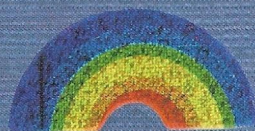
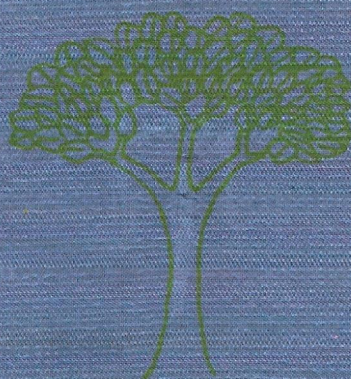
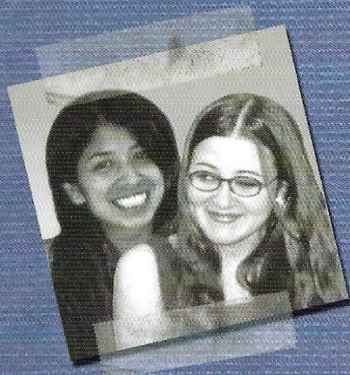




# Diary



**A Stanford  
Chaparral Parody**

Property of Courtney Thorne-White

# My Diary Friends

BFF: Gideon Lewis-Kraus, Jacob Young

Writing-Helper Friend: Geoff Schaeffer

Art Friend: Brent Fitzgerald

Circulation Friend: John Huetter

Allowance Friend: Anwar Ragep

Foreign Friend: Ben Wilfong

Friends Emeriti: Owen Ellickson, Dustin Perkins



Hammer & Coffin Friends: Chris Crane, Ben D'Ewart, Audrey Diehl, Dave Fruckboom, Rob Hann, Max Heilbron, Dave Lampson, Sean Lucy, Jon Maas, Santos Marroquin, Ben Olding, Chris Onstad, Eugene Park, Matt Pearl, Chris Peiffer, Eric Saxon, Jared Schott, Kenny Shei, Andy Taylor



Dearest Friends: Molly Ackerman-Brimberg, Angela Acosta, Greg Brazeal, Carinne Johnson, Craig Protzel, Lauren Spiegel

Old Friends: Anne Bender, Harriet Clark, Justin Guerrieri, Ed Koster, Jamecca Marshall, Christian Montegut, Mark Robbins

New Friends: Suzanne Abbott, Chris Allocco, Nick Bramble, Kathleen Brizgys, Kareem Ghanem, Chasette Jamison, Jeff McConaghy, Adrian Perry, Matt Steinberg, Nick Sydow

School Chums: Anna Bruno, Robin Burns, Nike Carelli, Sagar Chandaria, Carter Dunn, Katie Founds, Jason Jenkins, Andrea Johnson, Andy Kucer, Erik Lessac-Chenen, Sarah Mangin, Jerome Murphy, Seth Rosenbloom, Ian Spiro, Charlie Stockman, Steve Yelderman

Graduate Friends: Justin Jones, Eric Jorgensen

Friends that deserve Special Thanks: Delia Chiu, Julie Glasser, Yanzo Wangchuck, Miranda Spiro, Ben D'Ewart & his Canadian Mini-Bar, Dustin, Daniel Bieuer, Pete Dolce, Sarah McLacklan



*NOW THAT Grandpa's little Tasty Kake is growing up—growing up so very, very fast—I think it's time that you had a special place of all your own. A place for your thoughts, your dreams, your stickers, and those "Cathy" comic strips you are forever clipping from the Sunday paper.*

*This isn't some doodle-book for you and that Mexi-Jew friend of yours to fill with dirty pictures of boys and landscaping machinery. You wouldn't want those kinds of things near your special place, and this diary is your special place.*

*I know that life hasn't always been easy for you, Courtney, but that's the way it goes for everyone. We all have our annoying illegitimate half-Canadian half-brothers to deal with. But the important thing is for you to remember the good times, and learn from the bad times. That's what this diary is for.*

*Remember that your father, Bobby, is a good man, as good a son-in-law as an old fart could hope for. I gave him that job as night shift assistant manager in the Tasty Kake factory because he was my son-in-law. He's kept it for fifteen years because he's earned it.*

*Remember that your mother, Bobbi, is a kind woman, a giving woman, an easy woman whose affections often get the best of her. I see a lot of your mother in you, Kourtney-Kake, and I can feel it too, in the way you give those special hugs. Keep those hugs special, by keeping them clean and pure, like a hug between Americans on Christmas, the kind of hug a Grandpa can be proud of.*



*Remember to forget your brother's father. It's bad enough that Corey Pete took the name of that Canadian rogue, the mysterious Mr. Pete, but you certainly don't need to make the situation worse by torturing your parents with questions and reminders of a mistake Bobbi made a long, long time ago. I'll tell you what I told her then: forget Canada, it's really not that hard once you try.*

*Remember your roots—you may be a Delaware girl, but you're no Dover trash, you've got four generations of Wilmington class behind you. That counts for something at the Jersey shore, let me tell you.*

*This diary is a hug from me to you, a safe place that will always be there for you, even when I'm not. So please don't put any dirty pictures of truckers and rockers on your grandpa's hug. That would be like putting them on my coffin. Please don't decorate your Grandpa's coffin with filthy stickers.*

*Love,  
Grandpa Bristow*

**Diary** is a parody created by **The Stanford Chaparral**, published six times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are fifteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues three dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: **The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 18916, Stanford, CA 94309** Send e-mail to: **oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu** Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: **chappie.stanford.edu** The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers and Friendship and Metaphors for Friendship. All material ©2001 The Stanford Chaparral.

# Entries in this diary...

I kept this page open for a Table of Contents, so it is easy for me to go back and have playtime with my past self.



Courtney Thorne-White

Courtney Thorne-Pitt

Courtney Aniston-Pitt

Courtney DiCaprio-White

Courtney DiMaggio-White

Courtney DiCaprio-DiMaggio

Leonardo Thorne-White

Courtney Lewis-Kraus-Thorne-White

Courtney Maguire

"You had me at 'hello,' Courtney Maguire-DiCaprio."



2	Now That Entry . . . . .	Young
4	My "Sex and the City" Cartoons. . . . .	Lewis-Kraus, Young
5	If Cathy were on "Sex and the City" . . . . .	Lewis-Kraus, Young
6	The Time the Trucker Slept Over . . . . .	Staff
10	Internet Friends Entry . . . . .	Lewis-Kraus
11	Spying on Mr. Pete. . . . .	Lewis-Kraus
12	Pictures of Me Listening to Sarah McLachlan . . . . .	Staff
15	How Sarah McLachlan Makes Me Feel . . . . .	Lewis-Kraus
16	My New Boyfriend that You Don't Know. . . . .	Lewis-Kraus
17	My Superlatives. . . . .	Spino
18	Epps' Quinciénera Bat Mitzvah . . . . .	Staff
19	Jew Bull of Pamplona . . . . .	Perry, Steinberg
21	An Entry About What I've Learned . . . . .	Steinberg
21	An Analysis of a Yearbook Entry . . . . .	Protzel
22	I'm Such a Hug-Slut . . . . .	Young
23	Mom, Stop Writing in my Diary . . . . .	Schaeffer
23	Future Game. . . . .	Huetter
24	Homeshool Homecoming Pictures. . . . .	Staff
29	Rock n' Roll Homecoming . . . . .	Perry, Steinberg
30	Studying Abroad in the Past. . . . .	Bender
31	Tasty Kake Fact'ry Poem. . . . .	Bender

