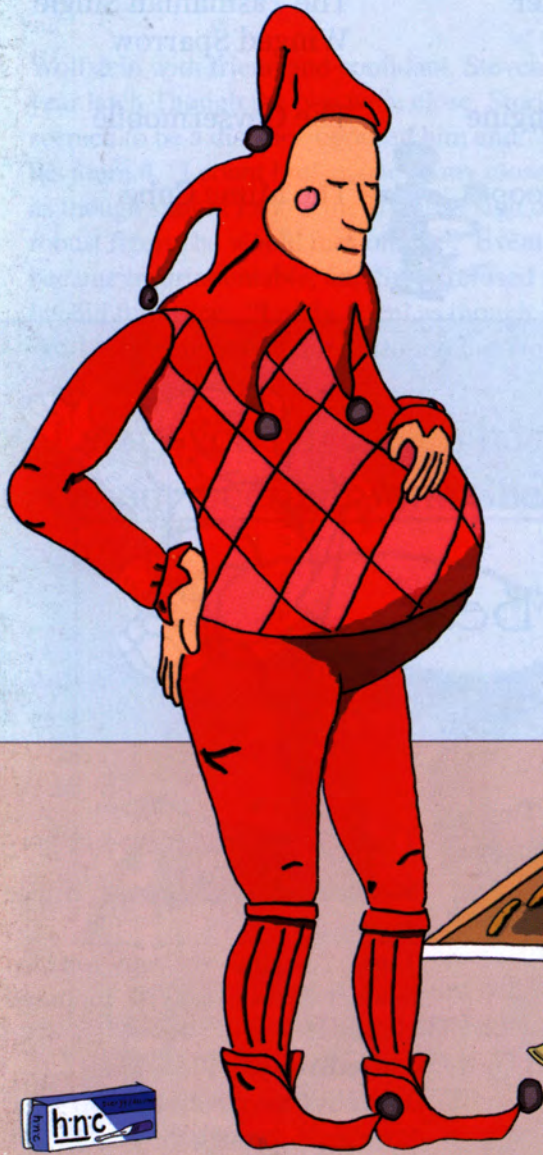


STANFORD Chaparral



ORIGINS

VOL. CVI NO. 4 \$3

The Beatles Play Klesmer!

The perfect collection for any bar-mitzvah or seder!
Even the goyim will enjoy it!

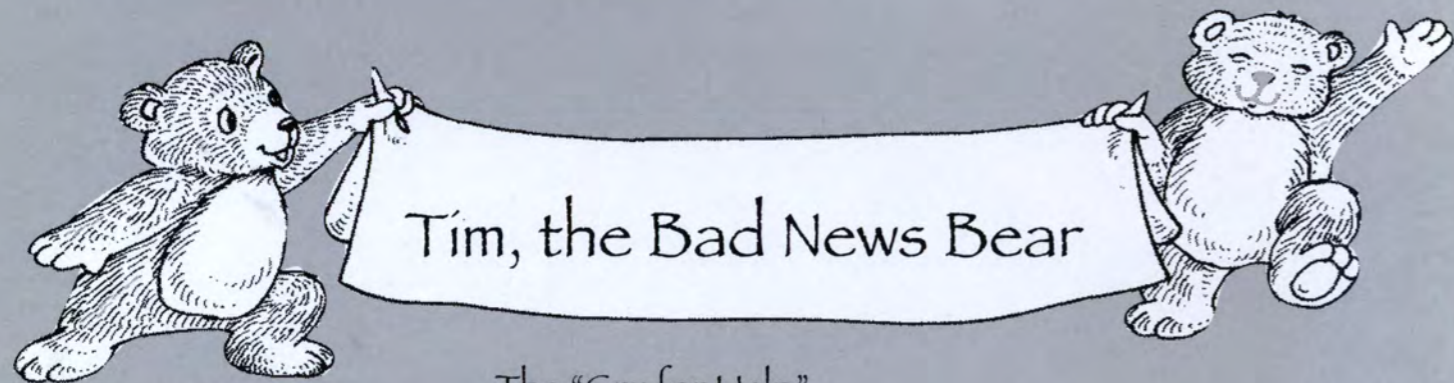
Sample Songs:

1. Matzah My Dear
2. All You Need Is Lox
3. Shiksa To Ride
4. Bris and Shout
5. Gefilte Skelter
6. Mean Mr. Matzah
7. When I'm Sixty-Four (I'm Moving To Florida)
8. Shlep!
9. Money (That's What I Want)

Inspirations

Origins of modern crazes and innovations

Tickle-me Elmo	Burn-me Raggedy Ann
The Pet Rock	Mental Illness
Bottled Water	Pickled Air
The Gutenberg Press	Monk-in-a-box
The Helicopter	The Tasmanian Single Winged Sparrow
The Steam Engine	The Geysermobile
The Hoola Hoop	The Mime Cube



The "Pink Slip"

Boss: Tim, I was wondering if you could tell Jenkins that he's being laid off...you're good with this kind of stuff.

Tim: (nods knowingly) minutes later...

Jenkins: Hey, Tim, how's it hanging.
Tim: We're going to have to let you go.

Jenkins: Oh, Jesus no.

Tim: He can't help you now, unless he's hiring a deadbeat whose wife is cheating on him with his best friend.

Jenkins: Man, you doubled up on that one.

Tim: I'm in a groove.

The "Cry for Help"

Bill: (coming home from work; sees Tim at his front door, packing his cubs and belongings into a van) Hey, what the hell?

Tim: Sorry, Bill. You owe about 10 million dollars in back-taxes, we're going to have to repossess all of your belongings.

Bill: We?

Tim: The IRS.

Bill: I'm a bear!

Tim: The bear IRS?

Bill: That's not a real thing.

Tim: (looks down, ashamed) I'm out of work.

Bill: You need help.

Tim: I'll maul you good! (swipes at his face, weakly...then falls into Bill's arms sobbing)...

Bill: I know...I know. Let's get you some honey.

The "Weather Report"

Meredith: Wow, it's such a nice day outside.

Tim: Actually, the guy on the weather channel said it's supposed to rain.

Meredith: Oh, I love rain!

Tim: It'll probably be acid rain. Burn right through the skin. (Awkward Pause)

Meredith: ...Well, at least we have our health...

Tim: We both have heart disease, Meredith.



A young John Wolfstein was arrested in his youth for protesting what he believed to be unfair segregationist policies. A barbed wire fence around the chicken coop had bitterly divided carnivores and chickens into East and West. In his now famous speech, Wolfstein called upon Farmer Brown to take action. "Farmer Brown, tear down this fence!" Quickly apprehended after such a public display of rebellion, Wolfstein spent his time in jail digging through the prison archives. It was during this time that he became influenced by the work of Chef John J. Purdois, particularly his seminal work, "1000 Recipes for Lamb," and began to seriously consider entering politics.

Wolfstein with friend and confidant, Steven Stork entered politics a year later. Though the two were close, Stork noted that at times there seemed to be a distance between him and "Wolfey." He wrote in his journal, "I count him as one of my closest friends, and yet I feel as though should I show the slightest sign of developing a plump, robust figure, he would turn on me." Eventually, this distance became insurmountable, and Stork refused to run with Wolfstein in his bid for office. "Lately, I feel as though John wants me to join the Wolfstein slate only to lure me onto the Wolfstein plate."



Lately you have been hearing a lot about a certain John Sheeplton...



BUT THE FACT IS THAT UNDER THE SHEEPLTON ADMINISTRATION OVER 20,000 CHILDREN GO TO BED HUNGRY EVERY NIGHT.
Mr. Sheeplton, if you want to criticize me for my voting record, maybe you should take a good look at the facts.
FACT: If you broiled Sheeplton for an hour, threw him on the stove, added some broth and some potatoes, you'd have a pretty fine looking stew.


VOTE WOLFSTEIN!


VOTE!





WOLFSTEIN: THE CHOP STOPS HERE!





 The Chili's cash registers are NOT Y2K compliant. Come in for a large family meal and order over \$1,000 worth of food and merchandise. If you land a non-patched register, the counter will reset at 1000 and cycle back to 0. You will be tempted to run up exactly 1,000 dollars, but this may illicit suspicion so it's better not to be stingy. May take several attempts, but this one is sweet when it hits.

 The Chili's Grill has a standing policy of giving free appetizers to any person who sends back a burger for being overcooked. At the same time, Chili's will not allow patrons to request burgers to be cooked rare or medium-rare, resulting in an inherent contradiction. As of yet, the yields of this hack have been limited to free appetizers, but some experts project that this hack could later be used to actually make it possible to get a rare or medium-rare hamburger despite Chili's kitchen policies.

 Chili's has a frequently misunderstood policy printed above the pay phone which reads: "If you're drunk, we'll call a cab- it's on us." Many novice hackers think this means that Chili's will pay for free cab rides. Unfortunately, what the policy actually means is that Chili's will pay for the phone call (leaving the cost of the cab ride itself to the drunken patron.) However, Chili's rule books never say which cab company they are required to call. Print fake business cards with your friend's phone number on them and the words "Safe Cab Company." Pretend to be drunk, and when Chili's offers to call a cab, you've just opened up unlimited local phone calls. (The classic Gray Box hack.)

 Do not forget about the Chicken Crispers discreteness paradox. Go to Chili's with a friend, and both order the Chicken Crispers. When the food arrives, whoever receives fewer Chicken Crispers should immediately complain to the server that he did not receive as many as the other person. Then, when the server returns with more Chicken Crispers for the first person, the second person should now complain that he has less. Due to the continuous nature of matter, this process can be repeated almost indefinitely.

 Chili's servers frequently forget to charge for club soda. This isn't the most impressive hack, but it's a good option to have in your bag of tricks when other strategies have gone awry.

 The human body has a spot just above the kidney and below the rib cage that, if stabbed precisely, will be instantly debilitating without being fatal. This spot is usually impossible to reach, but fortunately the Chili's Sport Sheet posted above the urinals causes male patrons between 5'6" and 6'2" to arch their torsos in exactly the right way to expose this vulnerability. Neutralize your target and leave him bound in front of the urinal. Now return to your table, and when your meal is over, stand up and announce that someone has been stabbed in the restroom. Sneak out during the ensuing confusion.

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume CVL No. 4

Origins

March 30, 2005



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The Good Chili's (Menlo)
The Bad Chili's (Mtn. View)
Robert Landis

Fuck You

The Quesadilla Explosion

Rest in Peace

Ronaldo the Rat

Carry On

Mr Wayward Son



THE STANFORD Chaparral

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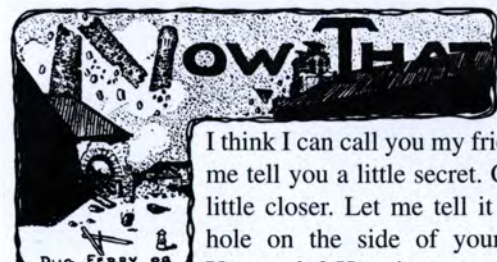
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

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

REFLECTIONS



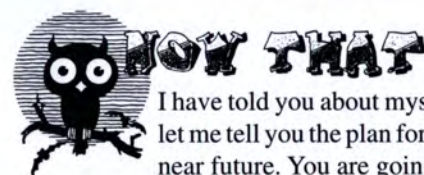
I think I can call you my friend, let me tell you a little secret. Come a little closer. Let me tell it to that hole on the side of your head. You ready? Here it goes... I don't

really need glasses.

