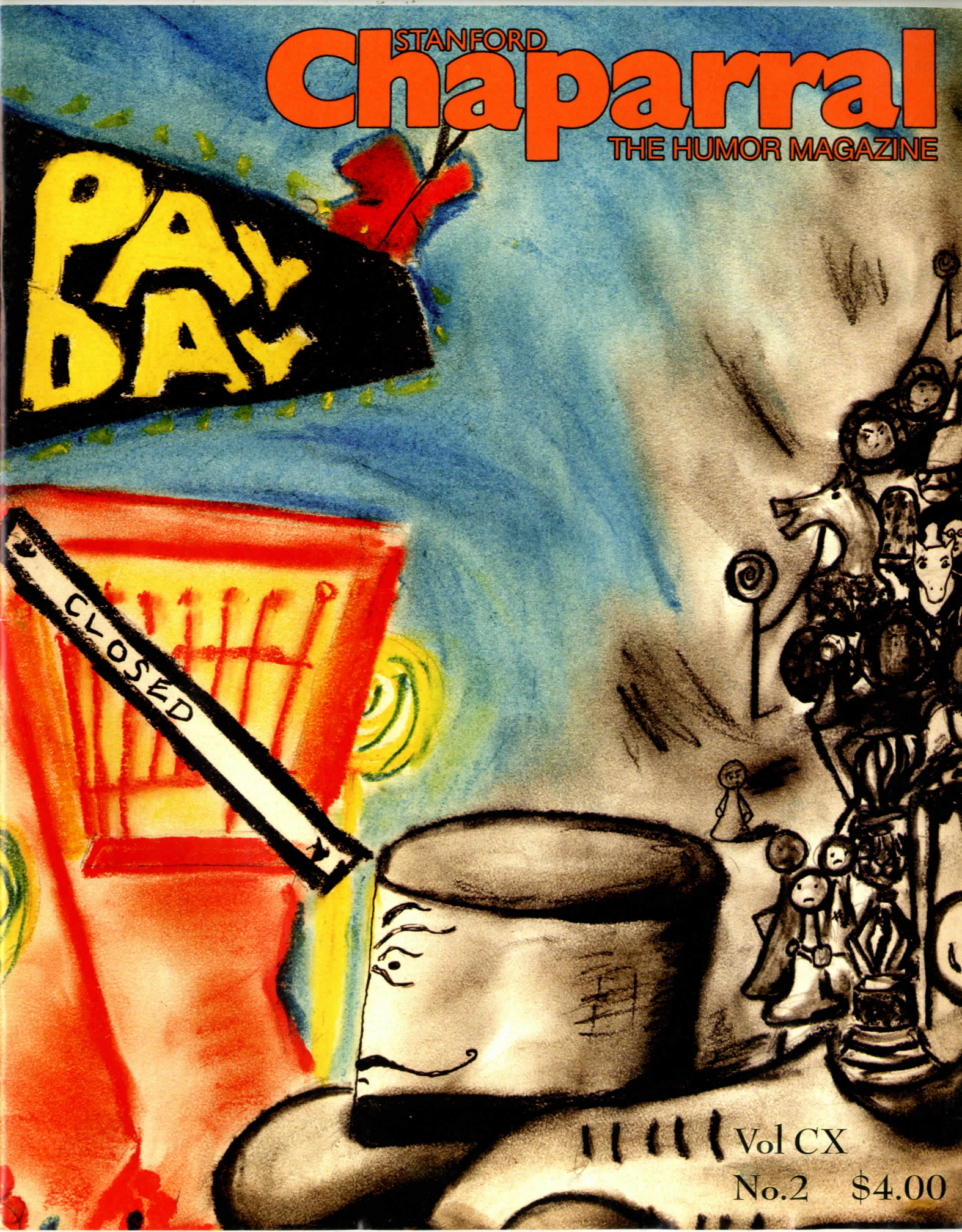


STANFORD
Chaparral
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



Vol CX
No.2 \$4.00

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Cyberpunk- This genre tends to take place in not-too-distant future, when computers have become sentient and dominate daily life. The protagonists of cyberpunk stories are often hackers or other technological outlaws. Common themes include totalitarianism and the nature of consciousness and identity.

elites known as "owners" and a class of slaves known as "carriers".

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Steampunk- Steampunk novels depict an alternate world where some modern technology has been recreated using only the steam power technology available during the 19th century. In addition to describing an alternate history, this genre also has a unique art aesthetic. Jules Verne and H. G. Wells are frequently cited as influences for steampunk authors.

Simplemachinepunk- In this category of alternate history, all technology is derived from the lever, wheel and axle, pulley, inclined plane, wedge, and screw. Critics sometimes scoff at the descriptions of time machines and computers being built of 100 wedges, 6 levers, and 20 pulleys, but suspension of disbelief is a prerequisite for simplemachinepunk. While very few works in this genre have been published, it has a very active online community.

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Bronzepunk- An extrapolation of the steampunk idea, bronzepunk evisions a modern society that has never moved out of the bronze age. Without lighter metals like aluminum and titanium, even relatively small machines are tremendously heavy. As a result, society is divided into a class of

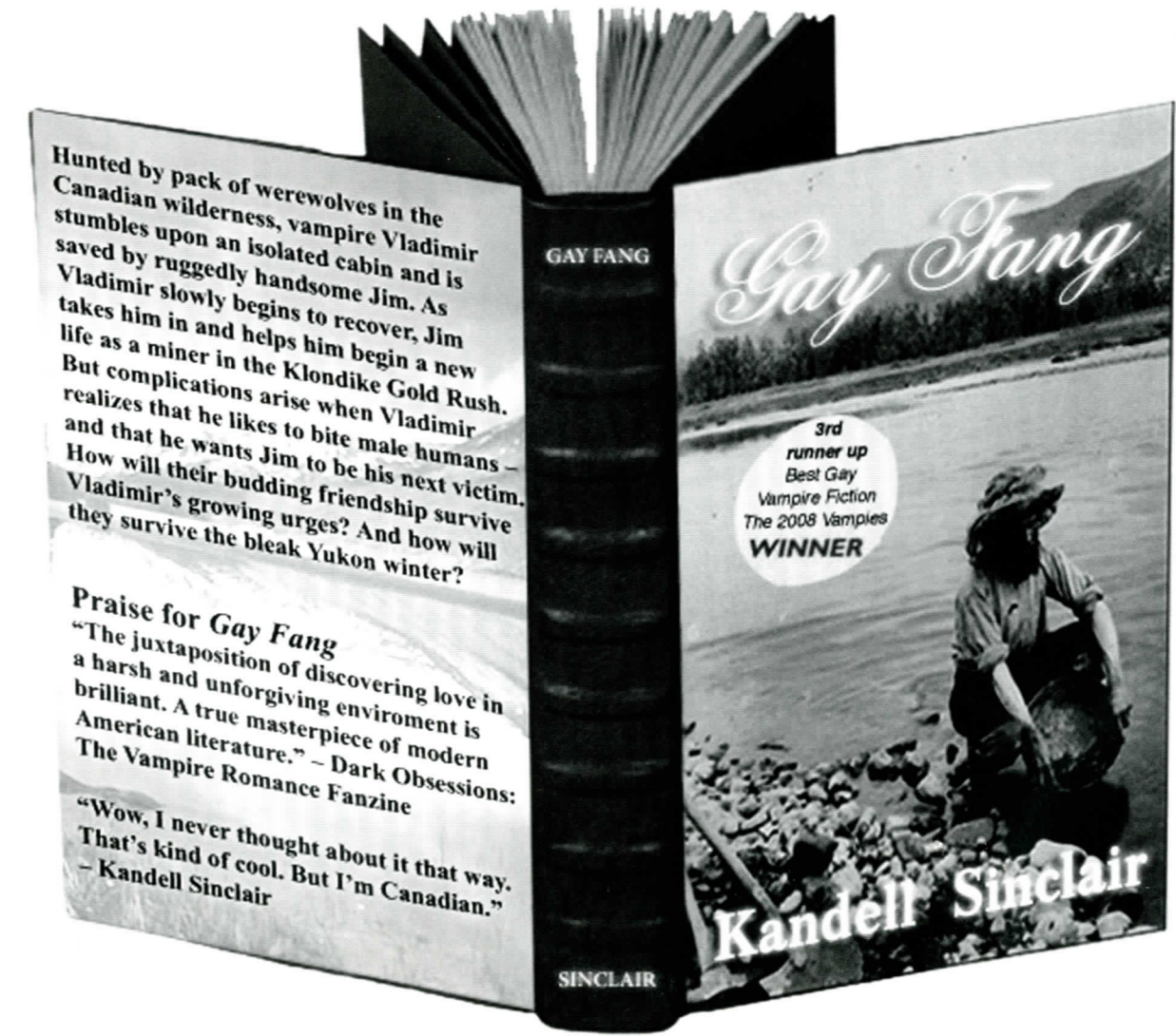
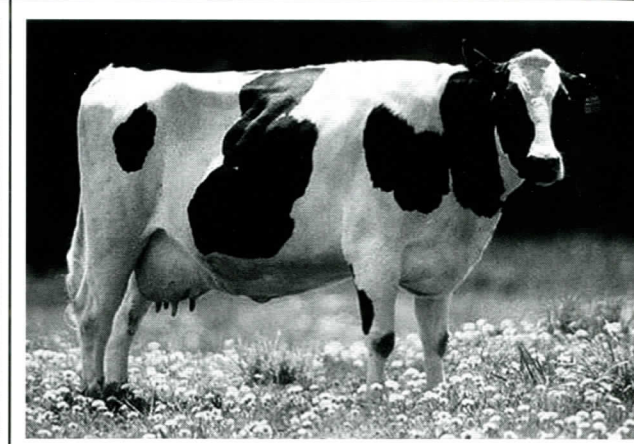
Windows95punk- A more subtle distinction than any of the previous genres, Windows95punk depicts a very near future that contains only the technology of the very near past. Specifically, development of computer operating systems has stalled after the release of Windows 95, as society has found it sufficient for every need. Good Windows95punk writers manage to show the small but pervasive effects that lack of plug and play support have on society.