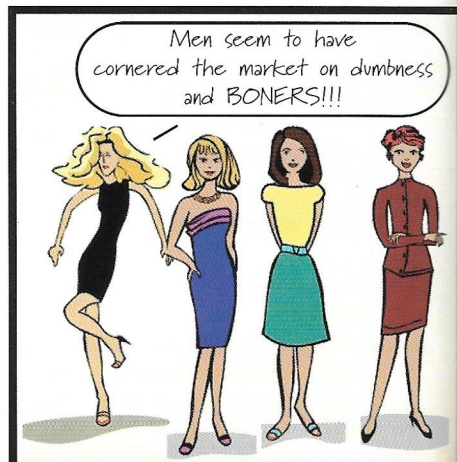
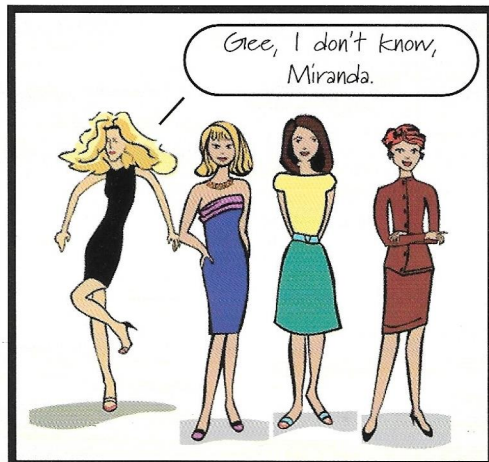
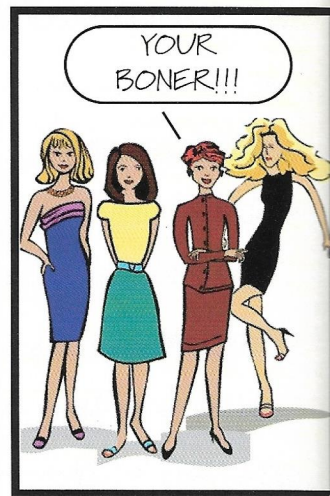
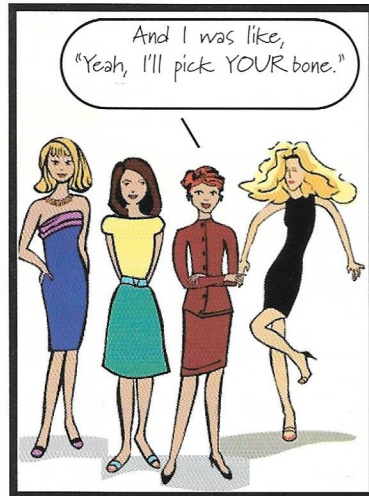
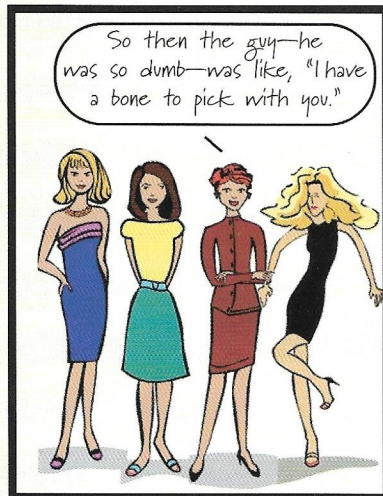
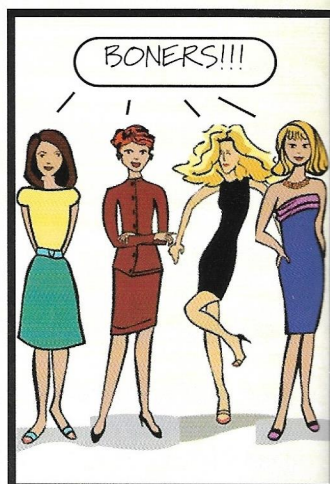
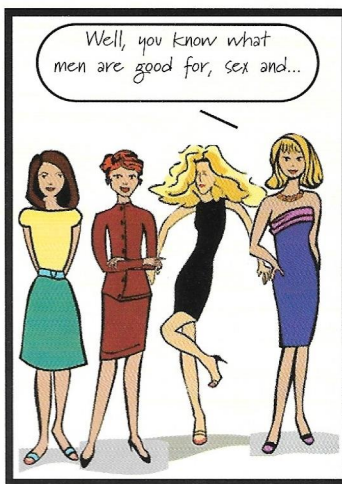
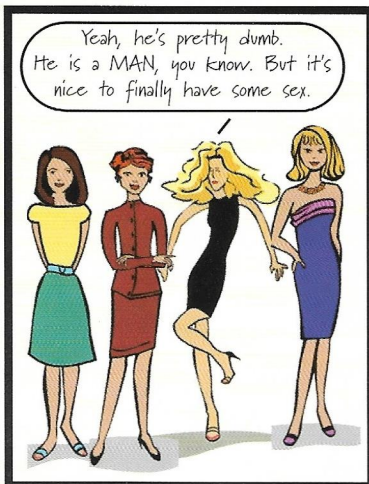
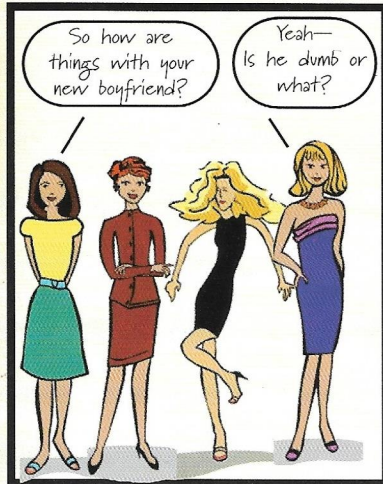
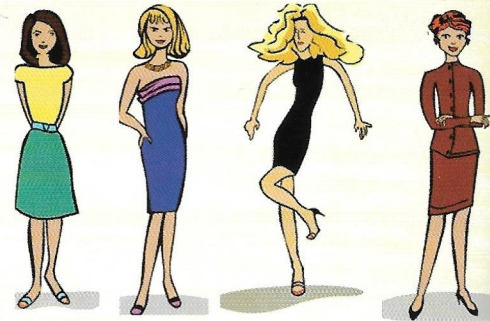
## People that Helped me Draw Pictures

1	Cover. . . . .	Fitzgerald
16	You Don't Know Him. . . . .	Founds, Huetter
17	Superlatives. . . . .	Founds
19	Jew Bull . . . . .	Huetter
21	What I've Learned . . . . .	Founds
30	Studying Abroad in the Past . . . . .	Huetter

Dear Diary,

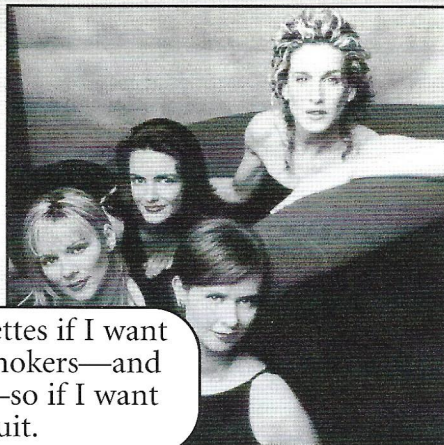
I finally know what I want to be when I grow up. I want to be a writer for the award-winning HBO original television series, "Sex and the City." If I practice real hard, maybe someday I can make my dream come true.

And then I was like, "Men are like dildos, but instead of batteries, they have dumb-boxes."



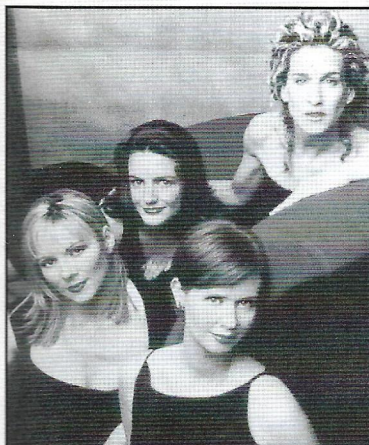
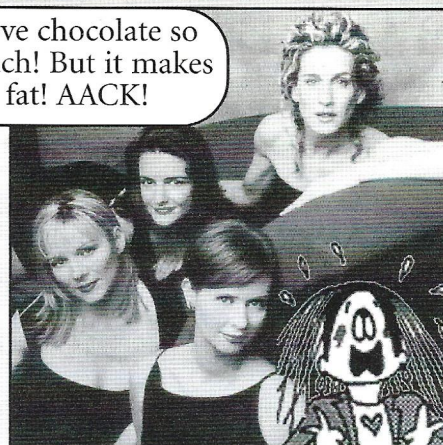
Dear Diary,

I had the strangest dream last night. The worlds of my favorite entertainments, "Sex and the City" and "Cathy," collided. It was amazing...

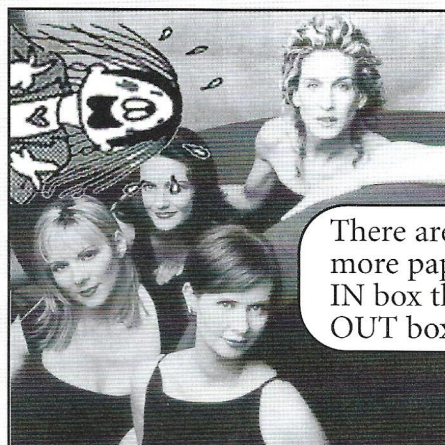


I've got to stop smoking cigarettes if I want Aidan to like me... He hates smokers—and he's such a rare gem of a guy—so if I want to catch this one, I'll have to quit.

I love chocolate so much! But it makes me fat! AACK!

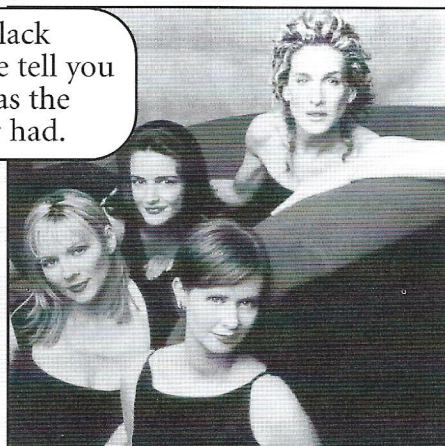


I've got to get this column done by the deadline, but I can't work because I'm so stressed out about lying to Aidan about my affair with Mr. Big—my personal life is definitely hindering my professional one.

