

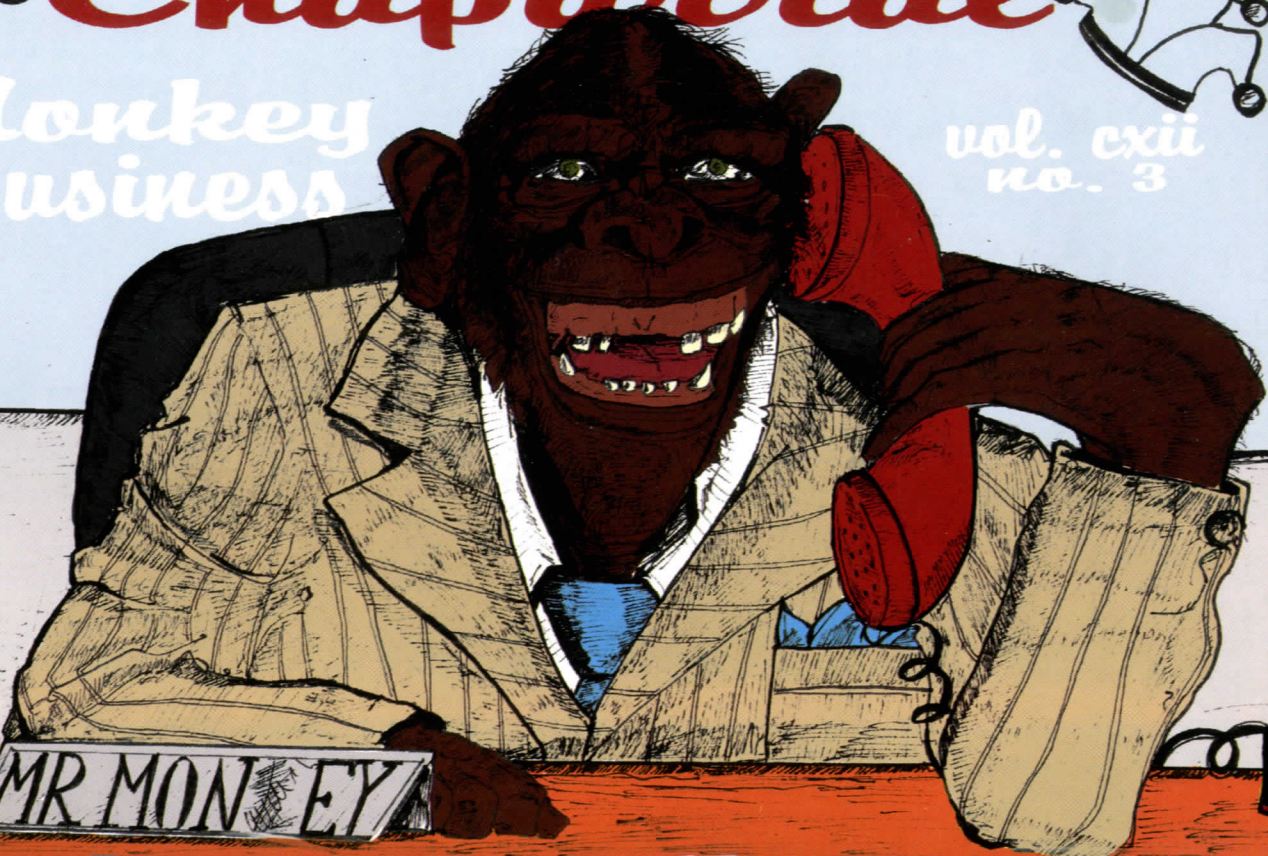
Chaparral

Monkey Business

vol. cxii
no. 3



MR MONKEY

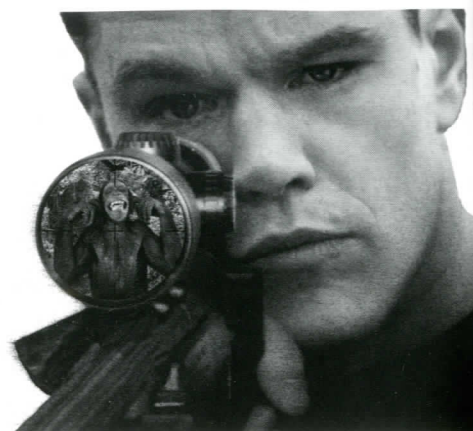


TOP 8 FUNNIEST THINGS TO FORCE YOUR PET MONKEY TO DO



- 8 Shampoo your hair while whistling.
- 7 Prepare your lasagna.
 - Ideally he'll tenderly blow on the dish to cool it down.
- 6 Bow down to you after you beat him in Mario Kart.
- 5 Act as a footrest.
 - **Highlight:** The look on your monkey's face as you rest your feet on his neck, the combination of the excruciation (more than mild, but less than extreme) with the complete lack of indignation indicating that he feels his discomfort is an unfortunate but inevitable part of the world.
- 4 Act as a paper weight.
- 3 Woo your wife.
 - **Tip:** Have him, kneeling, thrust a bouquet of flowers towards her with both hands while turning his head slightly down and away from her, his face tinged with blissful agony.
- 2 Act like he's riding a wave.
 - Lips pursed to show he's in the groove.
- 1 Frantically get your kids ready for school.

Monkey Movie Festival



- MONKEY TO THE FUTURE
- CHARLIE AND THE MONKEY FACTORY
- MY DATE WITH THE PRESIDENT'S MONKEY
- GIBBON IN THE RAIN
- GOOD MONKEY HUNTING
- DON'T TELL MOM THE MONKEY SITTER'S DEAD
- THE DAY THE MONKEY STOOD STILL
- THE LION MONKEY
- MONKEY PIE
- PRECIOUS: BASED ON THE NOVEL "PUSH" BY MONKEY
- PLANET OF THE MONKEYS



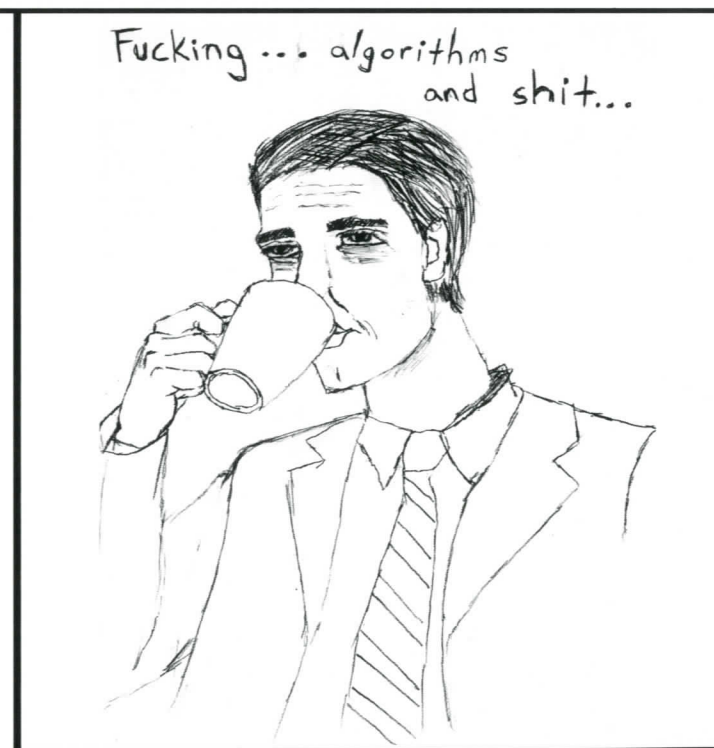
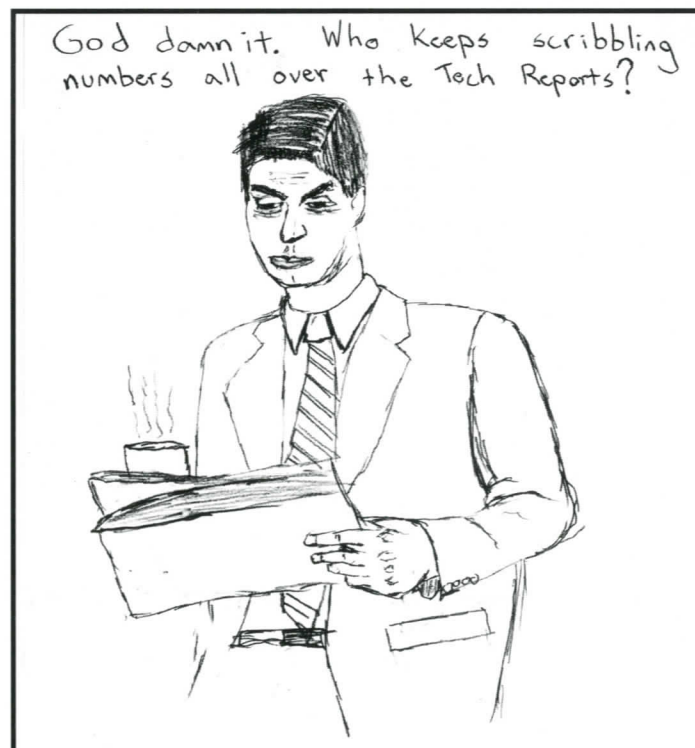
Best Monkey Pictures

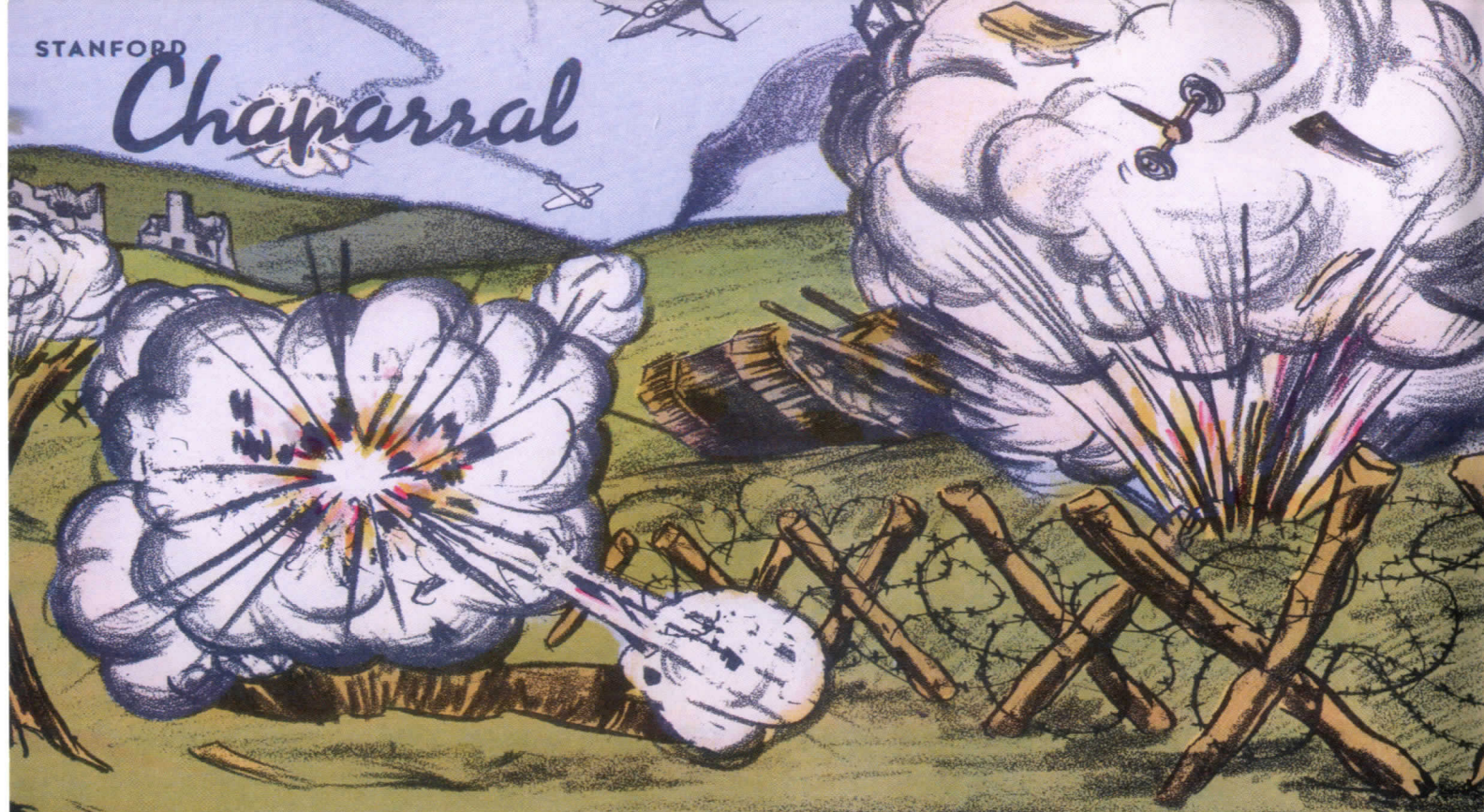
- A BEAUTIFUL MONKEY
- DRIVING MISS MONKEY
- MONKEY MILLIONAIRE
- THE GODFATHER PART MONKEY
- THE HURT MONKEY
- MONKEY

Simply...



