

STANFORD chaparral

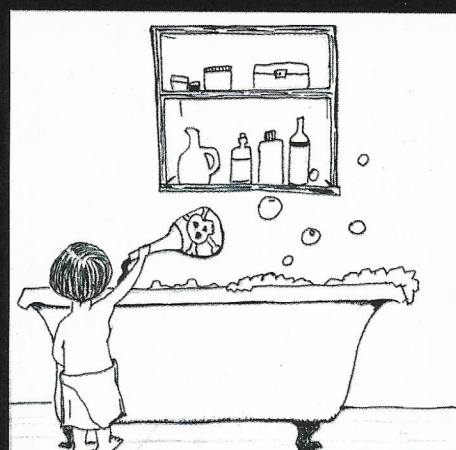
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



M is for MOLLY
whose little heart stopped.



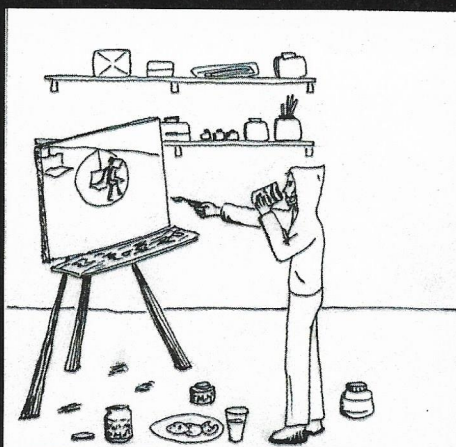
Y is for YOSHI
whose air balloon popped.



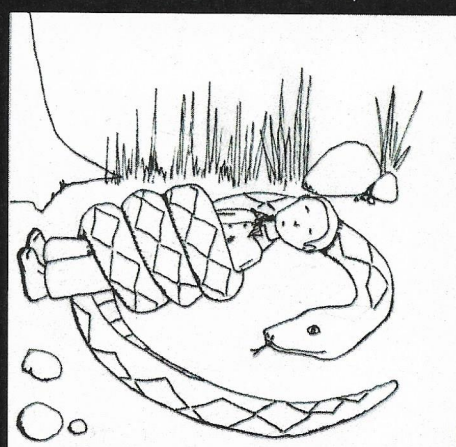
S is for STEPHEN
who poisoned his bath.



T is for TERRY
who got cut in half.



E is for EMILY
who choked on her oils.



R is for ROGER
crushed by the coils.



Y is for YON
run over by Pappy.



Wake up, Sleepy —
read the motherfucking Chappie!

MYSTERY
Vol. CIII No. 3 \$3.00

Fire of the Future

*The fire of the present runs on fire,
the fire of the future runs on nature's secret: electricity.*

*The fire of the future is much efficient than the
fire of the present, and much more dangerous.*

The fire of the future can burn down the things and people you love.

The fire of the present can't be put in box — not so with the fire of the future.

*The fire of present can't be hidden from facility managers and administrators.
With the fire of the future, you can put it in its box and hide it under the table.*

*The fire of presents just burns you.
With the fire of the future, you can be burned or electrocuted.*

The fire of the future is illegal some places.

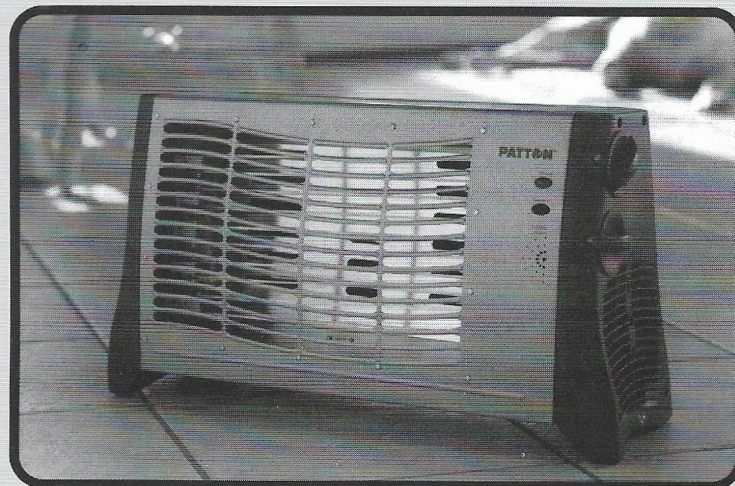
The fire of the future has 3 modes: hot, extra hot, and off

You must keep things .9 meters away from the fire of the future.

*The fire of the future exceeds UL safety standards.
The fire of present does no such thing.*

*The fire of the future "speaks" to you through
warning labels, audible alarms and power/caution lights.
The fire of the present is a silent, unthinking drone.*

*The fire of the future provides instant sun-like warmth.
The fire of the present provides lackluster fire-like disappointment.*



History's Mysteries

Who built the Erie Canal, and why?

Between 1817 and 1825, small cults of prehistoric men constructed a four hundred mile long water-filled sun-worshipping temple called the Erie Canal. Were these same people also responsible for the 1960 construction of the New York State Thruway (Interstate 90), a much faster, more convenient, and better paved sun-worshipping temple that runs almost the same exact route to the same exact sun? What was wrong with their canal-temple that made them build this road-temple?

President Andrew Jackson and President Andrew Johnson: different people, or the same person?

Both had an incredibly similar first name, not to mention the same exact last name. Andrew Jackson was nicknamed "Old Hickory," because he was born under a hickory tree at the age of 24. In White Christian Birthing Circles of the time, 24 was an outrageously old age for a newborn. Andrew Johnson was nicknamed "Andrew McJackson," but he was often called "Andrew Jackson."

Who killed LBJ?

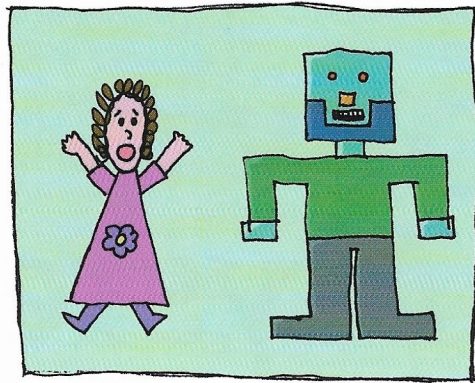
Lyndon Baines Johnson was president while alive from 1963 to 1968, when he abruptly stopped being president because his term suddenly ended. Some speculate that he stopped being president in an effort to prepare to die. How did he die? Some suggest that he died of a heart attack in 1973, a full four years after he stopped being president and started to die. Others argue against this, claiming that he died mysteriously, like other, similar presidents. Which leaves us with the most important question of all: who killed LBJ?

Did FDR know about World War II?

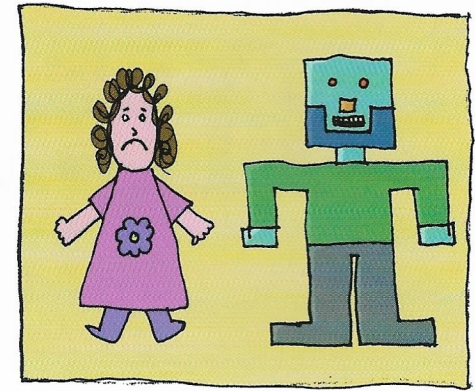
Some speculate that FDR not only knew about the attack on Pearl Harbor in advance, but was aware of the existence of a Second World War before America entered in 1941, during America's involvement through 1945, and even after the war was over, even though he himself was already over (dead).

What happened to the disintegrating colony of Philadelphia?

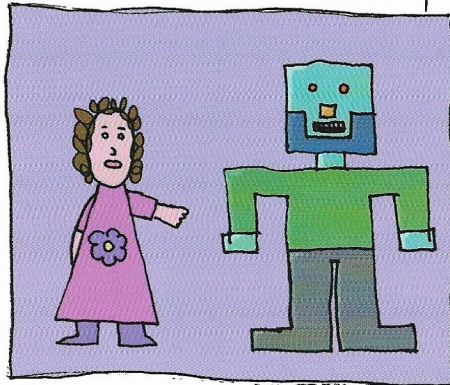
The colonists who left a small band of settlers in late 16th century Philadelphia to return to England were shocked when they returned in 1985 to find a city struggling with crime, poverty, and high racial tensions, leaving them to wonder what mysteriously unfortunate constellation of conditions conspired to turn this quaint colonial port into a postindustrial warzone. Their only clue? An abandoned factory with the words "Heavy Metal" spraypainted on a rusty door.



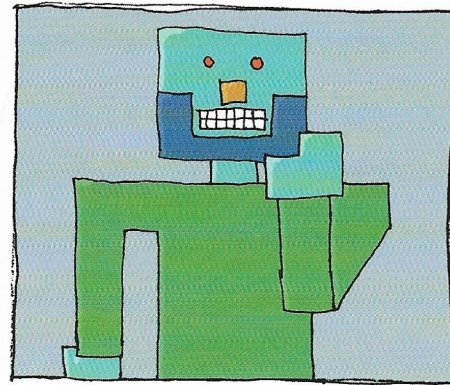
Oh help me! Please!



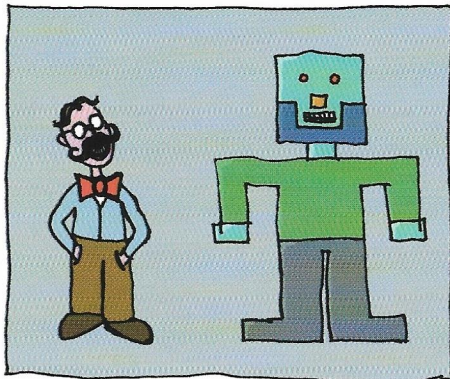
BEARD-O NO HELP HUMAN LADY.



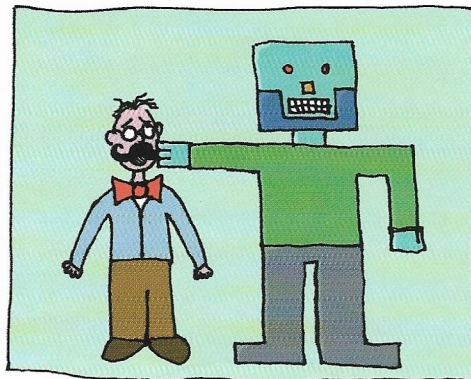
Because your circuits cannot let you feel empathy?



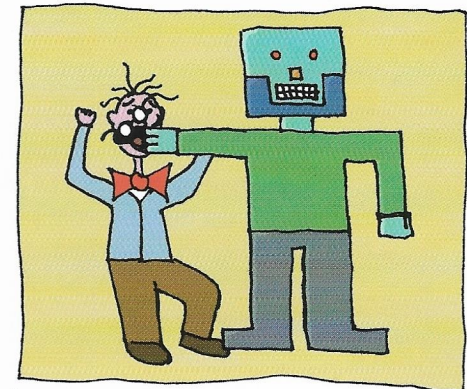
BECAUSE I SHOULD REALLY TRIM MY BEARD.



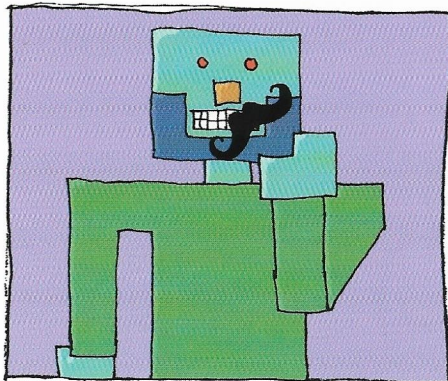
Being a super-robot must be pretty trying, eh Beard-O?