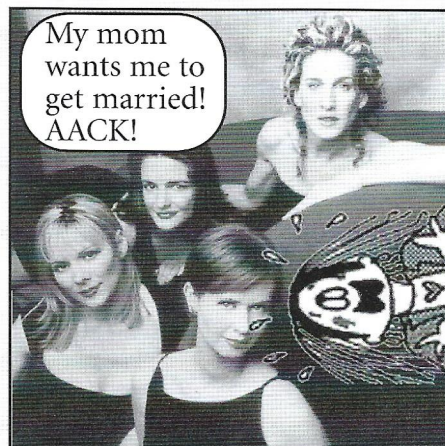


There are so many more papers in my IN box than my OUT box! AACK!

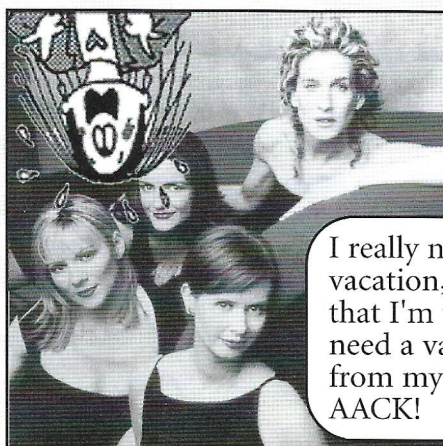
I was with two amazing Black men last night. And let me tell you something, Carrie, that was the tastiest Oreo cookie I ever had.



My mom wants me to get married! AACK!



Dealing with my father's death has been really trying, especially when it comes at a time with so much personal and professional stress—between tight deadlines and less-than-"tight" third dates, I just don't have time to grieve.



I really needed a vacation, but now that I'm there, I need a vacation from my vacation! AACK!

Dear Diary,

I'll never forget my first big slumber party. It was a blast and a half!



A slumber party's just not a slumber party without pajamas and hair—and we had plenty of both!

Who invited the Trucker? AACK!



FLASHBACK!  
I did!



There was plenty of hair to go around.  
And here's a secret my mom taught me:  
truckers have GREAT hands.

Trucker! French braids were so  
6th grade!



Trucker normally has a super sense of  
style, so we knew something was bothering  
him. No one can escape Boy Trouble, not  
even Trucker. AACK!



Trucker's mood picked up when he got a call from a special someone he met on a run through Texarkana.

It's him!  
At slumber parties, high fives are ok...



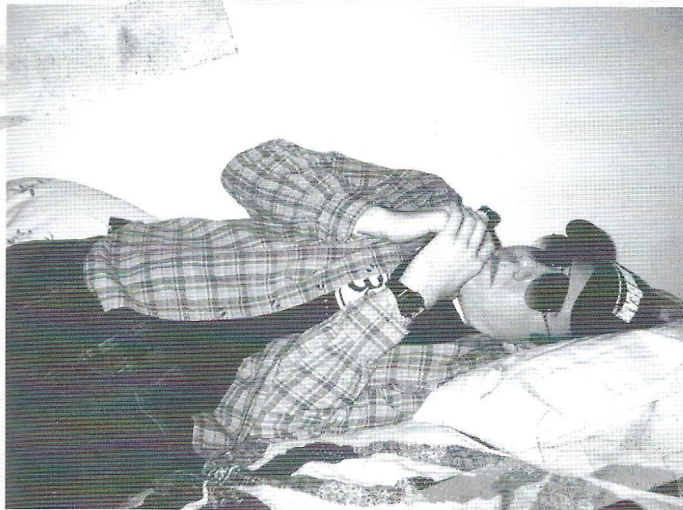
but hugs are the best!  
BJF!





Trucker's special friend, Roker, gets helped through his split-end disaster.

Dad told Trucker that thou shalt not slumbereth with pre-teens. I hate going to Catholic homeschool.



Sigh... Sometimes I don't know which is tougher on the heart—being a pre-teen, or being a trucker.

Dear Diary,

What a crazy week I've had!

I just learned how to use the internet, and I have been hanging out in these cybenkewl chat rooms and meeting all kinds of new friends.

Just a few days ago, I met the nicest girl. Her name was Mary and she was also from my town. She is also fourteen, and she likes music and sleepover parties and friendships, just like me. So we decided to meet at the mall for some sundaes. But then, when I got there, it turned out that "Mary" was actually a 45 year old FBI agent named Mark Jeffries. He had a badge and a gun and he doesn't like sleepovers or friends or music, even. He thought that I was some sick old man who wanted to do bad things to little girls. But I'm not.

Just a few days ago, I met the nicest FBI agent. His name is Phillip Hoover and he likes friends and talking and emotions and flowers that are really metaphors for things that are lovely. So we agreed to meet at the mall for some coffee, even though I don't like coffee. But then, when I got there, "Phillip" turned out to be a fourteen year old girl named Patricia, who has a thing for FBI agents and thought that I might be one.

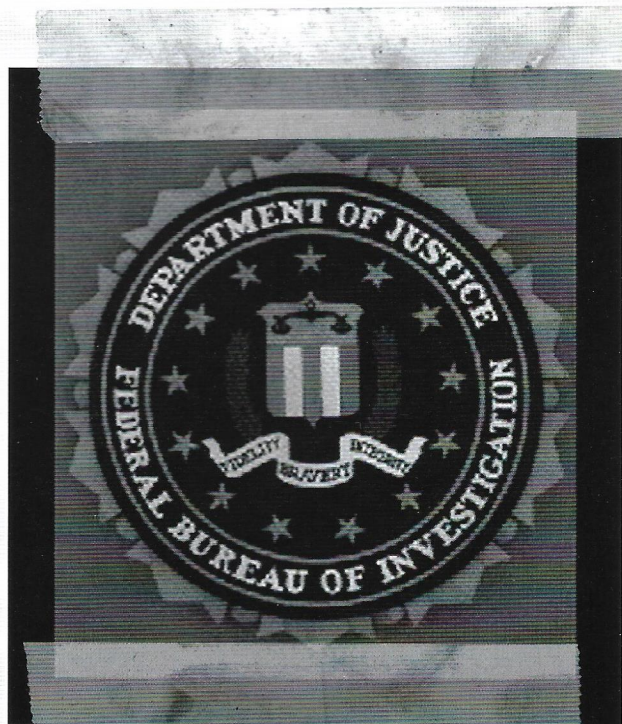
Just a few days ago, I met the nicest pedophile online. His name is Ben and he loves sleeping bags and candles and Ouija boards and bedtime, just like me. So we decided to meet at the local hourly motel to have a sleepover. But then, when I got there, it was actually a fourteen year old FBI agent named Sophia. It turns out that she is the youngest FBI agent ever, something of an investigative prodigy. So I said 'Congratulations,' and went home.

Just a few days ago, I met the nicest girl. Her name was Jennifer and she was from a town near the mall and she likes lip-gloss and stickers and jumpers, just like me. So we decided to meet at the mall for ice cream. When she got there, I realized that I wasn't a fourteen year old girl at all, but a 45 year old pedophile hunting fourteen year old girls on the internet. And it was so lucky, because she turned out to be a FBI agent! I was arrested on the spot!

Just a few days ago, I met the nicest FBI agent at the mall, and he said that I should go home and check my email, because he already emailed me and told me that he was a fourteen year old girl who wanted to be friends. When I got home, I made plans to meet a pedophile at the mall.

Just a few days ago, I met the nicest FBI agent online, which was really good, because I am also an FBI agent, but I am really lonely, so we decided to meet at the mall for sleepovers and sundaes, which we both like.

Just a few days ago, I met J. Edgar Hoover online, and he said that he was a pedophile and also an FBI agent, which was perfect because I am a fourteen year old girl who likes to pretend to be a 45 year old pervert while I touch myself. What luck!



Love,  
Courtney

Dear Diary,

Last weekend, I went off in search of the mysterious and elusive Mr. Pete, the wily Canadian adulterer and father of my half-brother Corey Pete. I had to see him for myself.



He was well hidden—his time in Canadian Intelligence trained him in the ancient Canadian art of deception—but his roguish glasses and thuggish cap gave him away.



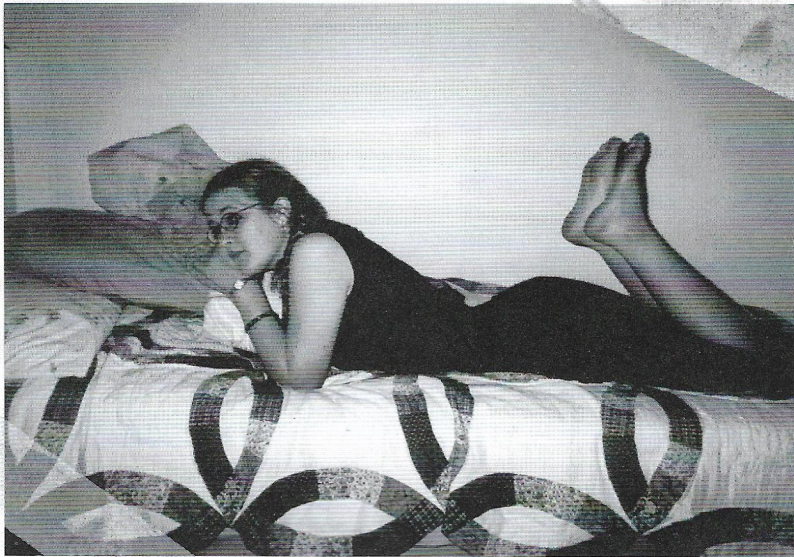
Like any adulterer, he was paranoid. He looked this way and that, muscles arrested in fear like a rare Canadian rogue-elk. He crouched down, trying desperately to blend into the web of shadows.



