE. Class levels 11 and 12 form the BOURGEOISIE.

DISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY

As in real life, all Property is owned by Individuals to do with it whatever they Please; as such, before Game Start, auction all PROPERTIES, beginning with the PROPERTIES with the most expensive Listing Prices near the end of the track.



PLAY OF GAME

MIGRATION

Each player will take turns rolling the DICE, and moving the added total number of squares along the game board. If you end your turn on someone else's PROPERTY, you must pay them the listed amount of rent for that square, extracting from you the FRUITS of your LABOR to enrich the LANDLORD.

LABOR

Everytime you circle around the GAME BOARD and pass GO, you get to Go To Work one day. This will earn you \$200 - just like in real life, work keeps you from Abject Poverty.

FAILURE TO PAY RENT

If you ever do not have enough money to pay the rent to another player, you have a few options:

Mortgage a PROPERTY:

Get $\frac{1}{2}$ the amount of money you paid for a property. You may continue to collect rent on it, so it's really a no-brainer!

PLAY OF GAME (Cont.)

Take a PAYDAY LOAN

You can take as much MONEY from the bank as you like in a pay-day loan, but you must give it back the next time you pass go.

FAILURE TO PAY PAYDAY LOAN

If you do not Pay when you Pass Go, your DEBT Multiplies by 1.5x.

WAGE GARNISHMENT

If you Pass GO 5 times without fully paying off a payday loan, you will have a GARNISHMENT placed on your LABOR, and will only collect \$100 every time you Pass Go. If you have two GARNISHMENTS, ou will collect no MONEY. If you have 3, you go to DEBTOR'S PRISON, in jail!

JAIL

When you enter JAIL, you can either pay \$200 to Avoid Prosecution, or suffer your sentence of 3 turns. If you spend 3 turns in jail, you will become an Ex-Con, and will earn \$100 less everytime you Pass Go. If you are in JAIL 3 times, you will trigger the THREE STRIKES RULE, and be sent to the CHAIR (Electric).

Chance

BROKEN LEG

A little too much roughhousing with the kiddos, and that leg is broken!

Proletariat: No insurance, out-of-network hospital: \$400 bill. You cannot work tomorrow, so do not collect MONEY when passing GO for one turn.

Petite Bourgeoisie: Your doctor friend gives you a Friends and Family discount; \$50 bill.

Bourgeoisie: Your insurance covers it.



"Physicians are many in title but very few in reality." Hippocrates

Sire of Modern Medication
Writer of the Hippocritical Oath



Robert Peel, FRS FS FR
DTF BRB KLOS FM &
HD LA CA USA NA

Prime Minister, Chief
Goat Strangle-Master,
Commotioner of the Public
Disquiet



"The police should be as oppressors or enforcers of the state's will, not as guardians of the people." Robert Peel

Chance

ATTEND COLLEGE

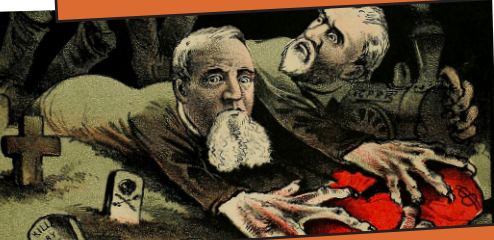
The time has come to educationally attain.

Proletariat: Pay to the bank \$500 in tuition.
Petite Bourgeoisie: Your parents help you out; pay \$100 in tuition.

Bourgeoisie: Your parents help you out; pay no tuition, attend Yarvard College in New England, and receive 50\$ in business connections made during your time there.



"A modern industrial education is key to unlocking the inner fruits of the outer mind."
Leland Stanford



Chance

FORGOT YOUR AIRPODS

Left something important on a trip to the next town over.

Proletariat: Can't take a day off work to go get it - pay \$100 to replace it.

Petite Bourgeoisie: Just drive over! \$10 in gas money

Bourgeoisie: Hop into your private jet and get it back in a breeze! All other players pay \$10 to internalize the negative effects on the environment you cause.



Community Chest

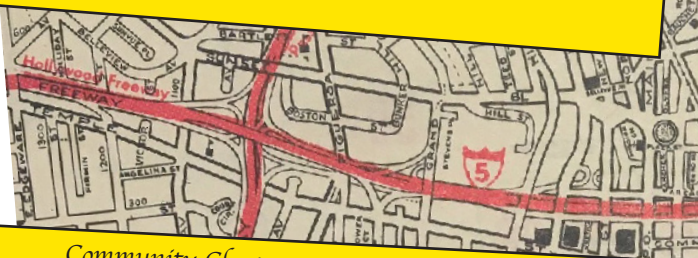
FREEWAY PLANNED THROUGH YOUR HOUSE

City planners have done regional meta analyses and ascertained that a new freeway is needed - through your house.

Proletariat: Lose your house! Auction your most expensive property, with the proceeds going to the bank.

Petite Bourgeoisie: Bribe public officials; pay \$300 to the bank.

Bourgeoisie: You're on the planning commission; receive \$200 for your hard work. Thank you!



"Power is the great aphrodisiac." Robert Moses



Pictured Left:
Taylor Swift
The Devil Out Of Car Nate



Robert Moses
The Devil Incarnate

"Two paper airplanes flying, flying, flying, and I remember thinking..." Taylor Swift

Keeping in Touch

Dear Betty,

It is so great to hear from you after all this time! Boy, it feels like just yesterday we were young and stupid and in college together. Send my regards to your husband Fred - he knows I can't go too long without seeing him, the old bastard. Not, you know, in a weird way, but just in a regular, friendly way.

I'm so glad to hear about your kids! Rosemary was always a bit of a fighter, so it's no surprise that she's captain of the softball team. And Timmy, what with his nose in all those books, will do just fine with his college applications, don't you worry! As for Kyle, you mentioned that he has recently been "indoctrinated". Now, Betty, I know you may be worried, but I am sure that these doctors are taking great care of him, no matter what his illness is. I have to say, however, that I was a little bit surprised by some of the symptoms you said he is exhibiting, and I have never heard of any medical condition that could describe them. For instance, you mentioned that he is "prone to screaming about lily-livered government Marxists" at the dinner table. Is he undergoing some sort of bodily psychosis? According to you, he also announces that he "doesn't want anyone infringing on his private property". Betty, I know you are concerned, but it's natural for teenagers to feel embarrassed about such things. You should tell him that his private property, no matter its size, is something to be celebrated, and it's alright to let people infringe on it once in a while. I actually remember you giving me the exact same talk.