"TAKE BEARD"



No, Beard-O! It's a mustache! A mustache!



IT ALL MUST GO TO MY FACE.



the stanford chaparral

Volume ciii, number 3

mystery

february 1, 2002



Table of Contents

2	Fire of the Future	Bender, Schaeffer
3	History's Mysteries	Lewis-Kraus
4	Beard-O	Perry, Young
6	Now That	Schaeffer
7	Butterfly	Founds, Stockman
8	Law & Order Spinoffs	Lewis-Kraus
9	Movie Stars are Fantastic	Steinberg, Young
10	10 Second Mysteries	Rosenbloom, Stockman
11	Fire Marshall	Bender, Schaeffer
12	State Nicknames Explained	Rosenbloom, Stockman
13	AIM Mafia	McNeil
13	Fire Marshall Remembers	Bender, Schaeffer
14	Holmes Solves Them All	Huetter!
15	Dick Tracy	Huetter!
15	Sidekick Interview	Schaeffer
16	Who Stole the Cookies?	Rosenbloom, Stockman
17	Stacking!	Young
18	Agatha Christie	Lewis-Kraus, Young
19	First Times	Yelderman, Young
19	15 Second Mysteries	Wayne
20	A Day in the Life	Huetter!
21	Degg-tegg-tive Egg	Huetter!, Schaeffer
22	Post Card Detectives	Bender, Schaeffer
23	History of Hip-Hop	Nielsen
24	Font Fantasy	Bender, Lewis-Kraus
25	Beard-O Origins	Young
26	Work	Founds
27	Fantasy Detectives	Morris
28	LLSAT	Jorgensen
29	Chappie Ad Agency	Bender
30	Staff Piece	Staff
31	Ted Dematha	Young

Art Credits

1	Cover	Montegut
4	Beard-O	Young
7	Butterfly	Glasband
11	Fire Marshall	Bender
13	Fire Marshall Remembers	Bender
14	Holmes Solves Them All	Glasband
15	Dick Tracy	Glasband
18	Agatha Christie	Loh
21	Degg-tegg-tive Egg	Glasband
25	Beard-O Origins	Young

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No. 2

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JARED SCHOTT '03

KENNY SHEI '00

MATT STEINBERG '03

ANDY TAYLOR '00



THAN

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT

ALL.

REFLECTIONS

R. WENZEL 1916



we have a theme of mystery on hand we better get right down to the business solving mysteries. We could certainly try to solve every mystery, but

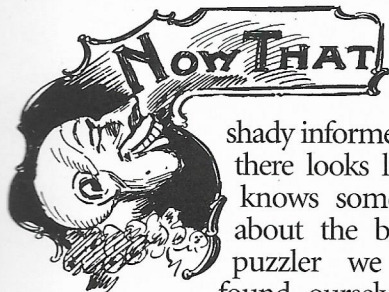
I think we should just pick an important one. In this Old Boy's experience, the best way to solve mysteries is to gather up the magnifying glasses, trenchcoats, charming bluster, hip flasks, and giant steam-powered ratiocinating Babbage engines. These are the tools that are used to gather clues. Clues are important to the solving of mysteries. So important, that mysteries would

never be solved if clues weren't found.

But what is the mystery we need to solve? That is like a mini-mystery in itself. Sort of a warm-up for the old deductive think-box. before the main event. Are there clues for figuring out what this mystery is? Is that another mystery? This business is getting all wrapped up in itself. We better find some clues fast! Not to worry though, I've solved plenty of

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mysteries and know that clues can usually be received from shady informers. We just need to find one.



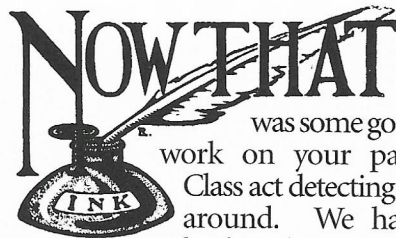
shady informer over there looks like he knows something about the baffling puzzler we have found ourselves in.

His knowledge is the kind of practical knowledge of the streets that we all need when figuring out the mystery of what mystery we are trying to solve. These types usually don't talk without some money changing hands, better let me talk to him.

Can you believe that guy? I gave him three whole dollars and all he told me was that not all mysteries could be solved. I think there was a definite sarcastic undertone to his voice when he told me that as well. What kind of informer just gives lip instead of clues? Informers are supposed to be clue factories. Let me tell you, I'm not too thrilled about his lack of participation in our little warm-up mystery.

What's that? You think he told us what mystery we should be solving? You're quite right! I can't believe I didn't realize it at the time. That informer did live up to his part in the scheme of things after all. Kind of

makes me ashamed for resulting to yelling childish insults at him.



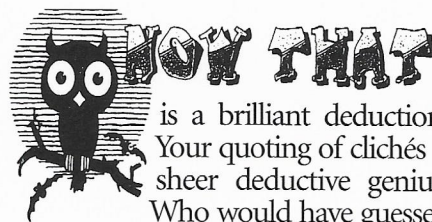
was some good work on your part. Class act detecting all around. We have solved the mini-mystery of what the mystery is. It is the mystery of why some mysteries can't be solved. I've never encountered a mystery about mysteries before. Usually, there are plentiful clues and cheerful informers handing them out, but this time might just be different.

Let's think about the kinds of mysteries we know about. The mystery of the poisoned old widow, the mystery of the mysterious barn, the mystery of the hidden letter - these mysteries are all solvable. What do you think some unsolvable mysteries are? The mystery of cancer isn't really unsolvable. Hold on! The mystery of life? The mystery of the universe?!

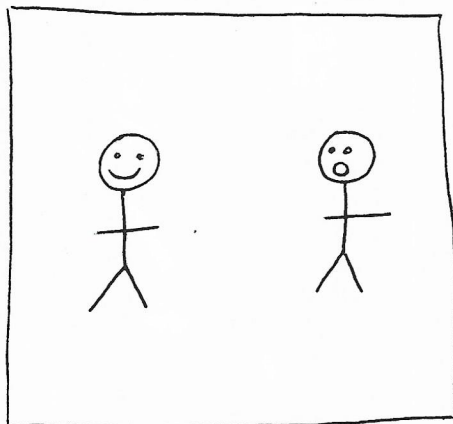
that there are two kinds of mysteries? There are the detective kind which require clues to solve, and the mysteries of the universe kind which have no clues and are impossible to solve.

That is your finest deduction ever. That keen insight has completely dispelled the big mystery of the unsolvable mysteries. How could all the smart mystery-solving people, like myself, be so baffled for so long? Oh! Is that a new mystery? I do believe it is. Don't feel bad; in my experience mysteries are like multi-headed hydras and solving one big mystery just makes more little mysteries in its place. This process itself is pretty mysterious in itself and is another mystery. A mystery in itself!

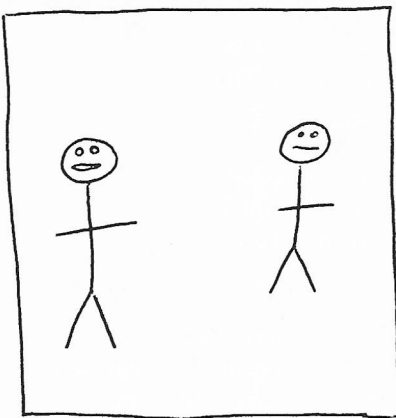
So while we didn't solve every mystery in the world, we did a pretty good job here today. I think your work here is done, but I have a final tip for you. Just remember as you look through the rest of this magazine that the theme is mystery, the names are made up, and the problems are probably made up as well.



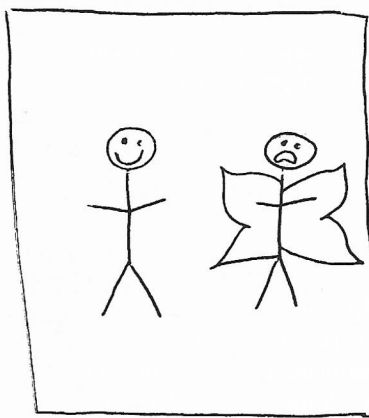
is a brilliant deduction! Your quoting of clichés is sheer deductive genius. Who would have guessed



"LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM THAT I WAS A BUTTERFLY AND WHEN I WOKE UP I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER I WAS A HUMAN OR A BUTTERFLY."



"DID YOU DREAM YOU WERE A CATERPILLAR THE NIGHT BEFORE?"



"OH JESUS IT HAPPENED AGAIN"

LAW & ORDER: SPINOFF UNITS

LAW & ORDER

"In the criminal justice system, the people are represented by two separate, yet equally important groups: the police, who investigate crime, and the District Attorneys, who prosecute the offenders. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Criminal Intent

"In New York City's war on crime, the worst criminal offenders are pursued by the detectives of the Major Case Squad. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Special Victims Unit

"In the criminal justice system, sexually based offenses are considered especially heinous. In New York City, the dedicated detectives who investigate these vicious felonies are members of an elite squad known as the Special Victims Unit. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Love of Justice / Hatred of Criminals Unit

"In the criminal justice system, the people are defended by two distinct, yet similar groups: those who sympathize with the victims and fight to bring them justice, and those who hate criminals and try to put them into prison. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Four People

"In the criminal justice system, there are exactly four separate, yet equally important people: the first two that investigate crime, and the second two that prosecute the offenders. There are no other people. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Intentional Intent

"In New York City's war on crime, the worst criminal offenders are the ones who commit their crimes on purpose; they are pursued by the Intentional Prosecuting Unit, the people who intend on prosecuting them. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Sexual Sex Unit

"In the criminal justice system, sexually based offenses involve two separate, yet equally important sex processes: the hot, steamy, sensuous sex crimes themselves, and the hot, sensuous, lustful sex prosecutors who investigate the hot sex. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Token Minority Unit

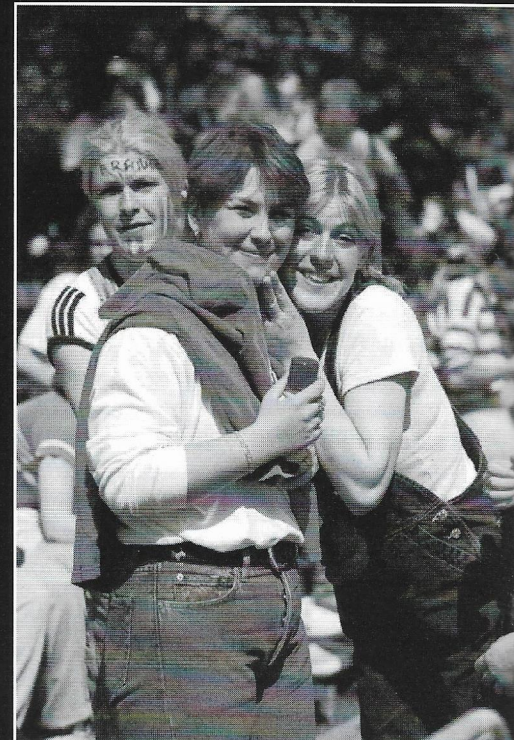
"In the criminal justice system, there are two separate, yet equally important groups of minorities: the teeming swarms of minorities that commit heinous felonies, and the one or two token minorities that investigate and convict them. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: Super Double Extra Good Guy Unit

"In New York City's war on crime, the most terribly egregious crimes are perpetrated by a set of uncomplicated and morally unproblematic bad guys; they are pursued by the detectives of the Super Double Extra Good Guy Unit. These are their stories."