...the best.





*Having-a-wonderful-time
wish-you-were-here*
NUMBER

The Stanford Chaparral Monkey Business



Vol. CXII, No. 3

WRITING CREDITS

2	Funniest Monkey Tasks.....	Meisel
2	Monkey Film Festival.....	Kemper, Meisel
3	Simply.....	Kemper
6	Now That.....	Kemper, Meisel
7	Pipe.....	Meisel
8	Harry Potter.....	Katovich
9	New Non-Fiction.....	Gardner, Lyman
9	Roni Reagan.....	Kemper
9	Siamese Twins.....	Kemper
10	Badd.....	Coggeshall, Kemper
12	Self-Described Futurist.....	Kemper
12	Strange But True.....	Werner
13	Baseball Concerts.....	Gardner, Kessler, Lyman, Meisel
14	Shitty Superpowers.....	Katovich, Kemper
14	Dumbledore.....	De Taboada
15	Tarot Hold 'Em.....	Katovich, Katovich
16	One-Sided Conversation.....	Werner
16	Tony Soprano.....	Lyman
17	Knight Rider.....	Kemper
17	Amateur World Records.....	Meisel
18	Exclusive DJ Events.....	Lyman
18	T-Shirts.....	Lyman, Meisel
19	Girlfriend Questions.....	Werner
19	Testing By Smell.....	Ameli
20	Back to School.....	Hertz
21	Monkey Jokes.....	Meisel
21	The Chappie Guy.....	Werner
22	Monkey Rabbi.....	Katovich
23	Maximum Communication.....	Katovich
24	Those Wacky Brits.....	Kemper
25	Backhanded Insults.....	Meisel
25	Put It This Way.....	So
25	Planet of the Apes.....	Meisel
26	Randis Curtain.....	Hertz, G. Hertz
27	Taxonomy.....	Hertz
27	Anteater Eater.....	Meisel
28	Hall Sofa and More.....	Coggeshall
29	MEMEsauce.com.....	Lyman
31	Slam Poetry.....	Meisel, Rosenthal



ART CREDITS

1	Front Cover.....	Benarros
2	Funniest Monkey Tasks.....	Towns
3	Office Comic 1.....	Katovich
4	Classic Cover*.....	Bob Rieser, '42
5	TOC.....	Towns
7	Now That.....	Hertz
7	Infinite Jesters.....	Kemper
7	Pipe.....	Johnson
10	Office Comic 2.....	Katovich
11	Lucky Santa.....	Katovich
12	Self-Described Futurist.....	Kemper
17	Knight Rider.....	Hertz
17	Crossing Guard.....	Hertz
21	Monkey Jokes.....	Kemper
22	Monkey Rabbi.....	Hertz
24	Those Wacky Brits.....	Johnson
27	Anteater Eater.....	Hertz
31	Office Comic 3.....	Katovich
32	Back Cover.....	King

*Last issue's classic cover by George Relf, '51



Bob Rieser

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 Garrett Dobbs
 David Ehrlichman
 Greg Hertz
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 Michelle Neely
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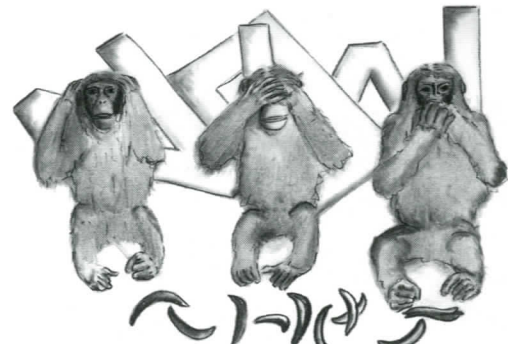
The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CXII February 28th, 2011 No. 3

BILLY KEMPER '11 <i>Old Boy</i>	JOSH MEISEL '12 <i>Old Boy</i>
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

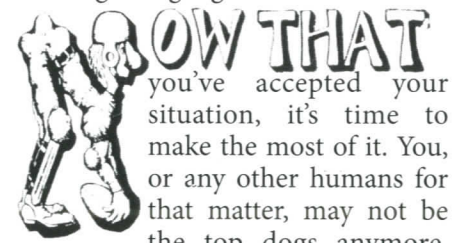


the rainy season has commenced, California's seeming a lot less like an academic institution

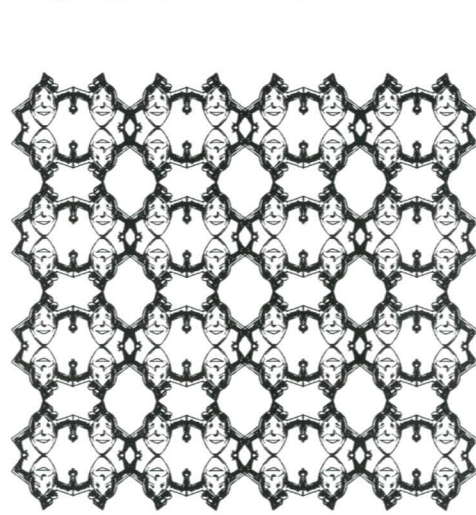
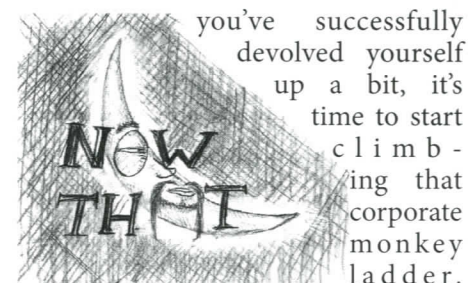
and a lot more like a jungle. Scratch that—a jungle gym. Well kid, welcome to the jungle gym. It may not be quite as you remember; the monkey bars have somewhat lost their luster now that your feet touch the ground.

Don't let yourself get behind you. Sure, the seesaw is overrun by towering simians, and the chimps fling woodchips at passersby—this clearly isn't Jimmytown anymore. But instead of bowing your head by the four square court and cursing your ape overlords under your breath,

why not take a few tips from them? In fact, when is the last time you've horsed around with some Monkey Business? How dumb can it be? They know sign language.

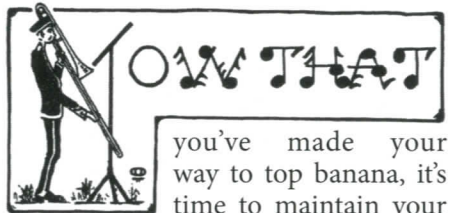


you've accepted your situation, it's time to make the most of it. You, or any other humans for that matter, may not be the top dogs anymore, but that doesn't mean you can't still have a good time. Think about dogs; they certainly seem to be enjoying themselves! And while Doggy Business may not be your style (though Doggy Style is your business, you dog), there are plenty of opportunities in the new and lucrative monkey industry. Why not pursue a position? Hell, you're certainly cut out for it; it's in your blood! You come from a long line of monkeys, and you're direct evidence that they weren't doing too poorly for themselves. Give yourself a pat on the back. No, not with your hand, with your tail... that's the spirit, I think I'll make a monkey out of you after all!



This is no laughing matter. The little things make all the difference (I ain't joking; ask your teacha!) First up, it's time to slouchen up that posture of yours. And tuck in your hair! Everyone knows that hard-knuckled, cleaner-cut monkeys do better in the business world. And it's not a genetic thing either; reverse back braces work just as well as natural stature.

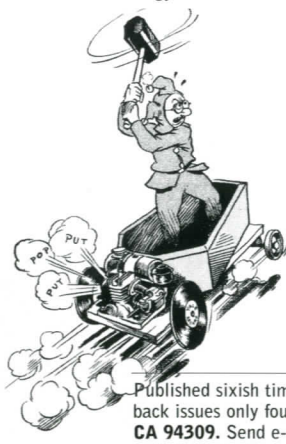
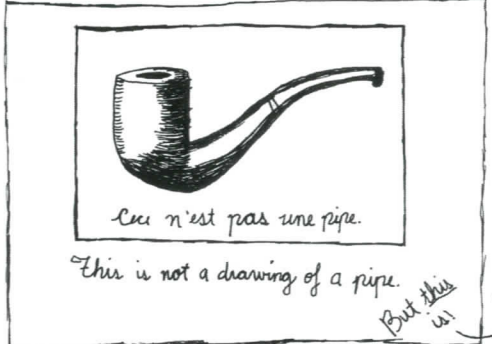
Don't believe me? We had our finest monkey statisticians bang out formulas in Mathematica, and that turned up the most BY FAR. What you perceive is what you believe, at least on Monkey Island. If you want to become the first CEO born a human, ever, you need to impress your "peers." It's an uphill battle, but if you think smart, and I mean smart, like not just as smart as the monkeys, but even smarter, you can make it a downhill war. 800 Horsepower isn't cool. You know what's cool? 8 million Horsepower.



you've successfully devolved yourself up a bit, it's time to start climbing that corporate monkey ladder.



And the well-being of hundreds upon dozens of monkeys depends on your shoulders. The shareholders expect performance, and you're only going to achieve that if you stick to what you know best: 'nananas, tomfoolery, and a damn good use of tools. It's just like back in your jungle days, your salad days, except now you're using a stick to collect chocolate-covered termites. Good, hard innovation isn't a lot of work; it's monkey nature. So wow 'em with a song and a dance (and a dribble for the triple threat). And if they don't like it, fuck 'em; what's it matter, as long as they pay you first. That's just how you operate. Hell, you're not a businessman, nor a business, man, you're a business, monkey. Rock back and kick up your feet. Your long-toed, hairy, prehensile feet. Twin beacons dominating the skyline of your mahogany workspace, dual testaments to the fact that you've made it. You're a monkey all right, and damn proud of it. Go ahead; you've earned that butt scratch.



Published sixish times during the college year under the auspices of the Hammer and Coffin Society. Subscriptions are eighteen dollars a year, single copies and back issues only four dollars. Make all checks payable to The Stanford Chaparral. Address all communications to: The Stanford Chaparral, P.O. Box 18916, Stanford, CA 94309. Send e-mail to: oldboy@chappie.stanford.edu Wit and persiflage for the electronic age: <http://www.stanfordchaparral.com> The Chaparral is produced with Macintosh computers and a joke-eat-joke attitude. All material ©2011 The Stanford Chaparral.

Harry Potter and the Hidden Patronus

by enchantedquill

CHAPTER ONE

It was a dark and rainy night, and there were lightning and thunderstorms outside, in England. J.K. Rowling was at the Barnes and Noble in London, a lot of her fans were there too, but they were just mostly ditzy high schoolers who liked the movies more than the books. This was actually back when J.K. had finished Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince, and she was actually just there to sign people's books at the store.