I hope you and the family are staying strong in this difficult time. Are you allowed to visit Kyle? You did mention that you "didn't want him spreading his fascism around the house". If this "fascism"

is communicable, you are all welcome to stay at my place - especially Fred, that hunk. In a separate bed, obviously. We wouldn't share a bed, because he's straight. But I could help you guys out for at least until Kyle recovers. Speaking of which, you said you are making him read Rousseau, Chomsky, and Engels to help him "rehabilitate", but I cannot think of more boring reading material for a poor child already suffering in the hospital. You could instead give him a cool action movie, like *Die Hard*. Kids love watching *Die Hard*.

I can't imagine what you guys are going through, and I just want to say that if you need anything from me, I'm here. Just a word of advice, though - be careful about keeping him in the hospital for too long. Who knows what will happen to him in this new administration's wishy-washy public healthcare system? Come to think of it, you really shouldn't let the state - the socialist state, some might call it - have control over your child for this duration of time. I heard they're putting estrogen in patients' water so that they can't perform their marital duty as fathers, or child-bearers. God, it's all because of those fork-tongued, beanie-wearing bisexuals in the White House! I tell you, this country needs a new Constitution.

Anyway, I hope Kyle recovers from his "indoctrination" soon. Give Fred a wet kiss from me.

Love,
Benito Mussolini III

Child Labor Songs

Hey, Kids! Sing along while you're producing surplus value!

The gears in the wheel go round and round
Round and round
Round and round
The gears in the wheel go round and round
O-SHA sucks!

The picks in the mine go up and down
Up and down
Up and down
The picks in the mine go up and down
I'm just eight!

Yet I am only paid sometimes
Paid sometimes
Paid sometimes
Yet I am only paid sometimes
Love my boss!

Disclaimer: At no point should you take attention away from the assembly line. Doing so could hurt profits (and you, if you care about that sort of thing).

From Joseph Conrad's Lost Novella: "Hearts in Loompaland"

*William's Disappearance ~ Inauspicious
Beginnings ~ Voyage Down The Great
River Godiva ~ Unexpected Companionship ~ Some
Gruesome Lawn Ornaments*

Three long months had passed since I had last heard from my friend, William W—. When last we corresponded, he had just embarked on an expedition into the darkest recesses of Loompaland¹ in an effort to expand the markets available to the Prodnose Trading Company, which had been looking to harvest the region's cacao-rich rainforests.

We corresponded regularly in the early weeks of his voyage, but when my letters began to go unanswered, I took it upon myself to follow after him. I wanted to verify my suspicions of his death, both for my own closure and so that I could then offer my condolences to his grieving, newly-unattached widow.

I knew that his final destination lay in the southernmost Loompalandian province of Doopadeedoo, which was, in those times, fertile and tropical and in a state of perpetual war with its sister provinces, Doopadeeda, and Queensland. It was on those enigmatic outskirts that my pontoon landed on October 3 of last year. Immediately upon touching solid ground, I found a lime-haired young lad who was swabbing the dock and asked him if he had seen a man matching my friend's description. He answered in the regional language:

"Ooompaloompafuckyouwhitemandoobadeedoodoo."

I thanked him for his counsel and tossed him some gum. Then I sat down and considered his words. According to him, my friend, upon arriving here, had asked various locals where he could find the chief of Doopadeedoo. Soon after, he was seen departing via schooner down the Great River Godiva.

Buoyed by this intelligence, I quickly went about finding a local who could bring me there. Eventually, I found a tangerine-pated fellow who offered to take me.

Like all of his countrymen, he was named Cecil, and he was the captain of a schooner called the Lady Godiva that was embarking that same way the next day. I thanked him for his munificence, and the next morning, after breaking our fast upon numerous mashed-up green caterpillars, the Lady Godiva began its three-day southward churn.

The days passed like honey, unhurried, the great River Godiva churning brown and bittersweet underfoot. I soon found the companionship of a deckhand, Cecil, who was my sole confidant throughout the journey, and who would listen to my worries about William late into the night without protest or complaint. During Cecil's working hours, I would occupy myself by writing and taking in the Loompalandian scenery. All down the river's serpentine length, tall trees with thick, waxen leaves rose overhead, their branches dripping with yellow and purple taffy and hunched over with cacao beans that were as large as melons and colored a deep, creamy brown.

Thus I spent my days, lost in the beauty of Doopadeedoo's rich bounties, all but asking to be brought to hissing new life in Prodnose's confectioneries. My reveries were interrupted only once, when the captain, ever a slave to the keg, had taken in too much root beer, and emerged from his quarters in a foul mood.

"Cecil!" he called, his voice thick.

"What is it, Captain?" replied my friend Cecil.

"Tell Cecil to man the starboard rudder!"

"Aye, Captain!" Cecil hollered, running to grab Cecil, the first mate.

Continued the captain: "And where the hell is Cecil?"

"Right here, Captain!" said Cecil, the navigator, emerging from below decks, a bit of wiping-paper stuck to his moccasin.

"Get your pint-sized pie-hole over here and watch starboard!"

Next to me, a grunt named Cecil shook his head. "Poor Cecil. Cap'n's gonna doop² him later for sure."

From Joseph Conrad's Lost Novella: "Hearts in Loompaland"



Finally, on the evening of the third day, we arrived at an undistinguished dock, which gave way to a footpath leading into the cacao trees. The captain tied us to the dock, and beckoned me to follow him ashore. I said my final, tearful farewell to Cecil, kissed him on top of his verdant head, and we plunged into the forest. After about a mile and a half, I saw, through the brown, bittersweet mist, yellow lights up ahead — a lodging! with a curious array of objects protruding from its front yard. At first, they looked like lollipops, though they looked far too large to be the Loompalandian variety of lollipop³. However, as I grew closer, and saw the objects more closely, I realized with a shudder that they were not lollipops at all. They were heads, orange-faced, green-haired heads mounted on stakes, each one withered and wrinkled and blackened from prolonged exposure to the tropical sun, each putrefied skull crawling with gummy worms, the bare eye-sockets cavernous.