Wow I feel like a heavy burden has been lifted from my shoulders. No, not that one, but I definitely feel a bit lighter. I should tell secrets more often. We should all tell secrets more often. We all have too many secrets, but my voice is my passport to freedom from the shackles of secrecy. What? You think I am making a mountain out of a mole hill? I think you talk too much.

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Some say we are all born with secrets. Adam and Eve were born with a secret: they were completely naked. Others are born with secrets they will not find out for quite some time. Some are born as a lovechild of a KGB spy deep undercover as the wife of a high level CIA agent. That's a doozy. Some are born as a result of a drunken night at Meyer's Pub. Some were born during an earthquake and some were just born in a crossfire hurricane. Most of use come from meager beginnings, but fortunately for us we've got two things that ain't too much of a secret: charisma and a really sweet dividend reinvestment plan.



I have told you about myself, let me tell you the plan for the near future. You are going to make a choice soon, a very special one. A choice of appropriation. Whether to give your hard earned ducats to a car powered by the heavenly sun, a broadcast news channel with round the clock DVD menu coverage, or perhaps, an 105 year-old humor magazine. I recommend the latter. It deserves it. You deserve it. Solar fuel can wait, the Sixth Sense deleted scenes will still be just as untenable, but the joke spout that goes straight to your face can be shut at anytime. You are still going to drive the gasoline car for quite some time, filling up her tank when it runs dry. These jokes here within? They've

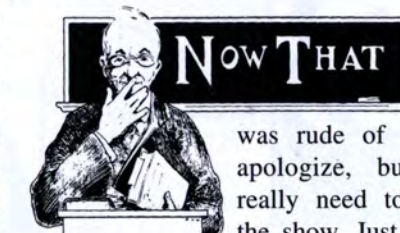
got some serious mileage. So hop in and let up slowly on the clutch. You'll be laughing sooner that you can read the "My other car is a vagina" bumper sticker on the cherry red Ford pick-up a couple miles in front of you.

Some choices are made for you, like the duration of your life or whether or not your MS will act up during a nationally televised debate. You just gotta roll with it and hope that whoever finds you when you die will be kind enough to cover you in a flammable liquid, build you a little boat, and push you off into the Terman Fountain so that your soul can reach Valhalla to feast on the flesh of one million catholic school girls. The flesh fiesta can wait though if you have things to do before you go. Don't force it. Just let it happen. Avoid temptation and don't forget that there is only one rule: "Don't touch the..."—You know what? From your facial expression I can see that you have been here before, so I'll quit the lecture. Just remember that they work on tips.



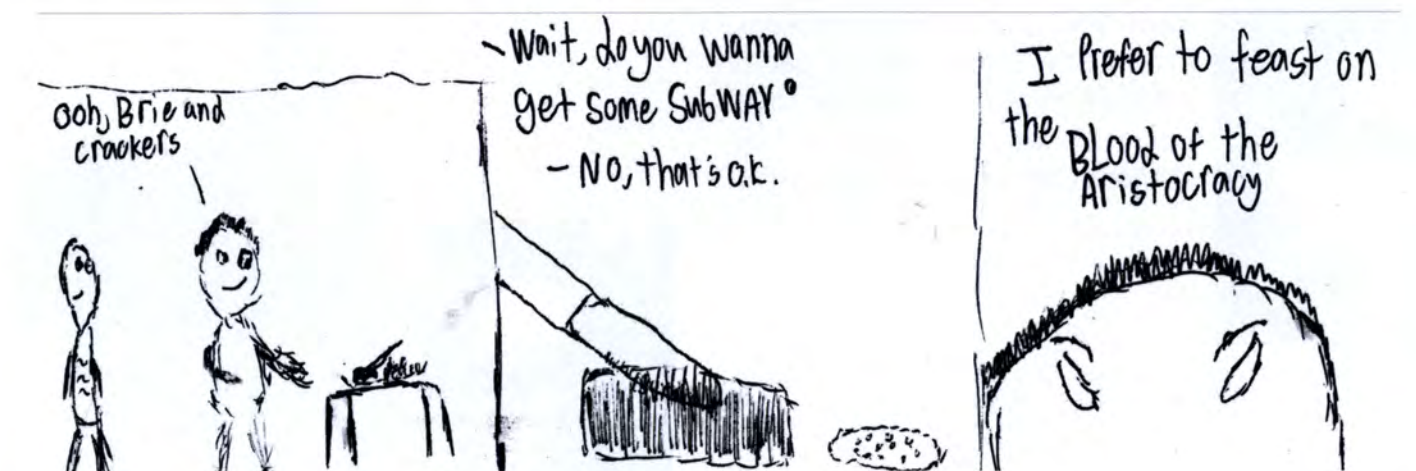
the ground rules are out of the way let's get ready for the blowoff. Just give 2 bits to Stumpy and we can begin. Just this way into the other tent. Follow the person in front of you. There you go, now just

over there in that dark corner. C'mon in you go. What? You don't want to go? You want to know who's in charge here? I'm clearly the only one who gives the marching orders. You know what the chain of command is? It's the chain I go get and beat you with 'til you understand who's in fucking command here.



was rude of me. I apologize, but we really need to start the show. Just move along, I mean you already paid and there are no refunds or exchanges.

What? You're scared of the dark? Afraid of the unknown? Have some faith. You can get through this. Although, I mean, a little divine intervention never hurt. Your mother taught you how to pray, didn't she?



Which Came First?



Well, I went to a restaurant and ordered a chicken and an egg. And the egg came first. Oh snap.



All chickens come from eggs. So the first chicken had to be born from the first egg. So the egg came first. But the egg, had to be laid by something. Probably a chicken. Oh man, this is quite the conundrum. A paradox, this should be a question for the ages!



You mean Jesus Christ and the Easter Bunny and that shit? What do I look like, some kind of faggot?



Well, let's state what we know. Everything came from the sea: cows, pterodactyls and mammoths. Therefore, a chicken can certainly come from the sea, it's a matter of a fish sprouting legs. It just has to walk out at low tide. An egg? It would wash ashore and then be taken back to sea by high tide. My money is with the chicken. It's got legs.



Well you see I raise chickens, just like my daddy and his daddy before him. And I'll tell you in all our years we ain't never had no chicken that weren't egg born.



What kind of egg? You mean like a chicken-egg?

EVAN CRAMMEL, TOUR GUIDE AND EXTREME HISTORICAL CONNOISSEUR

NEW ORLEANS "THE BIG EASY"

Okay, everybody, if you could quiet down. In just a few minutes we'll be entering the French Quarter. You might want to go ahead and get your cameras ready now. I'm going to use this time to give you a little preview of what's coming up, so when we get there you won't miss anything.

By the way, folks, if you've brought a *digital* camera along on our trip, I'm going to recommend that you just leave it under your seat. This is a city of culture and heritage. Its treasures have been fought over by the greatest nations in the world. Goddamn it if I'll have you emailing it home to Suzy and Billy like it exists just to become the wallpaper on their Toshiba laptops, a virtual neighbor to your pedestrian Instant Messenger Buddy List.

He sighs.

On your left, St. Louis Cathedral. It was originally built in 1724 and rebuilt twice after a fire and a deluge.

No, ladies and gentlemen, pixels cannot encapsulate that majesty.

THE LOUVRE "ART MUSEUM"

All right, now before we get off the bus, everyone make sure to remember to meet here, the North Entrance, at four PM sharp! We don't want to have to wait around for anyone. Bernardo, you were a little late last time - everybody make sure you keep a close eye on Bernardo! That may fly down on "Main Street," but not in Le Pari.

Oh, Mrs. Bishop? I see you have a sketchbook sticking out of your tote. Maybe you should just leave that here on the bus. Really, I don't think your Bic erasable pen can capture the chiaroscuro shading of Michelangelo Merisi's Death of the Virgin - it'd be cute, you know, but ultimately sickening.

He gives her shoulders an encouraging squeeze.

And please, don't remark about how the Mona Lisa is smaller that you thought it would be. I am sure she is thinking the same things about you.

Okay, everyone! Remember, four PM sharp!

Try not to let a feeble attempt to "make a memory" ruin the grandeur of your surroundings!

EIFFEL TOWER

Now everyone, pay attention. You don't want to flunk the end-of-tour quiz. The Eiffel Tower was built in 1889 and has since welcomed more than 200 million visitors. Just pulling your leg about the quiz, ladies and gents. We don't need a quiz to ascertain the depths of your ignorance - I can see it in your furrowed brows and thick-knuckled, guidebook-clutching hands!

Oh and Edwin, if you looking for your travel journal, I threw it in the Seine. I wanted something on this tour to have at least one real chance to absorb the greatness of this city. The Eiffel Tower was almost torn down in 1909, but I'm sure you already knew that, you uncultured Iowan nitwit.

Okay, everybody off the bus! Actually, wait one second. Before you go running off, please refrain from using the adjectives "awesome," "cool" or "totally romantic" when remarking about the magnificent structure you about to see. It's bad enough that you low-balled Priceline.com to see it. There's no need to degrade it with your cowboy cat-calls.

He pauses for a moment.

How about this? Don't talk at all! Try to wrap your uneducated minds around more than a century of French culture without chattering like a bunch of Chinese housewives! This is history! This is a symbol of the triumph of the human spirit!

He places a hand over his heart and gazes off into the distance.

This is something special. You can't just shit out the Eiffel Tower.



Labs.google.com, Google's technology playground.

Google labs showcases a few of our favorite ideas that aren't quite ready for prime time. Your feedback can help us improve them. Please play with these prototypes and send your comments directly to the Googlers who developed them.

● **Ogle**

To all you voyeurs: say goodbye to the park bench! From the comfort of your desktop, stare lecherously at teenagers in mini-skirts, au pairs pushing baby strollers, and blossoming nieces. Using its page-rank algorithm, google will direct your perverted eyes to the most popular and unwitting "sites."

Special features: I Feel Lucky option will follow your target to her apartment and offer a comforting "shhhh" as it locks the door.

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● **Google Fratercide**

Want to kill your older brother? He deserves it man. The jerk totally saved over your best Grand Theft Auto checkpoint (the time you had the mansion with the heliport and that awesome car, you know the one). Via the power of numerous decentralized index servers, google will slay your brother.

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● **People**

Self explanatory.

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● **Google Me**

After only a quick download, Google will search the depths of your soul. That is, if you are ready for the results. Patent pending.

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● **Google Rhyme/Pun**

One hit of this button will generate pages upon pages of rhymes and puns based off the google name. For internal use only.

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● **Nikolai Gogol**

All search results are stylized with the linguistic playfulness and imaginative power of the late Russian novelist. This tool not only delivers responses in under a second, it will brilliantly expose all character defects of each Webmaster.

Originally conceived of using Google-Rhyme/Pun.

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● **Jewgle**

A spinoff of froogle.