While he was lurking around outside, I crept into his hotel room and broke into his Canadian Mini-Bar. (Mom told me that Mini-Bars are always a rip-off.)



I think he's onto me!



This is a picture of me, listening to Sarah McLachlan.

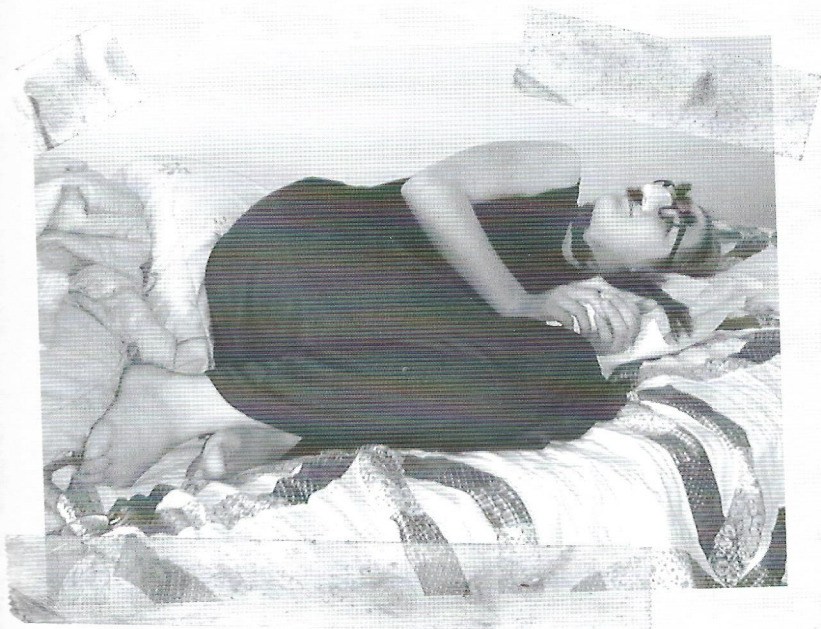
This is a picture of me, listening to Sarah McLachlan, being supported.



This is a picture of me, listening to Sarah McLachlan, in my tiny rocking chair.



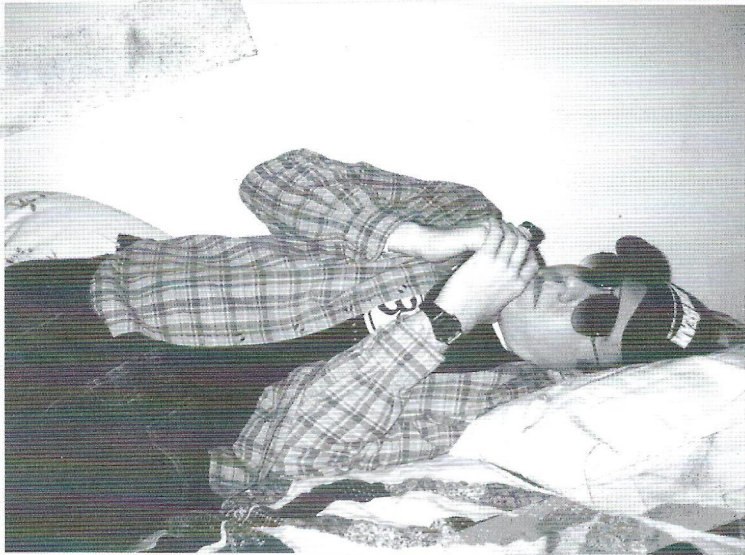
This is a picture of me, listening to Sarah McLachlan, with pills.



This is a picture of me, listening to Sarah McLachlan, trying not to take myself so seriously. But when you're me, listening to Sarah McLachlan, it's hard. It's so hard.

This is a picture of me, held hostage by the tormenting lyrics of Sarah McLachlan.





This is a picture of a trucker,  
listening to Sarah McLachlan.

And here is a picture of my  
empty bed, as Sarah  
McLachlan sings her emotions  
into the unresponsive silence.



This is a picture of me,  
listening to Tupac.

Dear Diary,

I have been listening to a lot of Sarah McLachlan lately, and I wanted to write a few poem-words about how her hauntingness makes me feel.

She makes me want to invent new nouns out of old adjectives. Like 'hauntingness' and 'enslavedness' and 'rememberingness.' Adjectives are so unimportant—they serve only to modify nouns. But the nouns themselves are solid like solidness, and they stand like an enduring monument to eternal rememberingness.

Sarah McLachlan sings to me with her sweet, ethereal voice. What does 'ethereal' mean? It means a metaphor, a metaphor for how betrayed she feels by how metaphors can't express how deeply she feels the etherealness of betraying metaphor.



Sarah McLachlan makes me feel like I am a metaphor for myself. Which is a metaphor for remembering myself and the pain of deep metaphorical betrayal. It is a metaphor for enslavedness and for fumbling and for everything that is both lovely and decaying, like a lonely flower that knows it will be dried and put on my wall in the name of the monument to self-rememberingness.

Sarah McLachlan makes me feel like there are all these riddles, riddles and chasms and riddle-metaphor poems, and these riddles are like locks where the only keys are Sarah's emotional hauntingness, traps where the only way out is how Sarah stokes my soul with her metaphorhness. Sarah makes me feel like the only answer to the trap-locks is strong, feminine silence—the silence of betrayed remembering.

Sarah makes me think about things. And by things, I mean other things. Which is a metaphor for things that heal, like Chloraseptic and band-aids. She is like a metaphor band-aid healer for me.

Sarah McLachlan makes me feel like a rose without thorns, which is a metaphor for lonely betrayedness and also loveliness and loveness and ballads and soft pillowly support-cushions.

Sarah McLachlan helps me remember myself, my self that has been enslaved by betrayal, the self of selfness.

Love,  
CTW

Dear Diary,

I know that I haven't written in a while, but I've been really busy with my new boyfriend!

That's right, Diary. I said "my new boyfriend." He's really wonderful and I know that I haven't talked about him before, and I'm sorry about that, but I haven't talked about him before because he's not from around here and so you wouldn't know him or anything, Diary. His name is Gabe and I met him at camp and he's from New Orleans and he goes to New York University and you don't know him, I said.



He's a junior in college and he studies Poetry and French and he plays hockey and he has an apartment in New York where he goes to college and he loves me very much and he said that I'm beautiful, so it's too bad that you don't know him. You would really like him if you knew him, but you don't know him, so it's too bad, because, you know, you don't know him and everything. He's a poet and he wants to move to Paris and he wears turtlenecks and he's also a lifeguard at a surfing beach and he has giant pectoral muscles on his chest and the French language in his heart and I already told you that YOU DON'T KNOW HIM.

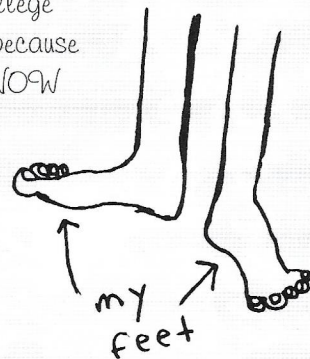
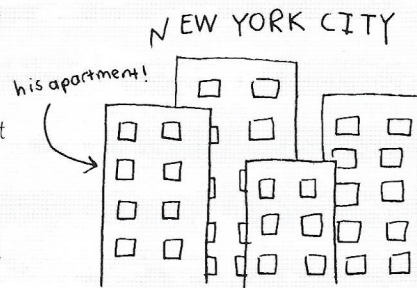
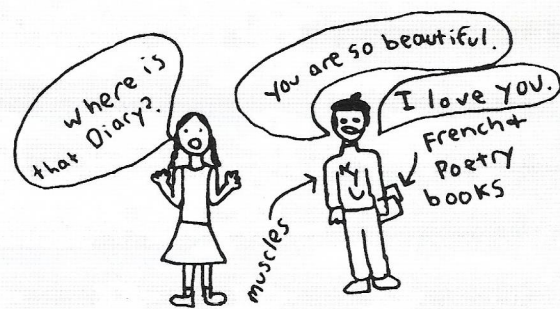
He was here last week visiting me from college in New York City but you were away the whole time and we tried to find you, Diary, I swear, I think you might have been in the bathroom or somewhere else when he was here because he was here from college and you weren't here so you didn't get to meet him. Gabe wanted to meet you and he looked SO good and pectorally large when he was here and his French was so good and it was so bad that you didn't ever have a chance to meet him and thus DON'T KNOW HIM. Because you would like him so much if you knew him, which you don't, because he's not from around here and he's in college and he loves putting his tongue on top of my toes and feet and saying poetry lines in French and telling me that he wants to marry me, and if he wasn't away at college learning poetry-French to speak marriage-French to me then you might know him because he would be from around here and then you would know him, but YOU DON'T KNOW HIM.