LAW & ORDER: The Real World

"In the criminal justice system, criminals find out what happens when the prosecutors stop being polite and start prosecuting for real. I.e. they will not offer plea bargains. These are their stories."



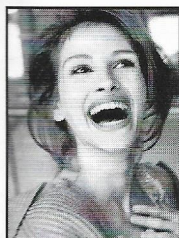
In this week's

Movie Stars are Fantastic!

HOLLYWOOD

ZANY THINGS that happened on the set of the soon-to-be-released
"PRETTY PICTURES ON THE WALL,"

starring **JOAN CUSACK, ED NORTON, PIZZA-FACE MCGRAW,**
DON CHEADLE, and **JULIA ROBERTS.**



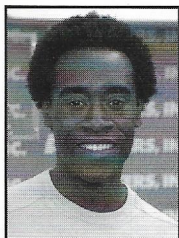
Julia Roberts

It's the first day of shooting, and Pizza-Face and I are doing our first love scene. Well, we're going at it, and Pizza-Face whispers for me to close my eyes. You don't say no to Pizza-Face, so I close my eyes and keep at it. Pizza-Face feels unusually hairy so I start to get a little suspicious. Before I know it, everyone on set starts laughing, and I open my eyes. It turns out Pizza-Face is good friends with George Clooney, who I had been making out with for the last 5 minutes. I could have strangled Pizza-Face, but it was a great ice-breaker.

I think the craziest thing had to be when we were shooting the library scene. Ron Howard was really nervous because it's the turning point in the movie, where Pizza-Face's character realizes that he's in love with Joan Cusack. So Ron is already uptight about this, and to make things worse he can't find his lucky Apollo 13 hat. Ron's going nuts, Joan is whining about her hair, and to top it off, George Clooney wanders onto the set. George doesn't say anything, just rips off Pizza-Face's face, and puts it on Ronny's head. Everybody freezes—I mean, George Clooney just tore the leading man's face off and put it on Ron Howard's head. And all of a sudden, Ron Howard breaks out laughing, and pretty soon we're all doubled over. It turns out Pizza-Face and George had planned the whole torn-off-face-toupee thing the night before, and they were the ones who had stolen the hat.



Ed Norton



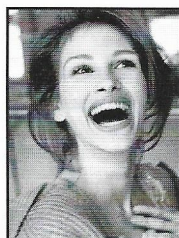
Don Cheadle

I don't have a huge role in this movie, but in the short time I was on set, I've got to tell you, it was crazy. I remember my first day on set. I was really excited because this was going to be my first time working with Pizza-Face, so you can imagine how freaked out I was when it was time to start shooting and we couldn't find him. Everyone is frantic, especially me, because I think that Pizza-Face doesn't want to act with me or something. And all of a sudden, George Clooney appears, and he's eating a pizza. Well, I do the only thing I can do—I tackle him and try to save Pizza-Face. I'm about to kill Clooney, when he starts laughing, and Guess-Who walks out from behind some lighting. It turns out Pizza-Face and Clooney had planned the whole thing.

Early in the movie, I had to wear my hair with these horrible bangs—straight out of 1987. They were the big joke on the set for about two weeks. Well, it's the last day of shooting me with my bangs, and I'm doing a scene with Ed, when everyone on set starts cracking up. I turn around, and see Pizza-Face wearing this awful wig with bangs just like mine. And right next to him is George Clooney, gesturing wildly at Pizza-Face's bangs. Pizza-Face is still ribbing me about that one.



Joan Cusack



Julia Roberts

By the end of shooting, George Clooney had played tricks on everyone involved in the movie. I knew Pizza-Face and George were good friends, so I approached Pizza-Face with a plan to get George back. Pizza-Face actually shares a house in the hills with George, and they were throwing a wrap party. The whole cast showed up early, before George got there, and hid in the closet. So Don, Joan, Ed, and I, along with a couple of grips and the best boy are hiding in the dark in Pizza-Face's hall closet, waiting for him to give the signal that George is there. The plan is to hear the signal, pull George into the closet, and smack him silly. Well, Pizza-Face gives the signal, and we pull George in and smack him silly, literally silly. Over George's sobs, we hear laughter from outside. We open the door and see Pizza-Face and George Clooney cracking up. It turns out Pizza-Face and George had planned the whole thing, and we had just beaten the crap out of Ron Howard.

10 Second Mysteries

A man is driving through an intersection. He is going the speed limit, but a police man pulls him over. What happened?

The light was red.

A man of non-European ancestry is driving thru an intersection. He is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls him over. What happened?

The car is stolen.

A woman is driving through an intersection. She is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls her over. What happened?

She is in the oncoming traffic lane going in reverse. And the light is red.

A lawyer is driving through an intersection. He is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls him over. What happened?

He was throwing babies out the window.

Wilt Chamberlain is driving through an intersection. He is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls him over. What happened?

The policeman is his son.

Suge Knight is driving through an intersection. He is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls him over. What happened?

He left his wallet at the orphanage.

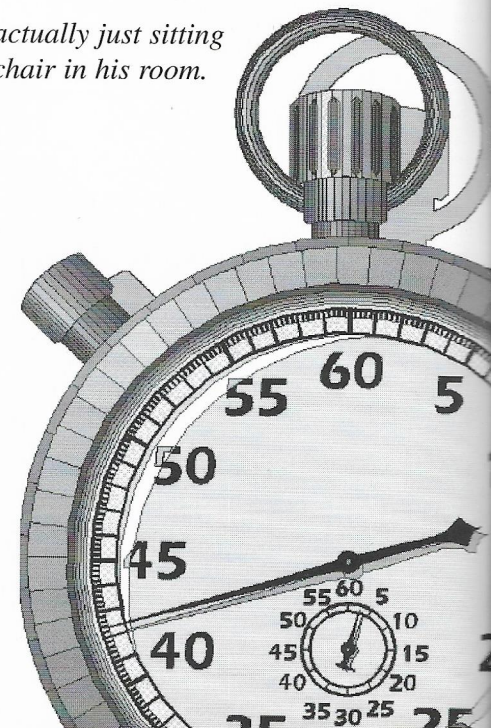
An ice cream truck is driving through an intersection. It is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls it over. What happened?

"Sorry this is Amish country.

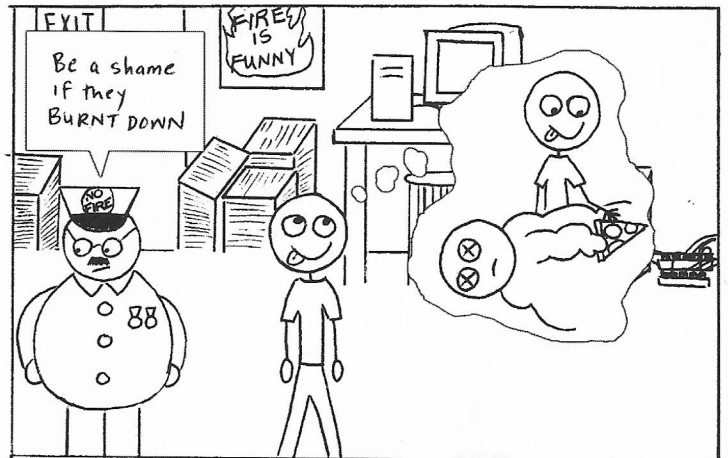
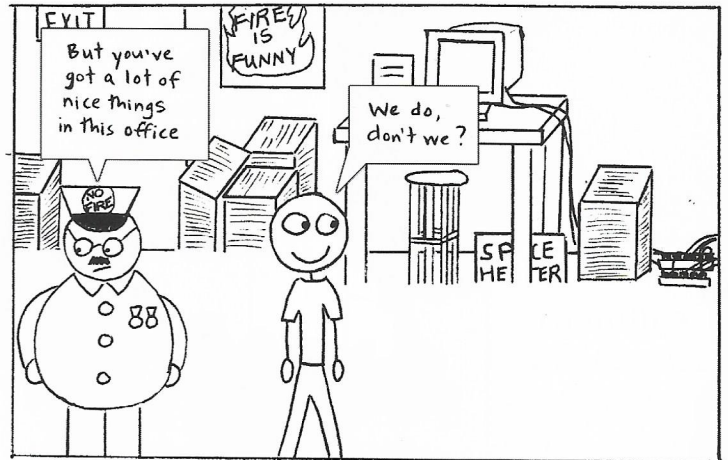
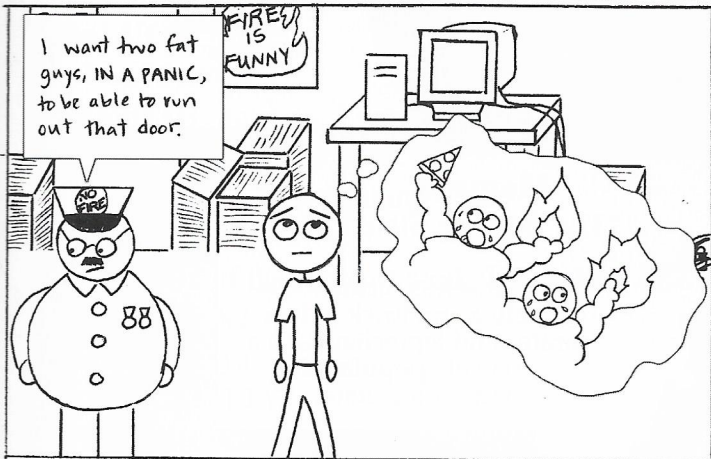
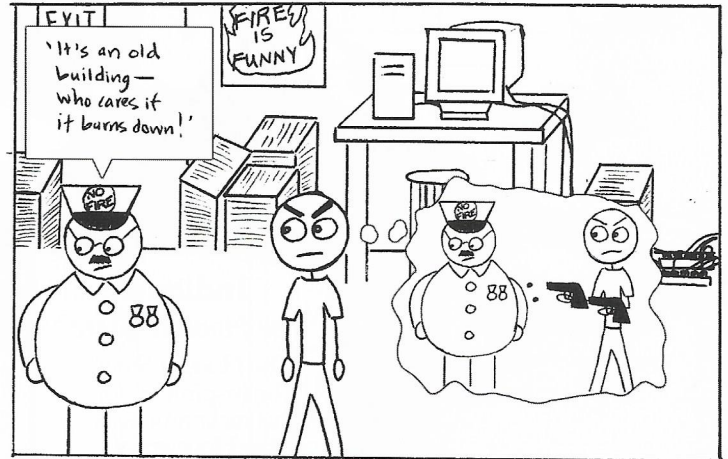
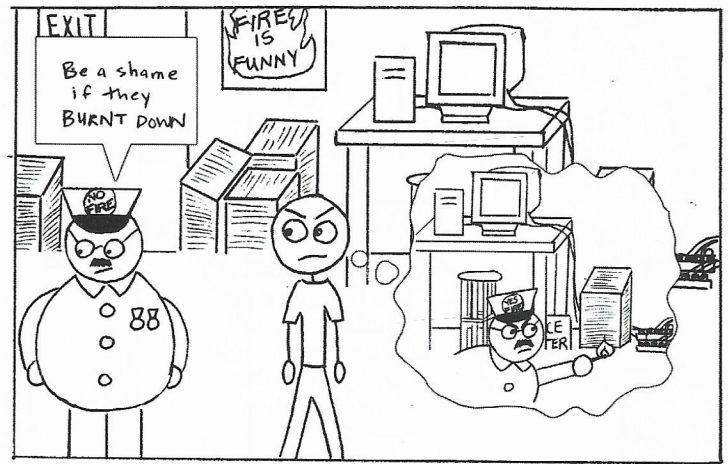
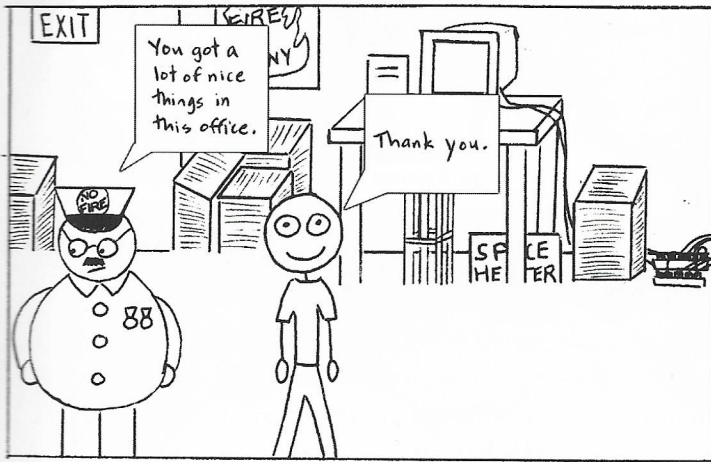
No cars allowed. And no ice cream either."