You mean you've never had a hamburger before?



C'mon just try a bite... You only live once!



In April 1978 a top secret council of genetic biologists recovered a random hair sample from the drain of a public shower and used it create 512 perfect clones of the anonymous donor. The clones were all named Paul. These are the noteworthy clones as recorded by the project manager.

Paul 77 won the Mega Millions Jackpot lottery, the prize money coming in at a total of 32 million dollars. When the lottery committee found out Paul 77 was a clone, however, they stripped him of his winnings and gave it all to Paul 0.

Paul 4 was adopted by a family in St Paul, MN and has lived a fairly uneventful life ever since. He trained to be an Olympic cyclist, but after an ankle injury retired and went to college. He majored in economics and makes his living as an accountant. His hobbies include collecting baseball cards, playing acoustic guitar, and spending time with his children.

Paul 25 discovered the secret to everlasting happiness and the alleviation of suffering. Using this knowledge he lifted countless third world countries out of poverty and ill health while spending most of his free time volunteering at various humanitarian organizations. Today he is working on a vaccine for HIV and studying for his doctorate in neuroscience.

Paul 26 also discovered the secret to everlasting happiness and the alleviation of suffering, but spent most of his life playing Halo and jamming gum into vending machine change slots.

Left: Paul 414 with pet iguana Paul
Bottom: Graph of genetic variation versus defecation

Paul 13 died at age 13 of a fatal purple nurple administered by Paul 26.

Paul "onium" 210 is intensely radioactive and is approximately 250,000 times more toxic than hydrogen cyanide. Paul 210 emits alpha particles which damage organic tissue and is largely responsible for the 1956 death of Irene Joliot-Curie, daughter of radioactive physics pioneer Marie Curie. Paul 210 later reported to authorities that he "didn't mean anything by it, [he] just bumped into her at a nuclear physics lab and wanted change for a twenty."

Paul 0 was later discovered to be a metal worker and vehement anti-cloning advocate who protested against the cloning of Dolly the sheep in 1996. Although the scientists intended for the DNA donor to be anonymous, they forgot to take into account there would be 512 copies of the person walking around in public for all to recognize.

clone project 512

Payday Number

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume CX

No. 2

WRITING CREDITS

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4	Clones	Alterman
6	Now That	Maher
7	Lincoln Douglas I	Lyman
8	Free Willy	McCurdy
9	Pet Movies	Lyman
10	U.S. Mint Whistleblower	McCurdy
11	Umbertini	Macmillan
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14	Wendy's Secret Menu	Funk
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ART CREDITS

1	Cover	Allenby
14	Unmoved Mover	Maher
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27	Nose	McClure



Staff

'09

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Catherine Harrell
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'10

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Special Thanks

Prodigy Press
Mariposa County
MA
Wally, King of the Dogs
Javier Fernandez

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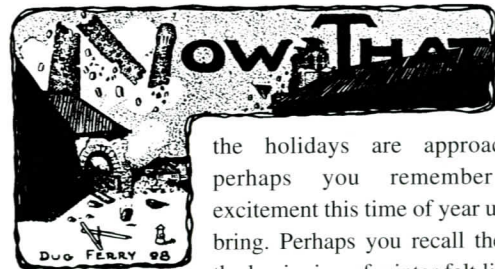
MEGHAN MCCURDY '09 *Old Boy* **PATRICK MAHER '09** *Old Boy*
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.



the holidays are approaching, perhaps you remember the excitement this time of year used to bring. Perhaps you recall the way the beginning of winter felt like the culmination of the year, the absolute pinnacle. Presents, cookies, a break from school--what more could a child want? And if that stretch between Thanksgiving and the new year felt too brief, it only served to enhance

anticipation for next year.

Now That childhood can squarely be called "over", though, perhaps you have noticed how that excitement has dulled. How each year, those emotional peaks have eroded into hills, on their way to desolate plains. Maybe your cynicism is getting in the way of something truly special. Maybe that rush of excitement would return if you could just clear your mind of all the unnecessary stress and worry. Then again, maybe when

you were young you just didn't understand how similar each day was to the ones before and after.

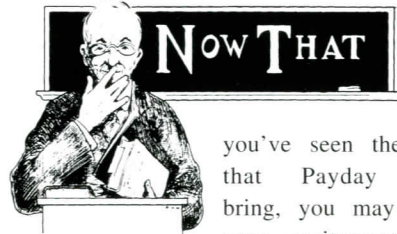
Now That seems like a sad thought, but relax. There's comfort to be had, for as one holiday diminishes in our lives, another rises to take its place. And not just any holiday; what could be more fulfilling than a holiday where you're directly rewarded for your accomplishments? That's right. Payday.

You may scoff at first. What kind of holiday is Payday, after all? It's nowhere to be found on a standard-issue calendar. It has no accompanying songs or Charlie Brown specials. It carries no tradition, no entrenched position in our culture. But try to think in broader terms. While you may not celebrate Payday alongside your neighbor, you celebrate it nonetheless. The songs you sing are the ones your favorite radio station plays on the drive home. The only traditions are those of your own creation. Rethink that scoff. Christmas is a rote pattern tessellated onto millions of houses. Payday is the most personal holiday of all.

On Payday you can reward yourself with your favorite luxuries. Never been a fan of turkey on Thanksgiving? Come Payday, you can buy that T-bone you've been dying for. Can't stomach champagne on New Year's Eve? On Payday you can cozy up to a pinot noir of your choosing. After some reflection,

you may find yourself asking why you even put up with such rigid holiday structure. Perhaps next time the first of the month rolls around, you'll be wishing your coworkers a merry Payday.

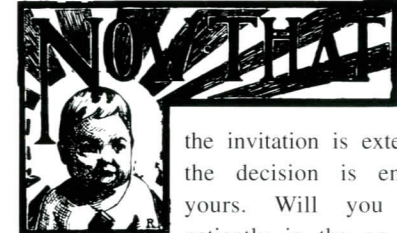
No doubt you will encounter an Ebenezer Scrooge or two. They'll try to tell you that Payday is nothing special--an absolute minimum reward for the work you do. They'll tell you that to celebrate Payday is to worship everything wrong with modern society: greed, gluttony, and full-fledged narcissism. But these people are probably the same ones that use direct deposit on their paychecks. How sad, that they can't even enjoy the simple pleasure of watching a piece of paper with their boss's signature turn into that one consumer good that they want the most.



you've seen the joy that Payday can bring, you may find your excitement and anticipation tempered by a small voice in the back of your mind, repeating one nagging fact: You don't have a job. You're enrolled in an extended training program, and you don't get to celebrate Payday until you get your certification. Sure, you may have been handed a part-time "job" counting beans in a closet somewhere, but you earn those paychecks in the same sense that you earn sunlight. No, the satisfaction of an honest-to-goodness Payday

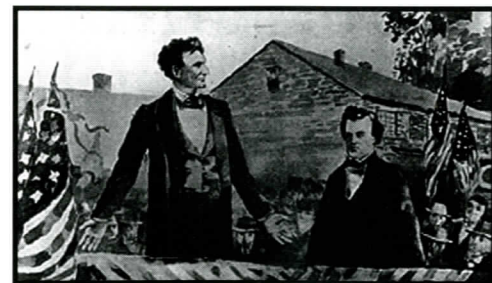
is still out of grasp, and Santa Claus isn't getting any more real. In light of this, you may be worried about the prospect of another year without a holiday that you can really enjoy.

But take heart, for this Old Boy has a suggestion. He's declared his own holiday, and he celebrates it every Wednesday at 8:30. All the trappings are there: friends, merriment, and feasting. It may seem frivolous to take celebration as a cause for itself, but it is a favorite saying of the Jester that a holiday is like luck: good men make their own. So if you find your once vibrant world sliding into shades of gray, know that when the men and women of the Chaparral dine together, there are always empty seats for strangers who wander in from the cold.

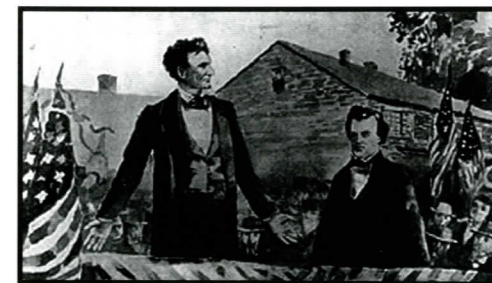


the invitation is extended, the decision is entirely yours. Will you wait patiently in the no-man's land between the holidays of the past and the Paydays of the future? Or will you choose to celebrate now, without worry of justification? Peruse the pages you hold in your hand and ponder the issue, for to delay this decision is to make a choice. And should you choose to put thoughts of Payday on hold and join this Old Boy come Wednesday, you may find the seat we have saved for you to be a cozy one indeed.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS: ALWAYS A GREAT DEBATE



But Mr. Lincoln, how can you deny the logic of "buck-naked?" The buck, like other members of its order, is covered only by a layer of natural fur. What can you possibly argue for the opposing denotation?



Well clearly, Senator Douglas, it's because you're so naked that you can see your butt!

FREE WILL VS FREE WILLY

Jesse: Randolph! Help! Willy's tank is leaking and if we don't get him out to open sea, he's going to die!