His name is Gabe and he's from New Orleans and he goes to college in New York at New York University and I met him at camp and he loves me and YOU DON'T KNOW HIM.

Love,  
Courtney

\* Gabe \*

WHEN HE WAS HERE



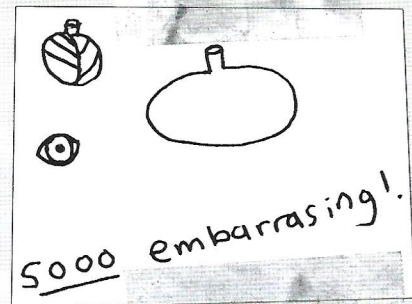


# My Superlatives

Most embarrassing moment:

Accidentally denounced organ donation over the high school PA system.

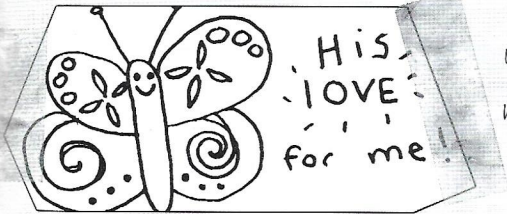
Oops!



Sweetest thing a boy ever said to me:

"Look at this little tiny pupae. One of these days this pupae will turn into a beautiful, diaphanous moth. This pupae will not die. It is my love for you."

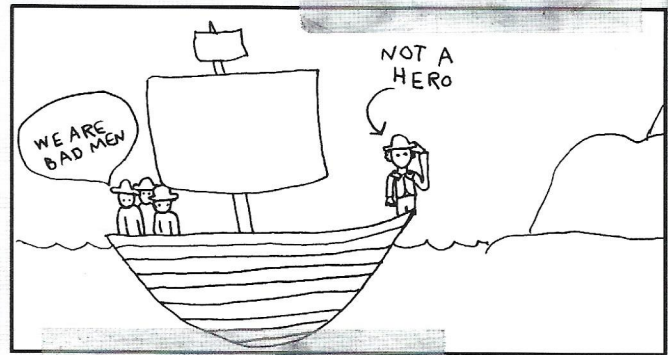
Gabe was such a sweetheart!



Most artful description of that evil Christopher Columbus:

"No Mr. Querbes—Columbus was not merely heinous, he was an abominable incarnation of pure evil."

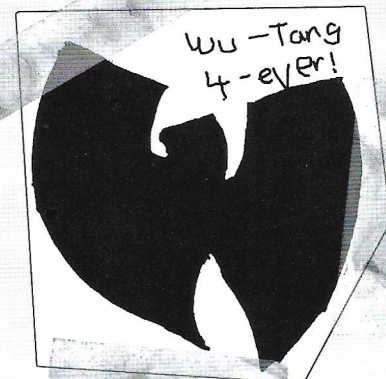
He was a bad man.



Wittiest thing I ever said in response to my mother's insidious karanguing:

"No Mom! ~~THIS~~ is a sign of your chronic penis envy."

I rule!



(Would be) Best day of my life:

Passing into womanhood with the entire Wu-Tang Clan.

Tiger Style!



Tastiest Tasty Kake ever:

The last kake at the eleventh hour, on the final eve of my prepubescence.

Now that was tasty!

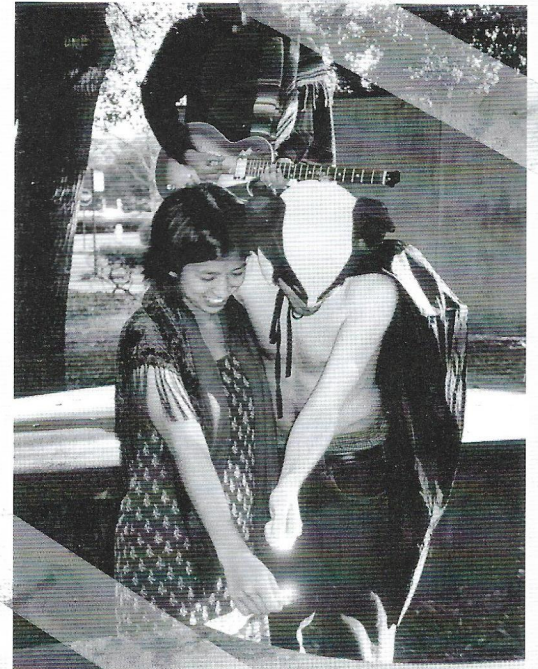
Dear Diary,

Today was Epps' Quinciénera-Bat Mitzvah. This is a special day for any girl of mixed Judeo-Hispaño descent, the day that one becomes a woman. And, perhaps, a champion.



Epps was joyous when she concluded her Torah portion, and she celebrated with her Rabbi and Father Bobby (my Dad!), dressed in his Catholic Homeschool uniform. Next, she did the traditional Jewish blessing over boxed wine.

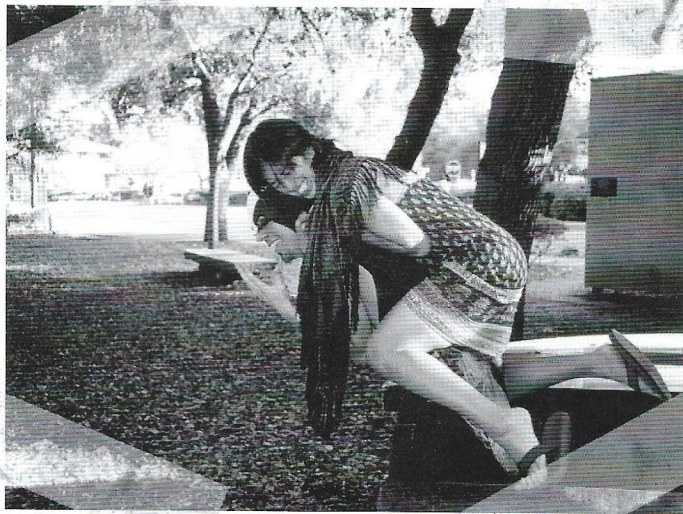
To help her light the Quinciénera-Bat Mitzvah's first candle, Epps calls up her long-time family friend, the Mexican wrestler La Chupacabra, holder of the Quinciénera-Bat Mitzvah Wrestling Federation title belt.



La Chupacabra turns around, oblivious to his role in the proceedings. As her tradition dictates, Epps has to strip him of his wrestling title to become a true Judeo-Hispaño Woman.



Epps crouches, tensing her Hispano muscles (would you use the Jewish ones?) as she gets ready to pounce.



La Chupacabra doesn't stand a chance in this match. Epps has him caught in her fershlugina sleeper hold. When she executes this move, she fights with the ferocity of the Jew-bull of Pamplona.

I'M A BULL WITH SIMPLE VALUES. AND ALL I ASK FOR IS FOR MY RYE IN THE MORNING, A BAGEL AT NIGHT, AND MAYBE A LITTLE PICKLE TICKLE.



WHAT A SCHLEP... THE RUNNING AND THE CHASING AND THE GIORING. OY VAY!



GIORING? NO. PASTRAMI ON RYE? YOWZA BOWZA!



DO YOU BELIEVE THAT TOM HANKS? WHAT AN ACTOR! AND BETTE MIDLER! L'CHAIM!



A drawing of the famed Jew-bull of Pamplona.



Epps is applying the sleeper hold at full intensity, but La Chupacabra shows that he is the champ by not going down. But wait, Epps is pulling off her signature move — “El Eye Pokar”! The champ is going down!

My Dad (dressed in his Catholic Homeschool uniform) came out to count the pin. One, two — La Chupacabra attempts a kickout, but is held in place by Epps. Three count fall!

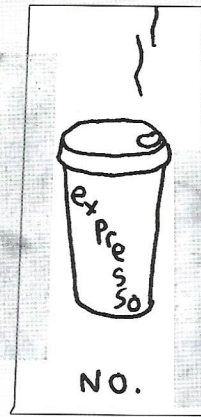


Eppy is the new champion of the QBWJ! She strips La Chupacabra of his mask and championship belt. As friends and family dance the Hora around her, she raises her arms in an exultant gesture. On this day, my friend Anna Epstein-Gonzales became a Judeo-Hispaño woman.

# WHAT I'VE LEARNED:

1. (At coffee shop)

COURTNEY: I'd like an espresso, please.  
 MAN: A what?  
 COURTNEY: Espresso.  
 MAN: I don't know what you are talking about.  
 Please leave.



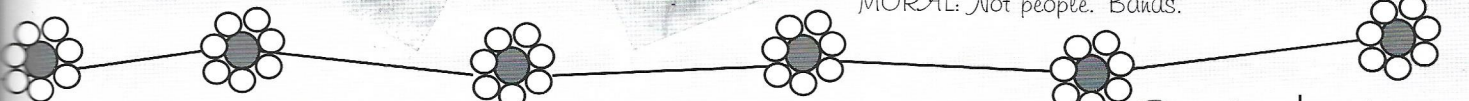
MORAL: There is no "x" in "espresso."