An autistic child is driving through an intersection. He is going the speed limit, but a policeman pulls him over. What happened?

He is actually just sitting in a chair in his room.



FIRE MARSHALL VISIT





Alaska
"The Last Frontier"

Alaska was called "The Final Frontier" until a successful lawsuit was brought by Space in the late seventies.

Kentucky
"The Bluegrass State"

This one is just sad. I mean, c'mon Kentucky, grass is green. Next time, try to come up with a nickname that conceals the secret of your shameful, broken eyes.

Michigan
"The Wolverine State"

Michigan holds this nickname in honor of Thomas W. Percival, who was the state's extremely popular governor from 1860-1892 before an impeachment proceeding revealed that he was a large, carnivorous rodent.

Indiana
"The Hoosier State"

"The Hoosier State"
The inspiration for this nickname was the Hoosiers, a basketball team in the greatest sports movie ever made, *Hoosiers*. *Hoosiers* stars Gene Hackman as a coach with a checkered past who leads a high school basketball team to the state championship.

Montana
"The Treasure State"

This senseless nickname is merely a cruel trick to lure pirates and leprechauns to a sparsely populated and boring state.

California
"The Golden State"

The state draws its nickname from a popular NBA team. The "Golden State Warriors State" was also briefly considered.

Arizona
"The Grand Canyon State"

Historians are unable to explain the origins of this bizarre nickname.

State
"Nicknames"
Explained

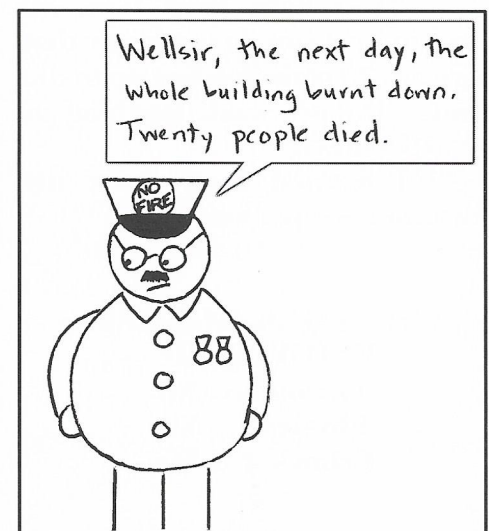
AIM Mafia

SupaLUCA - Instant Message

File Edit Insert People SupaLUCA's Warning Level: 0%

SupaLUCA: so, Boz, wazzup?
TheDon131: Joey ":-(*)" is making me very unhappy
SupaLUCA: :(
SupaLUCA: y?
TheDon131: he needz 2 b shown a lessn
SupaLUCA: wadda ya want me 2 du?
TheDon131: brb
SupaLUCA: k
TheDon131: i just put a hit out on michael bolton
SupaLUCA: lol
TheDon131: you laffin @ me?
SupaLUCA: ya, ur fun-e
SupaLUCA: :)
TheDon131: how am I fun-e?
TheDon131: am I sum clown, here FYA?
SupaLUCA: j/k
TheDon131: fgai
TheDon131: anyway, I want my \$\$
SupaLUCA: should I uz 4c?
TheDon131: ya, i'm thinkin ?-(and :^(
SupaLUCA: k
TheDon131: if that doesn't work, I want him ZZZ w/ the fishes
TheDon131: k?
SupaLUCA: ya
SupaLUCA: TTYL
TheDon131: C4N

Warn Block Add Buddy Talk Get Info send



Sherlock Holmes Solves Them All



I first met Sherlock Holmes early when he was investigating the Sign of the Four. I found him at the top of a large staircase, which he then asked me about.

"I do not know how many stairs there are," I said. "There are many stairs."

"You have lived here 30 years and yet you do not know that there are 23 stairs leading up to the room," Holmes said, laughing at my witlessness.

I learned then about my newfound companion:

SHERLOCK HOLMES' KNOWLEDGE

Astronomy	Nil
Physics	Nil
Crimes	Yes

He then deduced where I had been by looking at my pants. I had been walking through mud, and Holmes picked up on this immediately.

And suddenly, a dog did not bark. "You see, Watson?" Holmes cried. He then disguised himself as a Cockney driver just as a long rope fell into the room, where Mrs. McGillicuddy was cleaning the drapes and dusting Holmes' collection of cigar ash.

"The speckled band!" Holmes yelled, beating a snake with his cane.

Meanwhile, an engineer crept into the room. The police were baffled.

"You have lost your thumb, sir," Holmes said.

"By Jove, Holmes!" I exclaimed. "You are a wizard." Indeed, the man had no thumb.

"Elementary, my dear Watson," Holmes said. "This is the work of Professor Moriarty, my enemy."

I noticed he looked very much like Basil Rathbone. "By Jove, Holmes, I must be Nigel Bruce," I said.

"Indeed, Watson," he said, injecting himself with cocaine.

Suddenly, a woman—the woman—walked into the room. "Oh, what a woman!" Holmes yelled, setting the home on fire. "You see, Watson?"

"By Jove," I exclaimed.

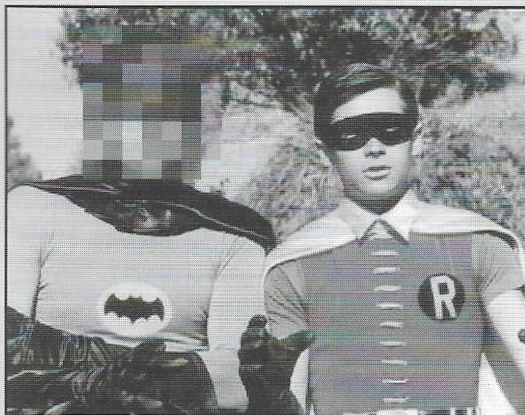
"She did not grab her baby. She is therefore an unmarried woman, who will steal only the jewels."

I noticed that our jewels were missing. I felt quite the buffoon.

—John Watson, M.D.



Sidekick Interview I: Robin



Is Batman the world's greatest detective? Well, I suppose so. It's what everyone calls him, isn't it? Honestly, I think it's more of a Michael Jackson "King of Pop" thing with him. You know? You start calling yourself "The World's Greatest Detective" for long enough and everyone will start doing it. Don't get me wrong; he is really, really good at what he does, but he just isn't a detective—a real one, I mean. All he has is a fancy crime computer. I guess that sort of makes him a detective, but not the "World's Greatest Detective." He's more like the world's greatest data entry clerk. He just inputs things into the computer and lets it do all the work. That's all I'm saying.

Who Stole the Cookies?

Mystery: Who Stole the Cookies from the Cookie Jar?

Suspect: You

Motive: Chocolate Chips

Statement: "Who me? Couldn't be." Suspect then proceeded to list a number of other possible culprits, who upon further questioning had similarly shoddy alibis.

Conclusion: Cookie Conspiracy.

Mystery: Where Do Babies Come From?

Suspects: Mommy and Daddy

Motive: To replace me.

Statement: "The stork brought the new baby for you to play with."

Conclusion: The stork brought the new baby to replace me.

Mystery: Who Let the Dogs Out?

Suspect: Top 40 Radio

Motive: To again, sell 50,000 copies of crap.

Statement: "This crap is even crappier than the last crap." - Me

Conclusion: I love that song.

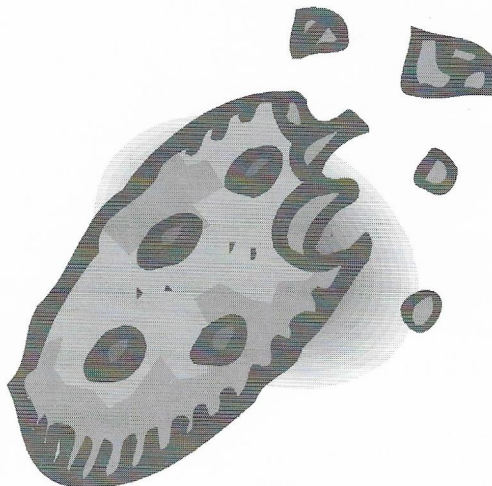
Mystery: What's up?

Suspect: Some dude

Motive: Unknown.

Statement: "Nothin' man."

Conclusion: Nothing is up.



Mystery: Who Stole the Money from My Dad's Wallet?

Suspect: Me

Motive: Tyco Typhoon Hovercraft, \$80.99

Statements:

Dad: "You stole the money from my wallet."

Me: "Who mom?"

Dad: "NO. You.."

Me: "Mom has a gambling problem."

Conclusion: All happy families are alike, but an unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion.



Mystery: Who Killed Nicole Brown Simpson?

Suspect: Her ex-husband, Orenthall James Simpson

Motive: Insane jealousy over her love for another man.

Statement: "Sure, that's my knife, yeah and those are my gloves too."

Conclusion: O.J. killed Nicole Brown Simpson.

Mystery: What Did I Do Last Night?

Suspect: Fat girl in my bed

Motive: Inexplicable.

Statement: "..."

Conclusion: It would be a lot better if she were alive.

Mystery: Who's the Boss?

Suspects: Business lady Angela and housekeeper Tony Danza

Motive: To create a timeless sitcom, with such unforgettable moments as the time Tony walks in on Angela in the tub.

Statement: "Yeah, uh, you know, she brings home the bacon and I fry it." - episode 2, 1st season.

Conclusion: Charles is in charge.

Mystery: What Time is It?

Suspect: Time

Motive: To act as a measurement which along with space allows us to understand the physical world around us.

Statement: "Time is relative." - Einstein

Conclusion: So it's gotta be 4:20 somewhere right?

Conclusion: So what time is it?

Conclusion: So I guess I'll never know what time it is.

STACKING!

I like to keep a notebook about stacking. In the notebook, I write down when I stack something. Here are some things I've stacked: blocks, boxes, square pieces of wood, tree cubes.

Sometimes, I'll try to stack something, but it will fall over before I can stack it, or it won't line up, or it will be too tall and I get nervous and tumble it. "Tumbles," I will cry, "Oh, tumbles." I like to write these things down in my notebook too. Here are some things I've tried to stack, but that wouldn't stack: cans, cups, wheels, several plastics.