She had been signing books for three hours or so and was really tired. But she was actually more sad than tired, she had been sad the whole night. Maybe it was the dark and cold weather just putting her in a bad mood, "Perhaps," she thought, but she knew better in her heart that it was because she had lost faith in magic. There were only a couple of teenagers left in the line and she thought, "Thank God," depressedly.

When the last boy in line got to the table J.K. noticed that there was something fascinating about him, but she couldn't tell what it was yet. She got out her pen one last time and said "what is your name?" to him so that she could write a note to him in the book. "My name is Harry," he responded charismatically. She looked up into his dark emerald-green eyes and felt a wave of mystery come over her. "That's so strange," she replied, shocked, "The main character in my books is named Harry." Harry gave a knowing nod and a shy smile, but J.K. Rowling knew that she had to know more.

CHAPTER TWO

"I've read all your books," Harry said while laughing, as if it was secretly a joke. There was now no one left in the bookstore and they were about to turn off the lights. "Why don't you come back to my house?" blurted out J.K., embarrassedly. She didn't know why she said it but it was almost like fate had decided, and she knew that she had to ask Harry questions about magic.

They arrived at J.K. Rowling's house at midnight. It was late but they both were feeling electrified by the night's events. "J.K.," Harry began to speak, but she cut him off. "Please, call me Jo," begged Joanne, because that was what her closest friends called her. You see, people had only called her Joanne when they were angry with her when she was a little girl. "Harry, I have something to admit," Joanne revealed, "I have to write another Harry Potter book but I don't believe in magic anymore." Joanne paced across the bedroom floor, and sighed, "You see, Harry, magic doesn't exist," and waved her hands exasperatedly.

"Jo," Harry began to speak mysteriously, "magic does exist!" There was a sparkle in his eye and Joanne felt like he was telling the truth, but she didn't believe him. "You're lying!" she screamed defensively, and she crossed her arms because maybe it had been a mistake to bring Harry back to her home. But at that moment Harry pulled out a wand and shouted "Expecto Patronum!" and a magic shining silver substance shot out of the wand, and became a stag, just like in the very books Joanne had written! Joanne's cheeks became firey red, because she was blushing not only about being wrong about magic but also was passionately attracted to Harry's power.

Harry turned towards her and looked into her soft hazel eyes with his mesmerizing stare. "You are a wizard," she gasped unbelievably. Without words, he parted his thick black hair on his forehead, and that's when she saw the lightning bolt scar that had been hidden before now. "Oh my god!" she screamed orgasmically, "Harry Potter! You're real!" Harry Potter put his wand down and put his strong wizard's arms around J.K. They could not resist the magic between them and began to passionately kiss.



New Titles in Non-Fiction

Colorful Changes: A Coming of Age Story

Baseball Dogs: Exploring the Soul of Man's Best Sport

The Romance of Arithmetic

Wall Street: The Mantis Way

The Bard of SoHo

The Ancient Greeks and Their Statues Debunked

How Advertising Stole Your Face (Oh No, My Face!)

Winston Churchill: the Man, the Myth...the Woman?

Naming Raindrops: A Story of Redemption

Hey, What's the Big Idea?: Greek Sculpture

Dogs, Children, and Learning Disorders: An Untimely Triangle

An Elegant Corollary

The Ambiguous Lily: A Portrait of China

Living Alone on Wall Street

Karl Island

Demystifying Slam Poetry

The Accidental Paradox

Bought, Sold and Borrowed: My Life as a Credit Card

Folding Happiness: The Shapes of Childhood

Choices, Choices, Choices

Technology: How Much Is There?

Wizarding Remembered Through Pictures

Food: How Much is Too Much?

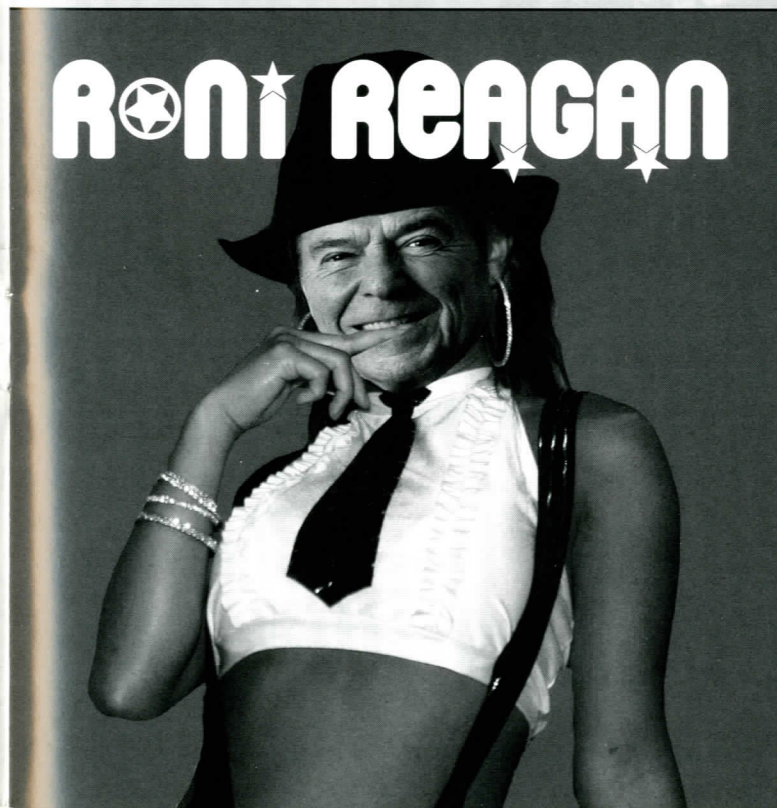
Gold: How Much is a Lot?

Crime and Pageantry

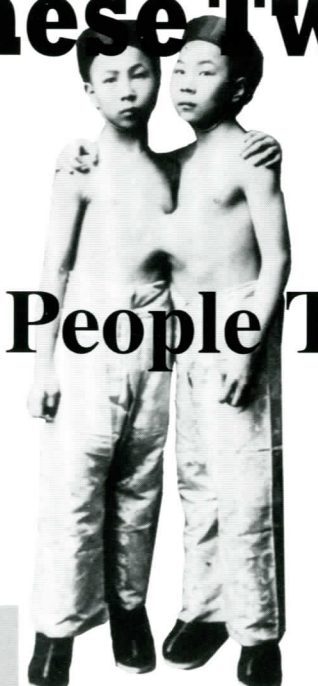
Flowers in a Cubicle, Flowers on the Moon

Let's Do Lunch:

The Cappuccino King of Wall Street



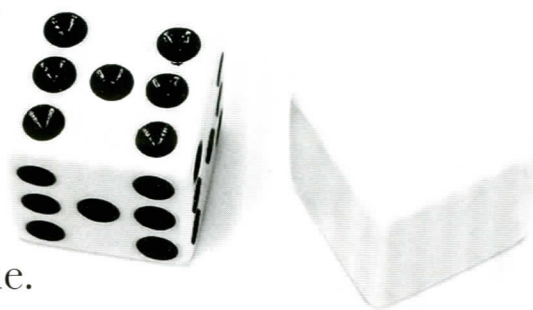
Siamese Twins



Are People Two!

Paid for by the Committee Against Multi-Person Discrimination League

I'm so *Badd*



I'm so *Badd* Santa Claus gave me a coal mine.

I'm so *Badd* my fly is *always* open.

I'm so *Badd* I be walking on cracks, **and** breakin' mamas' backs.

I'm so *Badd* dogs be acting like cats around me.

I'm so *Badd*, I wear the pants — the pants sure as fuck don't wear me.

I'm so *Badd* I forgot my lines and still got an A-.

I'm so *Badd* I be eating video games like candy.

I'm so *Badd* I skipped like two of my birthdays.

I'm so *Badd*, I don't need no legs. *Got that shit chopped.*

I'm so *Badd* yo grandma call me Bingo.

I'm so *Badd* I only eat the middle of the pizza.

I'm so *Badd*, I broke my fingers yesterday — snappin'.

I'm so *Badd*, I got a house full o' shoes — and I'm homeless.

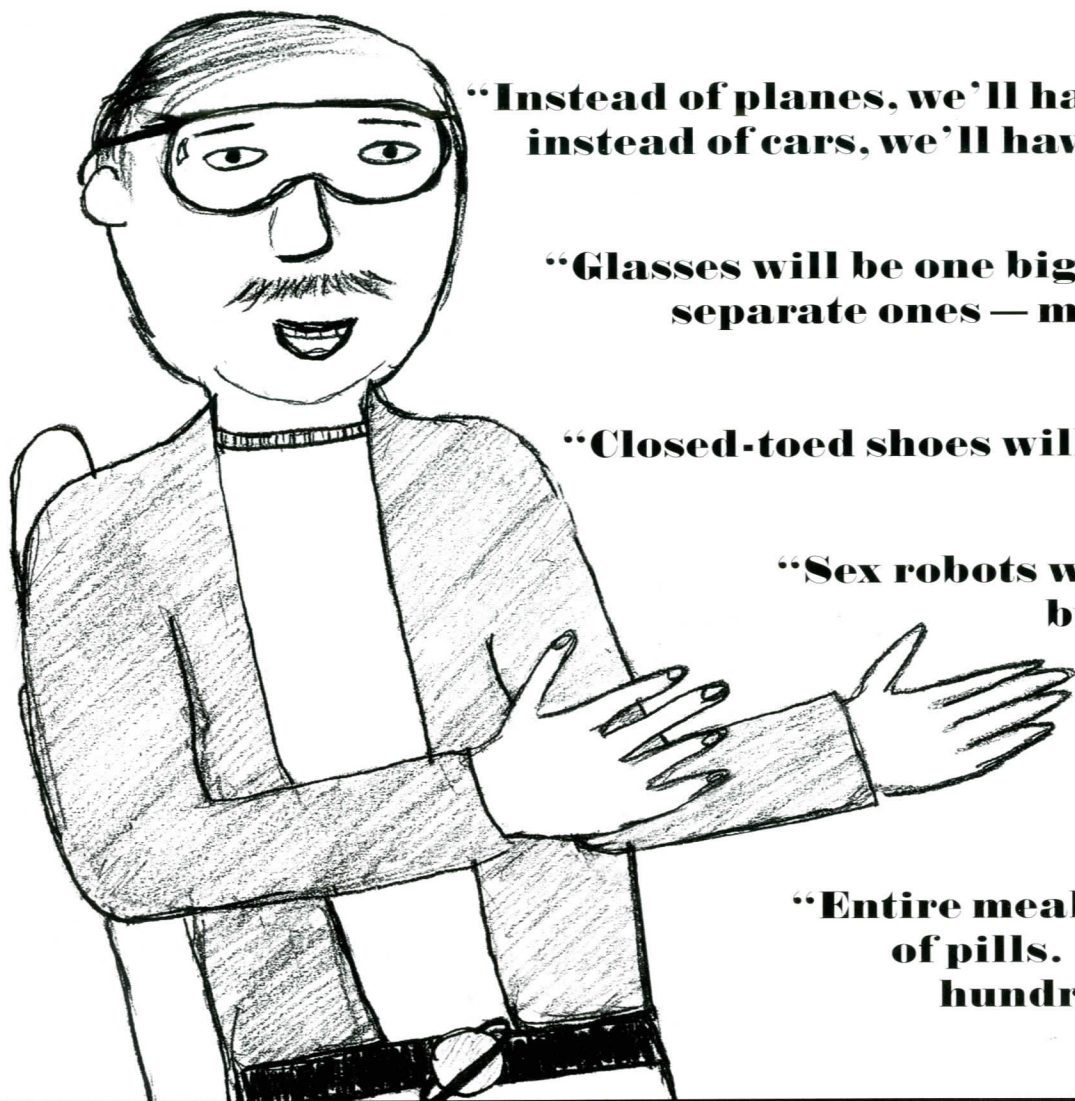
I'm so *Badd* it hurts, *Cood*.