Randolph: Sure, Jesse. I'd love to help. But first, let's talk about this problem. What do you mean, Willy's tank is leaking and he's going to die?

Jesse: The workers at the aquarium have been damaging it so that he will die. We have to rescue him and get him out to open sea!

Randolph: What do you mean by death? Willy is a whale; certainly, if he ceases to breathe that is the death we are all familiar with, but his home is this tank at the aquarium. If we remove him from it, does that not constitute another death?

Jesse: Why are you talking this way? Don't you want to help me?

Randolph: I can't help you until you define what the consequences of our decision are.

Jesse: Well, gosh. I mean, he'll stop breathing and his heart will stop beating, I guess.

Randolph: A traditional death. Now we're getting somewhere. Jesse, why should we intervene?

Jesse: Because he's going to die!

Randolph: Jesse, we won't accomplish anything using circular logic. What are the consequences of our intervention?

Jesse: We will save him.

Randolph: And?

Jesse: We might get caught?

Randolph: And?

Jesse: That's about all I can think of!

Randolph: Won't we take away Willy's agency?

Jesse: His what?

Randolph: His free will, Jesse. Won't we be eliminating his ability to make his own decision about how to surmount this obstacle?

Jesse: But he can't do anything! That's why he needs our help!

Randolph: Can he truly do nothing? Is he immobile of body and mind?

Jesse: Well, I guess he could keep banging against the tank. Maybe he could break it and get out that way. But he wouldn't be able to go anywhere!

Randolph: So, facing this impasse, how might you define Willy's bipartite choices?

Jesse: Well, I guess he can stay in the tank and die from the leaky tank water. Or he can break through the wall, and die of suffocation.

Randolph: So, his choices both end in our traditionally defined death; Willy must choose whether he would rather die inside or outside the tank. What is the benefit to dying inside?

Jesse: Can't we just save him?

Randolph: Well, let's discuss that. Is it better to save Willy, take away his agency and in so doing his dignity, and send him out to the open seas where he may die anyway? Or is it better to let him choose the manner and time of his death?

Jesse: It will always be better to give a chance at life.

Randolph: Are there no fates worse than death?

Jesse: No.

Randolph: Then we will use my pick-up truck.

Upcoming Pet Movies

Air Bud: Stuck In The Ruff

There comes a time in every dog's life when the rough-and-tumble of contact sports starts taking a toll. Upon hearing the family's plan to put him to sleep once he retires from professional basketball, America's most athletic pet is left with only one alternative: take up a lifetime sport. Fortunately, Air Bud's a natural at golf. A few short weeks and several hundred looks of amused disbelief later, he even makes it to the Masters. After all, there's no rule against dogs entering tournaments, and, in the name of family entertainment, we'll ignore the one about using your mouth instead of a golf club. It's a challenge of Paw-5 difficulty, but that's never stopped the Bud before. *Rated PG for gratuitous puns and mild barking.*

Partnersss

Detective Clyde Rogers just got assigned to the homicide of his career. To crack the case, though, he must team up with the only surviving eyewitness—a garden snake named Nino! The two gradually overcome their differences, and an unlikely friendship is forged. *Rated PG-13 for violence, drug use, and brief exoskeleton.*

First Dog

The president has been shot, but America just found the perfect non-partisan to fill office: his pet dog! It's a crazy technicality, but one that's about to turn the international community over on its head. Spike may not be the best speaker, but he's accomplishing more in the name of world peace than any before his time: world leaders just have a soft spot for Beagles! Unfortunately, the end of the term is right around the corner, and the dog has some major competition in the next election. It's time to fetch some votes, not to mention a pet-friendly convention center. *Rated G for Going to come in one of those larger, plush VHS cases.*

American Pie Presents "Horndogs"

Ten years after the original slice, craziness, parties, and sexual hijinks are being reheated—and served up doggy style! That's right, meet Duff Stifler, a hound who's hosted his fair share of shindigs. When the literal party animal and his friends get their vasectomies temporarily reversed, a common goal is pledged: lose their virginity by the end of summer. The quest is not without its fair share of parties, wackiness, and awkward talks with dad about inter-species relations. *Rated R for nudity, profanity, bestiality, and implied drug use.*

U.S. Mint Whistleblower

I got hired right after the Altoid Crash of '88. I got snapped up by a niche sector, at first—the fruitmint firms. Their stock was mostly in gum, which at the time everyone thought was ludicrous. If I'd stuck with those firms, though, I'd be sitting pretty on a nice little nest egg now. Turns out everybody wants to chew gum flavored like fruits and mints. I wish I could go back and tell myself to stay right there. But I can't.

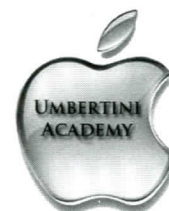
After a couple of years, I made the jump to the big leagues as a junior spearmint partner. I was low on the ladder, but the perks undeniably trickled down. It was your basic little luxuries, but I heard that the CEO and CFO slept on mattresses of spearmint leaves, stacked and interwoven such that the pressure of their bodies would slowly crush the plant membranes over the course of the night, releasing a sweet juice that would perfume their bodies and the air. I passed the CEO once, and just being in such close proximity ensured my nasal membranes remained numb for the next four days.

Did that seem strange? I didn't think so. I wanted to sleep on a bed of mint leaves, too. That's why I worked 80-hour weeks, sleeping under my desk for 2 or 3 nights. The day I discovered that the spearmint soap from the men's room would dry into a kind of cooling undershirt if I slathered it on my bare torso, I stopped going home to shower. So when Big P came calling, I wasn't surprised, but I was ready.

For all the eccentricities I'd seen in the spearmint sector, it was nothing compared to what I dealt with as a peppermint partner. I opened the door to my ice-blue, glass-everything office the morning of day one to find my assistant cutting lines of pure peppermint powder from the Alps with a sharpened candy cane. "No thanks," I said to my assistant, who looked up with only a hint of surprise in her dull eyes before helping herself with a rolled up fifty dollar bill, which she threw away afterwards.

It was 1995 and the market was booming. Consumers couldn't get enough. Times were high and so were we. It got so bad that I couldn't get out of bed without drinking two bottles of Listerine, first thing. Then, in '97, an unseasonable spring freeze in Northern Italy did the unthinkable, slashing peppermint production worldwide. Half our firm was fired, my boss included. The day he moved out, he stopped in the doorway of my office, shivering. "You gotta help me, Jones," he said. "One last tingle." I threw a stick of Extra at him and shut the door.

The guy who came in to replace him was a former cinnamon hotshot. He told us we needed to lie to the stockholders. He ordered our entire national supply to be cut with menthol, 50-50. When we got our first product test shipment, I tremulously bit off the tiniest strip of a stick of Throat Chillerz gum. One chew, and I was filling a cardboard box with my belongings. The lying, I could handle. The felony, I wasn't scared of. But I got into this business for mint, and this wasn't any mint I'd be proud to call my own. So I walked out the door and straight to the police. These days, my breath's nothing special, and I sleep on a futon, not a bed of Andean spearmint. But at least I can sleep at all.



From the desk of:
Gary Umbertini

Dear Parent,

I don't know if you should send your child to Umbertini Academy. I don't know anything about your child. But what I do know about is what Umbertini Academy is committed to: personal excellence. Excellence however your child measures excellence for him or herself.

Located deep in the forests of Montana near a pristine lake, Umbertini is a boarding school like no other because it is so much more than a boarding school. Umbertini is a philosophy about education, which says that children are right about everything and Personal Excellence is subjective.

Not sure what I mean? Well, here's what a typical day looks like for students at Umbertini:

Breakfast: 7:00 - 7:30am

Room Inspection: 7:45am

A fun party with all the Room Inspectors at the school: 7:57am

Second Breakfast: 1:00pm

Break: 1:10pm

Classes: 1:11pm

Lights out: 1:12pm

Of course, student schedules at Umbertini vary. Some student don't have schedules at all. Some students are administrators and room inspectors. But all students, administrators and room inspectors at Umbertini live and breathe Excellence. For Gracie Kipericia, Excellence is waking up in the morning and going canoeing on the lake. For Steve Ramus, Excellence is doing an excellent job on his examinations. For me, Gary Umbertini, Excellence is watching Gracie, Steve and the other people on campus make their own decisions about academics, sex, drugs and food.

In a world of computers and technology, fashion and art, who are we as parents, teachers and administrators to dictate that reading, honesty and manners are the highest virtues? Who are we to spell out what a learning community should be, is or isn't? The confidence and talents of every student are not designed in life and they are certainly not at Umbertini.

So come join us or donate to our tuition fund. Celebrate the 2nd anniversary of Umbertini Academy on the lake this beautiful Montana March!

Sincerely,

Gary Umbertini

Family Negotiations

Son: I don't want to do the dishes tonight.

Dad: Negotiation is a two-way street, son.

Son: Okay, what if I mow the lawn on Saturday?

Dad: Now we're talkin! Leave those dishes to me!

Son: Dad can you please drive me to Scott's house?

Dad: Maybe, where are you driving me in return?

Son: Come on Dad, I can't drive yet.

Dad: There's no such thing as a free lunch. Make me an offer.

Son: Can I just mow the lawn again?

Dad: Hey son, you want to trade dinners?

Mom: But your plates are identical.

Dad: That means it's a fair trade. Whaddya say son?

Son: Nah Dad, that's alright.

Son: Dad my favorite show is coming on. Can I please have the remote?

Dad: OK, I'll give you the remote now in exchange for 100 remote-hours of my choosing.

Son: What? That's ridiculous!

Dad: Those are my terms. Clock's ticking, son.

Son: Ugh, fine! Just give me the remote, I'm already missing it.

Dad: You just got taken to the cleaners.