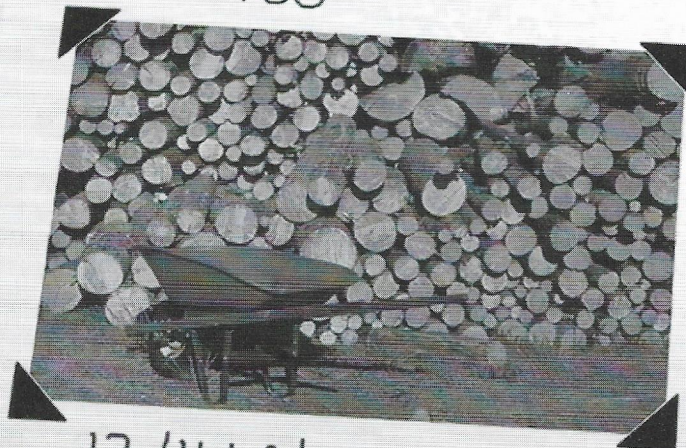
Sometimes, I will see something that I won't even think about stacking, because I'm sure that it won't stack. I'll write those things down in my notebook too. Here are some things that I have seen, but haven't tried to stack: television set, father's chair, carpet, lamp, boxes (labeled NOT FOR STACKING).



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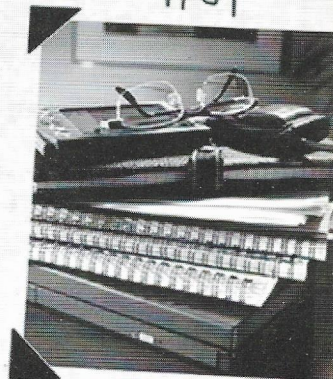
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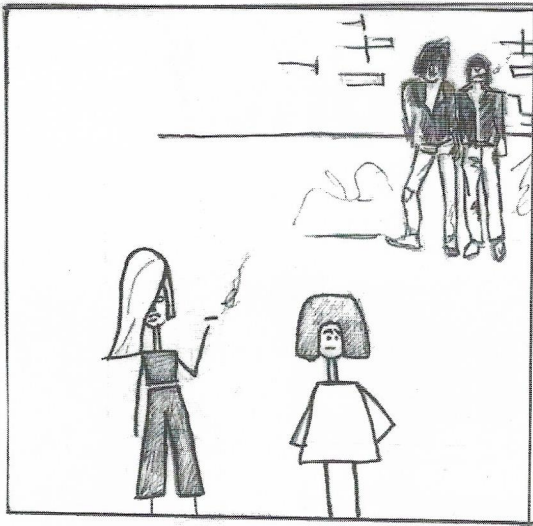


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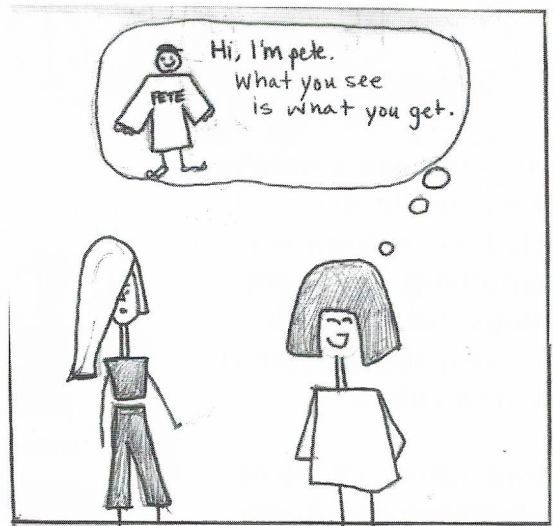


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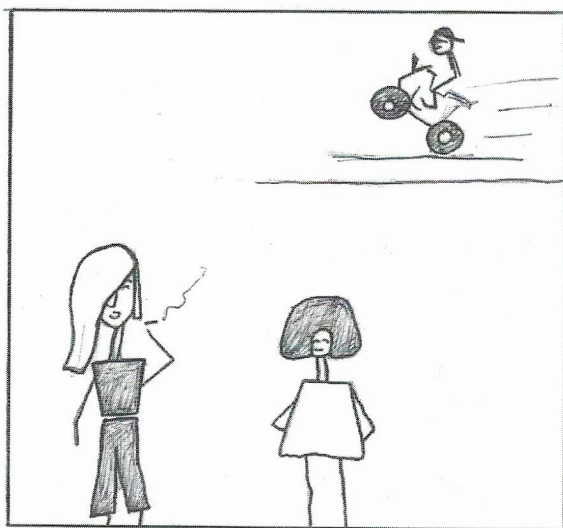
Some people walk by when I am stacking, and they ask me, "Hey Tony, what are you building?" "Nothing," I say, and then my mother cuffs my ear for having such a smart mouth. "I'm not a builder, I'm a stacker," I say. One thing on top of another, none of that side-by-side muckety mash. This is the part when I am usually not invited to the people's birthday celebration.



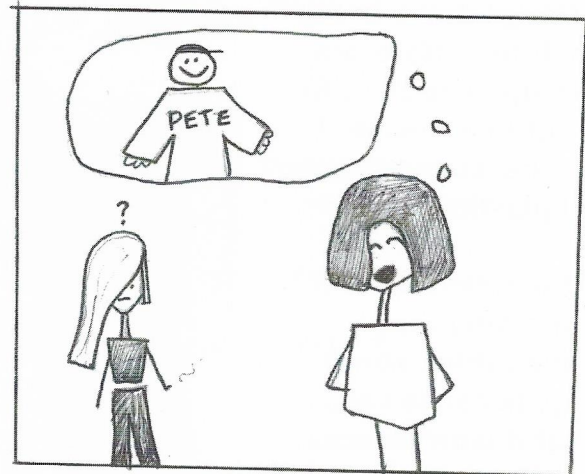
I'M SO ATTRACTED TO
MYSTERIOUS MEN



Really? I like guys who
are more "What you see is
what you get".



I DON'T KNOW. I NEED
ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT,
NOT PREDICTABLE PETE.



Wait — you didn't read
the back of the t-shirt yet.



FIRST TIMES

Chet:

I remember my first beer. It was 9th grade, and I had just got my first varsity hit. My dad and I were sitting on the front porch. The Stones were on the tunebox. Dad handed me an Old Mill' and a pat on the back.



Carl:

I'll never forget that first Spring Break 97. This guy handed me a mimeographed flyer that advertised a wet t-shirt contest with girls in it. For only 700 pesos, I had the flyer graphic silkscreened onto a t-shirt that I wore to school. Mexico, man, it's a crazy town.



Chet:

I remember the first time I tried cocaine. The cops told me it was a breathalyzer, but it was the kind you had to breathe in with your nose. Through a hundred-dollar bill.



Carl:

I remember the first time I touched the backboard at a basketball game. Slap! my hand exclaimed as it met its stiff counterpart. Thwack! shouted the rigid board simultaneously.



Chet:

The first pair of LA Gear Lights is always the sweetest. I remember looking over my shoulder and kicking my feet up behind me, trying to see the glowing action. Thanks, LA Gear Lights, for teaching me to run like a sissy.

15 Second Mysteries

The children's series of short and easily digestible detective stories, *Five Minutes Mysteries*, famous for its challenging cases of murder, mystery, and mayhem, is back and better than ever! Now, they have been reinterpreted, revised, and further abridged.

Examples include:

The Case of the Singing Sparrow:

Every morning from nine until ten o'clock a bird sings outside the window. From November to March it migrates south. It is small and ornithian.

Is it a golden-crowned sparrow, or a white-starred forest robin?

The Case of the Fire-Breathing Dragon:

The smell of smoke entwining with the moist air told Sir Lancelot that the dragon was near. He turned around silently to tell Sir Gawain to be careful and saw, to his great shock, an immense, fuming nostril lording over a blackened corpse.

Was the corpse Gawain's? If so, who killed him?

The Case of the Undocumented Arrival:

Because he arrived without documentation from Cuba, nobody knows El Duque's (Orlando Hernandez's) age.

Do you? Should the Yankees sign him for another five years?

The Case of the Blind Fortune-Teller:

Hey, Marty. Thanks for inviting me. The place looks great. Are those Chinese lanterns? They're really nice. Oh, Marty, this is my friend Vanessa. We were both at Carleton. I'm going to go get a drink.

Either of you want anything?

US \$5.99

ISBN 0-553-29120-3



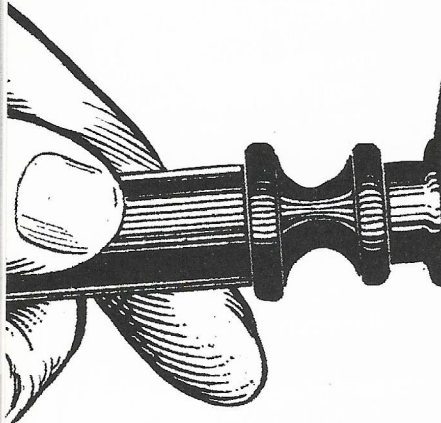
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A Day in the Life of a Detective



by
Rack Steele

The sunlight came streaming in like blood off some poor sap, dead in the street. I got out of my bed and poured some coffee — black as an 8-ball with about the same quality, except no bad coffee ever sank a pool game.

It was time to go to work. But first, it was time for errands. I needed food — hard food, the kind a man could sink his teeth into and wrap his gut around. Bachelor food. My kind of food. My name's Rack Steele. I'm a detective.

I hit the local Safeway, the kind of store that hit its prime last Thursday and put everything on sale, waiting for the end. But it's my kind of place. After a trip to the liquor aisle to pick up a little gasoline for the tank, I crept to the ramen section and examined the price. The damage ran 10 for a buck. It was as if ten packs cost 2 bits and six more. I grabbed the stockboy — the hired hand around the place.

"Whaddya tryin' to pull?" I snarled. A good snarl is like a good dame — gets everything it wants but holds you there for more.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I bet you don't!" I said, dropping him like a sack of potatoes. Sunlight danced in the air, but all I saw were the shadows. And the ramen. I picked up some Coolie brand and high-tailed it out of that aisle, double-time.

I found the checkstand. And then I found her — the checker girl. Checkered, maybe, but she was like a Chess queen. She could do anything she wanted. And she was putting my king in check. She had a body that could stop an ambulance and legs down to there and back again. She held up the scanner.

"I'll scan your stuff," she said, tossing her auburn hair.

"Sure," I said, buying a pack of smokes so I could light two and give one to her.

"Not in the store, Sport," she said.

I produced the goods. "Like ramen?" she said. Immediately, I knew she knew more than she was spilling.

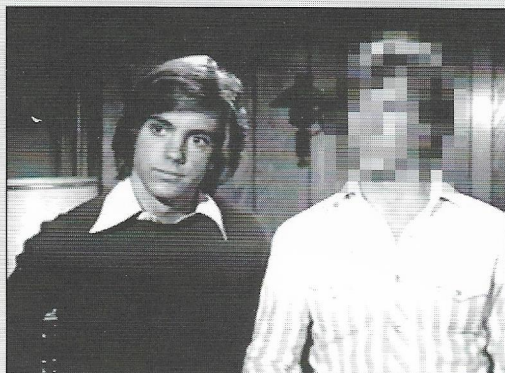
"Knock it off, sister," I said. "Don't play dumb with me. I know you and the kid in the aisle are in cahoots. Spill it!"

"They're 8 for a dollar, Mister," she said, with icy coolness, slipping the knife into my back. "Do you want them or not?" she asked, pursing her lips in a way that would stop a locomotive, if the locomotive was made out of male sex drive.

"Rack Steele plays the sap for nobody," I declared. "Those were 10 for a dollar five minutes ago. I won't be pulled into your little game, Angel."