LUCKY SANTA SAVE JORJOS EUNOZY OF CHINA

Musings
from a

SELF-DESCRIBED FUTURIST



“Instead of planes, we’ll have flying cars. And instead of cars, we’ll have colored trains.”

“Glasses will be one big lens instead of two separate ones — more efficient.”

“Closed-toed shoes will be retractable.”

“Sex robots will be real... but kind of mean.”

“Ugly will be the new fat.”

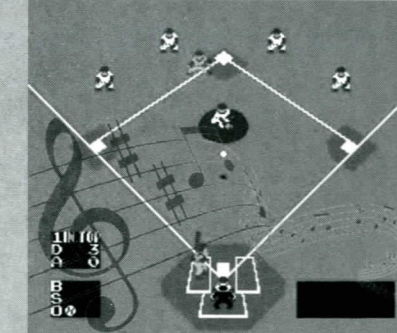
“Entire meals will be composed of pills. Hundreds and hundreds of pills.”

STRANGE
BUT
TRUE

It is a widely held belief that Cotton Candy was actually invented by a dentist! Too strange to not be true! Here are some other things invented by dentists:

- Toothpaste
- Floss

BASEBALL CONCERT SCHEDULE

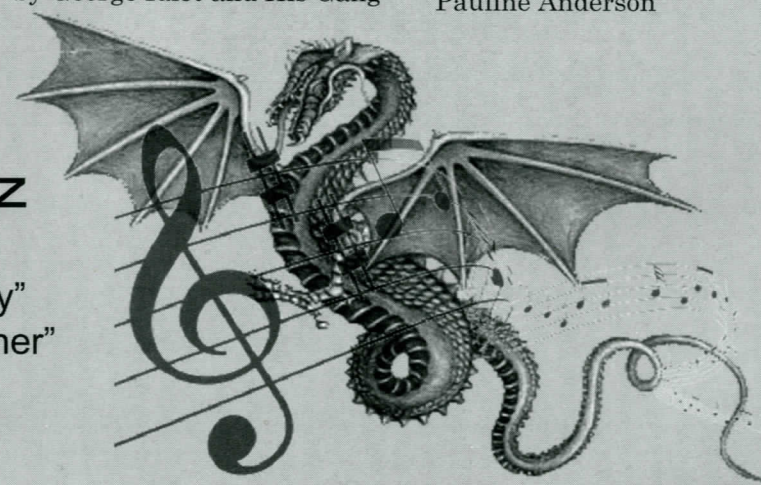


- “Summer Home Run” by The Boys of October
- “Sliding on Empty” by Jerry’s Jubilee
- “Spring Training (and it feels so good)” by Sunken Diamond
- “The Third Strike’s a Charm” by The Franky Pietro 9
- “Shake it, shake that bat and you’ll gooo away” by Mama Burrito
- “Opening Day” by The Hunter Man
- “World Series 2000” by Baseball Joe
- “Sweet Baby Ruth” by Who Can Deny Baseball is Fun
- “Three strikes... and you’re out?” by A Storm of Friendly Strangers
- “Last Grand Slam” by Ty Cobb’s Grandson
- “A Walk’s as Good as a Hit” by Ball Park Frank
- “Almost Full Count” by Lazy Leslie
- “Sunflower Seeds in the Dugout and I’m Almost Old” by The Famous Boys
- “Chewing Tobacco: I’m So Old” by Gordon Borbous Manilicutty
- “The Umpire Strikes Back” by Paul Lewis and the Old Souls
- “Just Bein’ Folks” by Herbert and his Lovely Wife
- “Growin’ Old (I’m Almost So Old)” by Stopy Flippers
- “Married to the Game” by Tic-Tac-Taco
- “Go Home Already” by COMEONALREADY!
- “Stepping up to the Plate” I’m Growing Old
- “A Southpaw’s Only as Good as Her Word” by Little Taco
- “TGIFriday’s on a Saturday Night” by Gorgeous Gregg
- “Can’t Beat The Heat (Without Heart)” by Tommy Flippy
- “Bring in the Closer” by Flip Tompson and the Gay Friends
- “Blessed Be Opening Day” by Illinois Sampson and the Netflix
- “The Backwards Cat Blues” by George Idiot and His Gang of Homos

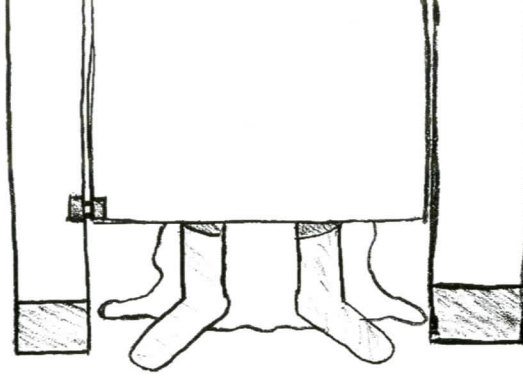
- “Rally Cap Rag” by Gorgeous Davis
- “I Matter” by Baseball Matt
- “Rolling out the Tarp” by Rain Delay City
- “Mr. T-ball” by Mean, Median and Modem
- “Hit for Average, not for Power” by President Monkey
- “A Fevorous Day on the Baseball Range” by Ice Pitch
- “Playoffs Pump-up” by Dale
- “Mr. October’s Spooky Emporium” by Boo Jackson
- “Give Me Corrrnnnn” by My Best Friend
- “Feeding My Oldest Friends” by Paul Lewis and the Old Souls
- “A Real Nice Day in the Bleachers” by Tony Tortorro Espeldza
- “All My Best Friends” by Baseball Mitt
- “Found Myself a Louisville Slugger (happy)” by The Gay Assholes
- “Take me out (to the Ball Game)” by Sly Franklin
- “Growin’ So Old Together” By Sly Franklin
- “My Lonely Wife” by Sly Franklin
- “I’m Growin’ Old Tomorrow” by Sly Franklin feat. The Gay Assholes
- “I’m a Lonely Old Wife” by Betty Pauline Anderson
- “My Wife, So Lonely and Old” by Sly Franklin
- “Now Things Have Changed” by Sly Franklin
- “My Son, the World” by Sly Franklin and Betty Pauline Anderson

JOCK JAMZ

- “The Sorceror’s Boy”
- “The Wizard, My Father”



SHITTY SUPERPOWERS



- SWEATY PALMS
- DAY VISION
- SUPER SENSITIVE
- INFARED HEARING
- POWERFUL JAWLINE
- INVISIBLE DICK
- LEAD FOOT
- CANKLES
- ULTRA HYPER
- CRYSTAL POO
- ORANGE JUICE SALIVA
- AM RADIO RECEPTION
- ONE BIG NOSTRIL
- GLIDING
- FANTASTIC EFFORT

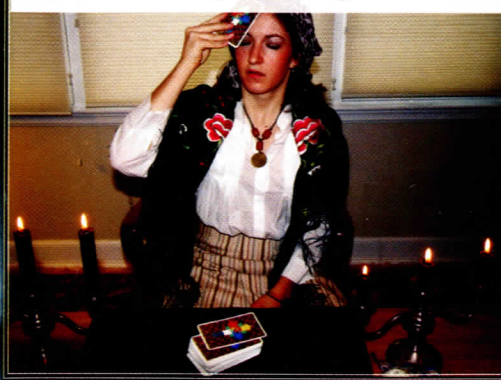
Dumbledore.is.gay.net/gayleak

- > Version:1.0 StartHTML:000000167 EndHTML:000002394
- > StartFragment:000000669 EndFragment:000002378!CODE!LEAK!
- > October 22nd, 2007: J.K. Rowling outs Dumbledore. Dumbledore is GAY.
- > January 11th, 2008: J.K. Rowling leaks the full list, outing hundreds of other literary characters.
- > The Full List:
- > Gandalf
- > Atticus Finch
- > Goliath
- > Moby Dick
- > Indian from The Indian in the Cupboard
- > Cowboy from The Indian in the Cupboard
- > Rambo
- > Sylvester Stallone
- > Little boy from Indian in the Cupboard

FATAL ERROR|MASSIVE DUMP

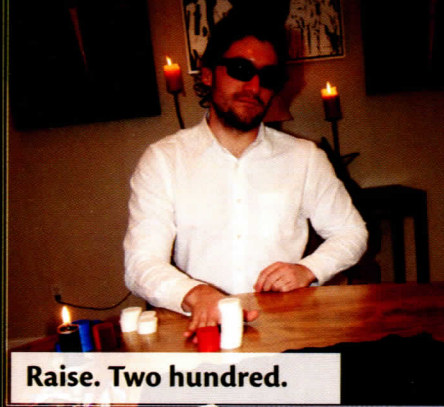
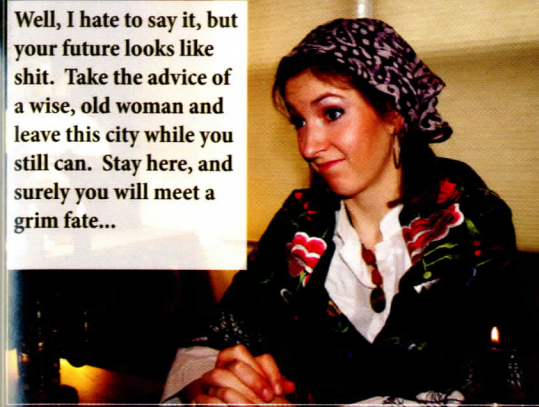
```
# I did the best I could to
# decode the drive. It's
# not everything, but even
# with just this
# shortlist....
# god, can you imagine?
```

I can feel the Great Spirits entering the tarot cards now... they will reveal your future...



Failure. Dissapointment. Defeat.

Well, I hate to say it, but your future looks like shit. Take the advice of a wise, old woman and leave this city while you still can. Stay here, and surely you will meet a grim fate...

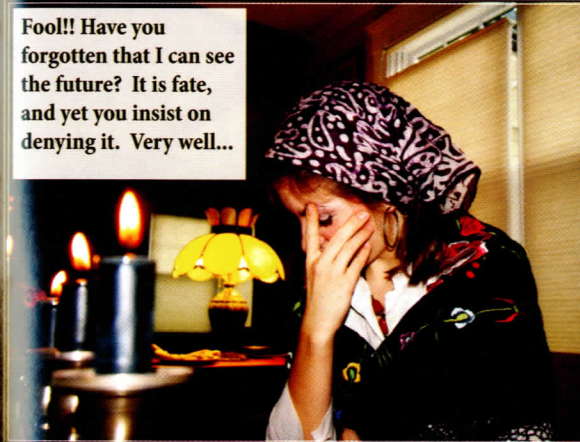


Raise. Two hundred.

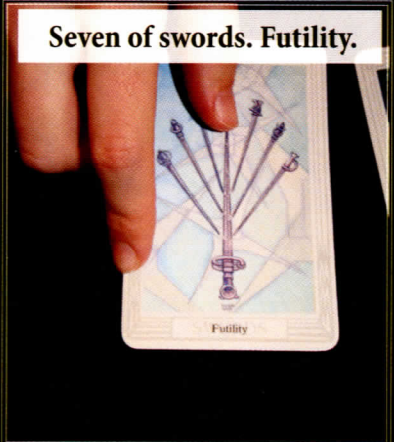


You think Big Dog's gonna fall for that weak-ass bluff? Play the next card.

Fool!! Have you forgotten that I can see the future? It is fate, and yet you insist on denying it. Very well...



Seven of swords. Futility.



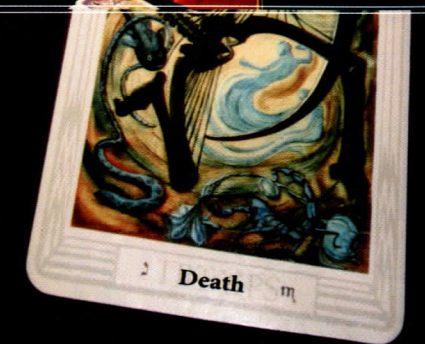
You're wasting your time. This is a *useless* attempt to achieve *impossible* results.