Dad: Son, I need to dip into your college fund to help pay the mortgage.

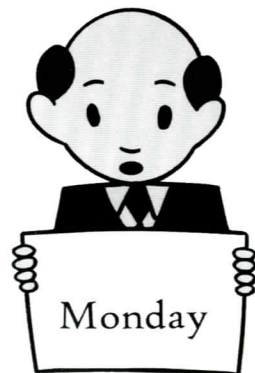
Son: That's not fair Dad! Grandma gave me that money.

Dad: Look, I'm willing to get you any Christmas present you want this year. Do we have a deal?

Son: No! Of course not!

Dad: I don't understand why you won't play ball here.

"I would gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today"



Things I Don't Like

Daylight Savings Time

The hell we need to save daylight for. I tell you what, I have never stood in my driveway with a mason jelly jar trying to save the daylight, sure don't need anyone saving it for me. Who needs daylight? I want some light during the day, I turn on the lights in my house--daylight. Just like that. I use daylight during the night. I use daylight any hour I want. Nobody needs to save anything. With lights, there is plenty of daylight to go around.

Snickers (Candy Bar)

They threw every damn thing into this. A person wants a candy bar with a simple taste, some chocolate and another thing. Nougat, peanut butter, these are all fine. You bite into a Snickers, you're eating five or twelve different things. Overwhelming! And what else, I've scraped out the spludge between the tassels of my loafers and stone cold licked it off my finger. Tasted like a Snickers, hand to God.

Bells & Whistles

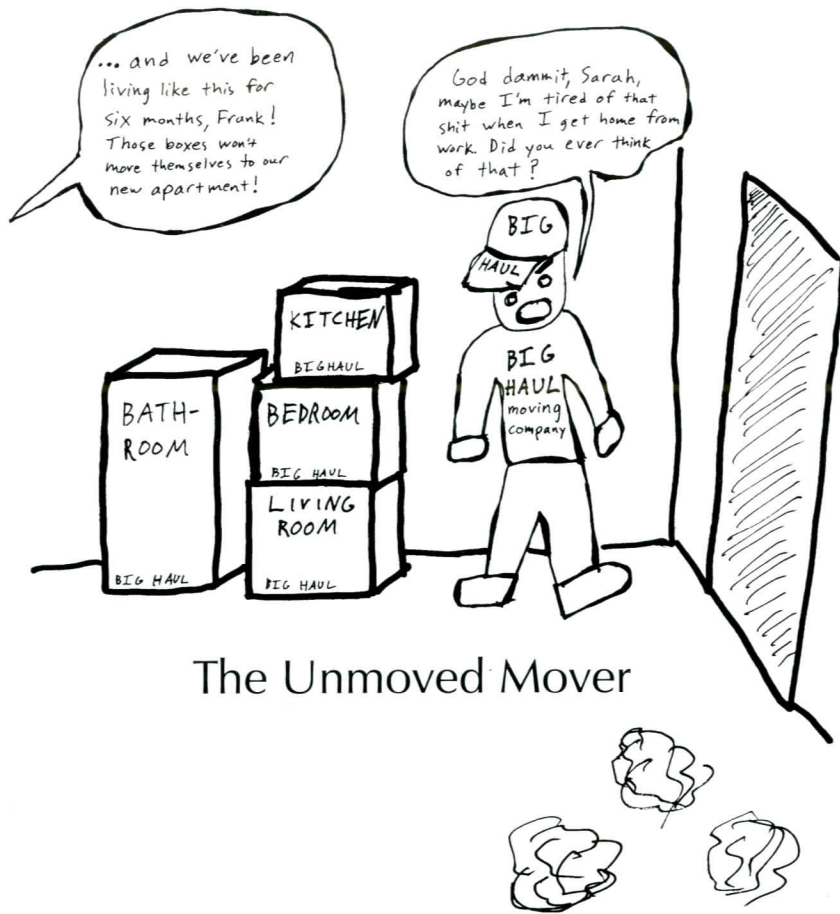
God damn these things are ass loud. We live down the street from a church and Sunday morning those bells start pealing fit to kill. Just about makes me want to die. Have you ever heard a policeman's whistle? It'll stop your heart and you'll be so happy it did because you never can hear another bell or whistle.

My Wife

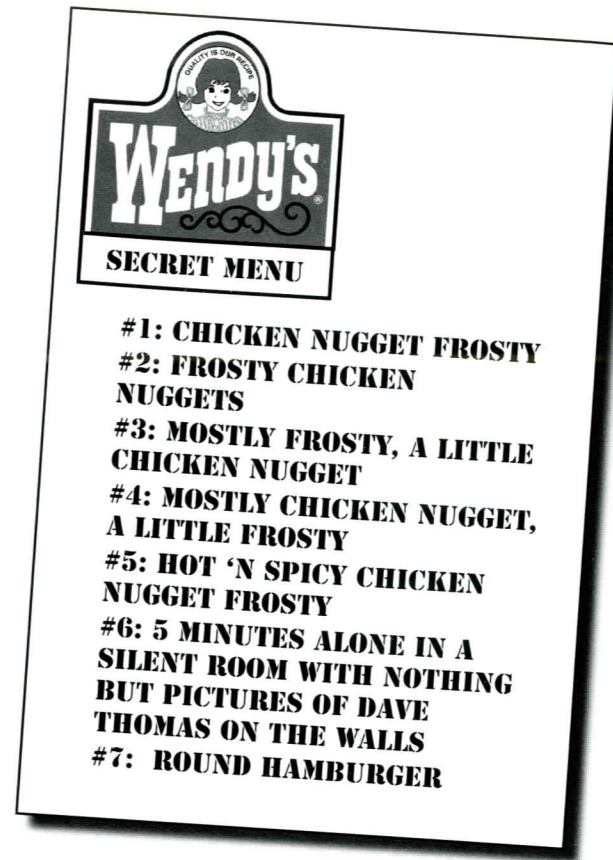
Married her because we liked all the same things and had a lot to talk about. One day, we ran out of things to talk about. Now when I hear her voice she's nagging. Also, she used to be real pretty but she let herself go. Fair enough, guess I did too. Don't know what I could have done here.

An Atlas

Usually when I need a map, I just need the one map. One page, no fuss, just open it up and get where I'm going. But times have changed and you can't buy just one map anymore. You need to buy a whole book with a plastic flap jacket velcro fastener boondoggle. You got to flip through twenty maps of West Dakota before you find the one map you need to the eye doctor. I buy atlases and rip out the page I need, but it's not the same.



The Unmoved Mover



A Beginner's Guide to Horse Racing

The Basics: Terminology

Win: A bet on which horse will finish first, the simplest and most common bet.

How to use: "I would like to bet \$500 on SeaGait to Win in the 4th Race"

Place: Betting a horse will finish at least second. For those worried that maybe there is a better horse out there.

How to use: "I would like to bet three silver coins on SamTilden to Place in the 23rd Race"

Show: Betting a horse will finish in the top three. Also known as guessing.

How to use: "I would like to bet my kid's college fund on FillinC to Show"

Finish: Betting a horse will just finish, primarily for those whose just like to watch.

How to use: "Oh, I don't gamble. I am just here to see MySon Finish in the 5th Race"

Daily Double: A random question will be worth up to twice its original value.

How to use: "I would like to bet EverythingIGot in the Daily Double, Alex"

Double Jeopardy: Betting a horse won't be tried for the same crime twice.

How to use: "I would like to bet \$100 on QuestionableGilt to stay out of Double Jeopardy"

No Show: An unconventional bet where the horse is expected to miss the race.

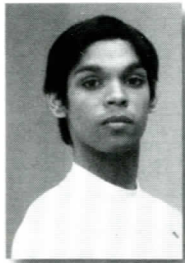
How to use: "I would like to bet \$20 on Stuck'nTraffic to No Show in the 1st Race"

Tandem: A complex bet where both the rider and horse place, but at different times.

How to use: "I would like to bet \$40 on SeparationAnxiety and Greg to Tandem in the 8th"

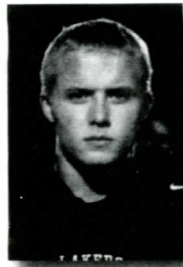
	Candyman	Handyman	Handicapped Man
Can take a sunrise Sprinkle it in dew Cover it in chocolate And a miracle or two	X		
Can take a rainbow Wrap it in a sigh Soak it in the sun And make a strawberry lemon pie	X		
Can take tomorrow Dip it in a dream Separate the sorrow And collect up all the cream	X		
Can climb a ladder	X	X	

A Duel



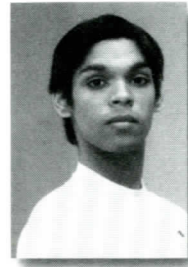
Sanjay Saverimuttu
Boca Raton, FL

“Braver men than you have died by my sabre.”



Daniel Johnston
Lake Oswego, OR

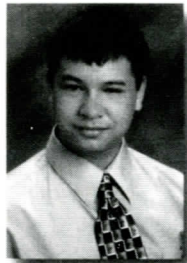
“Whatever. Prepare to get freight-trained.”



Sanjay Saverimuttu
Boca Raton, FL

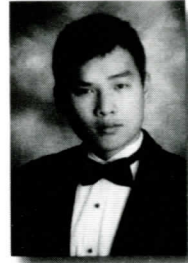
“Very well. *En Garde!*”

High Stakes Poker



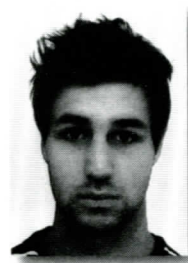
Adam Collins
Tucson, AZ

Calling your bluff



Nguyen Phan
San Jose, CA

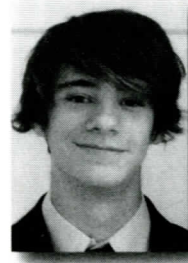
Raising the stakes



Samuel Cohen-Tanugi
France

Lost it all

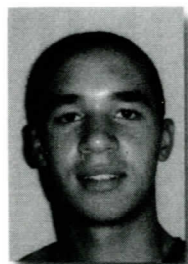
Whose Mustang?