Just then, I knew, in the rare way that Providence tells a man with utter certainty that he is on the

culmination of some eternal and unfathomable evil, that my friend was in there. And I knew he had changed.

Notes

1. "Loompa" is not the region's indigenous name, but is in fact a bastardization of the local "Yumpa", a slang term meaning "pipsqueak" or, alternatively, "one whose wife has committed adultery with the candyman".
2. Doop: To berate, chastise, have sexual intercourse with.
3. Nonetheless, I have seen other lollipop varieties in my travels that, when left unattended, have reached and even exceeded heights of one meter, a far cry from the mere inches reached by my own domesticated lollipops.

The Three Little Pigs in Court

Next week, one of the most important consumer protection cases in history is set to commence. The case, which has colloquially become known as the “3 little pigs case,” is centered around a set of porcine triplets who were allegedly targeted by a lupine organization. The suit, brought by the one surviving triplet, centers around the dangers the modern consumer faces.

Last year, Bernard Shadowclaw, a wolf, was convicted of two counts of first-degree murder and two counts of “huffing, puffing, and destruction of property.” The two victims, both pigs, were Horace and Franklin Snoutsworth. Shadowclaw blew their

houses, made of straw and sticks, respectively, down and consumed them whole. According to prosecutors, Hamilton, the third Snoutsworth brother (who made his house from bricks), performed a citizen’s arrest on Snoutsworth with the use of a chimney and pot.

A judge sentenced Shadowclaw to life in a maximum security prison without parole. However, that wasn’t enough for the remaining brother. Hamilton Snoutsworth is now the lead plaintiff in a class-action lawsuit against WolvenCorp International, the secretive company that employed Shadowclaw and has allegedly come to rule the lives of



**Straw 4
Homes**
*Sturdy
& Strong*

*So strong, the only
thing getting blown
tonight will be **YOU!***

Only at HowlCraft®, a WolvenCorp® store

HowlCraft’s latest advertisement for straw. Horace Snoutsworth’s death was allegedly influenced by marketing practices like these.

The Three Little Pigs in Court

pigs. Shadowlcaw’s representative declined to comment on the matter.

WolvenCorp is run by a covert group of wolf executives internally known as the “Fang Gang.” Investigators have uncovered internal communications defining their single guiding mission as the advancement of lupine goals, often through the consumption of pigs. A recent study found that WolvenCorp has gained a concerning monopoly over the construction materials industry in porcine communities. Both deceased brothers obtained their materials from HowlCraft, WolvenCorp’s hardware store.

According to Hamilton Snoutsworth’s attorney, Horace Snoutsworth’s purchase of straw was a result of manipulative and lewd marketing practices. Snoutsworth drove by the same billboard on the pigpen expressway everyday; one week before he made the straw purchase, WolvenCorp displayed a new advertisement on the billboard. It read: “Straw for homes. Sturdy and strong. So strong, the only thing getting blown tonight will be you!”

“He was so horny, you could have sold him the black plague with the promise of a blowjob,” said an anonymous friend of the departed pig. “That ad was basically the nail in the coffin.”

Furthermore, HowlCraft ran a promotion offering sticks at a reduced price when customers rolled in mud for at least 15 minutes. According to internal documents, sales of sticks rose 937% after HowlCraft implemented the promotion.

“The mud promotion was beyond exploitative,” said an anonymous whistleblower. “It was the only way HowlCraft could sell their defective sticks.”

Franklin Snoutsworth, who built his house out of sticks, was allegedly a victim of this promotion. “He was a simple pig,” said one childhood friend. “All he wanted to do was roll in the mud. Sadly, that was a death sentence.”

WolvenCorp’s questionable business practices don’t end there. TikToink, the new social network that has taken over the porcine community, is also owned by WolvenCorp. TikToink has been flooded with pig-

fluencers, often under contract with WolvenCorp, who promote lupine interests. According to many in the porcine community, the Snoutsworths were just one victim of a large online campaign advocating home construction with sticks.

“This was a large-scale misinformation campaign funded and executed by WolvenCorp,” said a spokesperson for the Porcine Initiative for Global Solidarity (PIGS). “This was discriminatory and predatory behavior. Full stop.”

WolvenCorp’s legal counsel is expected to take a peculiar defense: that the brothers’ deaths should be turned into a children’s fable praising the intelligence and preparation of Hamilton Snoutsworth as “good for a pig.” In a press release, WolvenCorp said that “Horace and Franklin Snoutsworth’s deaths, while tragic, were the result of pure stupidity. WolvenCorp cannot control the ignorant practices of others.”

The case will be heard by a federal court next week, and it will have wide-ranging consequences for pigs and wolves alike. Ratings are expected to be so high that the bacon industry is anticipating supply chain challenges while everyone stays home to watch.

We will offer extensive live courtroom coverage of the case next week. However, a more productive way to engage with such a nuanced issue may be to watch edited clips and deepfakes on social media. Here’s a 1-2-3 on how to engage responsibly:

1. Post provocative comments online, especially if they are based on conspiracy theories. The comments section is nothing short of the modern-day agora.
2. Interrupt the quarterly sales meeting to discuss the case. It is your patriotic duty to ensure your coworkers know they’re wrong.
3. Try to contact a member of the jury. Democracy doesn’t just work on its own--make your voice heard!

ABCs

A is for apple, a healthy snack option - but be careful to only eat the core!

B is for balloons, burning bright in the night;

C is for Creep, the greatest musical masterpiece ever composed by man

D is for discreet, which you'll need to be to have any fun in the world;

E is for Elvis Presley, who IS NOT DEAD IT'S A FRAME JOB I'M TELLING YOU I'M SPEAKING THROUGH THE PAGE TO YOU DIRECTLY AND SAYING HE'S ALIVE

F is for family, like the one who will never love you;

G is for Golgi Apparatus, which they call the Lysosome;

H is for hatred, filling up the heart;

I is for illegal, which you should aspire to be;

J is for jargon, which semantically lies in the uncognizance of the lay speaker of the modern Mercian tongue;

K is for texts from your ex;

L is the recognition of the cold hard reality of your endless failures

M is for machete, favored weapon of the Boricua Popular Army Puerto Rican military group.