You sure do talk a lot.

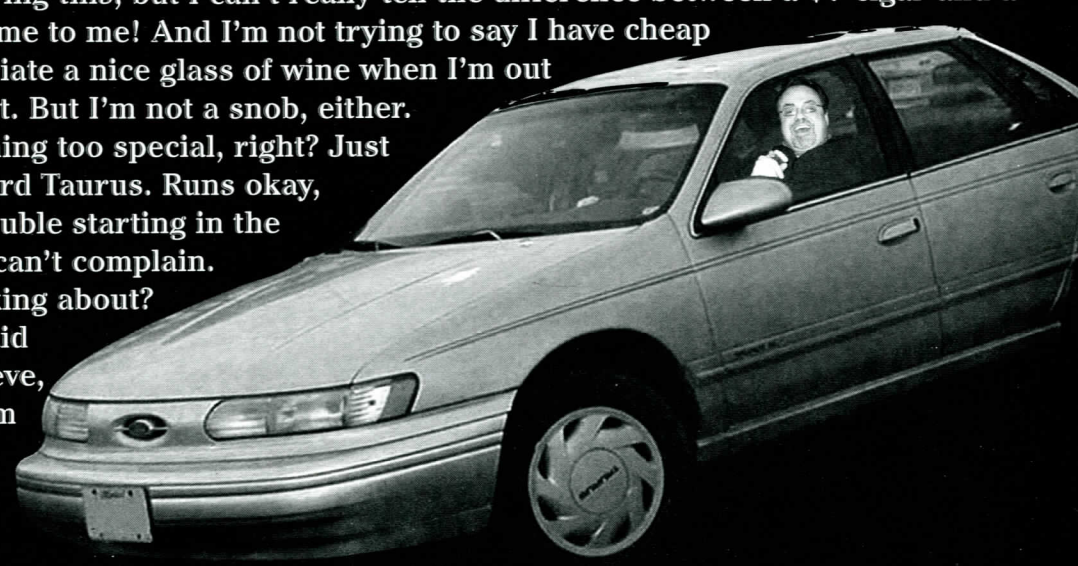


All in.



Bill has a **LARGELY** one-sided conversation!

Bill:
 "So, like I was saying, I appreciate the occasional cigar, but I don't need one every day. Now, that's not to say that I only have a stogie on special occasions. That's not the case at all. I mean, there are some weeks when I have a cigar every day, but it's not every week. I'm not particularly picky, either. To be quite honest, and Brian, well you all know Brian, he and I golf a lot, anyways Brian would hate me for saying this, but I can't really tell the difference between a \$7 cigar and a \$15 cigar. They're all the same to me! And I'm not trying to say I have cheap tastes. I certainly do appreciate a nice glass of wine when I'm out to eat at a fancier restaurant. But I'm not a snob, either. You've all seen my car. Nothing too special, right? Just your run-of-the-mill used Ford Taurus. Runs okay, I guess. Gives me a little trouble starting in the winter months, but I really can't complain. Anyways, what were we talking about? Oh yeah. Jesus. So Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. Mark 9:23. Amen."



Congregation:
 "Amen."

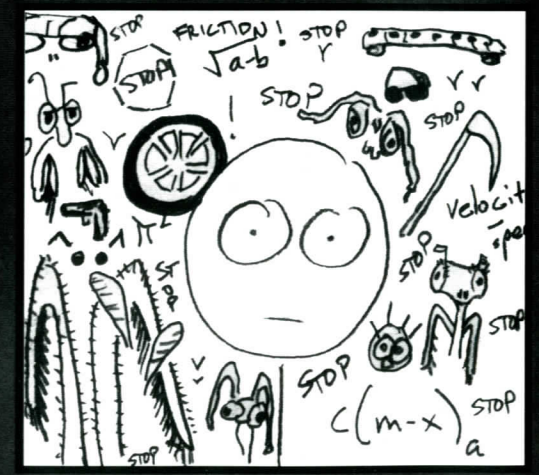
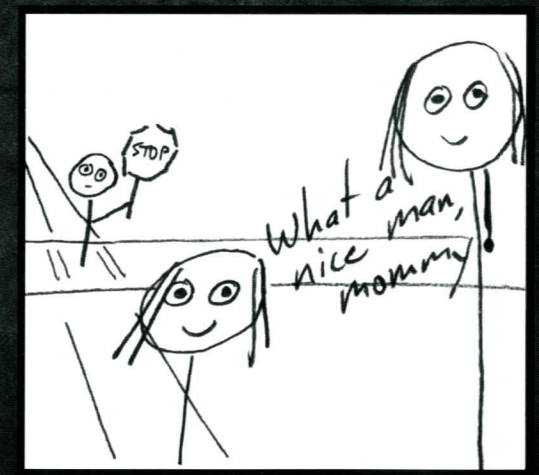
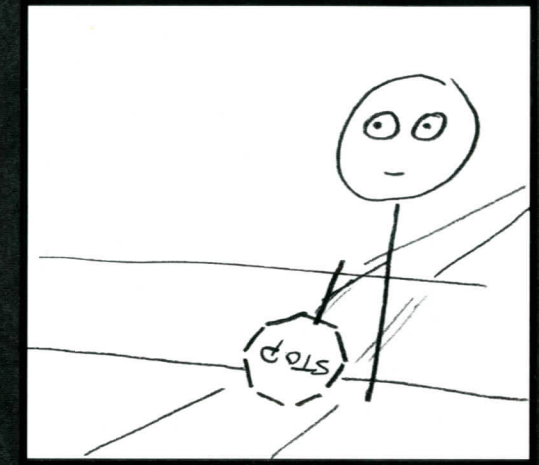
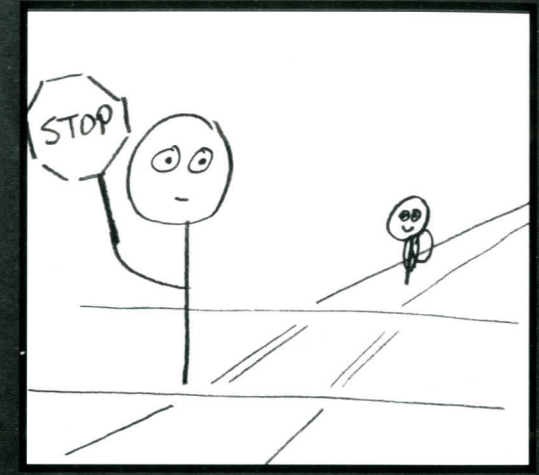
KNIGHT RIDER

Did you ever have a nickname growing up?

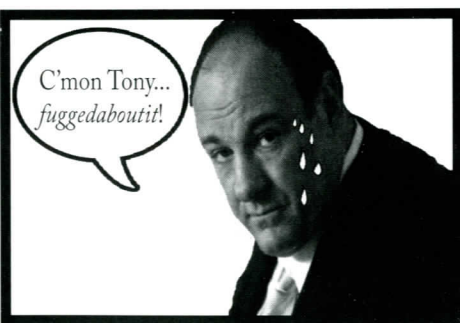
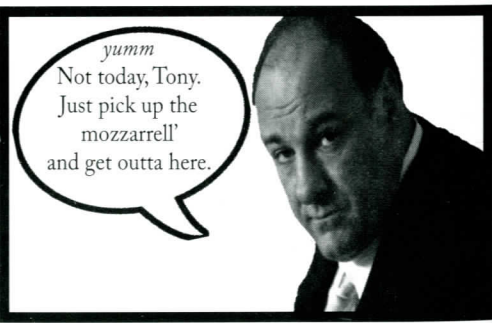
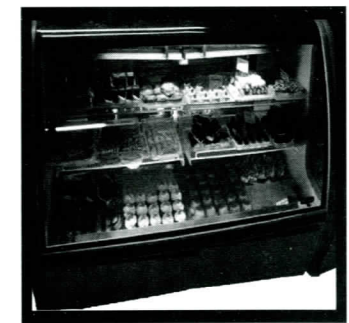
Haha, yeah actually, my friends used to call me "Knight Rider" because they thought I looked like the main character from the TV show.

Oh man, now that you mention it, I totally see the Hasselhoff resemblance!

No, the car. They thought I looked like the car.

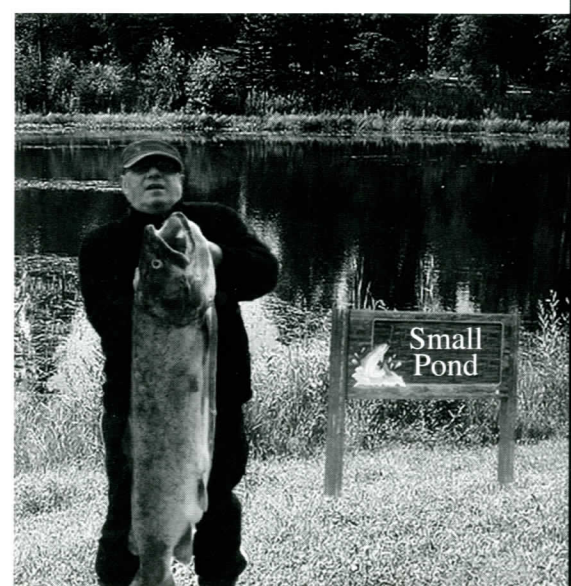


Tony Soprano in An Offer He Can't Refuse



Amateur Edition

- Fastest High School Mile
- Longest Novella
- World's Richest Millionaire
- Oldest Living Panamanian
- Longest Beard on a Bearded Woman
- Biggest Personal Pizza
- Most Underrated



Calling All DJs

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE DJ EVENTS OF THE SUMMER

HARD
NEW YEAR EVE
12.31.10

Main Stage
DJ BEACHBALL
HEADPHONEZ
FRANKENSTEIN'S LIMO
KLAUS
THE CORN CUBS
PEACE AMPED
DJ DRAGON

Funk Room
MIKE MESSEX
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18 TO PARTY 21 TO DRINK | THE MUSIC BOX IN HOLLYWOOD
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Featuring **DISCO** Estonian Sensation



roller coaster now its time to fun
 these naked caverns they are ready for ride
 my Disco DJ he makes them all for ride



and don't forget...

SNOW RAVE

TUES 21 DEC
 10PM - 6AM THIS IS A ONE EVENT

DJ DECADE

Featuring..

ANTI-PIRACY

MC DRIPS

Comp Gov FLAN!

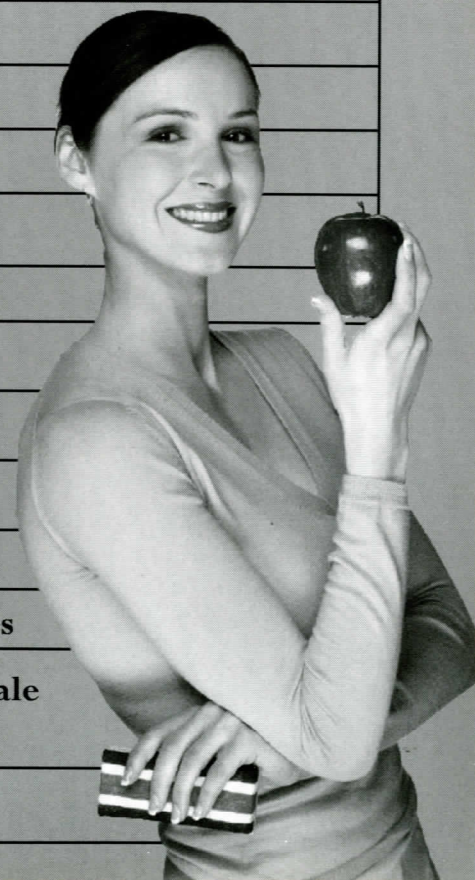
WARNING: THIS EVENT WILL %100 SELL OUT!