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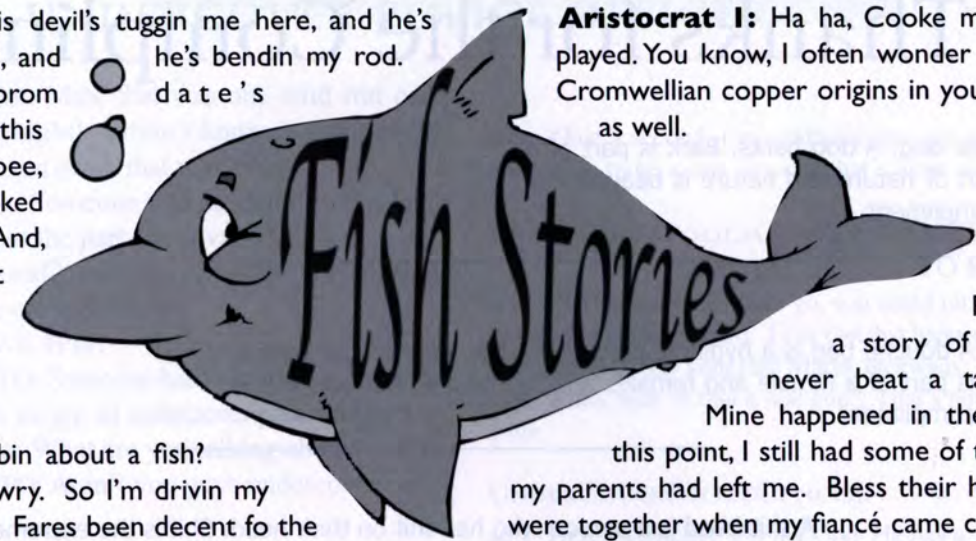
Fisherman: ...so this devil's tuggin me here, and he's yankin me over there, and The boats rockin like a prom pelvis. All of a sudden this sucker pops out, woooee, I mean this catfish looked like a Clydesdale. And, well hell, ain't no point in moanin, but I'll tell ya, that was the one that got away.

Cabbie: All dat blabbin about a fish?

Yos, I can top dat stowry. So I'm drivin my usual route you know. Fares been decent fo the night. You know. And dis guy. Must a been bout dead. I mean he's walkin without pickin his feet up, you know what I'm sayin? Shufflin. Anyways, he shuffles in front of my cab, and I'm like 'Yo what IS DIS GUY?' Next thing he comes shufflin right through the door and he's got dis blade stickin in im. Thing looked like a sickle, samurai, machete or sometin. Dis thing was big okay. So I'm like ey pal, what does dis look like, a freakin hospital ambulance? But all he can do is kinda make dis face like he's tryin to scream but nothins comin out. Finally he sez 'Newark Airport'. Anyways, long stowry short, dat was the fare dat got away.

Aristocrat 1: Chap I do say. That is the least civilized anecdote ever uttered. Perhaps I can sooth our audience with my own charming little chestnut. Eh hem. I was walking through my acreage, hands nestled in the shelter of my greatcoat, when I caught my foot upon a peculiar imperfection in the landscape. Imagine! Ah ha ha ha. Well after composing myself, I leaned over to inspect what I dearly hoped was not an unsightly root, for I had grown quite fond of our grounds keeper Remings, and it would have saddened me greatly to have to banish him and his filthy offspring from my estate. At this juncture..., well, I can see you are all simply stewing with anticipation, so I will tell you: Remings is indeed still tending to my bee huts, and what I feared was an untamed rooting turned out to be the protrudings of the largest collection of 5th century silver I am yet to find buried on The Manor. Eh hem. That got away of course.

Aristocrat 2: I do not see why you find it necessary, Rutherford, that you must best any other chap's recent account of newly discovered silver upon his property with that drab old tale. I do swear, that silver collection undergoes a miraculous transformation each time you call upon it. I would not be at the least surprised to discover that it began as a heap of Cromwellian copper.



Aristocrat 1: Ha ha, Cooke my dear fellow, well played. You know, I often wonder whether there are Cromwellian copper origins in your dear Mrs. Cooke as well.

Stranger:

You're a lucky man Mister Rutherford. But

a story of good fortune will never beat a tale of grave woe.

Mine happened in the winter of 82'. At

this point, I still had some of the inheritance that

my parents had left me. Bless their hearts. At least they were together when my fiancé came crashing through the windshield. Anyway, I and my brother, Danny, had just lost our jobs because the maggot factory got shut down, so we decided to go down to Fort Lauderdale for a few weeks. We were hoping to get a little sunshine, maybe even catch some Twins spring training. This was before Danny went to Laos and came back in a jar. Ahh, but I'm sure I'm boring you. It was a heck of a bad game for the Twins though. 'It really got away.

Salesman: Not exactly hair-raising, I'll give ya that. Heard better yarns from a wet sweater, you know what I mean.

Stranger: It was the ninth inning, two outs, two strikes, Davis hits a line drive into the crowd that left me unable to produce the neurotransmitter serotonin.

Salesman: Stuff a sock in it fella, it's my turn. So anyway, I've been on the road for three days with a trunk full of grammaphones. Haven't sold a single unit when...

Protagonist: Hey have you guys ever heard about the time I got stuck waiting for a train, and all of these crackpots started telling their crazy stories?

(silence)

Fisherman: Well, give it to me skipper.

Aristocrat 1: Indeed chap, it could not possibly exceed the ruffian taxicabist's in indecency.

Protagonist: (excited) Well it happened five years ago, I had just gotten done rescuing a girl who would later have sex with me ...

So Thanks for the Compliment

A bitch is a female dog. A dog barks. Bark is part of a tree. A tree is part of nature and nature is beautiful so thanks for the compliment.

A douche bag is a hygienic product for the vagina. The vagina is part of a female and females are beautiful so thanks for the compliment.

A shit head is a person who has shit on their head. Shit is the excrement that comes from the anus. The anus is a restricting muscle that controls the output of the rectum. The rectum is part of the alimentary canal. The alimentary regulates toxins and indigestibles in the human body. The alimentary canal saves lives, so thanks for the compliment.

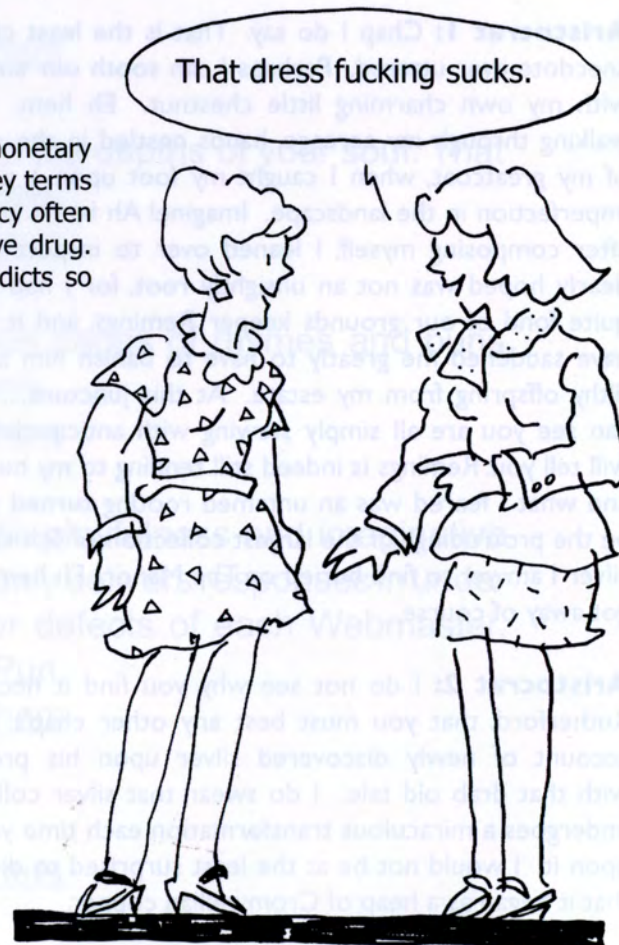
An underachiever accomplishes things that are way below the common capabilities of a normal person. Negative absolute temperature is a temperate that is below the measure of absolute zero. Absolute zero is the temperature at which all molecular activity stops. Absolute zero has never been achieved in a laboratory setting so thanks for the compliment.

A slut is a person who trades sexual pleasure for monetary value. Monetary value assigns a value to objects in money terms usually using paper currency. United States paper currency often has traces of cocaine on it. Cocaine is a very expensive drug. Expensive drugs are only bought by the rich or by addicts so thanks for the compliment.

A nobody is clearly (not) somebody. A somebody is any average person. In a democracy any average person can run for President. The President is the leader of the free world so thanks for the compliment.

A dillweed? What's that? Thanks for the compliment?

fine.



UNDERCOVER POLICE OFFICER



STEVE: Man, that was one wild frat party last night! I didn't know it was possible to even drink that much beer.

JACK: Someone told me that the cops knew about the party in advance.

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: Guys, I think our cover is blown.

STEVE: Huh?

UCPO: Someone has been alerted to the fact that we are all undercover police officers.

JACK: What are you talking about?

UCPO: Aren't you guys undercover cops?

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **HIS COVER IS BLOWN**

STEVE: Holy crap!

JACK: I don't get it. You've been an undercover cop this entire time?

UCPO: You guys haven't been undercover cops this entire time?

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **HIS FRIENDS ARE NOT POLICE OFFICERS**

STEVE: Why have you been studying so hard for all those tests?

JACK: And why have you been my roommate for three years of college?

UCPO: I need to get to the station fast!

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **THERE PROBABLY WAS A MISCOMMUNICATION SOMEWHERE**

STEVE: And why are you spying on us, we aren't criminals.

UCPO: Just a second! Let me try and figure this out! Couple of dweebs, kind of awkward, totally average in every way...it's the perfect cover for a major drug dealing operation!

JACK: Jeez...fuck you man.

STEVE: Just a second, didn't you just think we were police officers?

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER**

UCPO: I knew it. I knew you guys had lost it. Remember when you were going to bust McClowski, but you guys wanted to go hang out at the pool? That's when I knew you were on the take.

JACK: "McClowski?"

UCPO: And who isn't on the take, if you think about it (lights a cigarette). It's spazzes like you that keep me from sleeping at night. Tell me, where did you go wrong?

STEVE: Dude, we always buy our dime bags from you. If anyone's a drug dealer here, it's you.

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **A NEW TWIST**

UCPO: Hold the phone. Stop the presses. This dipstick's got a point. What if I am a drug dealer? Man, those vultures in internal affairs would eat me alive for that one. God damn pencil necks sitting in offices all day pushing pencils, they've forgotten what it's like to be out here on the streets pushing drugs. Well, I know better. Sometimes results don't come in nice little snack packs; sometimes it's crap on crackers. Sometimes a fake cop with real drugs can do more than a real cop with a fake heart.

JACK: "Just a second, I'm confused, are you a cop, or a drug dealer pretending to be a cop, or a cop that's more of a drug dealer..."

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO BEND THE RULES**

UCPO: If I let you lamebrains go, you could rat me out, ruin everything I've been working toward. I can't let that happen. Too much is at stake. (Pulls out gun) Say your Hail Marys, dickwads.

JACK: Whoa, man, is that a real gun? That's not a real gun. Dude, get a life.

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **BANG**

JACK: HOLY CHRIST. Oh my God. He has a gun. Don't shoot, man. <gulp> Please man, calm down.

UCPO: That was a warning shot, butt nuts. (presses gun against STEVE'S nose) the next one won't be.