N is for Nostradamus, et, per Wikipedieaea, “né le 14 décembre 1503 à Saint-Rémy-de-Provence et mort le 2 juillet 1566 à Salon-de-Provence, est un apothicaire¹ et auteur français”

O is for open wide, here comes the airplane! and then another!

P is for that goddamn (P)ompous asshole Tr*vis K*lce, forever may he burn in the eternal fires of hell;

Q is for quis quid, cuius cuius, qui qui, quem quid, quo quo, et quis qustodiet quispos quostodes?;

R is for reasonable suspicion, the way the police claimed to “legitimately” discover my “Peacock feathers”

S is for siddownyousonofabitchyouthinkyouareworthsomething?huh?punk?

T is for the truth, which YOU CAN'T HANDLE! Son, we live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? You, Lieutenant Weinberg? I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago, and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know -- that Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives; and my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives.

U is for Unequal Treaties, a series of oppressive colonial agreements which facilitated the economic exploitation of the 19th century China;

V is, like, totally for Valley Girl, which is just so rad! just like the greut stores on like, Ventura? And tooootally not like those people who were, like, colonial oppressors, they were just grody to the max, like gag me with a spoon, oh my goooooood!

W is for Weinstein, Harvey, upon whose island Elvis Presley surely hides;

X is for xylem, the plant vascular tissue without which the oxygen rich atmosphere we rely on would collapse instantly;

Z is for the Zodiac Killer, the King's persona while he was in hiding.

Belle's **MONSTER ROMANCE** Addiction

Belle, I understand the message you're trying to convey. I think it's beautiful, to love others regardless of their physical appearance... I get it, I think it's marvelous.

But one thing is for you to love someone, in between a thousand quotes, "*ugly*", because beauty is relative, etc etc... but you're not loving someone ugly, you're loving a **bipedal buffalo in a suit**.

Not just a complete *show-off bull*, but one that treats you badly.

One that treats the furniture in the house badly.

Look at Chip, the little cup with a chipped edge – is it because the beast hit him? Does this mean Chip will be missing an arm when and if he ever becomes a boy again? An ear?

This makes me wonder what part of the male human body corresponds to the "*handle*"...

Besides, there's all that stuff that, I don't know if it's your fetish, but the guy kidnaps you and then you fall in love with him?

That made me think. Seriously, without judgment. Just a doubt... Is it because he has an **immense**... fortune?

Is it because the Beast has a **gigantic**... library at home, and you only have that shop in your little village with three books? Because I know an **Old Boy** with a considerable amount of books everywhere he goes, and you just happen to be talking to the right person to convince him to borrow you some ;)

Or is it because you really just want to get rid of that small-town life that you spent the entire first song of the movie complaining about? Again, girl, I'll buy you a bus ticket outta there.

Or is it... Is it because you read **Monster Romance books**? I mean, I get it. They're spicy and beast-y, but you don't get to live it out... not in this world at least...

Was it because he died before you could inherit them all?

That **huge**... castle would certainly be taken over by the villagers or a distant cousin who dreamed of royalty.

Or maybe he killed all their relatives and you just didn't get to see the corpses in West Wing because the red rose called off your attention?



Seconds before he attacked you, I must add.

Because there has to be a reason, it doesn't make sense!

Unless... between us... are you trying to prove a point to Gaston that you would rather marry an **A-N-I-M-A-L** than be with him? To see if he stops bothering you? Because if that's the case, and you were choosing between *a revaneous disgusting animal no human should go near* **OR** the Beast...

I get it.

It's fine by me, it makes total sense.

What a prick.

Poem in the Shape of Wermes, The God of Worms

I am Wermes,
God of the Worms,
risen from the earth amid
God's cleansing flood. See
me slither through the soil
as I snack on the boogers
and Apple Jacks left
by the Groundwalkers.
What is this? A Ground-
walker, smaller than its breth-
ren, approaches. What wish you,
my child? What may Wermes,
God of the Worms, do for you
this brutish winter day? Why do
you raise me to your lips? Have
you prayers to whisper in my
valve? Speak now, my pet.

You have bitten off my ass.
Moreover, in so doing, you have
broken one of my five hearts.
I watched the mountains grow,
you insignificant wretch, yet
you have the audacity to purge
through the soil and clay that
make up my palace, and
leave me bereft of my
posterior. The hottest
part of hell houses
such ass-biters
as you.

The Culmination of my Birthday Fête

To observe a scene so absurd.
A girl with pumpkins, feet deeply buried,
Mice nibbling her dress, she's disturbed.

Approaching with caution, I tried to hold,
But she twirled and giggled,
dancing in circles, and stepping on my toes.

The clock struck midnight, a loud, clanging knell,
Her laughter turned frantic, as if under a spell.
She fled in haste, a mad, wild race,
Leaving behind pumpkins in a frantic trace.

Searching the realm, for the girl so wild,
To offer her solace, to the "princess" in denial.

When found, she limped around.
One foot in the air, a scent quite rare,
In the mental facility, she found repair.



Editor's Note: Regrettably, Cinderella's psychological evaluation is still pending, preventing an accurate assessment by this collection's publication date. We received reports that she has been isolated from mice, yet she persists in holding her feet while expressing distress, asserting that she is the rightful owner of an elusive footwear. Further observations are needed to provide a comprehensive understanding of her current mental state.

the day my mommy died and came back as a ghost and i moved in
with my best friend davy who's part goat

the guards came at three thirty-three,
mommy screamed "WAKE UP"
and i thought it was weird.

the guards took her arms and she said,
"you can't get rid of me, i'm rosemary."
and the guard said, "and? i'm larry,
you're out of thyme."
and one of them took out the dynamite.

then they took mommy, yelling "witch"
while the women screamed and
chanted... mean person.

they put her in a box and threw it in the river
and i asked them if they would forgive her.

they didn't.

while my best friend stayed hidden.
his name is davy-who-likes-gravy
and he is red looks like a goat and has egg
breath and smells like oat(meal).

mommy was hurting and in pain.
which was really satisfying.
davy told me that where he lives
it smells like smoke and crying.

i told davy i'd like to go there,
since mommy was going nowhere.
then mommy appeared!
as a ghost, she smiled and neared.
"i'm not your mother. i'm your
auntie, cris."