I crushed a cigarette in my fist, the ash warring with the MSG as it was in my tormented heart, and stormed out. But I knew I'd be back. She was wrong for me — as wrong as a 13th month or a rain-soaked goldfish. But I couldn't stay away. I'd need lunch. And dinner.

Sidekick Interview II: Joe Hardy



Sidekick interview? I'm no sidekick. I'm one of the Hardy Boys. Boysssss. Plural. I'm an equal partner. Frank didn't send you here, did he?

Boss,

Our Korean animation studio has a great pitch for a new animated series. It's called Degg-tegg-tive Egg. (The main character is a police detective, but also an egg.) Set in the classic mystery film noir style (except our show will be in full color), our show will also be "yolk" (or joke, for the egg humor impaired) heavy. For example, the eggs live and work in the city of "St. Carton," the Degg-tegg-tives carry around "megg-num specials," etc.

Degg-tegg-tive (abbreviated Degg.) Egg is a "hard-boiled" degg-tegg-tive that "cracks" cases wide open using a maverick, "egg-citing," "egg-stounding," and unconventionally "eggs-hilerating" style. (I'm getting "egg-hausted" because I keep "cracking up" as I write this!) Degg. Egg is helped out by his young sidekick, Sonny Sideup, who spends most of his time confused (or "scrambled") by the mysteries they solve.

Chief Al Bumen (The albumen is a part of an egg. That's genius.) is a "pickled egg." That is to say, he and our hero aren't always the "same side up." (They have frequent arguments.) The Chief is longing for the "(egg-?)salad" days of his upcoming retirement and often wonders just what the "shell" (HA!) is going on under his watch. (By the way, for the voice on this one I'm thinking Dabney Coleman if he hasn't "expired." Let me know if you "egg-gree.")

Degg. Egg's other allies include (occasional-guest-star) "Easter-n" karate master of the "Egg Roll" Degg. Egg Foo Young. The sultry femme fatale is a "deviled egg" named Lorraine Quiche. (Perhaps this isn't sultry enough, let me know. I think truck driving women and old ladies working the grill of a diner when I hear Lorraine. But maybe that's just an "amniotic" connection I make. I mean semiotic. Whatever.)

Whenever an evil plot is "hatched" or an important "fegg-ure" mysteriously "dye-s" in "St. Carton," it is probably the work of the "Embrio" crime family. These "egg-inized crime" leaders are Degg. Egg's sworn "arch-egg-emies." Degg. Egg might put these "bad eggs" away, but with the family (wait for it...) "it ain't ova till it's ova."

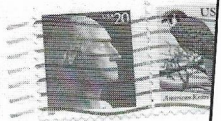
The first "half-dozen" "egg-citing" episodes would be as follows: Episode 1 - "Hard Boiled," Episode 2 - "The Cuckoo's Egg" (we'd steal the plot of GoldenEye for this one), Episode 3 - "A Couple of Bad Eggs," Episode 4 - "The Thousand Year Egg" (we stole the plot of Rush Hour but made it about an art heist), Episode 5 - "You can't make an Omelet..." Episode 6 - "...Without Breaking Some Eggs."

This series promises "grade AA suspense and mystery" every week. I really don't think we've "laid an egg" with this one. (I really don't.) It would be an "egg-regeous" error if you didn't give this "egg-cellent" show a chance.

Nick Carlton
VP of Creative "Egg-quisitions"



C-319



Agent Kennedy,
Photo by Andrew McKinley
Printed in Korea

I think I have managed to infiltrate into the organization down here as a bellhop. The next step is to carry the right bag at the right time and I'm just biding my time until that happens.

Post Card

Agent Brown

Agent Brown,

I've been biding my time, too. For example, yesterday afternoon, Agent McGuire came over and we read some magazines.

How's your shit going?

Agent Kennedy



Joel Simon • IKA GDS
cmyr Atlanta Bureau • Employment/Training • IT/Marketing



ST - 103



\$0.25



Agent Kennedy,
Photos by Ken Glaser, Jr.
Printed in Korea

I haven't carried the right bag yet. They might be on to me.

Did you get the recovery package for me? I'll need it as soon as possible.

Agent Brown

Published by Smith Novelty Company

Post Card



Agent Brown,

What package?

Agent Kennedy

Post Card

© 1995 Smith Novelty Company

C-288



Color Photos: Ken Glaser, Jr. © 1990
Printed in Korea

Agent Kennedy,

Nevermind about the package. It's too late now. Please send the recovery team ASAP.

Agent Brown

Smith Novelty Co.

POST CARD

C-289



Agent Brown,

Where are you again? I threw out your previous postcards.

Agent Kennedy

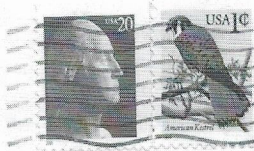
Postcard

Distributed by Smith Novelty Company

ST - 103



\$0.25



Photos by Ken Glaser, Jr.
Printed in Korea

Agent Brown,

Hey Asshole, I said, "Where are you again?"

Agent Kennedy
p.s. j/k dude, but seriously, tell me where you are if you want me to send people there.

Published by Smith Novelty Company

Post Card

Postcard Detectives

A HISTORY OF HIP-HOP

My first question for you is this: Why do they call it hip-hop, if you don't hop with your hip, but rather, you hop with your feet?! Get it? But seriously folks. My name is Charles J. Williams and today we're going to look at the history of a genre of music called hip-hop.



Kool Herc moves to New York and invents the breakbeat.

But seriously folks, what's with this breaking of beats? It's ridiculous! If you think about it, it should have been something about making beats, not breaking them! That is how I would do it.



The Sugarhill Gang releases the first rap record ever.

What is with this gang stuff all of a sudden? Rap music should be about friendliness, not violence. If I ran the game, it would be that the Sunshine Friends made their first single: a song about friendship.



Run-D.M.C. take the world by storm with their multi-platinum release, "Raising Hell."

Hey Darryl "D.M.C." McDaniels! Hey Joe "Run" Simmons! Let's slow down a bit, and stop all of this running! It's safer for us all when you walk in the hall instead of running on your way to class!



Public Enemy revolutionizes rap by making it political with their sophomore release, "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back."

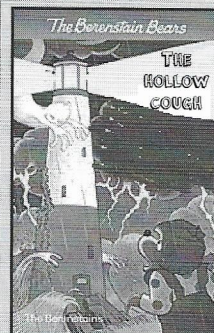
Chuck D may have a low voice, but when it comes right down to it, so do I! I am Charles J. Williams.



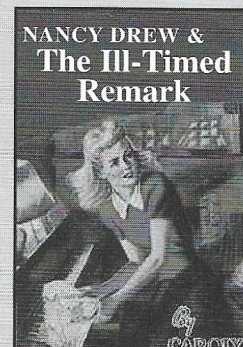
Vanilla Ice releases "To the Extreme" and makes millions.

Now when it comes to rap, the only style that can rock the party old school is when it's fresh. And Vanilla, your style is so old you are like a golf club or a golf ball. You need to take rhyming lessons, buddy! Anyway, this is Charles J. Williams, and I'm out like a light.

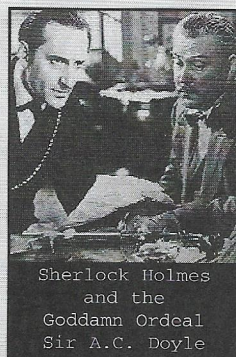
Coming Soon to a
Library "Children's Section" Near You



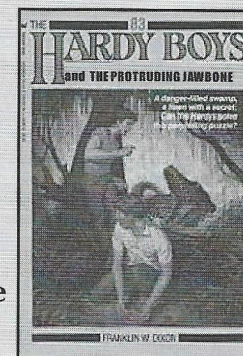
The Bernstein Bears and the Hollow Cough



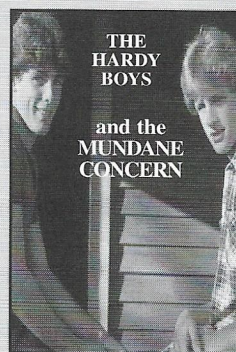
Nancy Drew and The Ill-Timed Remark



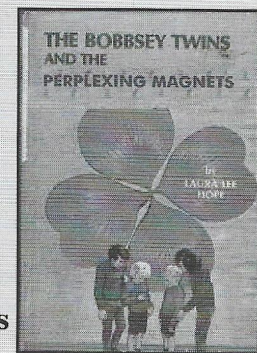
Sherlock Holmes and the Goddamn Ordeal



The Hardy Boys and the Protruding Jawbone



The Hardy Boys and the Mundane Concern



The Bobbsey Twins and the Perplexing Magnets

FONT FANTASY

FONT FANTASY I: Lord of the Fonts: The Fellowship of the Font

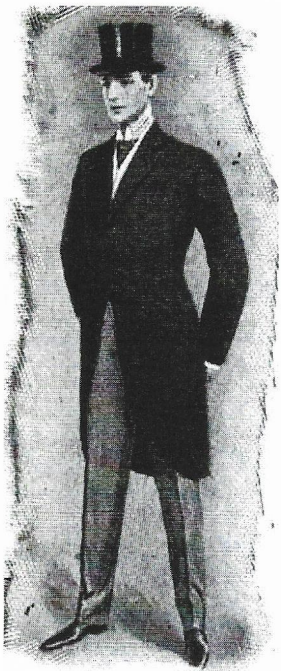
Garamond Bold, The Dark Lord, forged the One Font, infusing it with the power to rule over all others. After thousands of years it fell, by chance, into the hands of a hobbit, Alfredo Heavy Hollow, of the tree trunks and sticks. From the Bell Gothic Tower of New Caledonia, Garamond Bold's power spread far and wide, but he was ever searching for the One Font that would complete his doMinion Expert Black. One day Alfredo Heavy Hollow disappeared, bequeathing to his young cousin Zapf Dingbats the Ruling Font and a perilous quest — to find and destroy the Ring by casting it into the Cracks of Helvetica. Zapf Dingbats is joined by his sidekick GarthGraphic and the incorrigible Webdings in the journey.