STEVE: <gulp> Ohh...okay man, weren't we going to the station?

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **THE STATION? DON'T GET HIM STARTED**

UCPO: The station? Don't get me started. No, we're going somewhere a little different, sissies, see your pal John Rooney, the drug czar.

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **SHOWDOWN WITH THE DRUG CZAR**

UCPO: Rooney, you're looking fat. Look at what I found. A couple of your rats. (Tries to push STEVE and JACK to their knees, JACK just pushes him back)

ROONEY: (an enormous man in a pinstripe suit): I see you found my little birds. Well played, McSullivan.

STEVE: What? We have no idea who you are, mister.

UCPO: Yeah I found your pigeons, and they can sing. Sing like canaries.

ROONEY: So what do you want, McSullivan?

UCPO: Simple. I want your ass in the clink, and I'm gonna get it. Just thought I'd let you know.

ROONEY: Everyman can be bought, McSullivan. Even you.

UCPO: Sorry Rooney, my cash is conscience.

ROONEY: Don't be a fool, McSullivan, those boys will never live to see the trial.

STEVE: !?!?!?!?!?

UNDERCOVERPOLICEOFFICER: **JUST ANOTHER DAY ON THE FORCE**

UCPO: Well I guess you dill weeds are free to go. Just remember Rooney's still out there, and so am I. If you're not careful, you might just wake up one morning with a bad hangover and the only thing in the fridge is the shit sandwich that is your life.

JACK: You're still our roommate, dude.

UCPO: You want a ride home? Jump in the back of the cruiser, piss, bags.

Kitchen Crossbreeds™

The same innovators that brought you GOOBERS PB&J are proud to announce these exciting new hybrid food products:

GreySpice: The two most sacred flavors of the Indochine region: refined desert salt and crushed black pepper. Now available in one simple packet.

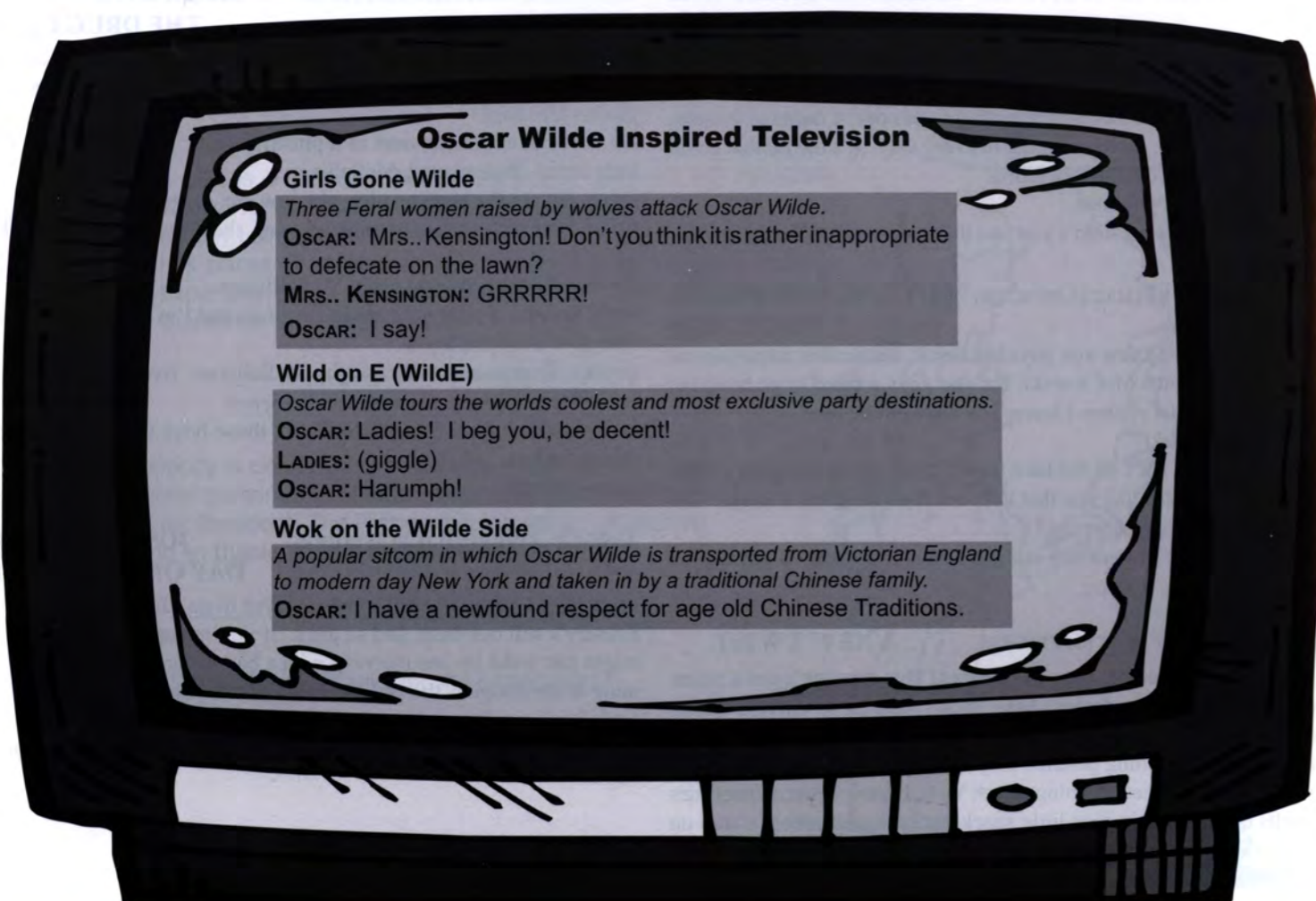
Hot 'n Easy Sauce: Plagued by heart burn, but absolutely love chicken wings, Jersey juice, and other hot sauce concoctions? Hot 'n Easy combines red hot chili sauce and a potent mint-flavored antacid.

Hot 'n Easy Express: In a hurry to get your Hot 'n Easy fix? Just crush up these hot sauce flavored antacid tablets into your favorite condiment or sauce.

FastAle: Do you get moderately intoxicated, then drink water before going to bed to prevent a hangover? Why not combine the two? This perfect mix of premium Oregon lager and California spring water is full-flavored, intoxicating and packed with hydration.

Shampoo and Conditioner: Our engineers tried to combine hair shampoo with a moisturizing conditioner agent, but it just couldn't be done. Buy these separate products in a convenient double pack.

GarbageSauce: What do you get when you combine classic yellow mustard and chocolate syrup? The resulting flavor is more dynamic and sophisticated than you might imagine.



Oscar Wilde Inspired Television

Girls Gone Wilde

Three Feral women raised by wolves attack Oscar Wilde.

OSCAR: Mrs.. Kensington! Don't you think it is rather inappropriate to defecate on the lawn?

MRS.. KENSINGTON: GRRRRR!

OSCAR: I say!

Wild on E (WildE)

Oscar Wilde tours the worlds coolest and most exclusive party destinations.

OSCAR: Ladies! I beg you, be decent!

LADIES: (giggle)

OSCAR: Harumph!

Wok on the Wilde Side

A popular sitcom in which Oscar Wilde is transported from Victorian England to modern day New York and taken in by a traditional Chinese family.

OSCAR: I have a newfound respect for age old Chinese Traditions.

An excerpt from:

Fourth Grade Wisdom: Kids Share Surprisingly Funny (and Touching) Outlooks on Life

Where do babies come from?
As answered by Mrs. McCutcheon's class
Washington Elementary, Pittsburg

When two people fall in love, the storke comes and brings them a special delivery.

Andrew McDaniel, age 8

A box.

Allison Hemp, age 8

Desperation, technology, and cold hard cash.

James Collins, age 8

The bottom of a bottle.

Phillip Stewart, age 37

Sheer human vanity.

Lao Ping, age 8

An advantageous coupling of two members of complementary gender and race.

Hans Eichmann, age 9

I saw a picture of my little brother in my mommy. He looked like he came from the pond behind our house. I wonder why Mommy made genital jam with a frog.

James Ericson, age 8

A sack.

Amanda Lawrence, age 9

Papist tomfoolery.

Maria Gratiaplana, age 8

Motherfucking romance.

Susie Chen, age 7

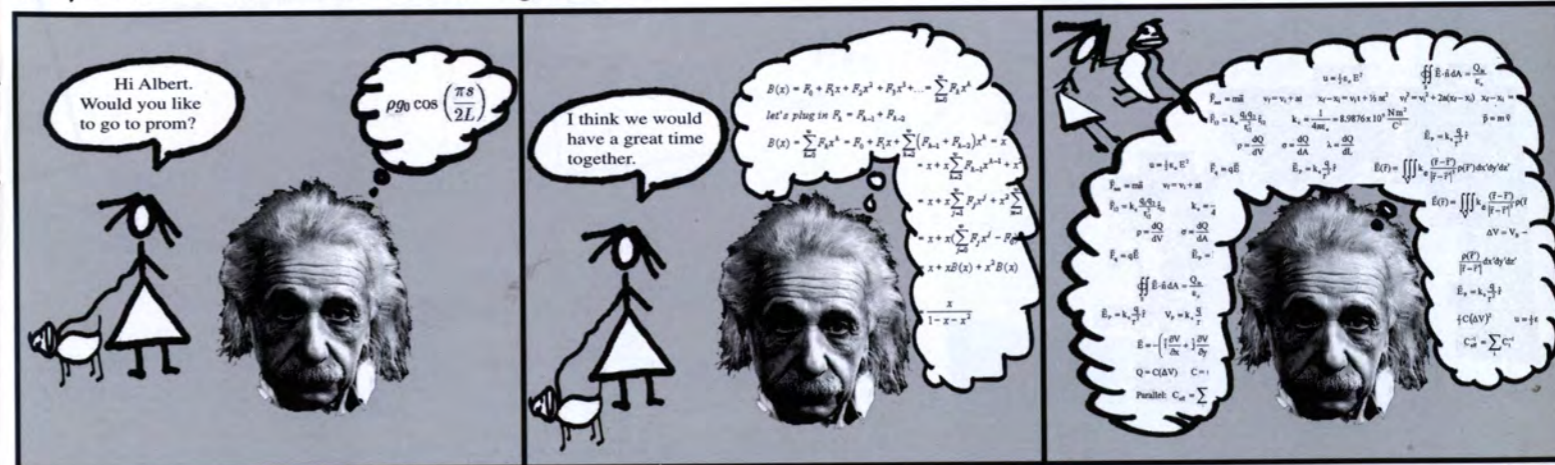
Cuervo Nation.

Bobby Williams, age 8

A sack in a box.

Alex Jochs, age 8

Why Einstein Never Got Laid in High School





MTV Networks Inc.

PRESS RELEASE

MTV Networks Inc. and Viacom are proud to announce another collaboration with the incomparable **Ashton Kutcher™** on a new project, **flunk'd**. In the spirit of passed collaborations, we are letting Kutcher loose on a college campus with an unlimited budget to really inflict chaos.

flunk'd will be for top-tier college students, what **punk'd** was celebrities. No one is safe. Kutcher and his team of sub-par actors will hatch impossibly expensive schemes to convince college students that they failed their latest test. Whatever it takes, a helicopter on fire, a pushy policeman, fake IRS or a helicopter on fire piloted by a pushy policeman, will be used to convince these "marks" that they are failures. Then, hilarity ensues! Remember Justin Timberlake thinking his possessions were stolen? Imagine a nerd test, but at life! What will happen? Will he cry? Will he fail not just a chemistry test, but at life! What will happen? Will he cry? Will he fail not just a chemistry test, but at life! What will happen? Will he cry?