Holy Shit: A Shit Story

It's a pleasant day in the countryside. The sun is setting, and a traveler is returning home on his donkey. He leans back to take in the pink sky. "Beautiful shit," he whispers.

For a brief moment, the traveler takes his hands off of his donkey to let out a large yawn. While extending his arms outwards, his donkey suddenly jolts left. "You donkey!" shouts the traveler, as he falls to his donkey's right, down to the ground. His last syllable trails off, and it is punctuated with the sound of him hitting the floor. Squish.

After spending some time on the ground, the traveler picks himself up. On his backside are large chunks of brown shit—that is, "shit" as in "stuff" and "shit" as in "shit." He looks at his right arm and tries to brush off the brown shit with his left hand.

The smell hits. "Shit," he cries out. Donkey. Fur. A towel? His brain gifts him that magnificent idea, and he eyes his donkey. He gently takes a step towards his donkey, who quickly takes ten steps back. He tilts his head and then lunges towards the donkey.

The donkey runs away faster than a cheetah, and to his surprise, he hears a faint voice that screams, "Enough of this shit!" He watches his

Donkey leave him and thinks, "Shit... a talking donkey?" really. A young priest suddenly runs past the traveler, approaching from behind him. He can be heard shouting, "Alice! I've left the priesthood!" An older priest walks to the traveler. "The child is quite the donkey, isn't he?"

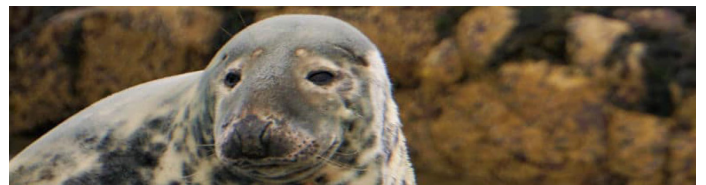
The traveler ignores the comment, asking, "Do you have anything to help me clean up?" He spots a vial of water on the priest's waist and eagerly snatches it.

Excuse me, young brother! What—" The traveler starts pouring some of the water on his hands. The priest wrestles his vial back.

I haven't finished cleaning up," complains the traveler. The priest responds that the vial contains holy water.

Your hands now contain holy shit," preaches the priest.

"Blessed be thy shit." - Leshiticus 10:30



Distributed under the holy seal.

How to Convince Citizens to Become Subjects

(Whistle) Citizens raise black flags against the new Presidential candidate because, this time, there is only one candidate. "Razi, Go Back!"

As you (Razi) climb up the stage, arranging the knot on your bow-tie to lie symmetrically below your double-nested chin in the Razi order of discipline, the citizens hoot your hailers. You clinch your fist and mutter your oath as you alight to dismantle the infrastructure of citizenship. You glean the number of your perspiring supporters as you prepare your blows. Like Caesar, you are good at convincing people to follow the beliefs of a roundabout fool. You converted street beggars into supporters, your crush into your girlfriend. With this mighty record of baptism into Razism, you now stand to convert citizens into subjects.

Before you deliver, allow me to tutor you in the art of convincing.

The study of fascist philosophers best explains how minds are best swayed by sciences they don't understand. Because the geologist knows not about astrology, it is easy to convince him that the ominous position of Saturn will lead to his doom if he steps onto the said archaeological site on the said day. He might even fear to transform into one of the rocks he studies. The portrait of the man and the mountain keeps him ensnared within his domain's embrace for as long as your Saturn remains hanging in the wrong air.

The musician, I tell you, is no different from the geologist. It will take you to study only the Mozart Effect to develop a model to make him believe how specific musical arrangements can enhance cognitive abilities and lead to more successful compositions.

The only person you cannot convince is the philosopher. He is the proud discontinuous function in the curve of men.

While I don't intend to establish the supremacy of astrology over geology, of neurology over music or of philosophy over April Fools' Day, I do want you to understand the Scientia of convincing in the Roman era and consider how to make it work today.

Now you think what to do. While you may be unimpressed by the idea of God, this may be the time to put that space man to use to convince how His wrath buried the other Presidential candidate into the ground. You play to employ the concept of God to the fulfilment of your purpose because people also don't understand God.

The problem, however, is that it is 2050 and your audience is atheist.

This is when you employ economics. Or blame the foreigner.

You blame the foreigner.

****Disclaimer: Satirical Essay****

This essay employs satire to humorously critique monarchy and persuasion.

It explores a fictional scenario where a character unsuccessfully attempts to convince citizens to become subjects in a modern context. The intention is not to endorse historical actions but to provoke thought on belief systems' evolution and societal changes.

Also, on the subject of censorship: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] in the milk.

Sperm Donor



The time had come. Not unlike me all those years ago... in that tiny cup... in that cold, cold room. Ahem. Continuing.

The time had come. After years of living the life of an eligible bachelor with many a nighttime rendezvous, I realized that I needed to get back in touch with my identity. But before we get to the identity part, let me address some questions I anticipate are on your mind. Let's get the easy stuff out of the way first. "Who is this man and how can I be just like him?," you might be wondering. "How is he so COOL and SEXY?"

It's not easy being so exceptional. It's dark and lonely at the highesttop strata of society. And that's why someone approached me one night, so many years ago, telling me to donate my sperm. They might have been taking note of how attractive I was, or how clearly athletic I was (my calves are significantly larger than normal, if you need a visualization). But I like to give them more credit than that. I suspect they wanted there to be more people out there as special as me, so it wouldn't be so broody

and emotional for others who are... divergent.

I know many people find themselves in this spermdonationsituationbecause theyare pompous and pathetic, stumbling across an ad online and deeming themselves worthy. But I was personally approached. The youtube video came to ME. There's a difference.

So anyway, after being begged to donate, I decided to help those in need. Minimal effort on my part, maximum payoff for my future baby mamas. I donated a ton. Like, a ton. Call me Shel Silverstein, because I was basically the giving tree.

And you know, because my life is so busy and cool and secret, I kind of forgot about this little side quest. Until one day, I had the sudden realization that it had been a long time. My donated offspring were probably all big and grown by now! Probably the CEO of the world or something else super cool and epic. So I contacted the facility and asked for a life update. To my surprise, they slapped me with something called "confidentiality." Please. Confidentiality is for losers. How unappreciative are these baby mamas? I can't even see my own kids?