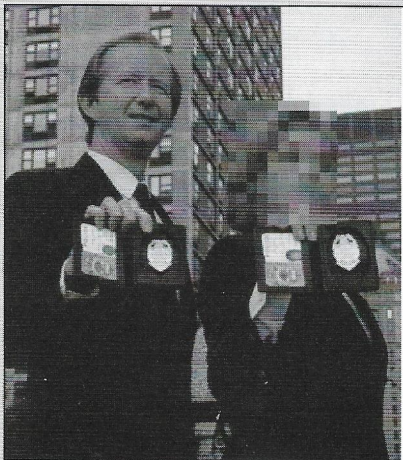
FONT FANTASY II: Sense and SensiSans Serif

Excerpt:

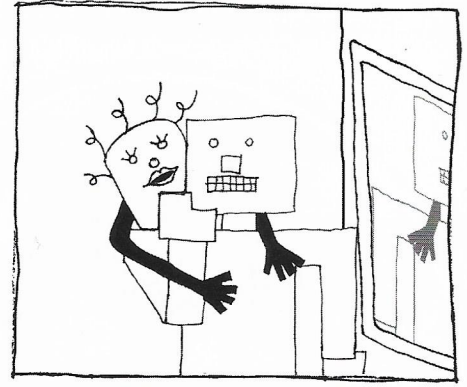
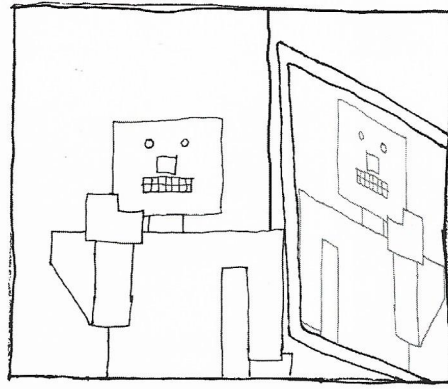
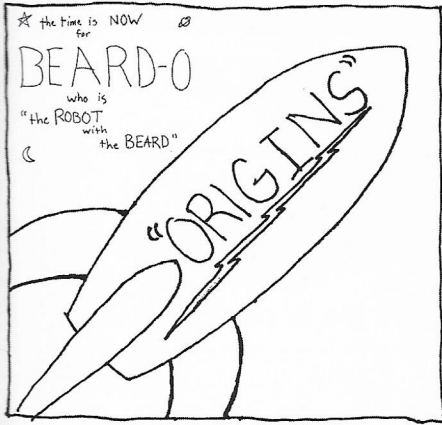
A certain Mr. Chauncy Snowman told Mrs. Eaves PetitCaps what he thought of that and oh, how the lady Apple Chancery fretted! The whole evening of Bocce Ball might have been spoiled beyond recovery were not for the thoughtful intervention of Mr. Jacques Roughcut, who, by all accounts prior to the event, was an uncouth, despicable rogue! But Mr. Jacques Roughcut proved himself quite the gentleman when he cleverly distracted Mr. Chauncy Snowman with an inquiry as to the state of his cheever collection! Though the lady Apple Chancery still blushed terribly at the mere mention of beeswax, she was certainly not unaware of the galiant efforts of Mr. Jacques Roughcut, the rogue who was not a rogue at all!



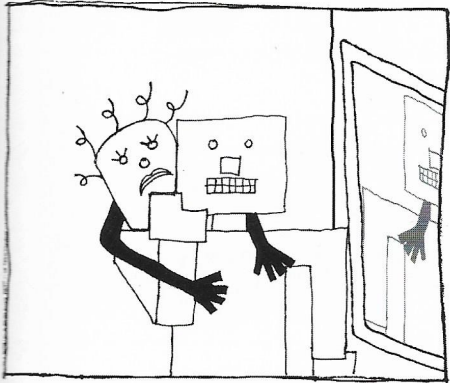
Sidekick Interview III: George Frankly



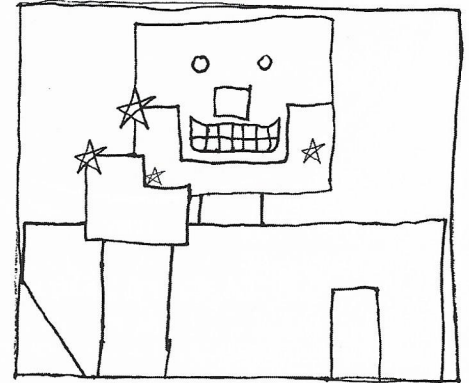
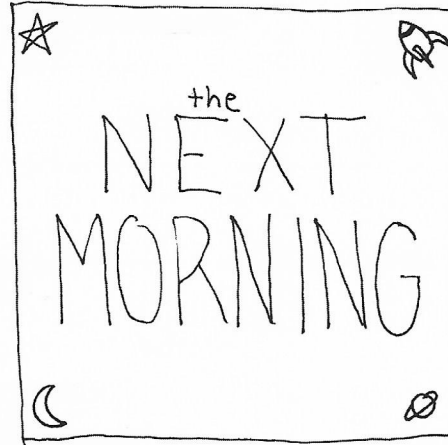
Why did Kate Monday leave? [Laughs] Sometimes one plus one is more than two, if you catch my drift. Pat Tuesday? I think the precedence of alcohol over inhibitions was how I eventually worked that problem through. [Laughs] And I certainly worked it through. You know what they say, if you don't have a clever solution, you can always brute force it. [Laughs] Yeah sidekick, I guess that's a good word. I was the sidekick alright, because I sure wasn't the one on my back.



Come to bed, baby.



IN A SECOND, BABE.



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After raising five small children,
my mother decided to go back to work...



AVERTING THE CRISIS

Coworker:

We've lost the Brinkley account!
What should we do?

Mother:

What's this in my purse?

Coworker:

Pardon?

Mother:

I think it's (look of shock)
a lollipop! (proffers lollipop)

AROUND THE OFFICE

Coworker:

If you'll excuse me,
I'm going to go to the washroom.

Mother:

Oh, do you want me to come with you?

Coworker:

Uh... no.

Mother:

Brian doesn't need any help?

Coworker:

Uh... no, I don't, but thanks.

Mother:

Somebody's a big boy!

IN THE COMPANY CAR

Mother (pointing):

Road construction everybody,
road construction!

Coworkers:

(silence)

Mother:

What does the digger truck do?

Coworkers:

(silence)

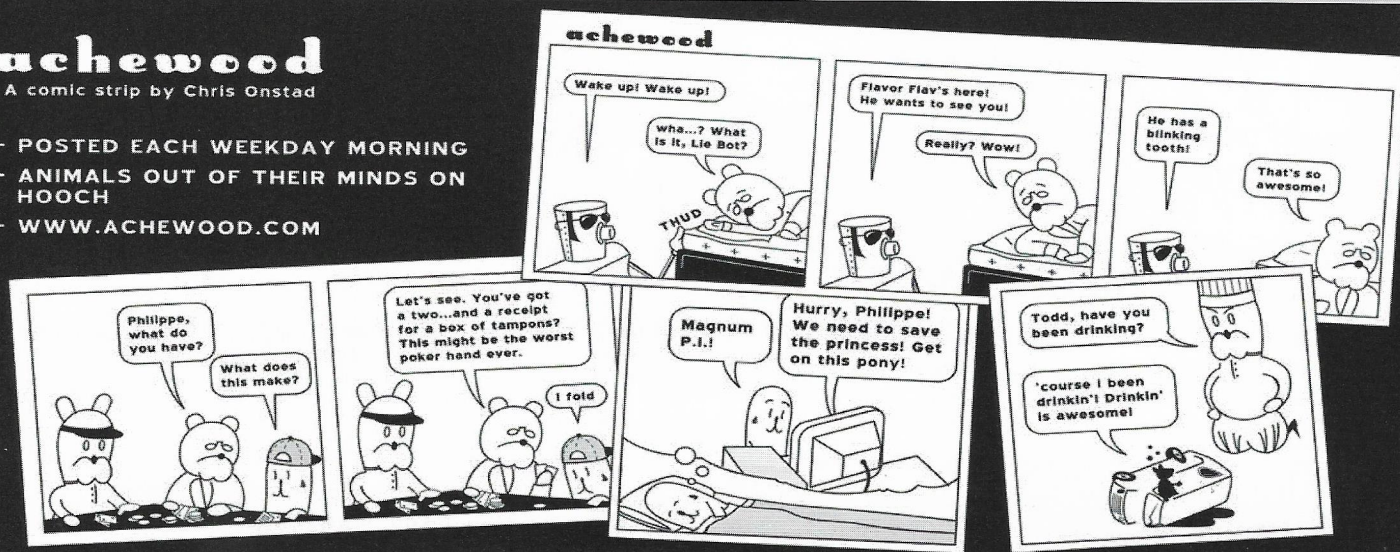
Mother (softly, to self):

It digs. The digger truck digs.

achewood

A comic strip by Chris Onstad

- POSTED EACH WEEKDAY MORNING
- ANIMALS OUT OF THEIR MINDS ON HOOCH
- WWW.ACHEWOOD.COM



My Fantasy Detective

The differences between my fantasy detective, the real detective hired to track and gather personal information on me, and the real detective's fantasy detective:

Fantasy Detective: Drinks scotch.	Real Detective: Drinks vodka.	Real Detective's Fantasy Detective: Drinks beer.
Fantasy Detective: Has true grit.	Real Detective: Considerably less gritty.	Real Detective's Role-Model P.I.: Is a frictionless surface.
Fantasy Detective: Spy Gear!	Real Detective: Little to no actual spy gear.	Real Detective's Fantasy Private Eye: Spy Gear!
Fantasy Detective: Lives in seedy apartment in metropolitan hub, sleeps at his desk.	Real Detective: Lives in New Jersey condominium, watches TV shows from the early eighties.	Real Detective's Fantasy P.I.: Lives in Hawaiian mansion, has an easy and carefree life.
Fantasy Detective: Rides in cabs.	Real Detective: Drives a Saturn.	Real Detective's Fantasy Detective: Drives a Ferarri, also has a helicopter.
Fantasy Detective: Dead Partner.	Real Detective: No partner. Sometimes talks to self in British accent.	Real Role-Model P.I.: Has a charming British butler.
Fantasy Detective: Wears a Trenchcoat.	Real Detective: Wears a suit. Owns a Detroit Pistons hat.	Real Model P.I.: Wears tropical shirts and a Detroit Tigers hat.
Fantasy Detective: Permanent 5 o'clock shadow.	Real Detective: Mostly clean-shaven with a weak mustache.	Model P.I.: Glorious full moustache a la Tom Selleck.
Fantasy Detective: Carries a snub nose revolver.	Real Detective: Carries a magnum.	Magnum P.I.: Carries a MAGNUM.



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- * Baby and maternity clothing
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Chappie Ad Strategy Used: "Tinker"

SECTION II
Time—35 minutes
26 Questions

Directions: Each passage in this section is followed by a group of questions to be answered on the basis of what is stated or implied in the passage. For some of the questions, more than one of the choices could conceivably answer the question. However, you are to choose the best answer; that is, the response that most accurately and completely answers the question, and blacken the corresponding space on your answer sheet.

Mama Said Knock You Out

[LL]
C'mon man
[News Report]
And with the local DBT news,
(5) LL Cool J with a triumphant comeback
[mumbling]
but tonight...
[LL]
Don't call it a comeback
(10) I been here for years,
Rocking my peers and putting suckers in fear,
Making the tears rain down like a monsoon.
Listen to the bass go BOOM!
Explosion, overpowering
(15) Over the competition, I'm towering—wreckin shop,
when I drop these lyrics
that'll make you call the cops.
Don't you dare—stare.
You better move, don't ever compare
(20) me to the rest that'll all get sliced and diced.
Competition's paying the price.
I'm gonna knock you out [HUUUH!]
Mama said knock you out [HUUUH!]
I'm gonna knock you out [HUUUH!]
(25) Mama said knock you out [HUUUH!]
Don't you call this a regular jam
I'm gonna rock this land

I'm gonna take this itty bitty world by storm
And I'm just getting warm
(30) Just like Muhammed Ali—they called him Cassius—
watch me bash this beat like a skull
that you know I've got a beef with.
Why do you riff with me, the maniac psycho?
And when I pull out my jammy
(35) get ready 'cause it might go BLAW!
How ya like me now?
The Ripper will not allow
You to get with, Mr. Smith, don't riff
Listen to my gear shift.
(40) I'm blasting, I'm blasting
Kinda like Shaft, so you could say I'm shafting.
Old English filled my mind
And I came up with a funky rhyme.
I'm gonna knock you out [HUUUH!]
(45) Mama said knock you out [HUUUH!]
I'm gonna knock you out [HUUUH!]
Mama said knock you out [HUUUH!]
Breakdown!!!
Shadowboxing when I heard you on the radio
(50) I just don't know
What made you forget that I was raw?
But now I got a new tour
I'm going insane, starting the hurricane,
releasing pain. Letting you know that you can't gain,
(55) I maintain unless you say my name
Ripping, killing

Digging and drilling a hole
Pass the Old Gold
I'm gonna knock you out [HUUUH!]
(60) Mama said knock you out [HUUUH!]
I'm gonna knock you out [HUUUH!]
Mama said knock you out [HUUUH!]
Shotgun blasts are heard
When I rip and kill, at WILL
(65) The man of the hour, tower of power, I'll devour
I'm gonna tie you up and let you understand
that I'm not your average man
when I got a jammy in my hand—DAAAAAAM!!!!
Oooooohh!! Listen to the way I slaaaay your crew.
(70) Damage [UHH] damage [UHH] damage [UHH]
Destruction, terror, and mayhem.
Pass me a sissy so sucker I'll slay him.
Farmers [What!] Farmers [What!]
I'm ready [we're ready!]
(75) I think I'm gonna bomb a town [get down!!]
Don't you never, ever, pull my lever
'Cause I explode
And my nine is easy to load
I gotta thank God
(80) 'Cause he gave me the strength to rock HARD!
I'm gonna knock you out,
Mama said knock you out.