Shaun Stehly
Fillmore, CA

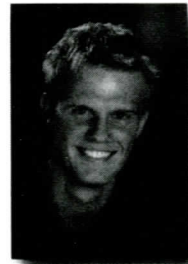
“Yo dude, that’s *my* ‘stang.”

Giraffe



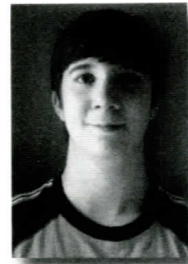
Rory MacQueen
Grosse Pointe, MI

“Hey, have you ever seen a giraffe at the zoo?”



Jason Loftus
Newport Beach, CA

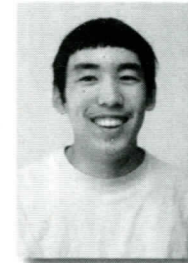
“He he, yeah man, a giraffe, you know?”



Patrick Samper
Houston, TX

“I don’t get it.”

Celebrities



Akifumi Kobashi
Palo Alto, CA

Gilbert Gottfried



Christopher Huskey
Taiwan

Young John Cusack



Fiona Angel
Malibu, CA

Fiona Apple



Andrea Miller
Sierra Vista, AZ

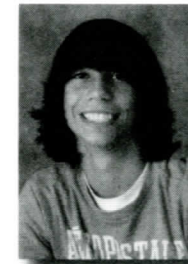
Whoopi Goldberg



Henry Stanley
Coronado, CA

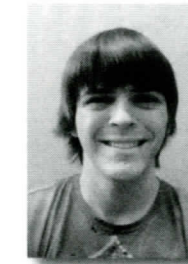
Roberto Benigni

X Games



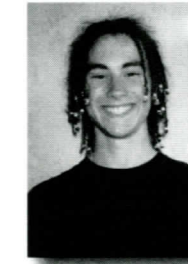
Benjamin Funk
Pittsburgh, PA

BMX



Brian Brunner
San Clemente, CA

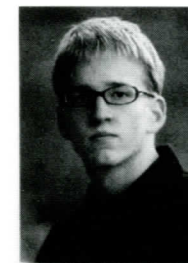
Rollerblading



Cullen Hallinan
Kentfield, CA

Street Luge

Japanese RPG Cutscene



George Hokkanen
Encinitas, CA

“Now that I control Gaia herself, my power is unrivaled!”



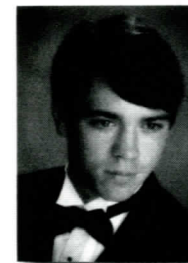
Can Karapence
Turkey

“It’s up to me to stop him...even if it won’t bring back Kaweiente.”



Kaweiente George
Massena, NY

“It’s OK, Can. My soul crystal will live on in John’s memory.”



John Kastrop
Redwood City, CA

“She was...so beautiful.”

Less Popular High School Dances

Armistice Day Ball

Held on November 11th, this dance is meant to honor the service of those who fought in the Great War. Boys arrive with slacks creased and hair cropped, and varsity athletes wear symbolic military decorations. Most girls arrive playing the part of sweethearts back home, while those with an adventurous streak come perfumed and coiffed as exotic French women. Most boys dance with the first while eyeing the latter. Others simply stand against the wall, eyes glazed from imagined nights spent in the trenches, surrounded by death.



Silent Cotillion

Teen rebellion and angst are left at the door in this well mannered dance. So structured is this tradition that speaking is not only unnecessary, it is uncouth. Those unable to converse solely through bow and curtsy are unwelcome. The dancing is rigid and demanding, but many a young lad and lass endure in silence, hoping to exchange white gloves at the night's end.



Winter Masquerade

A reverse masquerade of sorts, boys and girls arrive with their faces uncovered and their bodies bundled in pea coats and parkas. Dancing is rather unpopular on this occasion, because of both the difficulty imposed by mittened hands and the formless nature of winter wear. Punch is provided in gallons, as the combination of hormonal flop sweat and insulating clothing make dehydration a very real risk.

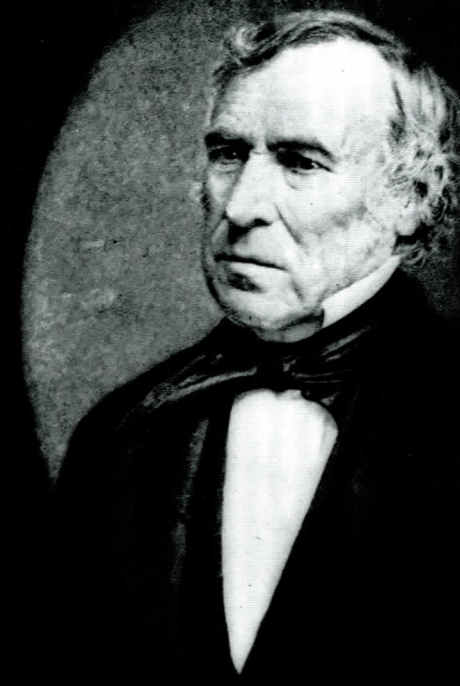
Super Sadie Hawkins Dance

While a Sadie Hawkins Dance usually requires the girl to approach the boy, the Super Sadie Hawkins dance extrapolates on this idea, creating a perfectly fair dance environment. Each boy and girl (an "agent") appoints a third party, or "council," to mediate discussions. Councils first confer with agents to discuss preferences and objectives. Councils then approach other councils, and negotiate terms of dance attendance. After a consensus has been reached by councils, agents are allowed to review and revise agreement terms, necessitating another round council meeting, until both agents are in total agreement. Complicating this process is the fact that the councilship is semi-blind; that is, councils can only reveal the identity of their agent after negotiation talks have ended, and this identity is then protected by a non-disclosure agreement. Further, councils, often being peers of agents, are themselves often agents, and the nature adolescent social structure is such that the agent-council relationship is frequently, but not exclusively, reciprocal. Speculation on such matters reaches a fever pitch in the weeks before a SSH dance, and it is quite common for high schools to see the formation of a remarkably organized black market for sensitive information.



Homeleaving

Girls, dressed in gowns vaguely bridal, wait on their porches as the sun sets. At a signal unheard to either father or mother, the girls sprint off into the night, veils tracing gossamer waves in the dark. Waiting in the woods are their male peers, and all night arboreal chaperones watch the young ones dance in manic circles. At home, their parents weep and rend garments, for when morning comes their children will return as strangers.



President or Horse-whipper?

ADLAI STEVENSON

A nancy man of the Great Leisure Lakes area, Stevenson never saw a horse in his life until he attended a picture show at the age of 10 and found the beasts less than captivating. Stevenson has thrown his porkpie into the Presidential race every single year since 1952 and for that Stevenson we remember you as *about as close to a President as any man can be.*

MARTIN VAN BUREN

Make no mistake, Van Buren's liver was the most beautiful shade of lily. He would no sooner whip a Horse than kiss a fur trapper. He wrote years later in his memoirs of being terrified by the large nostrils and braying equine neigh, and popular conjecture has it he banned all Horses from the state of Maryland until the year 1860. Truly a ninny of the highest degree and *barely President.*

DAVY CROCKETT

Certainly thinkers of a certain bent are liable to assume this rough and caddish outdoorsman owned a Horse and whipped it, and children of lesser mind are liable to recognize the fellow's name and assume with gaping maw that they recognize it because he served in the guise of a President. Both would be wrong as Davy Crockett is *Neither President nor Horse-whipper nor Civilized man.*

HIDALGO

A horse who was run very hard by a difficult horseman who wanted things the horse could not give him. In many races over the years Hidalgo was *victim of a Horse-whipper* though there is no reason to believe that *Horse-whipper was also a President of any sort.*

ZACHARY TAYLOR

Taylor presented to the world each day ruddy cheeks and a barrel chest and for his horse he ordered saddles custom made with grooves to fit his powerful thighs. He was interested in the fighting of war and little tolerant of unwhipped Horses; concern for the vast amount of unwhipped Horses in the states and territories after the Cession left him indifferent to the vagaries of banking systems. The citizenry, desirous of barrel chests and firm opinions, elected this man the first joint *President and Horse-whipper in all of the world's History.*

CHARLES LINDBERGH

Lest you think that men of the aviation age are exempt from disciplining their steeds merely because they have wrangled steel birds from the ashes of failure, remember that the more things change the more Horses need to be whipped. This pinch-nosed man had his baby stolen and during the fortnight after this occurred he became a *Horsewhipper like never before.*

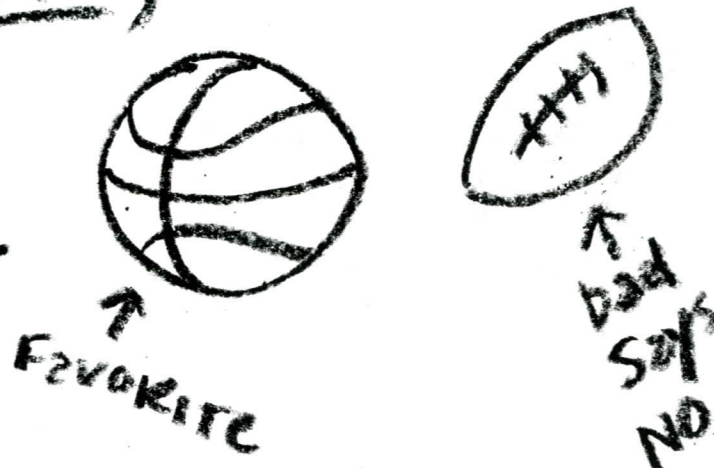
My RÉSUMÉ

EXPERIENCE

POPS HARDWARE PACERS
FINANCIAL FUNDING FALCONS
NIELSEN ORTHODONTICS MEGABYTES
(COACH'S SON)

Awards

PARTICIPANT
PERSONAL BEST
CO-FIRST



Strengths

- Practice court (driveway)
- JCC team
- Gatorade stain on my lip
- JOCK JAMZ VOL. I-III
(received for Birthday)
- MOM makes brownies

From the Diary of Merle Blanchard

4/23/2008: Brother and I couldn't decide between the big cupcake and the small one. I called mom but she didn't help. The girl at the counter looked at me and I had to leave. I just couldn't make up my mind.