Long story short, I made it my life's mission to figure out where my kids were. I even took time off from my job (again, my choice. Wasn't fired. I WAS NOT fired). I did one of those DNA tests to connect with people who share my genetic makeup, I posted an ad in a newspaper asking for ridiculously attractive people to reach out to me, and I even tried to hack into the servers from the facility. Some may call this obsessive, but I call it dedication. Do you have grit? A work ethic? Well, that explains why you ended up the way you did.

After many – and I mean MANY – failed attempts, I finally found some matches. My kids!

Sperm Donor



I collected their resumes and sent them off. This is where the tragedy occurs, dear reader. They were so unbelievably unaccomplished! I mean, wow. I thought I knew what being a loser was by virtue of interacting with so many unimpressive individuals in my day to day life, but this was a different level. Like, there's the type of loser I would have beat the shit out of in high school, and then there's the type of loser I would be so disgusted by that I would like... I don't even know. Stab myself with a small needle to feel something besides disgust. Or better, the type of loser I would go volunteer for a charity to distract myself from their incompetence. "Get out of this extremely exclusive restaurant," I yelled. "Get out of Taco Bell!"

Ok, moving on now. No wait. I don't think you get it yet. They were such losers that I had the urge to eat the paper their resumes were printed on just so they could for once feel the taste of being a winner. They were so pathetic that I locked myself in a room

for nearly a year contemplating how we could possibly be related. I am so awesome. They were such failures, non-achievers, ne'er-do-wells, that any degrading and insulting word you could think of to describe them could only be used to reference an atom of the loser's blood running through their veins.

**Graduated from
Harvard?!?!**

Excerpt From *Where's Waldo VI:* *Lost in New York*

The neon lights from the electric billboards poured over the square. The rain drops created pools within the broken concrete, reflecting the advertisements for pharmaceuticals and expensive fashion with a purple, blueish hue. The man looked around at the crowds of annoyed tourists, cranky sex workers, and excited locals. Yes, he said to himself. This was the best place to disappear: right in plain sight.

...

Special Agent Laura Bernoulli usually hated working with the NSA for three reasons. First, their use of extrajudicial surveillance methods always felt just a little unconstitutional, and slightly blatantly unethical. Secondly, whether due to their savant-like intellect or lack of experience with anyone of the female sex (because they were almost all men), they were poor conversationalists, and Laura always to talk on the job (it helped with the nerves). And third, and this is the important one, they always smelled like they had taken a bath in Monster Energy and Cheetos, two smells that reminded Laura of Brock, her soon to be ex-boyfriend.

Yet even though this particular NSA geek thought he was a lot more subtle looking below her neck than he actually was, Laura was happy to have them on-board. Because after 10 years of dead-ends, red-and-white herrings, and false promises, this time, she was going to capture the criminal that had sent her mentor to an early retirement. After tonight, her arch-nemesis was going to be behind bars, her boss would finally promote her to Senior Field Agent, and Brock would be looking for a new apartment. Victory will have never tasted so sweet.

...

The man went into the 7/11, and picked up a pair of cheap sunglasses and a magazine. The Mets baseball game was on 3 of the 7 televisions behind the cashier. The employee asked the man what was in his black

leather valise. One look at him made the cashier shut up. The man grunted thanks, picked up his sunglasses, and walked off.

...

With 20,000 faces and counting, the NSA's new face-scanning technology was slowly but surely making its way through the crowds at Time Square. Laura sat back, trying her best not to smell the geek at the computer.

"Wait," said Laura's slightly incompetent, occasionally brilliant CIA co-worker, Denise. "Why are we scanning every face? If we know he's picking up product here, why don't we just swing in there and capture him with the full might of the US government?"

"Because, Denise, 1987 called and wanted their law enforcement policy back. It's New Year's Eve, Time Square. We need subtlety, a certain level of panache. You know: discretion. If this technology does as promised, we can find the guy, capture him, and be at home before the ball drops without anyone near here being any the wiser. The last thing we need is a riot—"

Laura stopped mid-conversation, mouth agape. The face-scanning program had beeped: Operation Successful. On the screen in their covert-ops truck (a semi-truck that had on the sides, "Pascano's Pescatarian Pizzeria"), the program put a picture of their target. Wearing his distinctive red-and-white hat and shirt, and a pair of black-rimmed sunglasses, was the man they had been looking for:

Name: Waldo.

Wanted for: Classified.

"Holy shit," said Laura. "I think we found him. We found Waldo! Everybody, move on his location!"

Waldo walked around the far edge of the square. Something wasn't right. He couldn't explain it, but Waldo felt that something was...off.

He decided to play it safe and head back to his

safehouse. Walking briskly by the side of the crowd, he was almost to the edge of the square when 4 large, suited men blocked his path. 3 more got behind him, as Laura and Denise approached, wearing their nicest “FBI” and “CIA” windbreakers (the ones they only bust out when they catch a fugitive).

“Remember me, Waldo?” Asked Laura.

Waldo looked her over. “Yes,” he said in an Eastern European accent. “I believe I do.”

“Well then,” Laura said, taking out a pair of handcuffs. “This should come as no surprise.”

Waldo looked around him. Laura was clearly happy: he was, in their opinion, trapped.

“Laura—”

“Quiet, Denise,” said Laura.

“Careful, Miss Laura,” said Waldo. “At what happens when you put a tiger in a corner. Remember,” he said, putting his hand in his jacket, making the other agents take out their guns.

“Woah, settle down fellas,” said Laura to the agents, “we don’t want to make a scene.”

“Um, Laura?”

“Quiet Denise!”

“Remember, Laura,” said Waldo. “Tigers bite.”

Waldo took out a black remote.

“It’s just, Laura—”

“What is it Denise?!?”

“Didn’t Waldo have a suitcase in the photo?”

Laura looked at Waldo, who was, indeed, suitcase-less.

“Shit, everyone, grab him!”

Too late: Waldo pressed the bright red button on his remote. Immediately the 7/11 exploded with a fiery bang. Waldo then took his gun out, and fired upon Denise, who fell to the ground. The crowd began swaying in mass confusion, running to the exits. Laura looked back: Waldo was gone.