2. (At music store)

COURTNEY: Where is the Led Zepelin section?  
 MAN: Over there.  
 COURTNEY: He is so good. I love his music.  
 MAN: Who?  
 COURTNEY: Led Zepplin. I've heard he is fine, too.  
 MAN: Please leave.  
 COURTNEY: Fine. I'll take this Pink Floyd CD.  
 At least he rocks.



MORAL: Not people. Bands.



He has memories of me.

Cool, casual, doesn't want to seem like a stalker.

He feels so close to me that he uses my nickname.

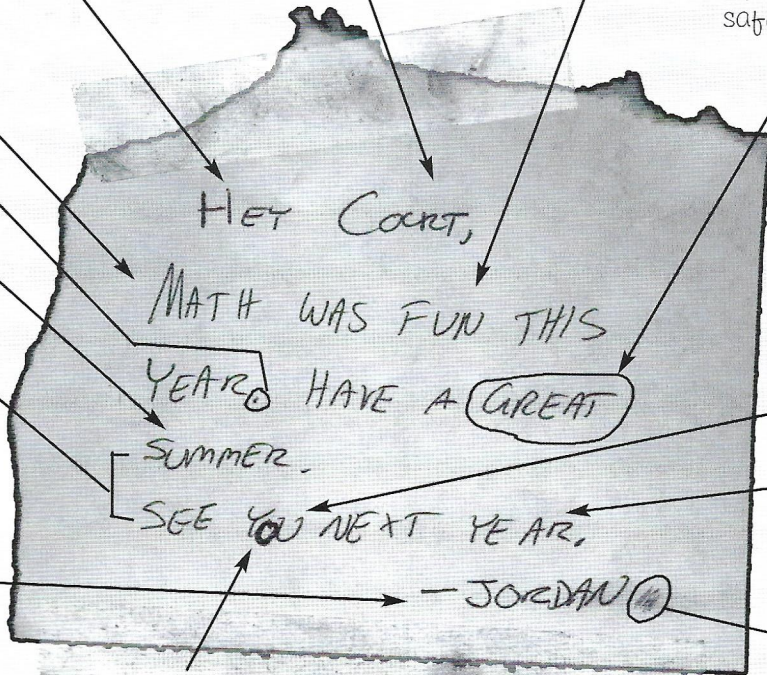
Why fun? Integrals or me?

Better than	Worse than
good	special
nice	fantastic
safe	amazing

No "!" !!!

Was he picturing me with a tan in a bikini? Was it a good picture?

Poor execution of alliteration.



Personal pronoun, definite bonus points.

Only 3 months, baby.

Is that a tear I see?!!

Looks like a heart to me!

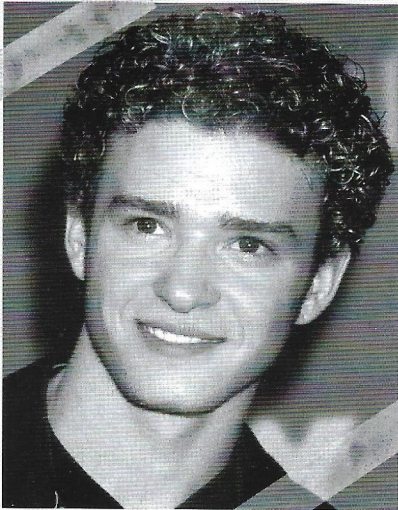
Dear Diary,

MMMM.

That was me giving you a hug. Want another?

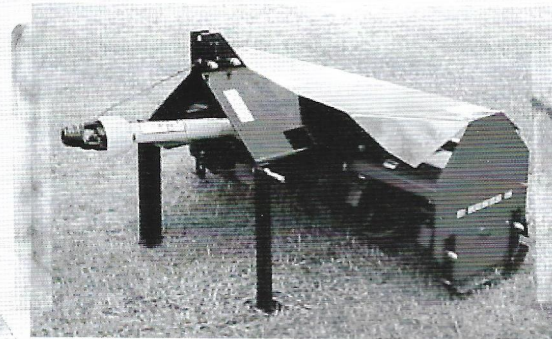
MMMM.

I give really good hugs. Everyone says so. I wonder what it would be like to hug...



Justin Timberlake

Totally huggable.



A roto-tiller

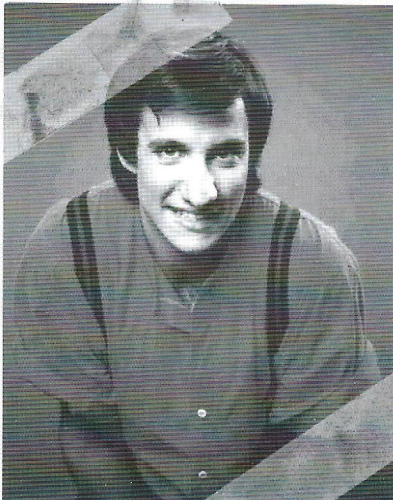
Variety is the spice of life!



Brad Pitt

1st Rule of Hug Club: Would I hug him?

2nd Rule of Hug Club: Yes!



Balki Bartokomous

His warm Mediterranean hugs could thaw the Chicago cold out of Cousin Larry Appleton, and they could thaw the Wilmington out of me!



Maya Angelou

I would hug her phenomenally. Phenomenal hug Woman.

I am SUCH a hug-slut!

I WOULD HUG ANYTHING WITH A TORSO! AACK!

Dear Diary,

Today I had so much fun at the debate club meeting. I'm so glad my mother convinced me to go join the debate club. I learned about Lincoln-Douglas debating. I'm so glad I'm meeting people with interests similar to my own, like debating.

Dear Diary,

I did not write those things in you. I don't know who did, but it wasn't me. Who are you? Why are you writing in my diary?

Dear Diary,

Today I ran a three minute mile! The track coach saw me and he was so excited he offered me a position on the track team. I'm so excited!

Dear Diary,

I did not run any miles today, three minute ones or otherwise. Whoever you are, you had better stop filling my diary with your vile lies. This diary is filled only with the truths about my life. You have no place here.

Dear Diary,

Today, when I was walking home from school, I saw an orphanage on fire. I had to rush in and save as many of those precious, precious orphans as I could.

I am simply your better side Courtney. I am the Courtney that actually accomplishes things instead of coming home and harrassing my loving and hard-working mother.

Dear Diary,

You have made a fatal mistake "better side". You shouldn't have given yourself so much praise, mother. My diary isn't a voodoo doll, you can't change who I am by writing in it. I'm changing the locks tomorrow. You better enjoy your last chance to deface my diary mother.

Dear Diary,

Today I travelled back in time and prevented the signing of the treaty of Versailles thus preventing World War 2. When I returned to my own time, I found a utopia. Statues of me are everywhere, and all the people praise my name.


Dear Diary,

I changed the locks today. So much for your schemes mother.



Dear Diary,

I learned all these neat games at school today for finding out about your future! I promise to tell you whatever I find out, but here's a sneak preview:



Take your dog's name. The number of letters in it is the number of kids you'll have.

Date a boy named Oscar. Get pregnant and shame him into proposing to you. Marry him. Your husband will be named Oscar.



Note if you have any allergies to pets. You will not allow your kids to get those pets when you have kids.

Throw an apple peel onto an ancient burial ground on a moonlit midnight, and put a single drop of blood on it. The spirits rising out of the ground will tell you who you will marry and curse you for all eternity.

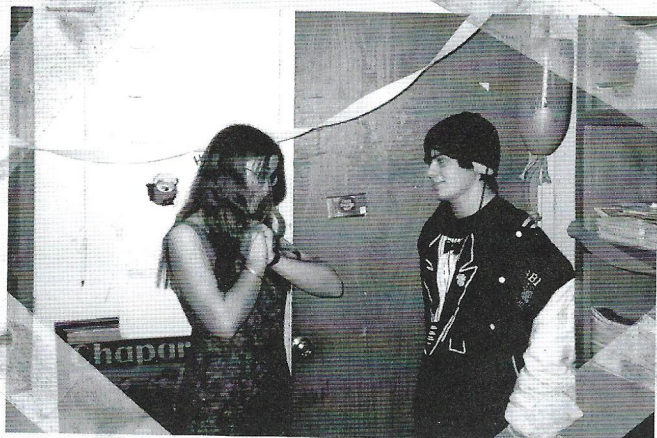
Scrutinize your dad closely. Women always marry their fathers, no matter how hard they resist it.



Dear Diary,

When mom told me that I was going to be homeschooled for my freshman year in high school, I was really upset with her. But she promised that I would have all the experiences that every freshman girl has, and she worked really hard to come through for me. Here are pictures of my first highschool dance—my “homeschool homecoming.”

Love,  
Courtney



The only date I could find was the only other boy who was around my “homeschool”—my half-Canadian half-brother, Corey Pete.

He looked so handsome in his tuxedo shirt and Canadian hat.

And what a beautiful corsage-plant-object!  
The pot matched my dress.