4/26/2008: It's not Christmas today again.

5/04/2008: We had to sit down to eat our Mexican food today. Brother yelled at me again when his glass of juice was too small and he had to keep filling it up. The doctor says that it is called transference.

5/12/2008: A bear hugged a woman too hard at the zoo today. The sirens hurt my ears and I dropped my popsicle.

5/13/2008: I've had it with electricity. It just doesn't make any sense. I had to unplug the toaster at breakfast because I just couldn't take it. Brother threw the jam at me and ruined my new beanie. Tonight I think I will unplug his breathing-helper for a few seconds.

5/16/2008: I thought I saw the man at the bottom of the bucket again today and he tried to bite or kiss me. Mom wasn't happy about that at all. Now the bucket has to live on the top shelf in the garage. I asked her how long and she said forever, but not as forever as Brother needs to take his pills.

5/19/2008: It's still not Christmas. I'm beginning to suspect that this is Brother's fault.

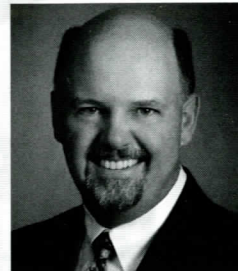
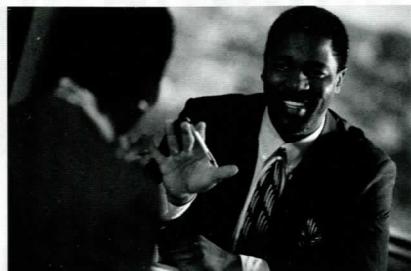
5/21/2008: There is a new show that I had never seen before! The woman has large and beautiful hair and she cries whenever it is time to be afraid on the television. The man has a big mustache and he loves the woman, but sometimes he starts to hurt her. I think I hate him.

5/30/2008: The grass still hasn't grown back over Kretzel's grave. Sometimes I wish it had been Brother instead.

How Much Money Do You Have?

It seems like a simple question, but knowing exactly how much money you have is one of the most crucial parts of managing your finances. Can you afford that new car? Well, that depends on how much money you own. And that's where we come in.

Morris & Tillman: Financial Analysts



Let's face it: currency is complicated. Don't take our word for it though.

"Currency is complicated."
—Warren Buffett

See? Now, do you really want to try tackling this difficult issue on your own, or would you rather leave it to our trained and certified analysts? We can get your money in order, so that it can work for you.

Still not convinced? Imagine this scenario: you want to buy something at the store. You reach into your pocket to pull out some money, only to find a mess. You have ones, fives, tens, even coins! And all the bills are crumpled, too. Do you want to clean up this terrible mess on your own? For a nominal fee, our analysts can provide the following services:

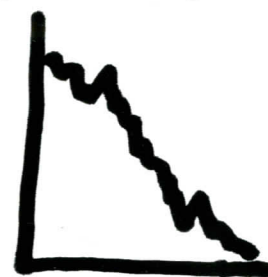
- We'll count all your money, so you know where you stand. We'll even tell you the difference between quarters and Susan B. Anthony dollars.
- We'll then organize your money, so it's easy for you to use. All your bills will be ironed out and facing the same way, and we'll take all your jars of coins to the nearest Coinstar.
- Our analyst will write down how much money you have on a sheet of paper in very neat handwriting, so you don't have to memorize a bunch of numbers. We could use a computer like some analyst groups do, but Morris & Tillman analysts provide a personal touch.

I can hear you saying to yourself, "But I keep my money in a bank. I have nothing to worry about." Well that is where you are wrong. Have you ever tried to read a bank statement on your own? You probably didn't know that fonts that small existed. That's why we give our analysts special bank training. They can:

- Use a magnifying glass on your bank statements and read all the relevant words and numbers.
- Get on the internet and look up directions to your bank, so you know how to get your money if you want to spend it.

So don't live in fear of your money anymore. Call Morris & Tillman today, and realize your full purchasing power!

Dow Jones



Roulette Betting



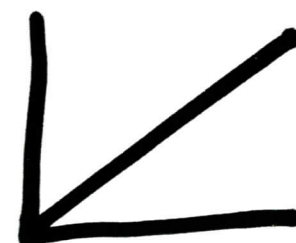
Russian Roulette



Black Market Kidney Trade



Whiskey



Economics? More like...

...Greco-nomics, because all the best economists are from Athens.

...Echo-nomics, because it's just a bunch of people listening to themselves talk.

...Necco-nomics, because the field is just like a roll of flavored wafer candies.

...Gekko-nomics, because everyone is greedy just like Gordon Gekko in Wall Street.

...Necro-nomics, because it's all dead concepts.

...Art Deco-nomics, because it hasn't been in style since 1939.

...Geology, because I don't know what that word means.

Questions About the Pope Ranging (In Order) From Rhetorical to Profound

Is the Pope Catholic?

Does the Pope wear a funny hat?

Is the Pope an old white man?

Is the Pope losing influence in our increasingly secular world?

Is the Pope a symbol of the chasm between young and old believers?

Is the Pope happy?



The Melting Pot has established a dining niche, and it's spreading all over the country.



Fondue can be a fun and interactive experience!



It's all the joys of home cooking, but in a unique, upscale-casual environment—perfect for every occasion!



Even the chefs come to your table to ask how the meal is going.

The employees are so friendly and energetic.



When you give them your compliments, the chefs are all like "Hey, don't thank us—you cooked your own food!"



And that's when you realize how fucking lame The Melting Pot is.

Dave and Brandon Are Surprised by an Unexpected Development

"So," he said, "between me and my roommate, which of the two of us do you think is cooler?" I'd heard the question too many times before not to know that tact was the order of the day.

"I mean, both of you are cool guys," I said. "I like both of you." I added another vague "I mean" and gestured emptily to show him I had relatively equal opinions of the two of them. But then I just had to say something else, something I couldn't hold inside, something I should never, ever, have said. I didn't want to drive a wedge through the center of that double in 306 – I never had wanted to – but I lost control for a second.

"That other guy though," I blurted out, "he's way cooler than you."

Dave's face went limp with shock. "Who?" he asked, incredulous. "Brandon and I are the only people in the room."

My mind raced furiously as I tried to backpedal. I knew I had to change the subject, complementing him on his blue and green Pumas. Dave wouldn't be thrown off the track so easily.

"Thanks," he said, "but seriously, who were you talking about?"

"It was nothing," I answered.

"No," he said, "you said the other guy in our room was cooler than me. What other guy?" I knew it was too late to keep him from the truth.

Besides, Dave had been in the dark for so long – it was time to tell him. I sighed. "Felix," I said, "the guy that lives under your bed." Dave's mouth hung open limply. "Aside from him though, I'd still say you and Brandon are the coolest people in your room. I mean, you don't know Felix. But he's really cool."

I was trying to reassure Dave. Fact was, though, he and Brandon couldn't even come close to Felix. Everybody around the dorm knew him, knew his name – everybody shook his hand and clapped him on the back when they saw him. We'd go out with him too – and Felix partied harder than anyone I had ever met. Some nights we'd have to put him to bed, quietly, under Dave's mattress where he lived, being careful not to disturb Dave and Brandon.

We'd had narrow brushes with spilling the beans before, but somehow we had managed to keep

everything from the two of them. We planted a dead mouse in their room one time to explain the noises they kept complaining about. We'd let Felix know – just as a friendly courtesy – when his unknowing roommates were gone so that he could come and go worry-free. Dave and Brandon even met Felix once – we claimed he was a recruit visiting Ari down the hall. I'm amazed it lasted as long as it did.

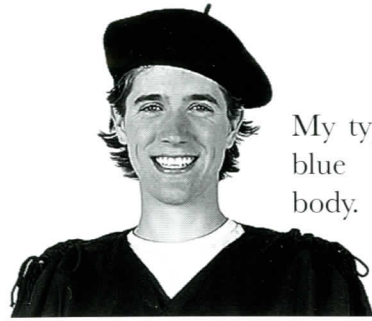
After all, Felix had been living there – and not simply living there but entertaining us, becoming friends with us on the sick couch he had under the bed, watching football with us on his incredible plasma – for six and a half months. What we liked about him most, I guess, was how free he was with everything, always letting us grab a drink or a snack from his fridge, never begrudging when we wanted to play his N-64. It was dark down there, but we just had so much fun with him, we didn't even notice. There was nothing wrong with Felix. He just happened to live under Dave's bed.

After this whole incident, Dave and Brandon confronted Felix. They hauled up his couch and videogames, and looked around for him with a flashlight. When he wasn't there, they waited for him to come back from class. He was, needless to say, surprised that they had found him.