“Fuck!” she screamed. “Everyone move out! Split up: look for him!”

“I just got shot by Waldo!” moaned Denise.

“Someone get an ambulance for Denise. Any sign of Waldo, geek?”

“Nada-empanada,” said the NSA geek, still in the truck.

“Someone get a drone, or a helicopter, or something here! Where is he? WHERE’S WALDO?!?!?”

“Oh sweet Laura,” said a man behind her. “I’m where I always am: one step ahead of you.”

Laura turned towards the voice, again, too late. She felt a sharp, stabby pain in her kidney. Unsurprisingly, she had been stabbed, in her kidney.

Laura started falling, but was caught by Waldo. “There, there Laura, it’s okay. You’re here with me, you’re safe now.” Waldo gently guided Laura to the ground. “But I want all you US agents to hear this: I’m from Russia, and in Russia, you don’t find Waldo. Waldo find you!”

He left, leaving Laura alone, bleeding out quietly, as the sirens blared around her.

Special Agent Lauren Bernoulli will return in Where’s Waldo VII: Capris in Capri.



No, David Goes to **Scared Straight**

David has always been a **bad** kid. But how can we fix that? His parent's can't. His grandparents don't even get him birthday gifts. His aunts and uncles don't even see him as a nephew. It's time for some good ole' scared straight action.

Lets see if David can pull the same shit in his new playroom, **JUVIE**.

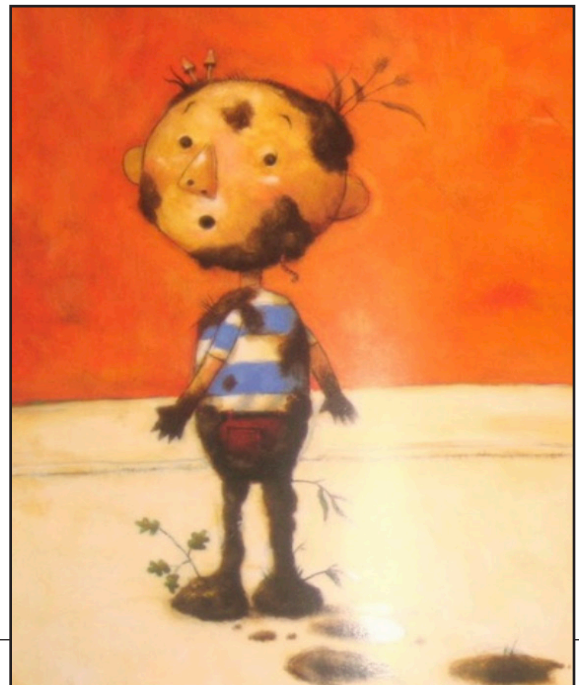
David's parents barge into his room and tell him that they have a great **SURPRISE**. They found a new TV show that'll give him a **vacation** for a couple weeks for free. He thinks to himself, and agrees that he deserves a little break from life now. When you have three girlfriends at recess, life gets a little bit harder. But he can't let his parents win this easily. He runs around, throws a couple vases, and floods the toilet before he agrees.

His parents both say, "**YES, GREAT DAVID!**" This concerns him. For a while, he thought his whole name was No David, because that's all he ever heard. He understands that his behavior is out of the norm, but it was fun to trip adults and pull pranks on strangers, what? To him he never understood why people were always mad at him for just having fun.

So, he was skeptical, but a vacation is a vaca-

tion. His parents drop the bomb that they can't come with him, because it's just for kids. He thinks to himself that this might be the best information they've told him in his life. A vacation with no parents telling you what to do and sharing a small hotel room. What a life!

His mom packs his stuff, of course. After a couple more **muddy** footprints in the house, two or three broken vases, and sending a couple emails to the Stanford CS department to report a few honor code violations on random kids, David was ready to relax for the next couple weeks. They got into the car, struggled, and his parents started driving. He knew that road trips were **looooooong** and unentertaining, so he made sure to bring **markers** to draw on the car and **screamed** at certain points in time for fun.



When he woke up, he saw a big, ugly, gray, concrete building. He thought it was just a giant rest area, so he got ready to kick and scream until his dad let him buy **skittles** from the vending machines. As they inched closer to the building, it became uglier, smelly, and there were no machines to torment his parents about.

“Go on, David.” his parents said. “Sorry you can’t bring anything in there for now; we’ll drop it off in the back. Aaaaand they might check you to see if you have anything on you.” They sped off. As he got out he thought maybe the machines were inside.

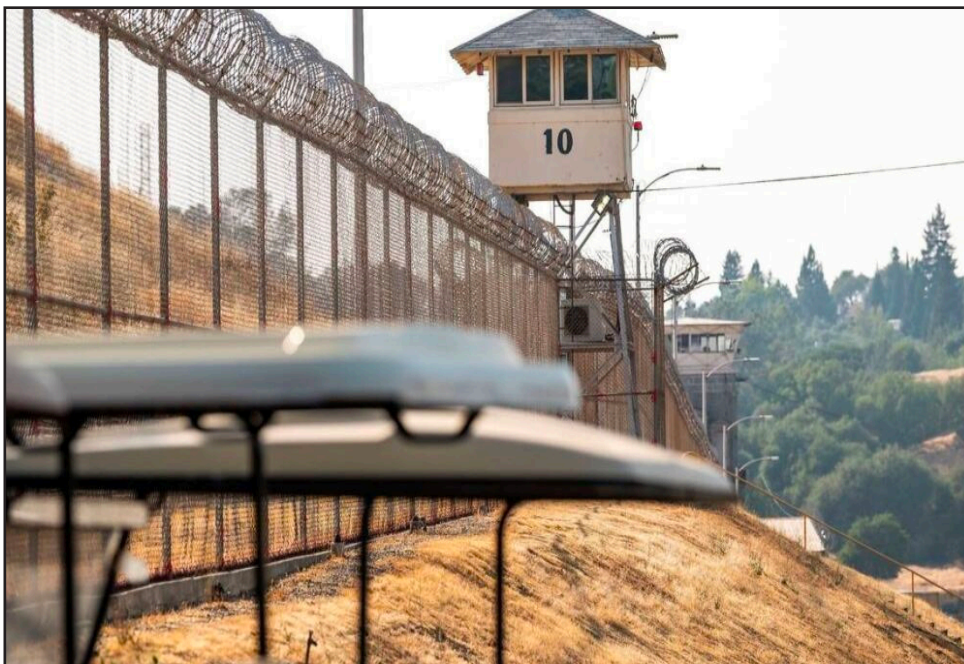
There were no vending machines inside. This was jail. He was asked to squat and cough, and this time wasn’t him trying to fake cough bugs into his cousin’s food. He saw people in a playpen, but there was no way to get out. The camera lights shined bright in his eyes, and heard “Welcome to the HBO show, Scared Straight.”