Tune in to MTV on Tuesdays at 8:30pm

You just got flunk'd!

Expense Statement



Music Television Networks

Purpose: flunk'd season 1 episode 1

Employee Information
Name: A. Kutcher™

Date	Account	Descr'
1/5/05	5485	Salary A. Kutcher
1/5/05	5486	Salaray sub-par actor
1/6/05	5248	Helicopter
1/7/05	5284	Chemistry Lab Coats

Approved: _____
Notes: _____

For Office Use Only

Submittal Advances
TOTAL \$ 561,700.00

per hour



CASE No: 148534

Forward to: District Court City Court Juvenile Court

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA CLARA COUNTY
HOMICIDE ARREST REPORT

AFFIDAVIT FOR PROBABLE CAUSE FOR ARREST WITHOUT WARRANT

Arrest Date: 1/7/2005
Location: Teaching Center Sequoia (TCSeq)
Name: ASHTON KUTCHER (TM)
Race: W Sex: "Why certainly!"

Arresting Officer: R. De La Duffy #5483

Time: 1123
STANFORD UNIVERSITY

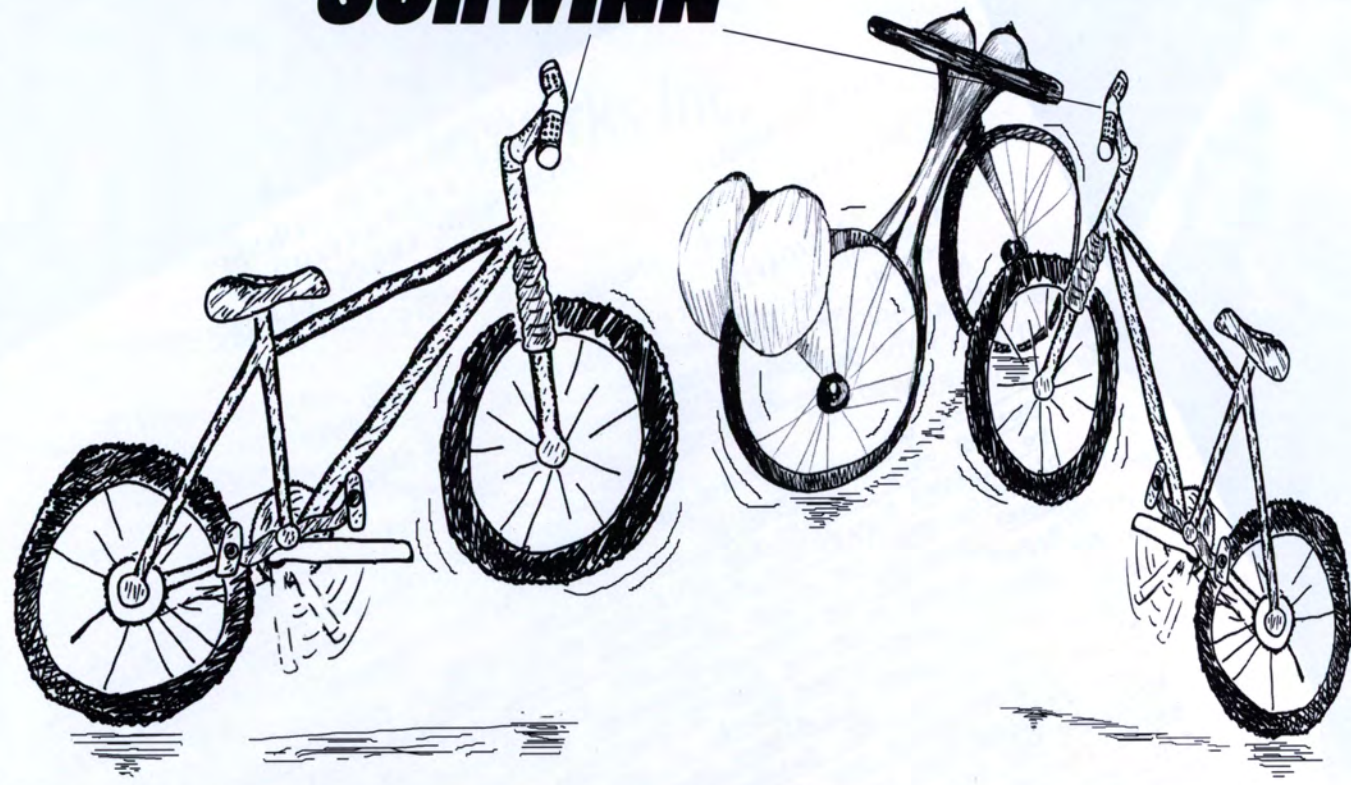
PROBABLE CAUSE & FACTS OF ARREST

A call was recieved on 1/7/2005 reporting a student [Randy Popski] acting very dangerously in response to failing a Chemistry exam. When we arrived Popski was threatening to jump from the second floor balcony claiming that he would lose his financial aid because he failed his latest test. At the scene we found Mr. Kutcher and several sub-par actors dressed up as chemists filming the ordeal while pointing and laughing. Mr. Kutcher approached Popski and yelled to film Popski on the balcony. He was not cooperative with questioning, apparently for the report "You just got flunk'd." Almost immediately Popski and several accomplices jumped into his face to die on impact. Mr. Kutcher and accomplices proceeded to film Popski while manipulating his dead body into several auto-erotic positions while yelling that he "just got flunk'd." We arrested Mr. Kutcher on the spot. He was offering him sex when inquiring about his gender for the report and continually claimed that he was a citizen of "CuervoNation." Our investigation has indicated that such a country does not exist.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT:
Message for Judy McGrath, Chairman MTV

Hey Judy
I have some concerns with
Flunk'd. Have you watched the news today?
-Summer

SCHWINN



Please Say Yes.



No other organization gives you more for your money.

Vote Chappie Special Fee

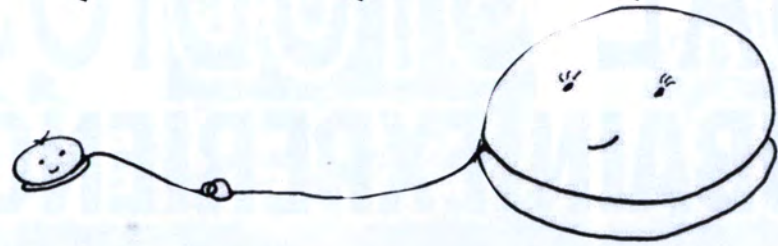
Vote April 6 & 7

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS THE KURT COBAIN EXPERIENCE



- ★ SMILE INSANELY AS THE TEARS RUN DOWN YOUR CHEEKS.
- ★ GAZE UPON A FROTHING PUDDLE OF ZOMBIES THAT USED TO BE YOUR FRIENDS.
- ★ WATCH YOUR WIFE ALLOW THE MOSH PIT TO IMPREGNATE HER.
- ★ SURRENDER TO YOUR TORMENT. LOOK UP TO SEE EVERYONE APPLAUDING.
- ★ WATCH YOUR ATTEMPT AT SELF DESTRUCTION SPAWN A GAP CLOTHING LINE.
- ★ SCREAM YOURSELF TO SLEEP.

toys toys toys toys



YO YO MA



YO YO MAFIA



YO YO MOP



YO YO MOD



YO YO MONSTER



YO YO MONTY



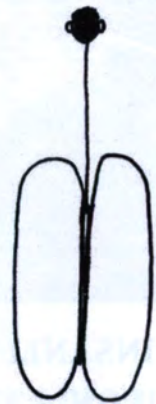
YO YO MONTAGUE



YO YO MONOCLE



YO YO MOB



YO YO BUTT



YO YO, MA



YO YO MOSS

AIRPORT SMOKERS' LOUNGES ACROSS AMERICA

#1. "TURN IT AROUND"

SALT LAKE CITY INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT: SMOKERS' LOUNGE

A: (LOOKS OUT WINDOW AT AIR
TRAFFIC CONTROLLER)

B: (LIGHTS CIGARETTE)

A: THAT GUY MUST BE FREEZING,
HUH?

B: (LOOKS AT AIR TRAFFIC
CONTROLLER) YEAH, NO KIDDING.

A: HE SORT OF LOOKS LIKE MY OLD
WIFE.

B: OH. YOU DIVORCED?

A: YEAH...

B: MAN THAT'S HARD.

A: HARDEST THING I'VE EVER GONE
THROUGH.

B: I'M SO SORRY.

A: IT'S OKAY. I GOT REMARRIED
FIFTEEN YEARS AGO NOW AND I'M
HAPPY.

B: (NODS)

A: (ADJUSTS PANTS)

#2. "MADE IN TAIWAN"

ALBANY INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT: SMOKERS' LOUNGE

A: (LOOKS AT SAMSONITE LUGGAGE)

B: (LIGHTS CIGARETTE)

A: LOOK AT THIS. TWO HUNDRED
BUCKS, AND I CAN'T

BELIEVE IT'S ALREADY BROKEN.

B: HUH. (LONG DRAG)

A: I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I TRY
ANYMORE.

#3. "HIT 'EM HARD"

CHICAGO MIDWAY AIRPORT:
SMOKER'S LOUNGE

A: YOU REMEMBER THAT BALLPLAYER LOU
GEHRIG?

B: SURE.

A: (TAKES LONG DRAG)

B: (LOOKS OUT WINDOW)

A: I'M DYING OF LOU GEHRIG'S DISEASE.

B: (LOOKS OUT WINDOW)

A: (LONG DRAG)

B: (COUGHS)

#4. "PLAY IT MEAN"

NEWARK AIRPORT: SMOKERS'
LOUNGE

A: (LONG DRAG)

B: (SHORT COUGH)

A: WHERE TO?

B: OH...VERMONT.

A: WHY WOULD YOU GO THERE?

B: GOING TO A FUNERAL, ACTU-
ALLY.

A: WHOSE?

B: OH, UM, MY DAD'S.

A: HOW OLD WAS HE?

B: (FLICKS LIGHTER) HE WAS 92.

A: NOT BAD.

B: (ADJUSTS PANTS)

A: WHAT'D HE DIE OF?

B: IT WAS CANCER.

A: WHAT SORT?

B: ...UM, IT WAS A BRAIN TUMOR.

A: GOD...YOU KNOW, MY DOG HAD
THAT TOO.

B: YEAH. I'M SORRY.

A: NO, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
WE'VE GOT A GREAT VET.

B: (LONG DRAG)

A: (NODS)

#5. "SOLO RAGE"

DENVER INTERNATIONAL:
SMOKERS' LOUNGE

A: (LOOKS OUTSIDE AT AIRPLANE
PULLING UP TO GATE)

A: (LONG, SLOW BREATH)

A: (UNDER BREATH) FUUUUCK...

A: (LONG DRAG)

A: (SLOW EXHALE)

A: ...MODERNITY...