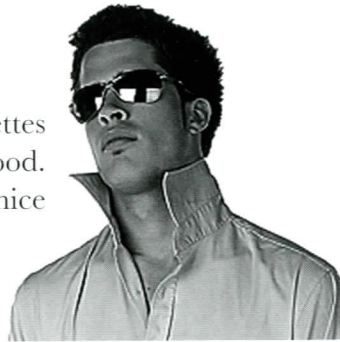
"What the hell, Felix?" yelled Dave. "You've been living under my bed? And nice to meet you." Dave angrily shook Felix's hand, and seemed ready to punch him. Then something incredible happened. A look of peace came over Felix's face, and his shoulders relaxed.

"It's time," he said. "I know enough people now. I'm ready to live above-bed." With that, Felix turned and walked out of his room, and went to live in a small single by some happenstance left open to him.

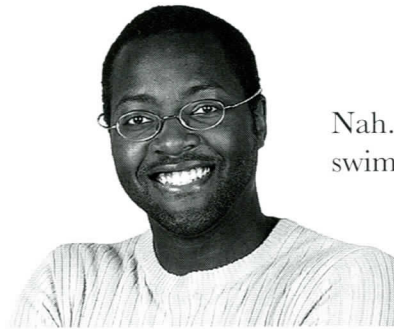




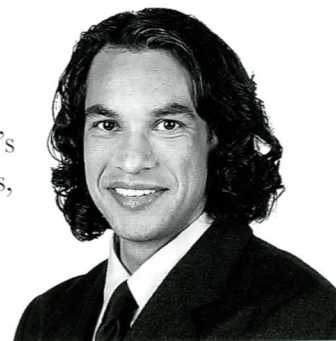
My type? Blonde hair, blue eyes, swimsuit body.



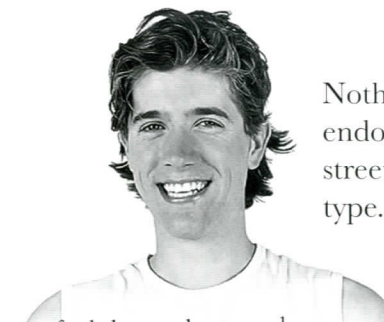
I'll be real, brunettes turn my crank real good. Especially if they got nice little ankles.



Nah. It's all about a nice swimsuit face.



I don't care about anything else, but she's gotta have brown eyes, real close together. Crossed.



Nothing so great as a endomorph crossing the street. That's just my type.

"Who ate my sandwich?"

"What kind of sandwich was it?"

"Why does that matter? I just want to know who ate it!"

"Well, what kind was it?"

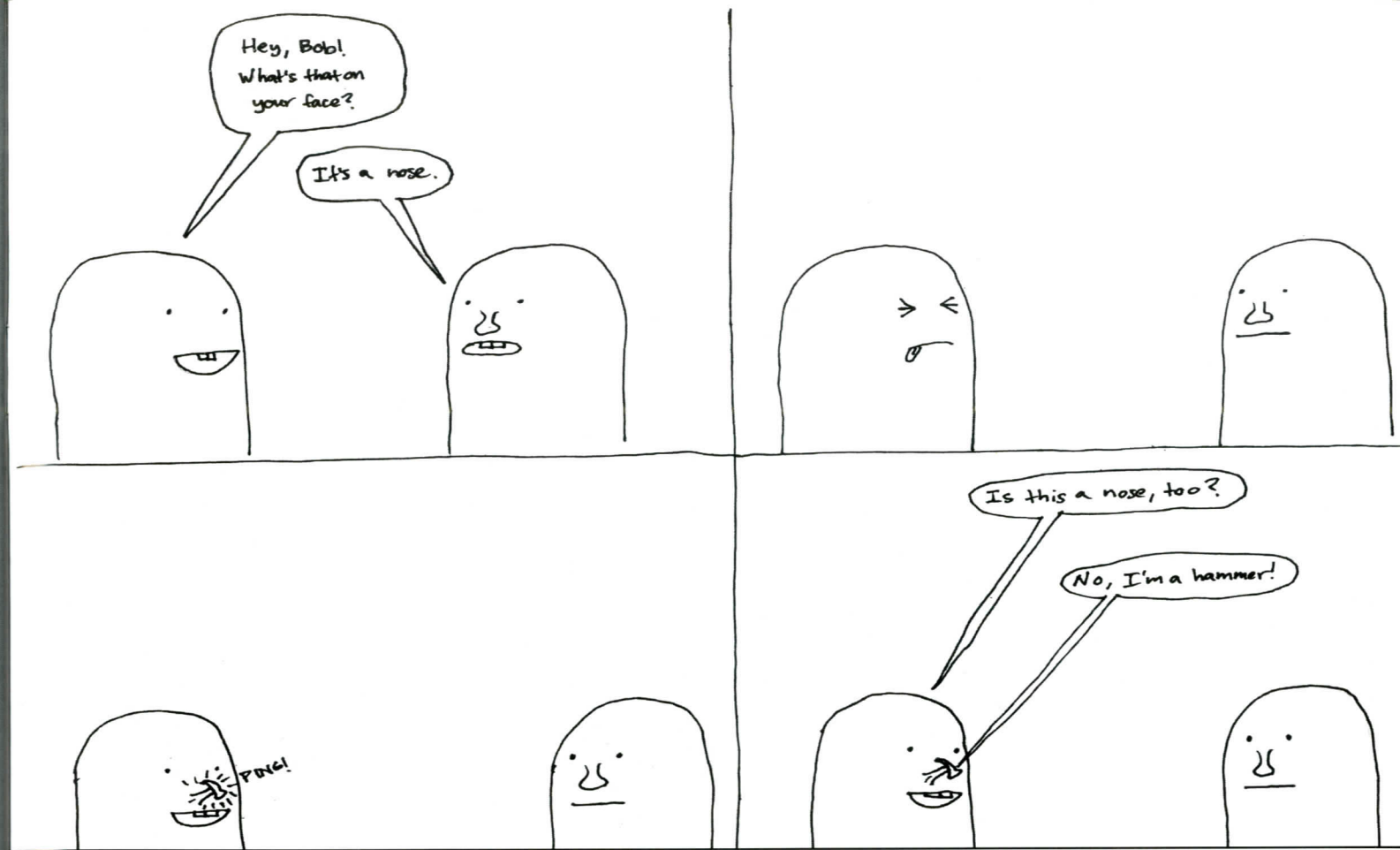
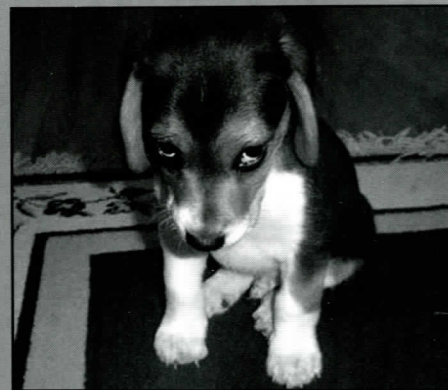
"That's irrelevant!"

"It could help us solve this mystery!"

"Look, I just want to know WHO!?!?"

"And I just want to know WHAT KIND!?!?"

"...REUBEN!!!"



Happy Holidays



--The Jester

WHAT'S THE CATCH?

\$100 genuine letters written by Georges Woshington.

The catch: Tax not included.

Free trip to prison with any felony committed.

The catch: The prison is really a haunted mansion!

Free cruise to the Mediterranean.

The catch: This is not true.

Win a date with your favorite celebrity.

The catch: All humans share a common maternal ancestor ... gross!

Free DVD of Casanova.

The catch: The idealism of the plotline embeds a false representation of romance into the psyche of the viewer, resulting in an immature view of love.

Free game of catch with famous quarterback John Elway.

The catch: There is no catch.

Free copy of Pride and Prejudice.

The catch: Free copy of Pride and Prejudice.

Free concert tickets at Carnegie Hall for Beethoven's 5th Symphony.

The catch: All the musicians are babies!



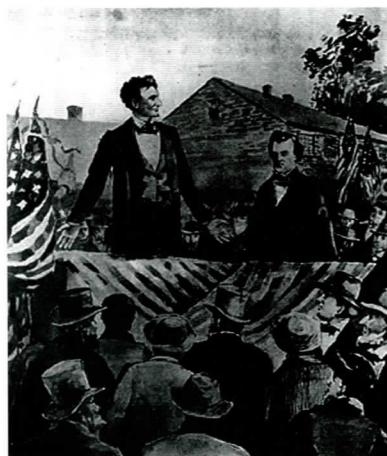
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Practice it first!

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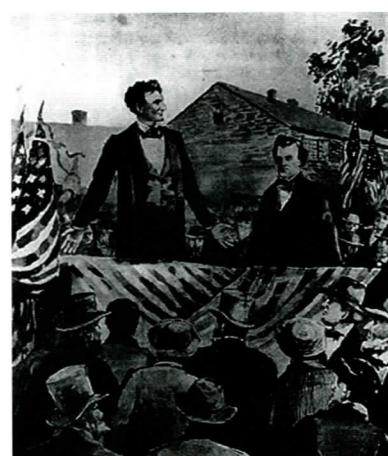
LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS: ALWAYS A GREAT DEBATE



MODERATOR: All right, gentlemen, which do the two of you think is funnier: "Big guy in small shirt" or "Small guy in huge shirt"?

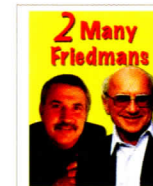


BOTH: Small guy in huge shirt!



MODERATOR: Then Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas are finally agreed.

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Season: 1 | 2 | 3 | 4

Year: 1996 | 1997 | 1998 | 1999

Season 3

Season 3, Episode 1: Secrets, Secrets

Original Air Date 12 September 1998

Milton accidentally hits a fire hydrant in Tom's car and leaves a dent in the bumper, but he's too embarrassed to tell Tom the truth. Tom discovers that he agrees with John Maynard Keynes on many issues, but struggles to hide this fact for fear that Milton will think less of him.