Questions My Girlfriend is Sick of Me Asking Her:

- Do you mind if I watch football in here?
- What's your aunt's name again?
- Does your sister have bigger boobs than you?
- Aren't you going to ask me if I think you look fat in that?
- What the hell's the matter with you?
- Are you going to keep it?

Are You a Third Grade Teacher? Testing by Smell

Where:	smells:
Hallways	like magic marker, construction paper
Desk	like staple wounds, disapproving Sharpie cursive, check pluses
Coat Room	like wet dog, tongue depressors
Bathroom	clean, sterile, uncanny
Hands	like gingerbread, Pledge, glue
Cardigan	aged, lupine; like check minuses
Hamster Cage	somewhat gerbilly, sterile, bitter
Car	scornful; like vermouth, Bengay
Bed	like buckwheat, scalp oil, lavender
Backyard	of drying papier-mâché, malignance
Living Room	musty; like trinket storage
Computer Bank	consistent, Bauhaus, fearful
Lounge	sterile; like coffee, Kenmore, potato eyes
Cafeteria	severe, clean; like muddied alabaster, stale melted ice pops, immigration
Music Room	strained, glib; see also: <i>glockenspiels</i>

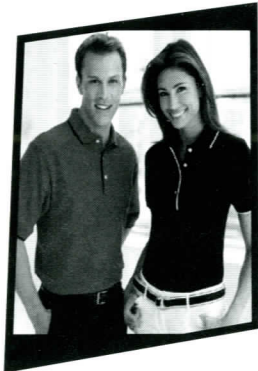


Too Freshhh

SHIRTS!



BACK TO SCHOOL, AGAIN



Sarah: Hi, Tim, is it? What do you study?

Tim: Hey Sarah, cool party isn't it? I happen to be doing my Ph.D. in artistry.

Sarah: Oh, I think art history is so interesting.

Tim: No, artistry. Like what it means to be an artist.

Sarah: What does it mean?

Tim: Well, on a metaphysical level, life can be described by art but the reverse cannot be epistemologically true, taking into account the gap between the Real and Symbolic.

Sarah tentatively raises a 'brow. Tim sees his roommate behind her.

Tim: Brandon! Brandon, meet Sarah.

A dark fellow walks over and shakes her hand.

Sarah: We were just talking about art history's importance.

Tim: No, this actually happens a lot. I'm studying artistry.

Brandon: That's so specific. Where did you study artists' trees undergrad?

Tim: I don't think you — what?

Brandon: The painter's iconic leafy subject. It blooms, dies, lives, thrives.

A slender Asian woman pops up.

Su Yim: I study herbology with local sifu in a small agricultural village in Japan. I become his apprentice; we study power of our tree's tea.

Tim: I study artistry.

Brandon and Su Yim: Go on.

The smell of thick marinara fills the air.

Donnie: Heya guys, you say ya from Arty's Street? I grew up there, knew him as a kid, okay? He used to make those calzones with the mozzarel and the ricotta and the guanciale and the pancetta and the mortadella and the prosciutto and the parmigiano.

Brandon: No, we're talking about artists' trees. Right Tim?

Su Yim: No, our tree's tea, right mistah Tim?

Sarah: I thought you were studying art history, Tim?

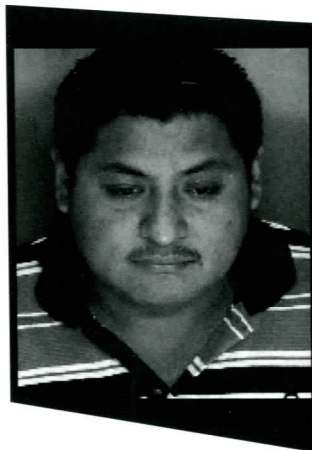
A very small Hispanic man tiptoes through Tim's legs.

Manuel Vargas: Are these trees?

Tim: People, not trees.

Manuel: English es hard.

Sarah: Economics is the language of tomorrow.



Monkey Jokes



Q: How many monkeys does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: *Five. Three to perform the task and two to take the credit.*

Q: Why can't monkeys count?

A: *They're too busy nagging their wives.*

Q: What's the worst day in monkey history?

A: *The monkey apocalypse.*

Q: Name one example of a gorilla that's as wise as a chimpanzee.

A: *Impossible. Not even the wisest chimpanzee could answer that.*

Q: Why do monkeys have such flat noses?

A: *Because they keep getting into everybody's business.*

Q: What do you get when you cross a monkey with a bird species?

A: *A GROSS exaggeration.*

Q: Who's older than Monkey Gabriel?

A: *Odymallitus the Wise.*

Q: Why aren't there any monkeys in Alaska?

A: *All the monkeys and their bananas don't NEED that.*

The Chappie Guy

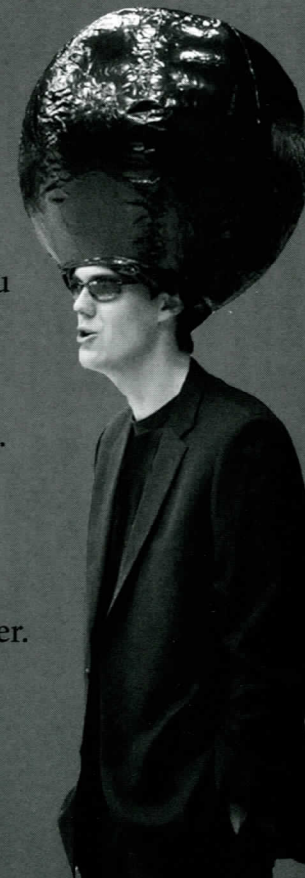
People often ask me, "Hey, Chappie Guy, how do you think up these crazy ideas that get published in this magazine?" So I tell them, "Well bub, I'd like to answer your question with another question: How did your parents think up your name when you were born?"

Usually, the people will then smile understandingly, nod knowingly, and walk away wittingly. Some wise guys, though, they just don't get it. They need more explanation.

"Well," the dumb sap will say, "My dad fought in the greatest of the Great Wars, and a fella saved my old man's life at the expense of his own. As the guy was dying in my father's arms, my dad, the hero that he is, told the bleeding guy, 'If I ever have a son, I'm going to name him Walter, after you.' And that's why my parents named me Walter. Because my dad promised a dying man he would."

"Exactly," I say.

And with that, he'll get it. Finally, Walter will smile understandingly, nod knowingly, and walk away wittingly. And I can go back to murdering drifters.





Tales of the MONKEY RABBI



A NEIGHBORLY DISPUTE

A Jewish monkey is having a dispute with his neighbor. He goes to visit the monkey rabbi.

"Monkey rabbi," he declares, "My neighbor and I cannot agree!"

"What is it?" asks the rabbi, twirling his beard pensively.

"Well, Schmulee—that's his name you see—he has a banana tree whose trunk rests on his plot of land."

"Well I don't see how this could be a problem. The tree is on his plot of land; it's his tree!"

"Ah ah ah. You see, this Schmulee, he loves to take naps in the branches, which hang over my plot of land. I hit with him long sticks, declaiming, 'Stop sleeping on my plot of land!' But he doesn't see it this way, he—"

Just then the rabbi raises his hand over the Jewish monkey's head, silencing him. "Would you let a squirrel sleep in the tree?" the rabbi asks this.

"Of course. Nature is his home."

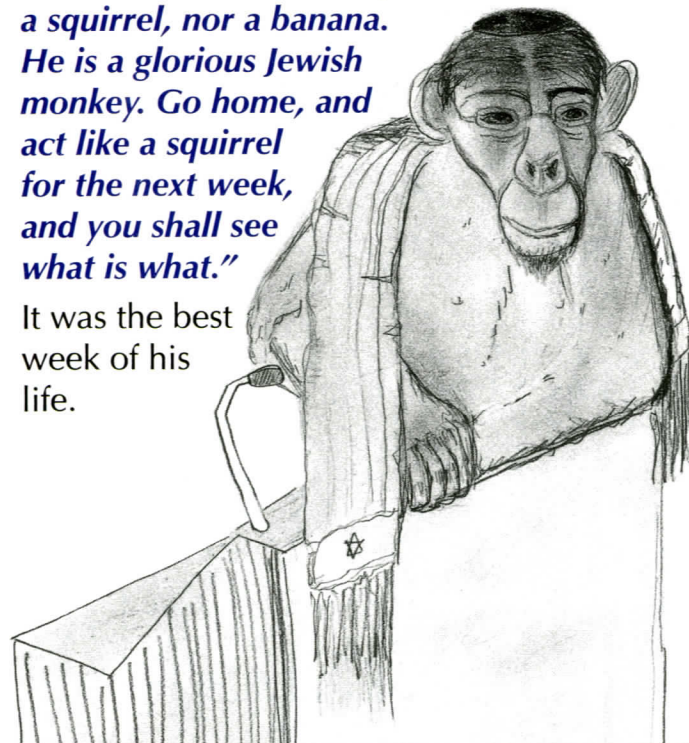
"And what about a banana?"

"I suppose so, but I don't see how that..."

"Then let Schmulee sleep in the tree. For he is not beneath a squirrel, nor a banana.

He is a glorious Jewish monkey. Go home, and act like a squirrel for the next week, and you shall see what is what."

It was the best week of his life.



A BOYISH INQUIRY

"Monkey Rabbi, is it ever kosher to eat monkey pie?" asked the boy.

The monkey rabbi pondered the question for a moment, consulted his beard, then wagged his finger in the air pedantically, responding, "There is only one case in which the Torah permits the consumption of monkey pie, and that is when one's life depends on it."

"Is this really so, Monkey Rabbi?"

"Of course, what is meant by monkey pie is a pie made with chunks of monkey meat. It is never permissible to eat a pie made with bite-sized baby monkeys. The loss of life is too heavy a toll."

The boy was shocked. "Wow, it truly astounds me that if one is in enough need of a meal, he may put the meat of another monkey to his lips."

"Yes, and I'm starving!" the monkey rabbi exclaimed, winking voraciously as he pulled out a pie tin.

THE CASE OF THE STOLEN NUTS

The monkey rabbi noticed the temple's supply of nuts was having to be replenished every few weeks, instead of every few months, as was customary. Using the book of Leviticus as a precedent, the monkey rabbi concluded it must be the maid was stealing nuts during her nightly cleanings. And so the monkey rabbi devised a clever scheme. He slept all throughout the next day, and that night he hid beneath a table, watching the maid's every move. Sure enough, just as the monkey rabbi had predicted, the maid had been stealing nuts all along!

MAXIMUM COMMUNICATION

Dude, my parents have this sick place up at Vail and they're definitely not using it this year. Yo, I've been dreaming about those powdery slopes, I can't wait to drive up there with my girlfriend. I checked the weather reports and dude, seriously, this year it's gonna be so fucking EXTREME relaxing to cozy up with her by the fire and just watch the snow gently fall. I'm hoping we can play board games all day and talk about maybe moving in together next year over some hot chocolate.

BRO, this weekend is THE weekend. Cancel any plans because you are taking the flight of your life. I already bought the tickets for you cause I know that you'd chicken out like last time if I didn't. Just trust me and Take The Dive, nothing bad is gonna happen. It's honestly the most INTENSE RUSH when you jump out of the plane into the boarding gate and realize you're in New York City! Oh. my. God. It's really such a fun town, I just know you're going to love it.

Man, it's been a long time, but damn I really feel like getting back on the board. I know, I know, its RECKLESS. I said I was gonna move on, but honestly I don't care how dangerous it is. I can't wait to Bust an Insane 360° on the career decision I made to become CEO. Sure, I make CRAZY money, but I'm honestly not comfortable with the responsibilities. Hopefully the company will let me go back to my old position as board member and majority share holder.