A: (SQUINTS EYES)

A: (SLOW SMILE)

A Meeting with



Thanks for coming on such short notice. This is a very serious issue.



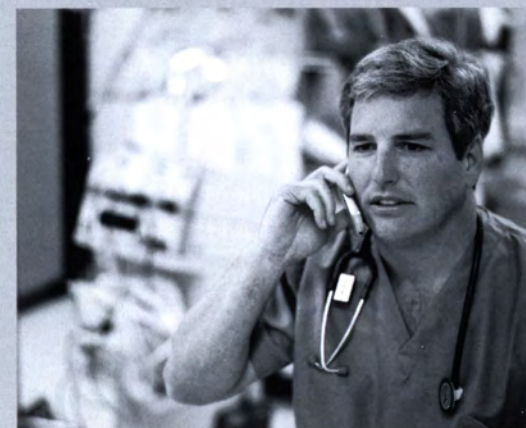
Ok, a quadruple bypass is a very intricate procedure. I wanted you to meet with me so that you can be as comfortable come game time.



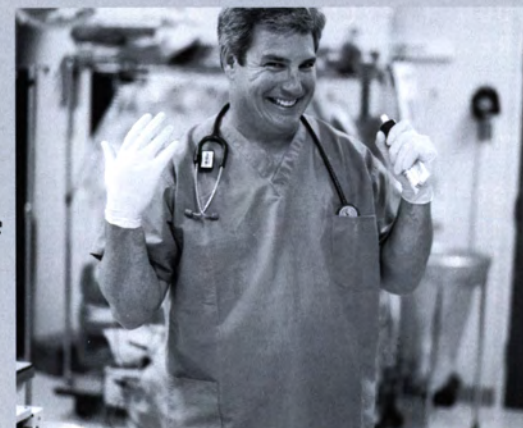
I also see that you are dating a 24 year old. Nice



I'll bet she keeps you exercising real nice.



Oh, it's your heart calling. It says it's going to quit at any moment.



Just kidding. It was my parole officer.

the DOCTOR



(game time)



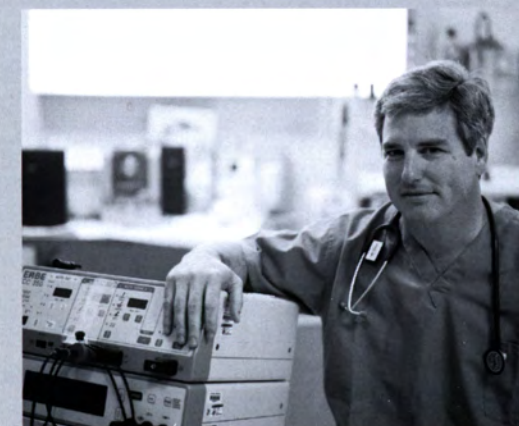
It looks like from your file that you've been on a low cholesterol diet for quite some time. Good work.



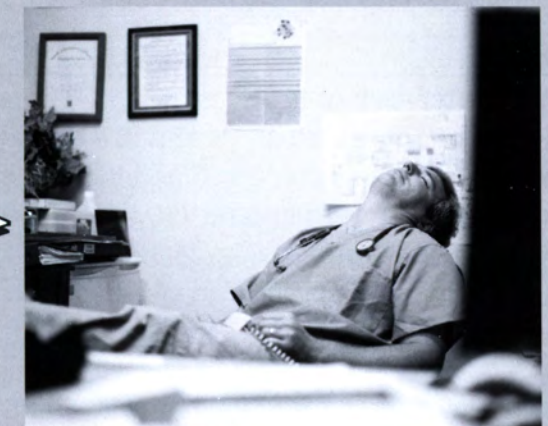
Anyway, I am going to start you on a daily dose of 100mg of Lipitor.



Because I can.



This machine is only as good as the people who operate it.



Murder Insurance



In October of 1987, Mutual of Omaha offered a ground-breaking insurance plan to customers. Those covered were insured a hefty monetary compensation in the case that they were either a victim of homicide or committed a homicide. After meticulous statistical studies Murder Insurance figured to make a net gain of over one billion dollars for Mutual of Omaha stockholders. More importantly, the company was offering unprecedented piece of mind to clients. No longer would you have to accept the fact that taking someone's life in cold blood meant hanging you and your family out to dry. Immediately following its inception, Murder Insurance started making headlines across the country, stirring controversy from big cities to tiny farming communities. Critics claimed that Murder Insurance gave people incentives to commit heinous crimes. Proponents claimed it gave people hope.

August 1992: While walking home on a Saturday night, Richard Benson witnessed his best friend getting stabbed by a loan shark who he owed money to. After the homicide was completed, Benson wiped off the killer's finger prints and replaced them with his own. Next, he called his friend's phone number and left a screaming voice mail, explicitly mentioning that he planned to stab him. Having no alibi for the crime, Benson was quickly convicted of 1st degree murder. His purchase of Murder Insurance two weeks before the crime guaranteed him one million dollars that he would collect at the end of his fifteen year sentence. In April 2002, ten years into Benson's sentence, a group of plucky law school students looked into the case and discovered that Benson had indeed framed himself for murder. Benson was acquitted of all murder charges and was subsequently indicted for insurance fraud. He spent three more months in jail and was given a \$100,000 fine.

...nian is swearing that these are the first reported claims regarding

December 2001: O.J Simpson, having lost the majority of his fortune in a wrongful death suit filed by the parents of Ron Goldman, wrote an autobiographical book entitled *Coming Clean*. In it, Simpson confessed to the murders of both Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman. Simpson was sentenced to fifteen years in prison. He was also guaranteed a substantial sum from the Murder Insurance policy he purchased in 1999, estimated at around two million dollars for the double homicide. However, after his conviction, Mutual of Omaha declared that it would not be honoring Simpson's coverage because the plan was purchased after the murders had already been committed. *Coming Clean* sold 30 million copies worldwide, and Simpson entered prison once again a multimillionaire.

December 2004: Con artist Danny Ocean gets let out on parole and already has his next heist planned. But first he will have to assemble an all-star cast of thieves: he'll need a pickpocket, a liar, a neurotic pyrotechnician, a seducer, a beautiful classicist, an immature hacker, and a recently blinded neurotic gymnast. Their goal? To steal a 50 megaton hydrogen bomb from a heavily guarded U.S. weapons lab, and then detonate it in the middle of New York city on New Year's Eve. The payoff? 30 million murders, or 5×10^{12} dollars from each participant's Mutual of Omaha Executive Murder Insurance package.

Policy Holder: *X Bruce Willis*

December 1996: After purchasing a premium Murder Insurance policy, Byron Smith left a note to his family saying that he was 'going to make them proud.' Smith then drank a fifth gallon of whiskey, hopped into his Dodge Caravan and drove through a mini-mall, killing 16 people. This unprecedented death toll could have made for the largest payday in Murder Insurance history. As it was Smith's attempt to provide for his family failed when a Mutual of Omaha claims investigator determined that Smith's letter was written ex post facto, and hence decided that all the deaths should be classified as manslaughter. Smith was sent to prison for thirty years and his Geico auto insurance covered the damage to his family's Caravan.

Dirty Harry

Dirty Harry (grizzled voice): So I guess you're asking yourself 'do I feel lucky'? Well do you? Punk?

Deadbeat: You're that dirty cop everyone's talking about. Dirty Dave or something.

Dirty Harry: As far as you're concerned, scum, I am judge, jury and executioner

Deadbeat: Damn you are dirty. It looks like you just climbed out of a chimney

Dirty Harry: Climbed out of your worst nightmare shitheel. (Harry erupts in coughs. Clouds of soot emerge from his mouth).

Deadbeat: Whoa, are you alright man?

Dirty Harry: Stay where you are dirtbag (Harry pulls out a rag covered in bicycle grease and coughs into it.)

Deadbeat: I have a clean one if...

Dirty Harry: I said don't move, slimeball. (Wipes his eyes with rag)

Deadbeat: Oh stop. That's disgusting.

Dirty Harry: You know what I think is disgusting? The fact that there are greasebuckets like you out on the streets. (Spits black)

Deadbeat: Seriously, you should do something about that. It's not healthy.

(Walsh knocks on Harry's apartment door)

Walsh: Harry, you in there?

(Dirty Harry's apartment, dimly lit, venetian shades are drawn and crooked. A pile of old peanut butter jars begins to move as Harry awakens from beneath them. Bleary eyed, he wades through a sea of pizza boxes towards the bathroom. He trips over a completely empty trash can)

Walsh: Harry, I can hear you in there.

(Dirty Harry opens the door)

Walsh: Jesus, Harry. When was the last time you took out the garbage?

Dirty Harry: Why should I take out the garbage? The world is one big trash heap anyways, filled with scum. Murdering scum. Scum from an unwashed shower, what's the difference?

Walsh: Harry, you're wife died five years ago. It's time to clean your apartment

Dirty Harry: My wife used to clean my apartment. I remember her clean, shampooed hair glistening in the sun. Every time I try and clean something, I'm reminded of her. Brushing my teeth, doing the laundry, washing the dishes. I can't go back to that life.

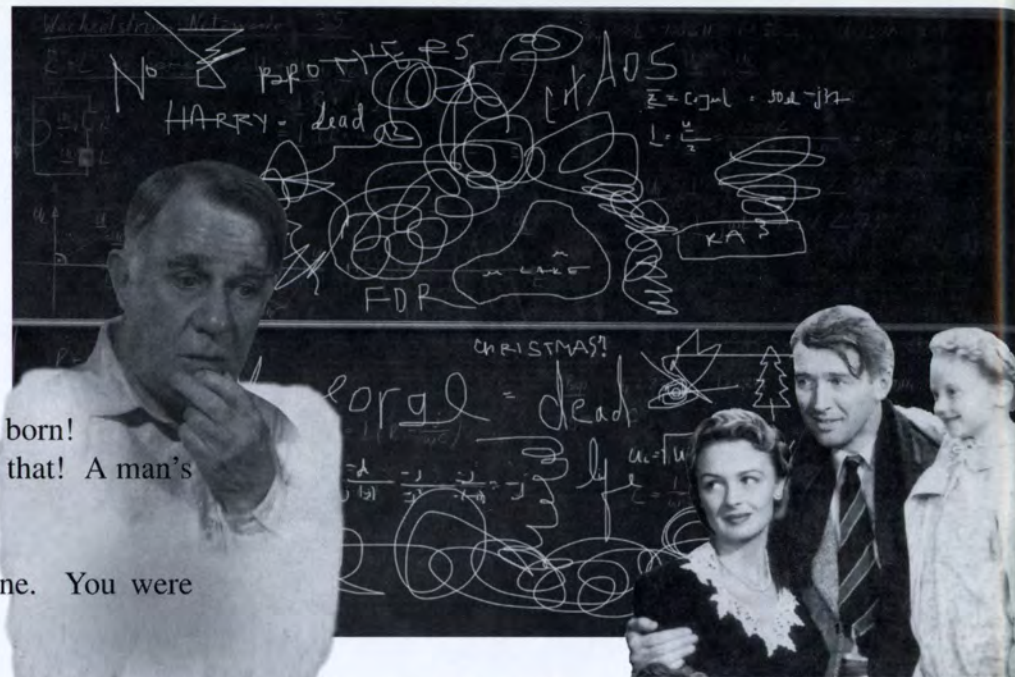
Walsh: We need to get you a maid.