Season 3, Episode 2: That Dam Dog!

Original Air Date 19 September 1998

Milton is followed home by a stray dog, and decides that he wants to keep it. He's forced to make a choice, though, when the dog buries his Nobel Prize in the yard and chews up the manuscript for Tom's next book.

Season 3, Episode 3: The Roommate

Original Air Date 26 September 1998

Anticipating a cyclic economic contraction, Tom and Milton take on a third roommate, Steve Friedman, to help offset a rising CPI. At first things go swimmingly, but Tom and Milton soon come to question his assessment of emerging markets.

Season 3, Episode 4: Friedman Friday

Original Air Date 5 October 1998

When an electrical surge shocks Tom and Milton, they wake up in each other's bodies! After embarrassing failures trying to do each other's job, both men end up with a newfound respect for the other.

Season 3, Episode 5: Double Date

Original Air Date 10 October 1998

Tom accidentally schedules a date with two girls on the same night, at the same restaurant. He and Milton devise a wacky scheme to keep both girls happy, but Milton's insistence on playing a fussy waiter threatens to ruin the plan.

Season 3, Episode 6: High Fences

Original Air Date 17 October 1998

Milton and Tom's longtime neighbor Mrs. Hoople moves out, and her apartment is leased to a boorish man who rubs Milton and Tom the wrong way. When attempts to make peace with their new neighbor go nowhere, they have to find a way to convince Mrs. Hoople to come back.

Season 3, Episode 7: Friends Forever

Original Air Date 24 October 1998

As Milton's relationship with his girlfriend becomes increasingly serious, Tom becomes worried at the prospect of losing his best friend. Adding to Tom's frustration is the fact that his predictions for the economic growth of Thailand have proven completely wrong.

Season 3, Episode 8: Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Original Air Date 31 October 1998

Milton invites President Clinton over for dinner to discuss the future of the economy. All is going well until Tom accidentally bumps a clock off the wall and it hits the President, giving him amnesia. In order to stay out of trouble, the boys have to help the leader of the free world remember who he is.

Season 3, Episode 9: The Phone Call

Original Air Date 14 November 1998

Milton overhears Tom talking on the phone about a rude neighbor, and Milton mistakenly thinks Tom is complaining about him. Milton tries to set things right by doing favors for a bewildered Tom.

Season 3, Episode 10: Hang Ten

Original Air Date 21 November 1998

After planning a beach trip for weeks, Milton and Tom finally head down to the coast for some R&R. But bullies, sunburns, and a feisty crab all help remind the boys why they don't go to the beach more often.

Season 3, Episode 11: It's the Economy, Genius

Original Air Date 28 November 1998

Tom and Milton make a friendly wager about some economic issues, but soon the boys start taking the bet too seriously. Can they learn to



ILLITERATION

We asked the staff...

“What Are You Buying on Payday?”

I'll finally have saved up enough to buy that sports bar.

John Lyman,
Business Manager

The Orlando Magic.

Evan Macmillan,
Shaquille O'Neal

My pawned wedding ring. It's not as tough of a line to cross as you might think.

Max McClure,
O. Henry

Canadian dollars.

Alexei Koseff,
Money Changer

I will tend to my family, and then I will buy a Nintendo Wii.

David Parker,
Staff Writer

A messenger bag, but don't tell anyone.

Andrew Hung,
Self-Conscious

Soup.

Anthony Scodary,
Poor as Hell

A burrito.

Kendra Allenby,
Not Authentic

I'm gonna visit those foreclosing son-of-a-guns at the Indianola Savings & Loan, slap that money on the barrelhead and buy back the family farm. You ain't no kind of man if you ain't got land.

Leo Alterman,
Brick House

I get paid only in non-circulating commemorative novelty coins. They're Liberian legal tender, they tell me. What can I say—I took advantage of a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Josh Stark,
Telling the Whole Truth

Probably that “John Adams”



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Stanford, CA 94309

HBO series on DVD, I've been meaning to watch it. I'm also low on printer ink.

Billy Kemper,
From Good Stock

Listen to this: I'm going to buy a cloud. I'll buy the biggest one in the sky, and name it my favorite name in the whole world. That cloud will give me shade, and maybe I'll even make it water my yard (I can do that, it will be my cloud). Then, after I've had my fun, I'm going to park it over SFO, and when it gets hit I'm going to sue an airplane.

Patrick Maher,
A Little Too Easy

An Escalade on 26s.

Sam Coggeshall,
Posturing

I'm gonna get the new CD by this band, Van Veenson. You've never heard of them? Yeah, that's probably because they're mostly on FM2.

RJ Walz,
Good Sport

I love sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
I love sixpence as my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent a penny of it,
I took my new fourpenny home to my wife.

Annie Wyman,
Little Bird

The biggest piece of the pie any man could possibly

want.

Mike Pihulic,
Boston Cream

Holy God I thought Payday would never get here. I mean really, not kidding, I was considering reclaiming fluids, like in *Waterworld*.

Garrett Werner,
Distro Guy

Nothing that's gonna get me into trouble. I'm keeping my nose clean this time around.

Kiefer Katovich,
Proud Graduate

Nothing. The only thing I like to do with money is save it, and think about how much more of it I have than others. Folks laugh now but I'll live like kings in the hard times.

Meghan McCurdy,
Bank Run

I got a tip on this stock-hootyclowns.com. By the end of the day I'll be a millionaire, or a fool.

Amber Marimba,
Playing for Keeps

Life insurance. Am I going to die?

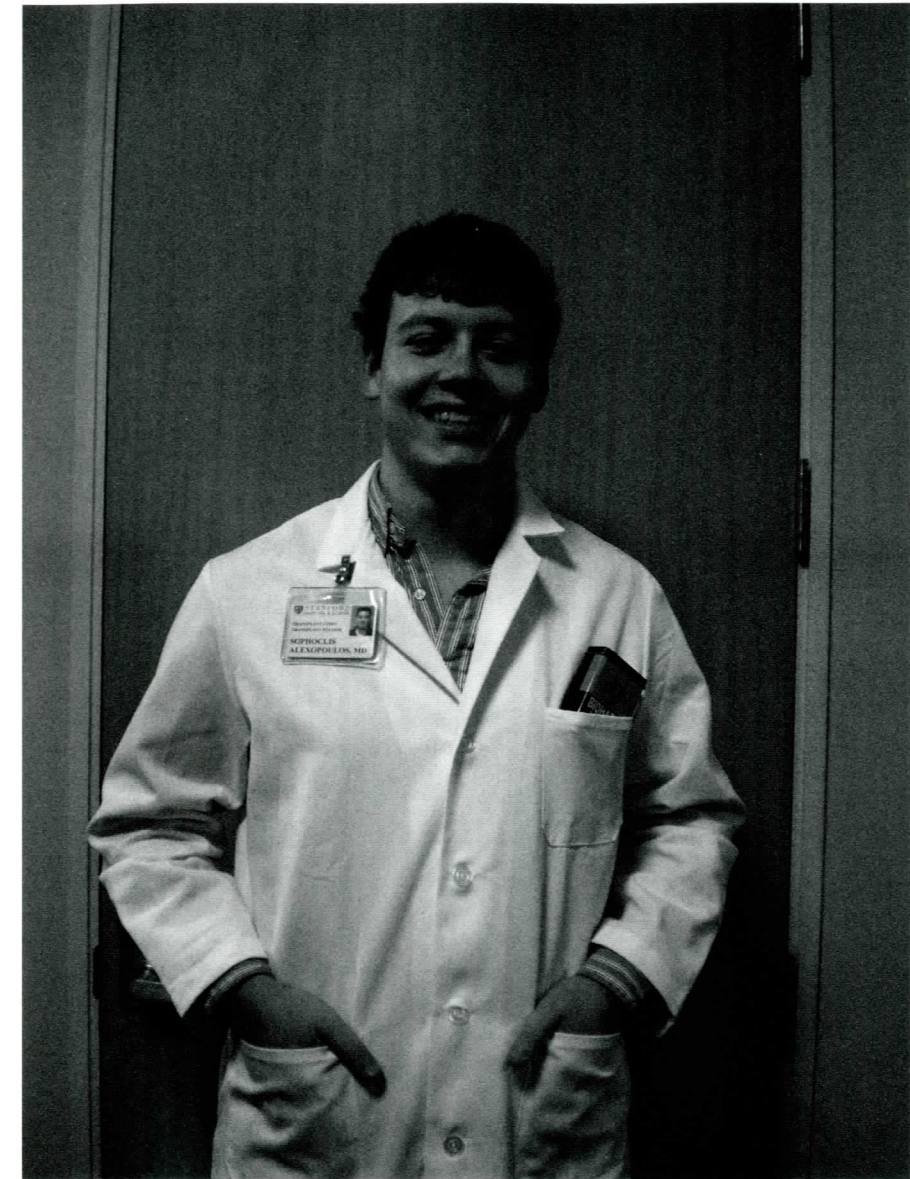
Pat Muggat,
Mortal

Hell of late, sorry. Probably too late, but just in case:

An army of child slaves that don't wet the bed every other goddamn night.

Bern Funk,
Definitely late

If laughter is the best medicine,



we're a Mexican Pharmacy.

MEETINGS WEDNESDAYS 8:30 PM
2nd FLOOR, THE NITERY BUILDING
OLD UNION

EVERYDAY I'M HUSTLIN'



**EVERYDAY I'M
BRUSSELIN'**



**EVERYDAY I'M
MUSSELIN'**



EVERYDAY I'M RUSTLIN'