Yo, did you hear Mike's in the hospital? We were on our bikes yesterday TEARING UP the office park. It was totally sick at first. I was doing MAD WHEELIES and handlebar spins, but nothing, like, TOO INTENSE. Mike was getting serious though. At one point, he was stair jumping and did this EXPLOSIVE AERIAL. I mean, he was ON FIRE. No, I mean, like, he literally exploded. Man, I guess that's always a risk when you try to do BMX shit on motorcycles.

THOSE WACKY BRITTS

English

BRITISH

Toilet	_____	Loo
Popsicle	_____	Ice Lolly
Book	_____	Paper Binder
Shoes	_____	Tough Feet
Clothes	_____	Fancy Skins
Hats	_____	Big Heads
TV	_____	Loud Paper
CDs	_____	Shine Donuts
Stop Sign	_____	Peter Marker
Car	_____	Wheely Chair
Wheel Chair	_____	Lazy Walker
Soap	_____	Rub-n-Bub
Tree	_____	Hard Flower
Wrong	_____	Right-Wrong



You look terrible today, much worse than usual.

Have you gained weight lately? You look like you could benchpress a truck!

I don't know if I like that dress on you; it really hides your figure.

The back of your hand is disgusting.

Hey ref, are you blind? *That* would be impressive.

BACK-HANDED INSULTS

She is such a slut. I mean I assume that's why so many guys express interest in her.

Nice job missing the game-winning shot, idiot. Seriously, I think the 3-seed actually has an easier playoffs schedule.

Is that dress from the '80s?! Timeless!

Fuck you, I'm sure you did so well on that test, fuck you!



Let Me Put It This Way...

Adverbs: not adjectives

Adjectives: not adverbs

Nouns: things

Verbs: do

Predicates: pretentious do

Townhouses: not houses but in towns

Houses: townhouses not in towns

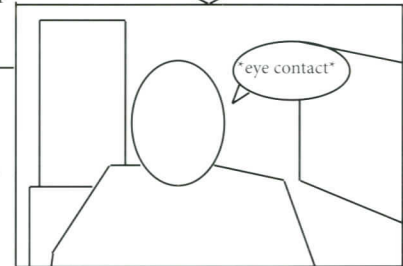
Penthouses: fancy

Condos: fancy apartments

Apartments: fancy dorms

Dorms: fancy boxes

Boxes: fancy squares



PLANET OF THE APES

"Planet of the Apes" depicts a world that mimics ours exactly, except that the roles of humans and monkeys are interchanged. The differences are few but significant:

Curious George is much taller than his caretaker, the Monkey with the Yellow Hat. The book does not appeal at all to its targeted demographic.

The highest-scoring NBA game of all time has a final score of 2-1.

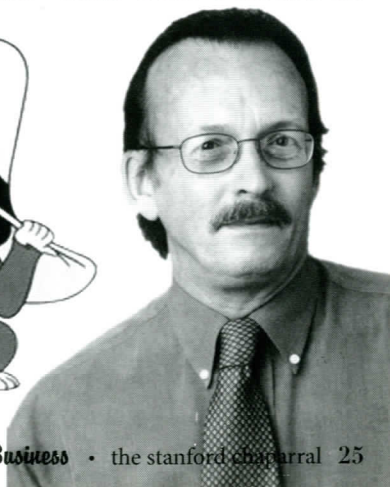
A human smoking a cigar is a hilarious image.

Monkey brains are a VERY exotic delicacy.

Gillette manufactures smoothie machines.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame walks on his hands with his feet in the air.

"Planet of the Humans" wins Best Picture in 3752.



[show details](#) 5:24 PM (37 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Psychology 85, Randis Curtain, Section 4
 This paper is an attempt to summarize the works that we have been reading in class and offer my own interpretation of it.
 We first studied on the farm whether scarecrows are helpful in deterring pigeons and other birds (Mendelsohn '94, Fishbourne '32). Then we looked at whether the scarecrows were actually constructed in legitimate ways. But what was more important, we were soon told enough about, was that it was not the scarecrow but the crops themselves which act as the deterrent (Tamat '16). If irrational they are also involved with vegetable crops right so I want to distinguish between bold and unbold behavior.
 In summary it is clear that we have learned absolutely nothing in this class. Professor Gremlint, I never liked you.
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Gimraw P. Gremlint to me [show details](#) 5:25 PM (36 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Dear Randis,
 How are you? I was grading papers and I came across yours and I was a little shocked to see what you had written. If the crops were the deterrent, that would revitalize the current body of research for pro-crow scarecrows and the negative capacity factor in crow and other small bird deterrence, i.e. Macknugget et. al. I'm contacting the board to grant you funding for original research on the topic.
 Congratulations,
 Gimraw P. Gremlint
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Randis Curtain to ggsweetsauce47 [show details](#) 5:24 PM (37 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Professor Gremlint,
 I am so sorry for the way that I wrote to you originally. I was angry because my research ideas weren't being properly funded. I sincerely appreciate your offer to fund the hypothesis that the crops are the deterrent (i.e. Macknugget et. al or if you need another good paper look at Wilson and Jeffery). The only question that I have is, how much money can you allocate for my friend Daniel to come? He isn't directly necessary for the research but it would be fun to have him and I think he might be helpful. I was thinking that you could pay for like all his travel expenses and half of his food? I want to come to an agreement that is fair. Cheers,
 Randis Curtain
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Gimraw P. Gremlint to me [show details](#) 5:25 PM (36 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Regards, Randis:
 Unfortunately I won't be able to grant your request for Daniel to join you. Frankly it seems like he is rather unrelated to this grant request or the discussion at all. Were he involved in the research at the beginning, that would be one thing. If he were to come, which he cannot, I simply would not be able to pay for his food anyway that would be excessive. Now, how shall we proceed? Why don't you create a budget for the research? Thanks,
 Professor Gremlint
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Randis Curtain to ggsweetsauce47 [show details](#) 5:24 PM (37 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Professor Gremlint, I have included the budget below:
 Travel: \$3000 Food: \$2000 Extra concerns: \$1000 Money for research directly (surveys, interviews): \$2000
 Daniel: \$2000
 Thanks, Randis Curtain
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Gimraw P. Gremlint to me [show details](#) 5:25 PM (36 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Dear Randis,
 Your budget looks great, except that I noticed one thing: you included some portion of the expenses for Daniel. Unfortunately we aren't able to fund Daniel. Is there any way that you could revise your budget? Thanks,
 Professor Gremlint
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Randis Curtain to ggsweetsauce47 [show details](#) 5:24 PM (37 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Prof, I revised the budget but the figures don't work out. I think you should let Daniel come. He's really cool. Randis
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Gimraw P. Gremlint to me [show details](#) 5:25 PM (36 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Randis, I've changed my mind. Bring Daniel along. Looking forward to meeting you both. -Professor Gremlint
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Randis Curtain to ggsweetsauce47 [show details](#) 5:24 PM (37 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 G—Daniel's decided not to come. Is that okay?
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Gimraw P. Gremlint to me [show details](#) 5:25 PM (36 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Dear Randis, the budget has been approved and cannot be changed. We can't do this research without him.
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

daniel.orang to ggsweetsauce47, RandisCurtain [show details](#) 5:24 PM (37 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Professor Gremlint,
 Hi- this is Daniel. I think Randis has been discussing me with you. The story is a little bit different than you have been told.
 You see, Randis has psychology class fourth period, but third period he works at the zoology laboratory, well, with me.
 I'm an orangutang that has developed the ability to use language as a human does. I'm cute, hip, and hope to receive a banana from you.
 —Daniel
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

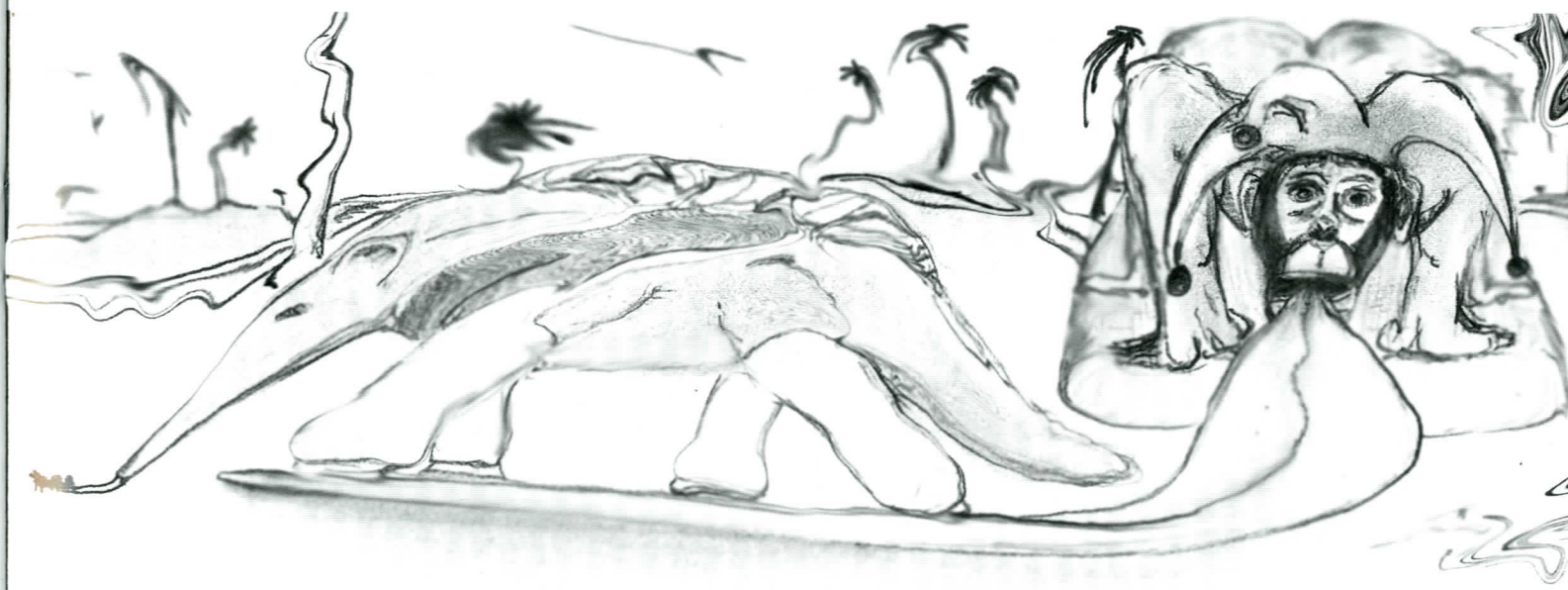
Gimraw P. Gremlint to me [show details](#) 5:25 PM (36 minutes ago) [← Reply](#)
 Daniel,
 I've approved an express budget mandate from the funding committee. Hope to see you soon.
sent from my iphone
[← Reply](#) [→ Forward](#)

Taxonomy *for* Beginners



- STEP 1. Claws. If the subject has claws, make sure it's not a bird. If it is a bird it may have already bitten you.
- STEP 2. Touch. What does it feel like? If it's sticky it could be an amphibian, like a frog. If its rough it might be a reptile, like a zard.
- STEP 3. Tongue. How long is its tongue? Anteaters are renowned for their long, long tongues. But this is not a giveaway — many dogs have long tongues.
- STEP 4. How rough is the tongue? Wolves have very rough tongues. Worms do not have tongues. Salmon also do not, and clams may feel like tongues but are something different.
- STEP 5. What color is it? Darker colors tend to be associated with more reclusive animals, like wolverines. Brighter colors may indicate your animal in question is exposed to the sun a lot. Case in point — a giraffe. The brighter the giraffe, the more relaxed.
- STEP 6. Horns. Does it have horns? Consider your animal a goat-style animal if it has a beard, and a rhinoceros if it's shaved.
- STEP 7. Does it have two beards? Probably a monkey.
- STEP 8. A good way to classify animals is by number of legs. Animals with two legs are typically apes; with four legs, deer or buffalo. If it has more or less than four legs but is not an ape it may be an injured bug.
- STEP 9. Shoes? A human or horse. Did you know humans are originally descended from shoeless ancestors? This surprises many small children.