Captain: Alright boys, listen up! Some sleazeball is feeding all of our secrets to Boss Maloni! Maloni is always three steps ahead of us! We got a dirty cop in our midst, boys. DIRTY. (Everybody looks at Dirty Harry)

Dirty Harry: What?



IT'S A CHAOTIC LIFE!



George Bailey: I wish I had never been born!
Clarence: Oh! Mr. Bailey! Don't say that! A man's life is God's most precious gift!
George: Well, I mean it.
Clarence: Fine then, George. It's done. You were never born.

(At the Graveyard, in front of a tombstone covered by leaves)

George: Clarence, why have you taken me here? Oh my god! That's right! My brother Harry! If I had never been born, Harry would have drowned in the lake! I was the one who saved him!

Clarence: Calm down, George. Let's not jump to conclusions. Even the smallest disturbances in the space-time continuum can lead to profound changes in the most unexpected ways.

George: What?
Clarence: It's basic chaos theory. If a butterfly flaps its wings in China the effects are greatly amplified over time and lead to a massive tornado in Kansas. Similarly, if there's no George Bailey, a whole radically different timeline results.

George: What are you trying to say, Clarence?
Clarence: Your brother Harry survived the crash he had in the lake. But he died when a massive tornado hit Kansas.

(A gust of wind reveals a Tombstone that says HARRY BAILEY)

George: NOOOOOO!
Clarence: Let me finish. Harry was only in Kansas because he was involved in a conspiracy to assassinate President Roosevelt. If that tornado hadn't hit Kansas, we would have lost the war!

George: Oh.
Clarence: So you see George, if you hadn't been born, that tornado would kill thousands of people! Including people that you care about!

George: But it would also save President Roosevelt's life.

Clarence: Huh. That's a solid point.
George: I'm confused.

(In front of the Building and Loan)

George: Oh my gosh! The Building and Loan! It's all run down...what happened?

(An opulent man walks out of the Building and Loan)

George: That man, is that...?
Clarence: That's right George, that's you.
(Rich George passes a man begging on the street and kicks him)

George: Wait, I thought that I wasn't born?
Clarence: Oh George, you don't understand Chaos Theory at all! When you weren't born, it caused the creation of a WHOLE DIFFERENT TIMELINE. You not being born caused such a disturbance in space time that it resulted in you being born.

(Rich George lights his cigar with a hundred dollar bill, and then uses his cigar to light another hundred dollar bill on fire.)

George: What?
Clarence: Consequently, in this timeline, you are an extremely rich, yet extremely arrogant aristocrat who is going to learn the true meaning of Christmas tonight by being visited by the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future.

George: This doesn't make any sense!
Clarence: Don't get mad at me, George. I'm only here to show you Christmas Present, I can't change the past.

George: This is the present?
Clarence: You really should be more generous, George.
George: Bah Humbug!

A FATHER -SON CONVERSATION



Hey pops, where did I come from?



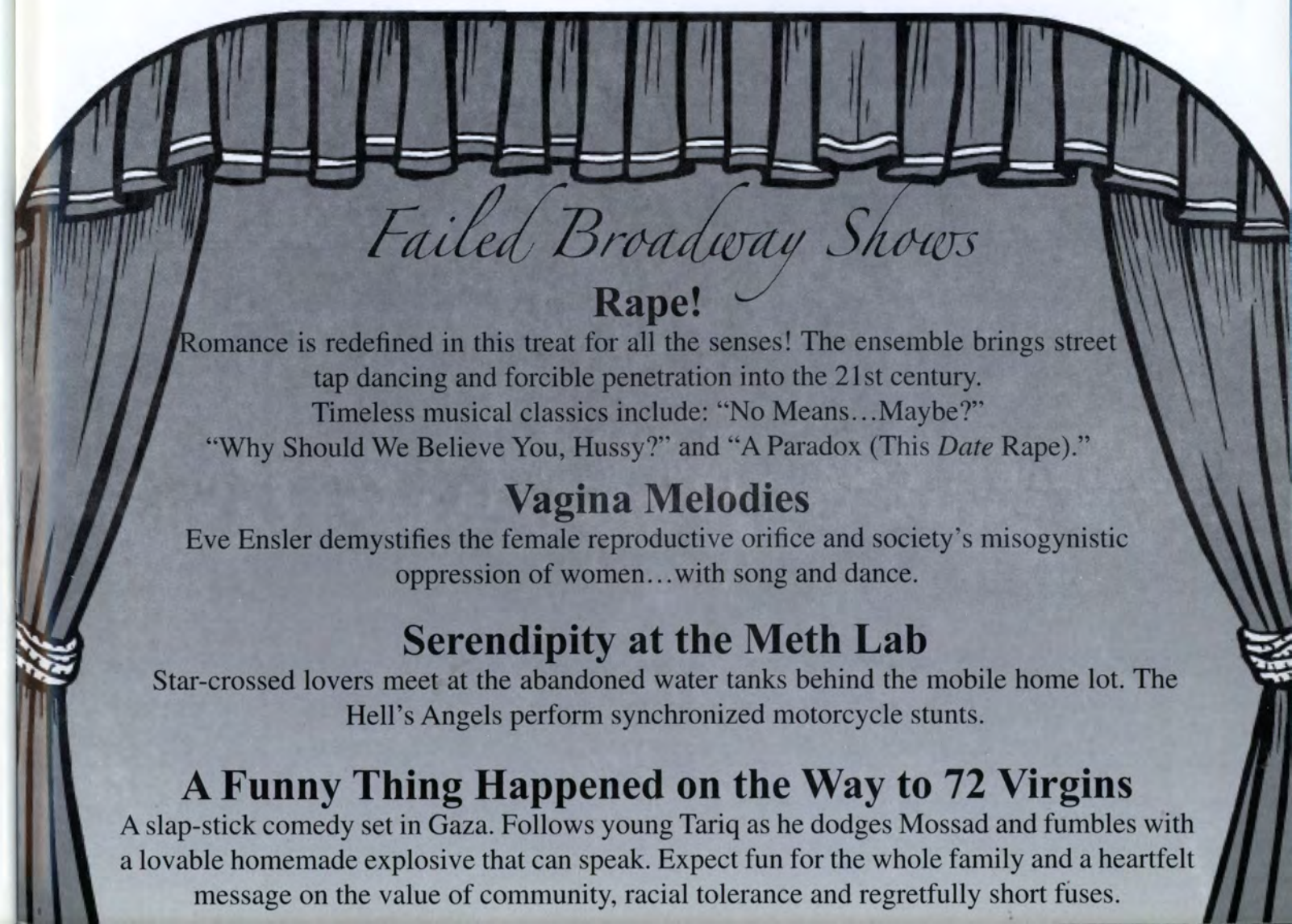
What, is this gonna be one of those father-son conversations?



Yeah, how was I born?



Well you didn't come out of MY vagina, that's for sure.



Failed Broadway Shows

Rape!

Romance is redefined in this treat for all the senses! The ensemble brings street tap dancing and forcible penetration into the 21st century. Timeless musical classics include: "No Means...Maybe?" "Why Should We Believe You, Hussy?" and "A Paradox (This Date Rape)."

Vagina Melodies

Eve Ensler demystifies the female reproductive orifice and society's misogynistic oppression of women...with song and dance.


Serendipity at the Meth Lab


Star-crossed lovers meet at the abandoned water tanks behind the mobile home lot. The Hell's Angels perform synchronized motorcycle stunts.


A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to 72 Virgins


A slap-stick comedy set in Gaza. Follows young Tariq as he dodges Mossad and fumbles with a lovable homemade explosive that can speak. Expect fun for the whole family and a heartfelt message on the value of community, racial tolerance and regretfully short fuses.


A Pug Dog By Any Other Name

 What? Are you embarrassed to be seen walking through the streets holding hands with a pug dog?


 What will people think?


 This is San Francisco, do you think that in this epicenter of depravity, the sight of a beautiful woman hand in hand with a pug dog would turn anyone's head.


 Well, I...


 It is perfectly acceptable for a woman to hold hands with a friend who happens to be a pug dog.


 ...


 If anyone asks, you can tell them that I am an old family friend who is going through a traumatic time in his life right now. No one will question that pug dog's also need the comfort of physical contact when they are feeling down.


 (Pause) I just feel embarrassed.


 If anyone asks, you can just say you are blind, and I am your seeing-eye pug dog who leads you by the hand. No decent person would question the necessity of holding your seeing-eye pug dog's hand.


 I mean embarrassed to be holding hands with anyone.


 If you do not want to hold my hand, then by all means don't hold my hand. But I'll tell you this right now, it will look considerably worse for us to walk side by side and not be holding hands. People will talk. People will say, "Oh that woman. She means to assert superiority over that poor pug dog by making him walk at her heel like an animal. Though he is a pug dog, is he not just as human as the rest of us?"


 (The girl smiles and takes the pug's paw)


 There is that so ghastly?


 No, it's nice.


 (The couple strolls hand in paw, pointing and laughing at the garments and gadgets of the street side merchants, not a care between them of the gawks and whispers that inevitably pursue the pairing of girl and pug)

 You know my dove, there is a question that soon I will be meaning to ask you?

 What is it?

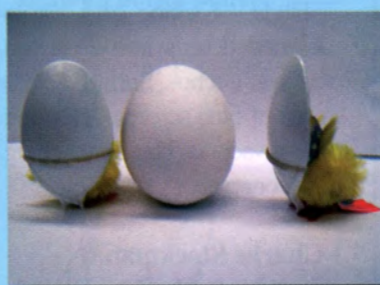
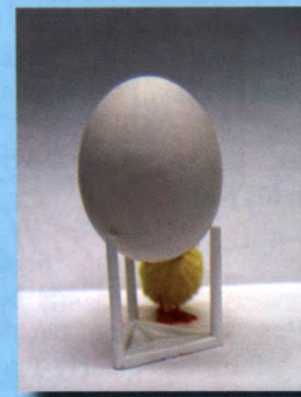
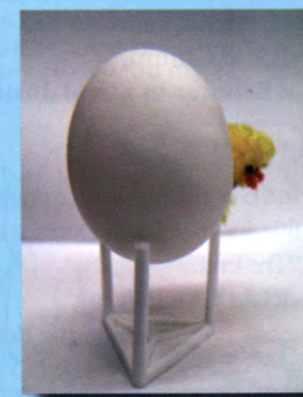
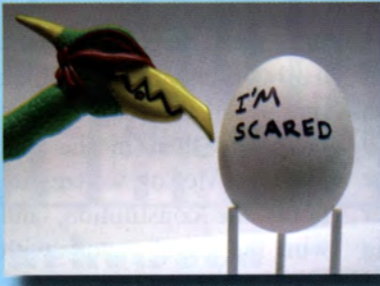
 Not yet, I do not wish to spoil the moment.

 (Later. The afternoon sun creeps around a drawn shade, the girl lies fast asleep. Yellow sheets expose her bare shoulder, and a smile of contentedness stretches across her beaming cheeks. The pug sits at the desk in the room smoking a cigarette. Slowly he looks over to ensure that the girl is not awake, then dips one paw into her floral purse, emerging with her wallet.)