Horror for 48 hours. Forced to run, work, and stay in solitude, he seriously wondered if everything he did was worth it. He finally learned more words than no, but nothing sounded nice. “The bald one better stop whining before I do something about it!” This time, he was pretty sure it wasn’t just saying, “No, David.”

He decided he had to change. No trouble was worth having no iPad or Cocomelon for anything more than thirty minutes. He started studying, got into college, majored in CHEECS (Chemistry major, HumBio minor, Electrical Engineering co-term with a focus in Computer Science*), and ended up becoming the first president of Stanford, David Starr Jordan. The last words he heard were:

No David, don’t contribute to eugenics!

**2023 SSEA and LSP kids created this joke.



The Federalist Papers, Reanimated For Your Children's Pleasurable Viewing

In NBC's brand-new reality TV show, Inside the Pitch Room, audiences are taken to the heart of network television, watching creatives pitch their pilots to executives, producers, and financiers.

We tune in to watch the pitch of Chris and Jackson, whose pilot is called "The Federalist Papers, Animated for your Children's Pleasurable Viewing".

GINA TORRES: Aaaaaand welcome back to Inside the Pitch Room. I'm your host, Gina Torres. You may know me from such shows as *Suits*, *Firefly*, and *The Impossible Parachute Murder of Jiminy Jones, Part Two*. You got me (*laughs*), that last one's fake. But I was married to Larry Fishburne for a long time. You might know me from that, too. Our marriage was pretty public. So, painfully, was our protracted divorce.

(Long pause, glances to second camera)

Up next, we have two brave young contestants with a pilot that aims to revolutionize the children's TV space...again! Please welcome Chris and Jackson! *(floats off-stage)*

CHRIS: Hello!

JACKSON: Hey there!

CHRIS: We-

JACKSON: Have you ever-

CHRIS: Sorry.

JACKSON: Oh sorry, go ahead, Chris.

CHRIS: We all love our kids, right? And we all love America, right? Well, how do we teach our kids about America? We want to show them why we

love this country, and what it stands for. Well, what represents what we stand for better than...

JACKSON:

CHRIS: *Better than...*

JACKSON: Oh, right! The Federalist Papers! And now jazz hands! Shoot, was I supposed to say that out loud?

CHRIS: The Federalist Papers! Eighty-five articles written by America's favorite heroes, closely dissecting individual life, liberty, and Constitutional law.

JACKSON: The papers that shaped our modern republic.

CHRIS: Sounds inspiring, right?

JACKSON: Not to our children!

CHRIS: No kid wants to read the Federalist Papers.

JACKSON: But we have a solution!

CHRIS: Introducing...

CHRIS and JACKSON: The FEDERALIST PAPERS, ANIMATED for your CHILDREN'S PLEASURABLE VIEWING!

JACKSON: Jazz hands! *Damn it!*

CHRIS: This television adaptation of the famous essays gives life to the tensions, disputes, and ideological arguments that defined an America barreling towards ratification in the spring of 1788.

JACKSON: Say goodbye to crappy period pieces

about the Founding Fathers with our brand-new, high-concept characters of the abstract!

CHRIS: Each of whom is an anthropomorphized idea assigned character traits based on the legalese we use as our source material!

JACKSON: Our protagonist is Repub L. Can, a valiant but pretentious New England elite with dreams of an even better life.

CHRIS: The series follows Reppy as he navigates the drama of dealing with Farah Faction -

JACKSON: - who attempts to sabotage his relationship with Gilda Greater Good, the coquettish ingenue thirsted after by literally every single character on the show -

CHRIS: - but Reppy isn't alone. He's joined by his younger and less attractive step-brother, David "Democracy" Hasselhoff -

JACKSON: - who's an upstart with a massive chip on his shoulder -

CHRIS: - but ultimately comes to recognize his responsibility to the world. And himself.

JACKSON: Each of our episodes contains easily digestible Federalist propaganda!

CHRIS: Think the executive branch needs checks and balances? So does Checks N. Balances, a massively neurotic character from Episode Four who hates it when people just don't listen!

JACKSON: What about Justice, the cigar-smoking patriarch? Now there's a stern father figure that our children need now more than ever!

CHRIS: Now more than ever!

JACKSON: We also feature characters like Jay Judiciary, an intellectual who carries a ten-ton backpack he calls his "Review System", and God, who, on the whole, is quite fed up with all of the ol' crap being parroted in his good name.

CHRIS: Now, we know you're all producers -

JACKSON: - and you like money -

CHRIS: but fear not, because this show costs next to nothing to make!

JACKSON: Except for a cameo by active Supreme Court Justice Neil Gorsuch.

CHRIS: But it's a guaranteed golden ticket!

JACKSON: A cash cow!

CHRIS: A money machine!

JACKSON: A golden goose!

CHRIS: A golden ticket!

JACKSON: You already said that.

CHRIS: Oh.

JACKSON: Aha! You made a mistake, and I corrected you!

CHRIS: Can we get back to the point?

JACKSON: Okay, but I'm going to remember this.

CHRIS: Anyway -

JACKSON: And savor it.

CHRIS: Anyway...dear producers-cum-executives-cum-financiers, we think that The Federalist Papers Animated For Your Children's Pleasurable Viewing is the key to not only entertaining the next generation of our youth, but reclaiming the American identity as it was once enmeshed into our collective spirit. We hope that this show will catalyze an awakening, spiritual and material - one that may lift us out of quixotic labor and let us stake our rightful claim to a seat at the table of Gods.

PRODUCERS: Er...you should really take this over to PBS.

A delightful
read about
some very
childish
things.

Extremely
childish. Yipee!