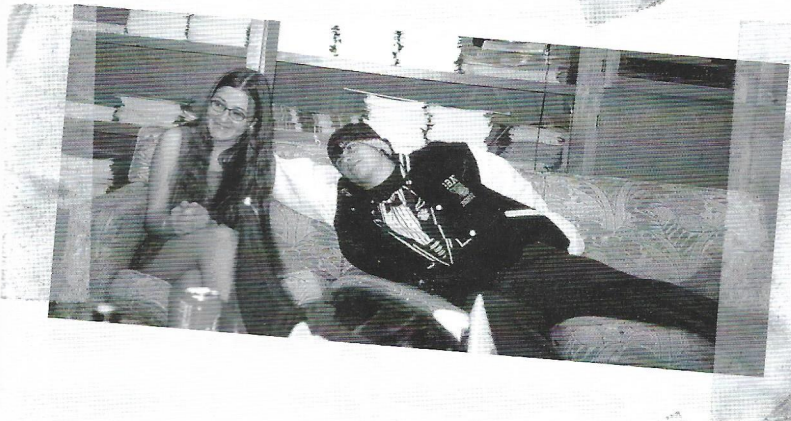
He pinned it on with such magic—I knew magical things were in store.





At first, things were kind of awkward with Corey...

And then he seemed to get so tired all of a sudden.



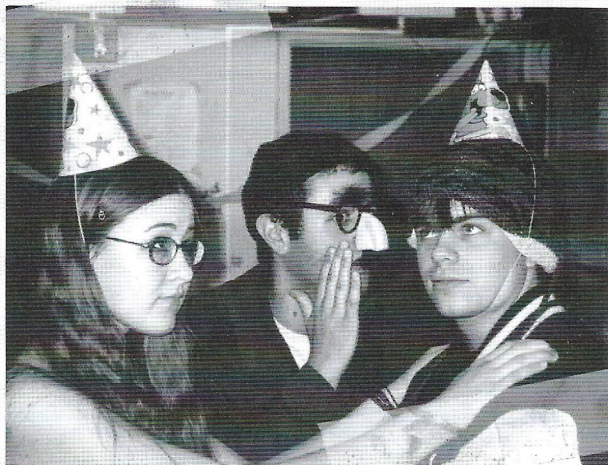
Are you trying to steal a kidney, or are you just happy to see me? HA!  
Am I going to wake up in a bathtub full of ice, or are you just happy to see me? AACK!

Oh, Mom, you're so strict! I hate you!





Mom knew that if she played my CD remix of "Time after Time" with samples of "Wonderful Tonight," I would drag Corey out onto the dancefloor.



What was he whispering to illegitimate Corey? That bad Mr. Pete is always up to no good, as far as Courtney (me) is concerned.



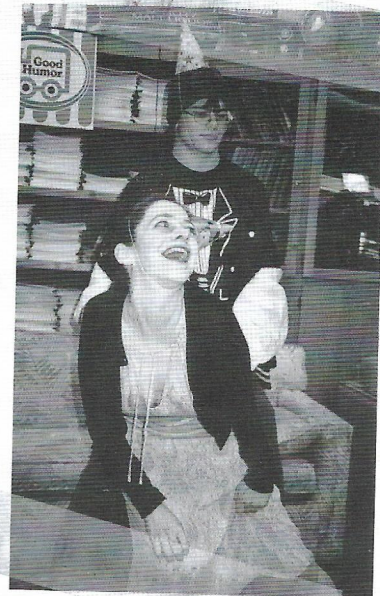
Oh, no, it's the mysterious Mr. Pete, Corey's illegitimate father, with his trademark hockey stick! What was he doing there?



COREY!  
We're in my living room!  
And you're my illegitimate half-Canadian half-brother!



I can't believe my mom wanted to cut in on my dance! But she said that she wanted me to have the real experience of high school, which might mean being ditched for someone prettier and older. I was so embarrassed!



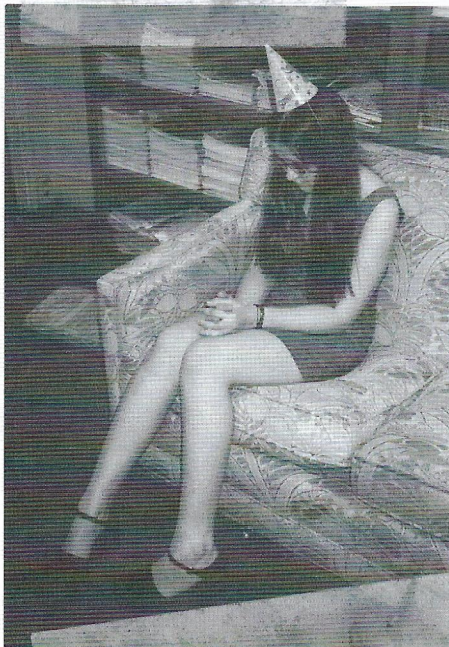
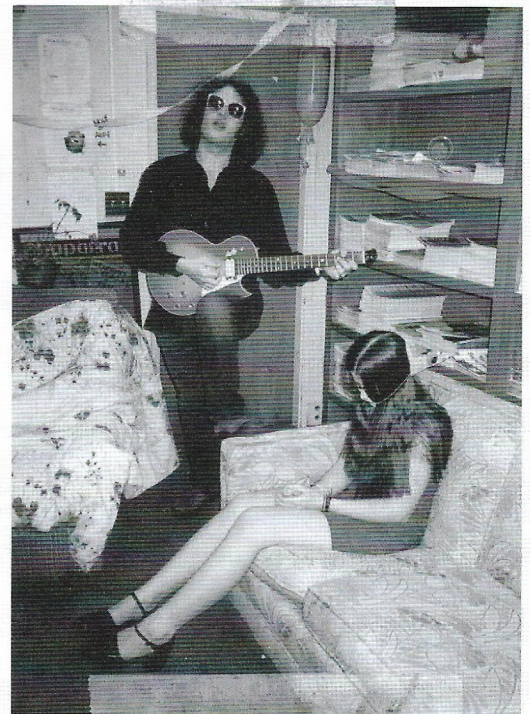
Mom monopolized my date the whole night! It made me feel like that girl in the song where it was her party and she cried if she wanted to.

And then she started dancing with Uncle Corbin, too!





Uncle Corbin used to be a roadie for Aerosmith, so he knows how to act like a rock star. He provided the music for the night after I played all of my CDs of Sarah McLachlan singing "Wonderful Tonight."

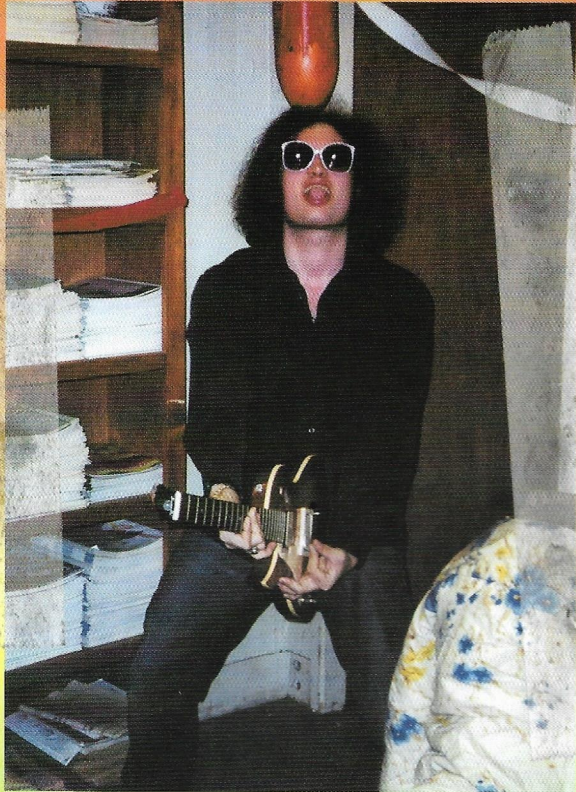


When Uncle Corbin saw how sad I was, he came over and sang me a special song about how every rose has its thorn. It was so beautiful.  
Homeschool Homecoming, I hate you!

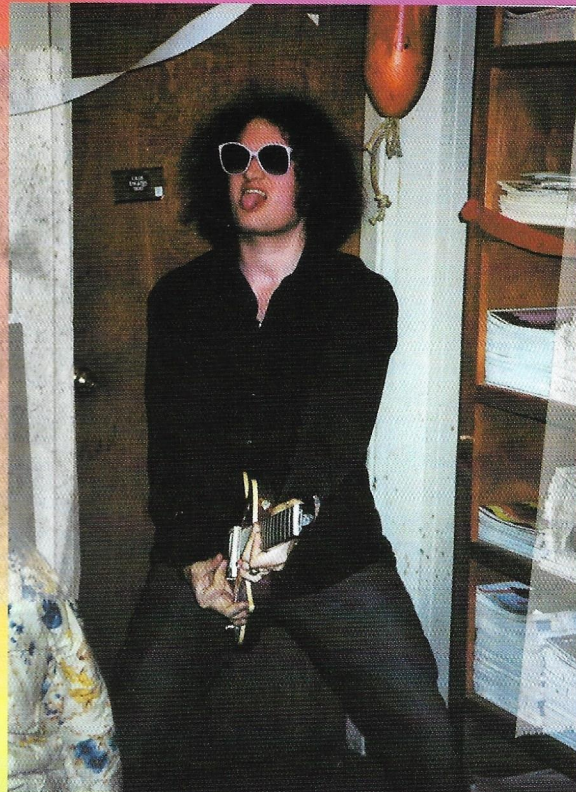
Love,  
Courtney

Dear Diary,

The highlight of Homeschool Homecoming was definitely my Uncle Corbin, the ex-Aerosmith roadie and Vegas Rock 'n Roll Crooner. It was so cool to have a real rock star there!