ANTEATER EATER



HALL SOFA & MORE

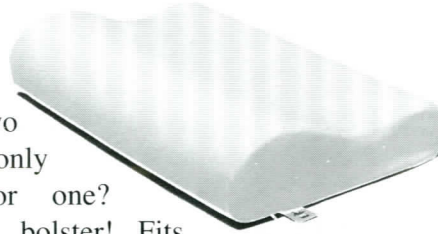
Foldable Travel Towel

Made of 100% French terrycloth, our luxurious Foldable Travel Towel has all of the absorbency of a regular towel, but you can take it with you! Soft and snuggly, our travel towel is a full 38 inches by 27 inches when open, but folds to a compact 10" x 10" (or even smaller!) with our patented collapsible design. Perfect for a trip to the beach, to the ocean or the pool, or for saving some valuable space in that college-bound duffel bag! Can be collapsed and placed in a drawer or hung up for easy storage.



Pillow Bolster

Want the extra support of two pillows, but only have space for one? Try our pillow bolster! Fits underneath your existing pillow, raising that soft cushion under your head by up to four inches. Like having two pillows, but without the additional space and goose down! Hypoallergenic and environmentally friendly. Styrofoam. Uses fewer geese — be good to yourself and the planet!



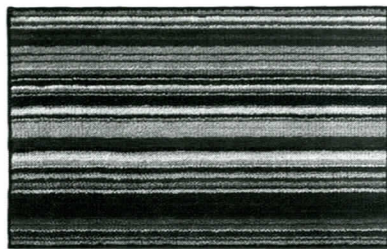
Shower Boots

Tired of getting your feet wet in the shower? Our 80% Jamaica rubber, 20% nylon blend Shower Boots are sure to keep your toes (and ankles, and calves!) cozy and dry while you're taking your daily rinse. Based on a vintage Wellington design and lined with our classic Grade A French terrycloth, our Shower Boots will actually dry off your feet as they keep your feet dry! Just rinse clean. Dorm showers (let's face it) can be a little unsanitary, so make sure your feet are protected with the best boots on the market today!



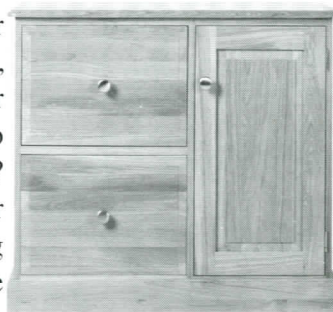
Shower Carpet

Warm up the feel of any shower — even a drab dormitory stall — with our plush Shower Carpet. Lined with Jamaica rubber skids, our Shower Carpet won't slip on slick tile. Take the bathmat inside the bath! Keeps feet off floors — highly sanitary.



Shower Storage

Always need a place for your shampoo, toiletries, boots, flasks, and other shower necessities? No more space in your room? Our stackable shower storage will put everything in its place. Fits inside most dorm shower stalls. Free up the space you need for that game console or extra bolster pillows by storing them in the shower! Lined with cozy terrycloth to keep valuables 100% dry.

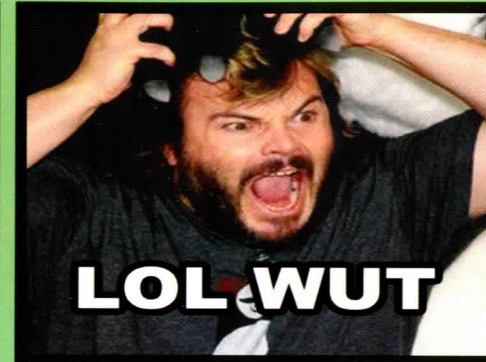
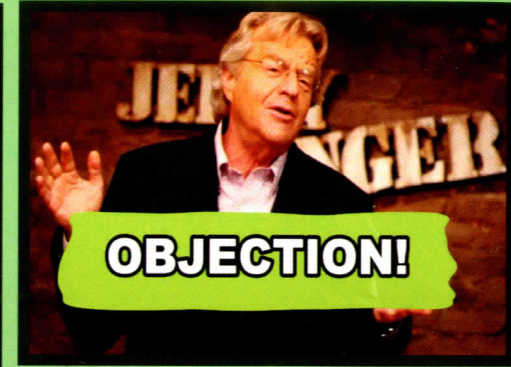


Shower Flask

Ever felt the need to hit the bottle while under the nozzle? Top off your tippie while you're lathering up with our rubberized, waterproof Shower Flask! Designed for ease of use, our Shower Flask is easy to grip, covered in a non-skid coating, and won't slip out of your fingers in the shower — comfortable to hold. Hangs from most shower fixtures and faucets; a pleasure to use. With a terrycloth strap.

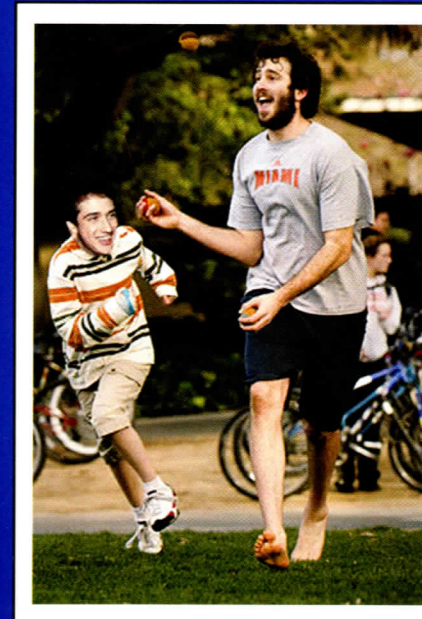


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The Stanford Chaparral

112
Years
Old



But
Still
Young
at
Heart

MEETINGS
Wednesdays, 8:30pm
Nitory Building, Old Union
Come on Down.



"What does it all mean?"

A man and wife are miserable in their small home, so they go see a wise rabbi. Rabbi, they say, we are so crowded! The rabbi tells them to take the cow inside with them. Bewildered, they do as he suggests, and they are even more crowded, and there's shit everywhere. Etc.

Alex Hertz,
A Rabbi Among Monkeys

Right!? I am thoroughly perplexed--it is such a tremendous riddle that I imagine Dr. Quandary himself had to hire a new research assistant.

John Lyman,
Professor Vark

How does it all mean?

David Rosenthal,
Answering a Staff Question
with Another Staff Question

Im not in this club, can u please take me off the mailing list.

Lucas Oliver Oswald,
Three First Names

HELL YEAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ralph Nguyen,
Stanford Duck

Are you talking about the "Lost" finale? Because I'm still really confused about that myself.

Alexei Koseff,
Lost

I've always thought that the meaning of life was a Monty Python movie. No wait, I must be thinking of the life of Brian. The great question remains unsolved!

Chris Frederick,
Philosopher's World Cup

"It all" is an expression used to describe something as being to the utmost. For instance, one might say, "Damn girl, those jeans are *it all*," or, "We gotta bust out it all for the final round of this dance movie." It is the opposite of the slang expression "it none," used to describe only the worst dance movies.

Josh Meisel,
et al.

Maybe nothing, maybe something, maybe something in between. I'm just sayin', you may not know the hamburger exists, but you still eat it 'cause you're hungry.

Nick Gardner,
Armchair Caterer

Ours not to reason why; ours but to eat and cry.

Daniel Koning,
Lord of the Cries

It means Easy Street's gonna be a whole lot wider.

Scout Sanders,
Bow-Legged

If I knew, I still wouldn't tell you.

Ryan De Taboada,
Selfish

I'll spare you the grimy details, but basically, it means you're going to be a daddy.

Garrett Werner,
Classic

Well, Grandma always said it meant we should dance like no one was watching. Until she shimmied off a cliff and fell to her death. Turns out she wasn't watching, either.

Michelle Neely,
Danseuse Macabre

It means I'm going to spend a lot less time worrying, and a whole lot more time burrowing.

David Parker,
Happy Underground

I'm pretty sure it means I'm not allowed within a 50 yard radius of any retirement home.

Kian Ameli,
Grave Robber

It means United can't snag the cup, which means I'll be going absolutely mental on any of the bog-washin' 'poolians who think they're bein jumpy by rubbin it in me knocker. They're all a bunch of scuttlebug lamb ticklers, born in a chimney they is.

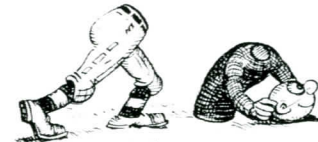
English Dave,
Ehrlichman

From what I understand, it means a Harley and a fresh set of slippers - on ice.

Geoff Bender,
Sick Fantasizer

So basically, there's no such thing as a "rental car." The concept is logically impossible.

David Kessler,
Wind Beneath My Wings



SNOPPYQUOPS AT PLAY

Just look it up on the Google. If you need further assistance, send me an e-mail. If you need my e-mail, just e-mail me and I'll give it to you.

Jarrold Marks,
Globb'd

Oooh baby, why you gotta always ask these crazy questions when we get high. You some kinda genius?

Kiefer Katovich,
Street Smart

I think twenty. But I did it without any paper. Or my head.

Billy Kemper,
Used His Hands

It means I've had it wrong this whole time; but it does make sense. Shorts are the less long ones.

Chris Crane,
Chris Crane Enterprises

In a world that's filled with uncertainty and morally bankrupt we may never know who stole the cookie from the cookie jar.

Mike Pihulich,
Miner in Possession

It means she went to a better place. Tucson! Yeah, Phuck Phoenix!

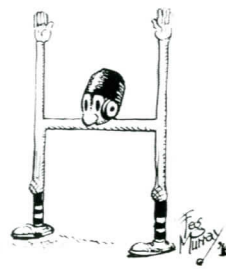
Brandon Evans,
Free in the AZ

I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill myself.

Doug Kenter,
Knows How to Keep a Secret

My philosophy is keep it simple. Keep it true. And keep it real. Keep the Sabbath holy. The four K's!

Phillip Nazarian,
Mnemonic 2001



Real Men Have Curves
I kick and scream
And bubble with rage.
When teens idolize
Paul Newman
And Nicholas Cage.
Eerie meanie miney mo,
Catch a fat man by
the toe,
And if he starts
crying beat him some
mo
Eerie meanie miney mo...
The real Butch
Cassidy had a real
butt
Try to become a
Family Man without
developing a gut
Read my lips... teens.
BIG. IS. BEAUTIFUL.

Hurt of a Nation
If Hitler were alive today
He would love our socie-
tay
Where gov't controls what
we do or say
And children can no longer
play
Chess checkers or base
ball
Or even run a down the hall
So why'd he have to kill
the blacks,
The Jews the Arabs and
Arafat.
Chicken nuggets? Fuck
that!
America is a vat of fat.
So go out into the streets
Bathe your babes and suckle
their teats.
The Go ment don't even care
What we dosaywear
Unless it is an American
flag,
Which is kinda like other
flags
That fascists would put up
on their
Boats and public service
buildings.



*My
Slam
Poetry
Journal*

Sandra Dee
Sandra day o'onna
Oo I really wanna.
I don't love you
cuz ur smart
I love you for your
heart
And your little
fucking face
I just want to kiss
all day
Foreign Hill
Make me laugh make
me cry,
The government
wants me to die
Alone in a hole lined
with dollar bills
Dying to the music
of Lauryn Hill's.
That thang that thang
that tha-a-a-ang:
That thang I never
got.

Battle Cry of the Republic
WHO are the young
role models of
to-DAY!
WHO can show
these young adults
how Beautiful she
is?
The presidents?
No!
The religious
leaders of da
unavusssssss?
Nay!
McDonalds
hamburgers and
chick'n nuggies?
Maybe.
And by maybe i
meanz yes!

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**Guys...
the espresso
machine
is BROKEN!!!!**

**NO,
NO,
NO,
NO!**

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