 (Softly) The question, my fawn, is this: How does it feel to be played by a PUG DOG?

The Chappie Asks You:

Chicken or Egg?



THE END.

We prompted the staff...

"In the beginning..."

In the beginning the brine shrimp were lively. By the second week, their tiny corpses littered the UnderseaKingdom@-- and the top of the tank was covered with slime.

-Annie Wyman

Traumatized

In the beginning it seemed like a great idea: get a rag-tag group of scruffy but lovable kids together and tell them that their mission is to solve the mystery of what's inside the bag of broken glass, and then turn their wily adventures into a hilarious Saturday morning cartoon. Though the State of California believes otherwise, I think a show like that would have been real neat.

-Jonathan Eccles,

Problem Child

In the beginning, we were just hangin' and bangin' with our boys down in Long Beach.

-Matt Steinberg,

Nostalgic for Days of Yore

Sassy
Intelligent
Nihilistic
Growl!
Ubiquitous
Luscious
Awesome

Rowrr!
Introspective
Totally
Yeah!

-Allan Phillips,

Focused

In the beginning I only had the pieces, a half cup of coffee, and the directions written in Japanese. But in the end, when the dust settled, I stood triumphant in front of my fully functional home entertainment system..

-Chris Holt,

State of the Art

In the beginning, there was the word. And the word was bird. Bird, bird, bird. Bird's the word. Leviticus, man. That's the shit.

-Andrew Ardinger,

Ants in his pants

In the beginning I thought it would be a good idea to take a fat kid's Oreos at lunch and eat them in front of him. Later, I found out that those delicious - yet deceitful - sandwich cookies contained trans fat. I guess he got the last laugh.

-Jeremy Schneider,

Cut Down in His Prime

In the beginning was tomato.

-Adrian Perry,

Scientologist?

In the beginning there's this muffled bassy voice singing the chorus. Slowly it grows greater in treble and less in bass. After four times or so it's totally treble-y, then the synthetic drums and the other singers join in with a big punch on the one. BOOM! Just like that. BOOM! Right on the one. BOOM! After that? Well, I guess it's pretty much the same from thereon in. But man, that beginning? BOOM!

-Chuck Armstrong,

Out of left field

In the beginning I thought it would be a meaningless fling, but things progressed quickly. I grew an emotional attachment and I will never forgive myself. Degrassi: The New Generation, I can't live without you.

-Matthew Henick,

Noggin' Canadian Style

In the beginning rockstars ruled the earth. They ate dinosaurs.

-Noah Priluck,

Teaching in Georgia

In the Beginning people had a lot more opportunities for yelling.

-Josh Constine,

First Hand Knowledge

In the beginning it was pretty fun - hanging out, talking, laughing, you know. But by the end, it wasn't worth it. I felt like I didn't have any time for myself. It was at this point I realized friends weren't for me.

-Carrie Kemper,

Going Places

In the beginning the hardworking men in blue line up all the suspects and facts and then in the end the Jack McCoy waltzes in, flouts the constitution, and wins the moral victory with no thanks to those that got him there. I'm just glad that Jerry Orbach isn't around to see the disgrace.

-Katie Gillum,

Believer in Street Justice

In the beginning was the original title for the classic Doors song, "The End".

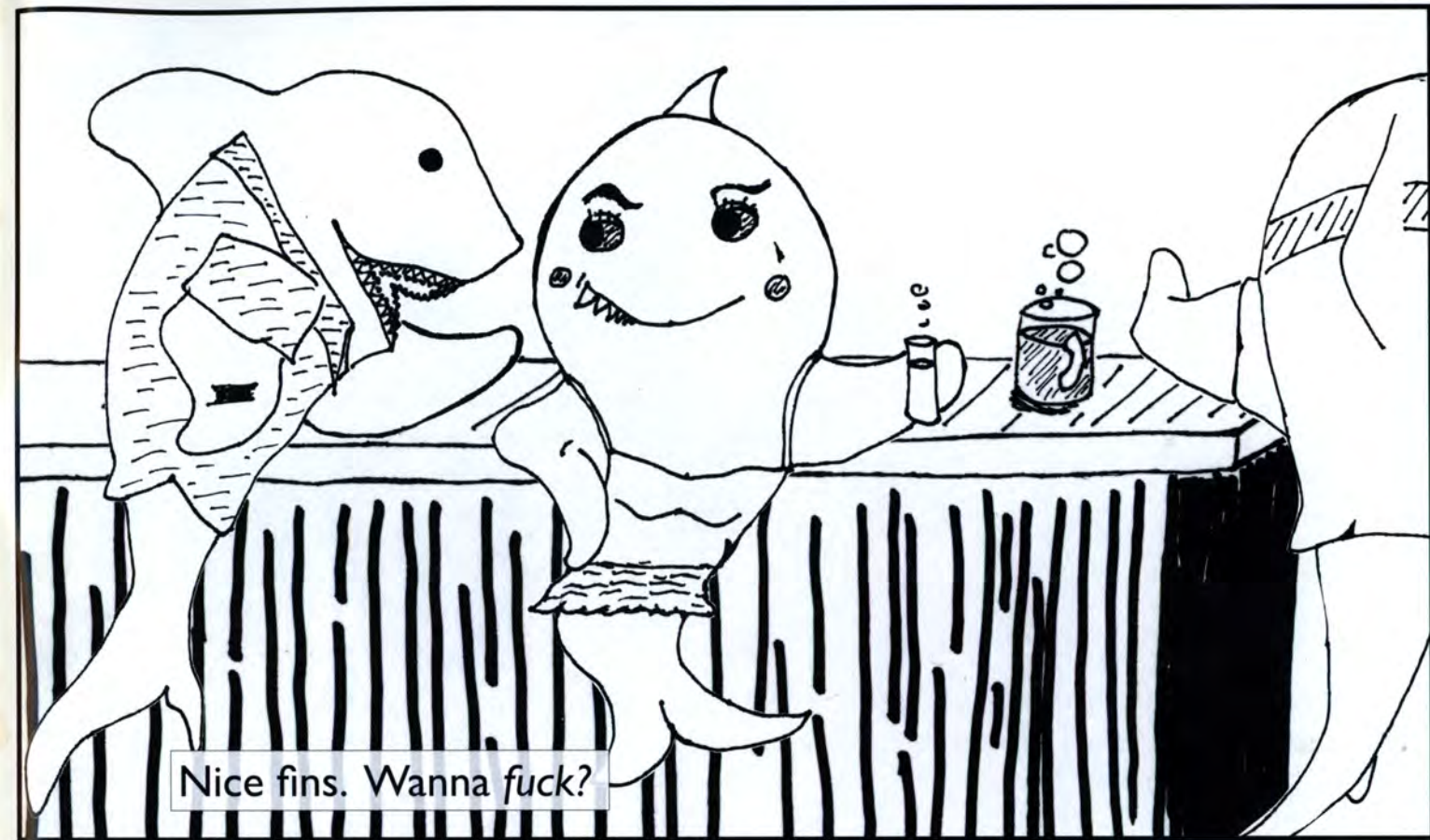
-Rishi Chanderraj,

Behind the times

In the beginning, I was alone, and here I am again. Skipping stones across the stillness of my solitude. Kicking cans across deserted deserts into a canyon that can't echo. Surfing across a sea of blue screens. Hacking into a vacuous harddrive, hoping someone, seeing, seizes me.

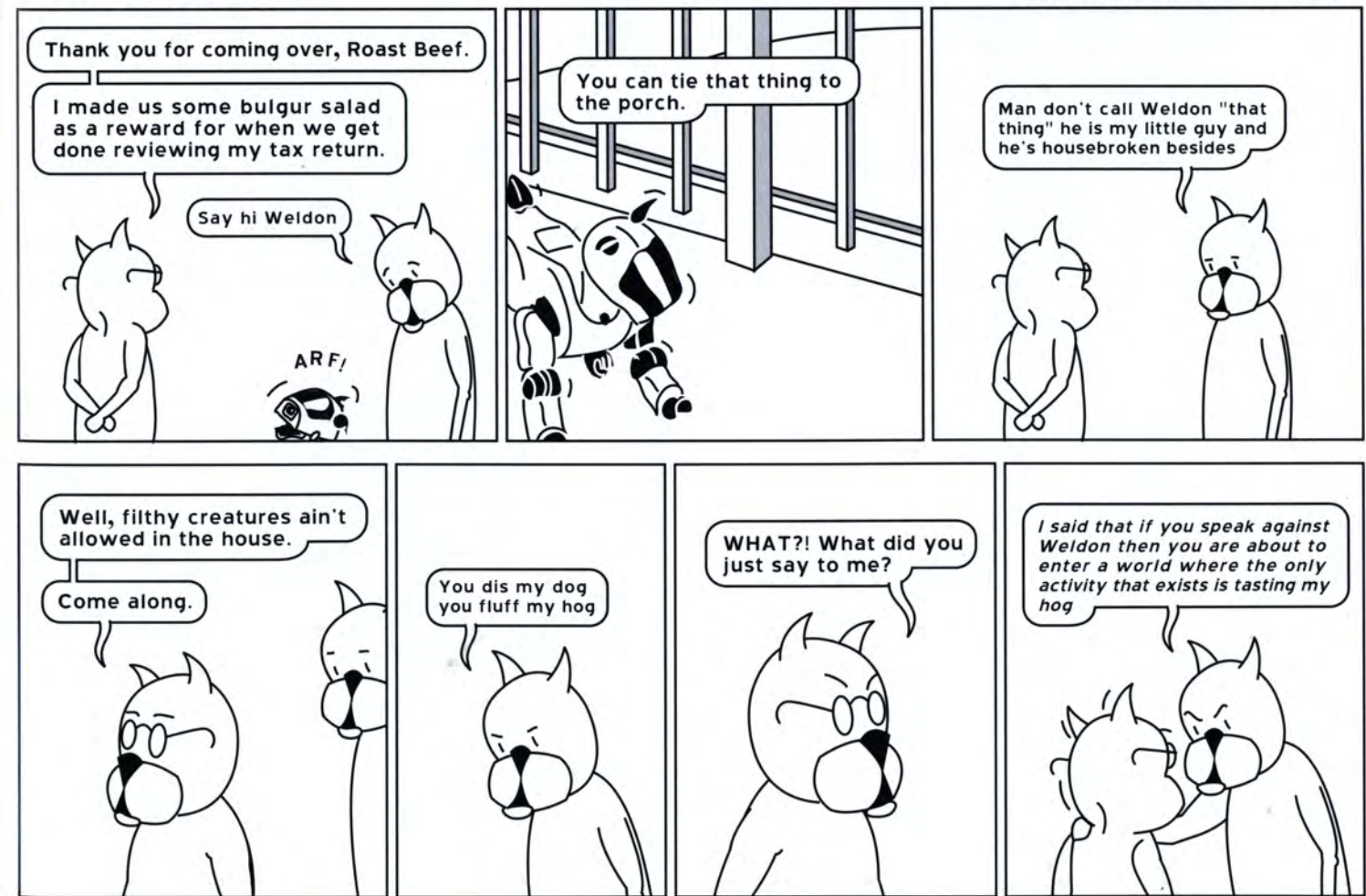
-Charlie Stockman,

Has Absolutely Zero Friends



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