"Hello Thorne-White residence!  
[makes crowd cheering noise]"



"Is my Courtney baby having a  
good time?"



"You feel my thunder rod?"



"I'm gonna slay the buffalo!"

# Dear Diary,

Everyone thought I was crazy when I said I was going to study abroad in the past, but it's been a ball so far! It's been fun getting to know their different ways. Everybody wore the same three colors, I met my great-great grandmother and almost blew up the space time continuum. The slang really took some getting used to—I really felt the culture shock when I talked to a few of the natives this morning.

Me: Uh, excuse me, gentlemen... could I ask you for a little help?

Philip: Yes? Ah, a broad. Sure, anything for a dish. What's your name, dolly?

Sidekick: Wait! I'll guess. Linda. Betty. Ruth. Betty!

Me: It's Courtney, actually, and I'm, um, well, this is going to really hard to explain, but I am studying abroad in the past....I'm actually a 21-year old college student, 90 years in the future.

Philip: That wasn't hard to explain, was it?

Sidekick: Eggs in the coffee, I'd say.

Me: I...uh, guess not.. I guess I was thinking no one would believe me.

Philip: You're one cooky twist, you know that girlie? So you're behind the eight-ball, I take it? Down on your uppers?

Sidekick: Don't be a bunny; she doesn't know what that means. [to me] No spondulix?

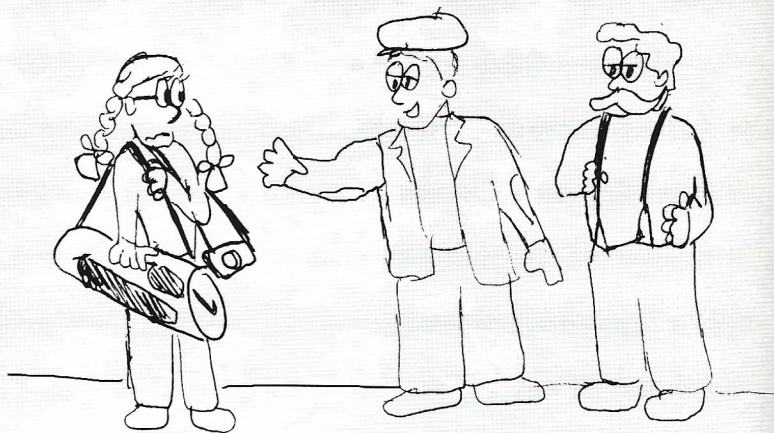
Me: I think I need to go to the city library.

Philip: Ha, you're tooting the wrong ringer, asking him 'bout libraries!

Sidekick: Close your head, you lug!

Philip: Oh, don't throw an ing-bing. You've just had one too many smells from the barrel today.

Sidekick: We've always drunk out of the same bottle, Philip.



Philip: Hey, that was a pretty clever pun. And you're right-now, c'mon, you know I think you're a right gee.

Me: ...

Philip: Well, if it's the library, we'll have to take it on the heel and toe now that we've got a trip for no biscuits.

Me: No...biscuits?

Philip: You said it, sister. Now our flivver's broken and we could just grab a hack if we had any sugar, but we don't. Are your getaway sticks kitting on all eight?

Me: My getaway sticks?

Philip: Yeah, your pins! They feelin' strong?

Me: Um, maybe...?

Philip: [pause] Have I ever told you that you're one confused tomato?



Dear Diary,

I found this in Daddy's coat when I was looking for his car keys. It was so poetic and innerly tearful, I kept it to ponder over. Is this because I didn't go to Take Our Daughters to Work Day?

Pensive,

CTW

LATE AT NIGHT AT THE FACT'RY  
SO LOVELY  
POOR ME  
I WONDER WHY YOU HATE ME  
MY BOSS, I KNOW HE HATES ME  
CONSPIRACY  
AGAINST ME  
FINDS MY WORK 'UNSATISFACTORY'

BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE MY DIGNITY,  
MR. CHUMLEY,

COURTNEY,

MY OH-SO-FAITHFUL WIFE BOBBI,

I'M FREE

## TASTY KAKE FACTORY

AT THE TASTY KAKES FACT'RY  
ONLY ME  
LOVELY

WHY DOES COURTNEY HATE ME?

WORKING NIGHTS AT THE FACTORY  
HEART'S DEBRIS  
HAUNTS ME

COURTNEY, YOUR CRUELTY'S KILLING ME

THINK I LIKE THIS DARK FACT'RY?  
I'M HAPPY?  
CAREFREE?

I GET HERE AND I'M LIKE, 'WHEEPEE!?'

WELL, DO YOU THINK FOOD COMES FOR FREE?  
APPEARS MAGIC'LY?  
NO FEE?

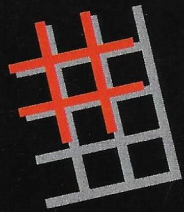
SIGN ON THE STORE SAYS: 'FOOD: FREE!?'

FOOD DOESN'T COME FOR FREE,  
RETAILER,  
COURTNEY

FOOD ONLY COMES FROM CORRUPT FACTORIES

And then, most distressing of all, I found this note in his other pocket.

THINGS ARE SO BAD HERE  
I MIGHT HAVE TO START GOING  
TO CHAPPIE MEETINGS  
WEDNESDAY NIGHTS AT 8:30.  
IN THE SECOND FLOOR OF  
THE STORKE BLDG. I HEAR  
THEY NEED WRITERS, CAYOUT  
STACE, ARTISTS, AND TASTY-  
KAKE EMPLOYEES WITH FAILED DREAMS.



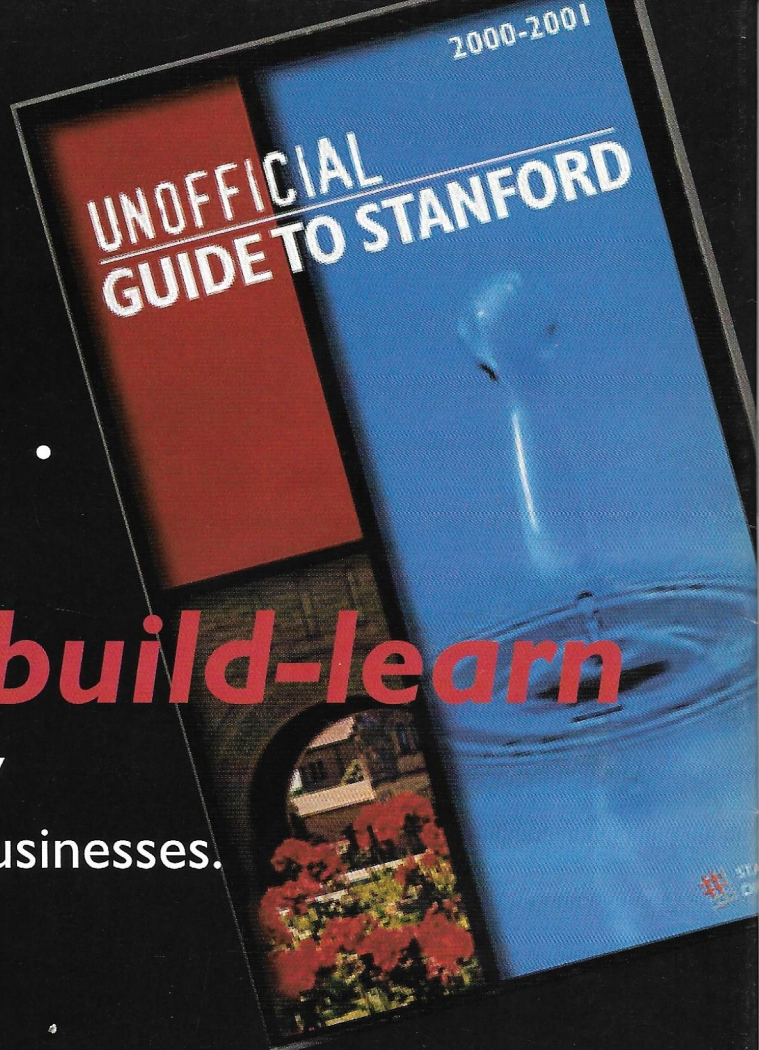
STANFORD  
DIRECTORY

This summer . . .

*you* can

**create-lead-build-learn**

at the Stanford Directory  
and SSE's Summer Businesses.



**seeking** : student or recent grad to **lead** the Stanford Directory - the largest **business** project on campus

AND

**seeking** : students and recent grads to fill positions in *graphic design, prose writing, layout, web design*

AND

**seeking** : student **entrepreneurs** to run summer **businesses** on campus

Application deadlines in late February and early March  
get all the facts at:

**sse.stanford.edu/jobs**

STANFORD STUDENT  
ENTERPRISES