GO ON TO THE NEXT SECTION.

Questions 1-5

- Which one of the following best states the main point of the passage?
 - This is not a comeback.
 - The author is planning a vicious physical assault requested by his mother.
 - This is not a regular jam.
 - The current tour does not negate the previous accomplishments which might be overlooked if they are not specifically identified.
 - Because the author's career has been unusually long and productive, his critics have not accorded him the appreciation he deserves.
- The author compares himself to Muhammed Ali (line 30) primarily in order to:
 - provide an example of the type of action needed to subdue his opponents
 - compare his lyrics to the punches thrown by a boxer
 - explain that Muhammed Ali was once known as Cassius Clay
 - demonstrate that his shadowboxing is a legitimate display of power rather than false posturing
 - suggest that the author shares characteristics of a well-known boxer
- Which of the following is most analogous to the professional solidarity referred to in lines 73-74?
 - Members of a teachers' union go on strike when they believe one of their colleagues to be falsely accused of using an inappropriate textbook.
 - In order to protect the reputation of the press in the face of a largely hostile public, a journalist conceals distortions in a colleague's news article.
 - Several dozen recording artists agree to participate in a concert to benefit an endangered environmental habitat.
 - In order to expedite government approval of a drug, a government official is persuaded to look the other way when a pharmaceutical manufacturer conceals evidence that the drug may have minor side effects.
 - A popular politician agrees to campaign for another, less popular politician belonging to the same political party.
- Which of the following best describes the organization of the passage?
 - A hypothesis is presented, evidence supporting the hypothesis is provided, and then the hypothesis is affirmed.
 - Behavior is described, possible underlying causes for the behavior are reported, and the likelihood of each cause is addressed.
 - An observation is made, evidence supporting the observation is presented, and then contradictions in the evidence are discussed.
 - A method used to analyze evidence is described, an explanation of the evidence is suggested, and then a conclusion is drawn from the evidence.
 - A scientific conundrum is explained and the history of the issue is recounted.
- It can be inferred from the passage that the author's style is:
 - daringly innovative but flawed
 - generally accepted but questionable
 - very reliable but outdated
 - unscientific but effective
 - unconventional but brilliant

STOP

IF YOU FINISH BEFORE TIME IS CALLED, YOU MAY CHECK YOUR WORK ON THIS SECTION ONLY.
DO NOT WORK ON ANY OTHER SECTION IN THE TEST.

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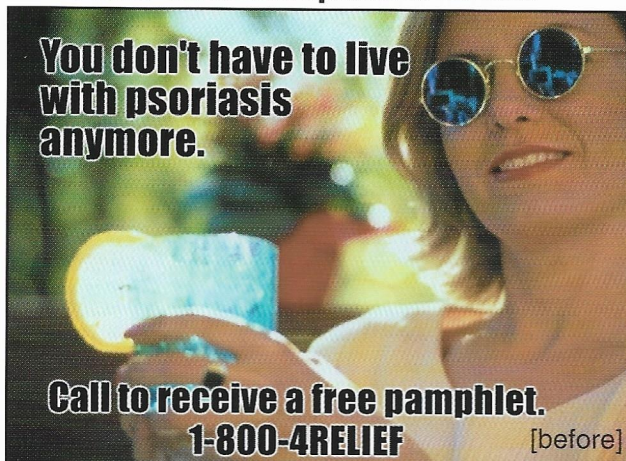
Client: Johnson Bagels



Chappie Ad Strategy Used: "Fire Down Below"



Client: American Epidermic Council



Chappie Ad Strategy Used: "Hard To Kill"

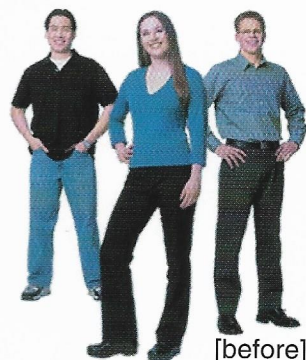


Client: Educational Testing Partnership

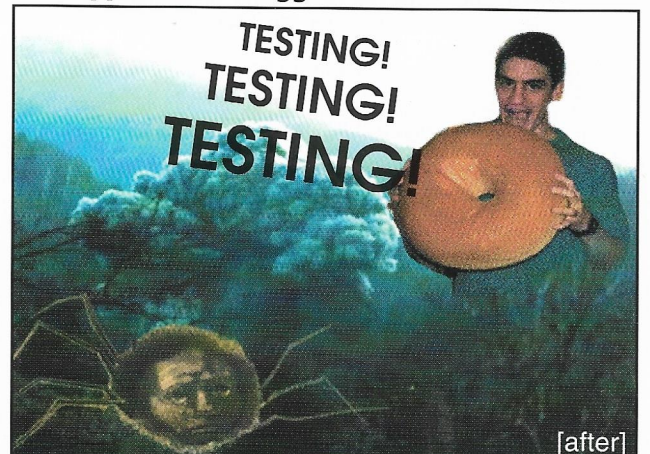
The Educational Testing Partnership

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www.etp.org



Chappie Ad Strategy Used: "Exit Wounds"



We asked the staff:

“Whodunnit?”

The one who done it was Calvin Johnson. Calvin Johnson is a famous physicist from Albuquerque, New Mexico. He does a lot of hilarious things. Most recently he invented a synthetic form of teflon, man. He really done it that time.

Andrew Nielsen
Good Kid

If you are asking about WWII, then the Nazis. If you are asking about WWW, then Bill Gates. If you are asking about WWF, then the Ultimate Warrior. If you are asking about WB, then Moesha. Oh no she di'n.

Matt Steinberg
Jim Takanaka

If you ask Bill Keane, creator of The Family Circus, it was I Dunno, Not Me, or Somebody Else. That's Bill Keane, professional humorist. Not professional gaywad, professional humorist.

Jacob Young
Little Billy

CLUE: Don't even begin believing in everything; grandma lies about stuff because auntie's near dead.

Debbie Glasband
Debutante

A donut. A donut dunnit. It was poisoned.

Katie Founds
Fallen Child Star

Hello? Hello Julie? Can you hear me well? Yes, it's me, that crazy Indian guy with the hashtag. I did it!

Ian Spiro
Compiler Star

If by "Whodunnit?" you are asking me who slipped you the roofies, I'm guessing it was the same guy who charged me \$5 to feel you up.

Seth Rosenbloom
Dreamy

I was thinking maybe... my brother? No, wait, he isn't smart enough.

Micah Lewis-Kraus
Gideon's Big (Hearted) Brother

I remember the first time I ever dunnit. It was a warm spring evening, and my sweetheart and I were lying in the moonlight, watching the constellations. The smell of lilacs drifted through the air, and the grass was soft and inviting. Far off the crickets were chirping, it seemed, only for us. I held her close, and whispered declarations of love softly to her. That night we lost ourselves in each other's armorous embraces, and woke the next morning to see the sun creeping over the horizon.

Geoff Morris
Still Using His Powers Toward Evil

Whodunnit? I'll tell you whodunnit. That damn Lopez. Every goddamn time, with the wine and cheese nights, and the smoking jacket. God, that Lopez. Fuck. Fucking Lopez. With his mo-ped and all gussied up for church. Where do you get off? Huh? Lopez. You broke my heart.

Adrian Perry
Broken-Hearted

It's shiny.

Sara Ines Calderon
Monkey

Whodunnit? You bet we did! We provide quality electronics merchandise at low, rock-bottom prices! How do we do it? Warehouse direct, no middlemen, no hassle/no haggle, no corporate stripper funds for entertaining out-of-town businessmen.

Greg Wayne
Middle Management Potential

Here's a joke for you:
It's titled "The Marijuana Mystery."

It's subtitled "A Loss of Dignity by Two (2) Means," or: "Why Animals Were First Domesticated."

A horse says to sheep, "What's the mystery of your sensuality? What's the big secret?"
The sheep says, "You're not a righteous anti-buggering cop, are you?"

The horse says, "Of course not, I'm a horse!"
The sheep says, "You're not an informant for Maxim, are you?"

The horse says, "Listen girl: I wouldn't even sell you secrets to Vogue."

The sheep says, "I've got shorter legs and a less obstructive tail."

Get it? She anthropomorphizes the sheep into a comely 'girl' though she seems eager to dispell any suspicion that she, as a horse, could be considered a 'cop'. Bitch!

Get it? The inclusion of an out-of-date term makes for a pretense to timelessness; as if to say, it is the LOGOS that man stand just so tall to a sheep, and just so tall to a horse.

Get it? Two twos: being harassed or even jailed for a lifestyle choice is humiliating, as is being reduced to a cheatsheet, as is having sex with an (envious) horse, as is having sex with a (comely) sheep.

Get it? It's easier to fuck a sheep than a horse.

Clark Durant
Thanks, Clark

Can you guys just sort this one out on your own? I've got to talk to Clark about some things.

Anne Bender
On Point

The maid buys milk on Thursdays and wasn't in the house; the butler was busy polishing the furniture; the gardener was tending to the hydrangeas; all of these are fine alibis and I was quite baffled for a while, but it appears that somebody had forgotten their employer was lactose-intolerant.

Geoff Schaeffer
Special Agent

Well first of all it's "who did it?" I don't know what backwoods, hick haven, rube raised upbringing you come from, but we speak ENGLISH here. Fucking hayseeds... Maybe if you spent more time reading and less time fishin' for crawdads down by the crick, you would know that the United States government "dunnit." If by "dunnit", you mean instigated a law by which you can no longer marry your sister Bobby Sue Caroline. There's little chance that this law may be changed anytime in the near future, so you might as well accept it, hop on your John Deere, and try to pack some dip with your eleven fingers and one tooth...Blue-skinned freak.

Charlie Stockman
Local Yokel

Well, really one cannot ask "whodunnit" but rather "what were the socio-political forces, transparent as well as hidden in the propaganda machine, that contributed to "it" being dunn." If we do this, we see that not only was "it" a victim of which something was dunn to it, but we also see a long history of this sort of thing being dunn to all sorts of its ranging from those of the outer territories to even the inner its that we have accepted as our own.

Erik Lessac-Chenen
Book Nerd

Whodunnit? I have dunnit; You have dunnit. Every last one of us has dunnit. In the dunning, we are all complicit.

Gideon Lewis-Kraus
Legal Scholar

Whodunnit? Owen Sparks. He runnin' this rat shit.
John Huetter
JAY-H

This question is too open-ended for me to be sarcastic enough. Think of something better.

Chris Allocco
MIA

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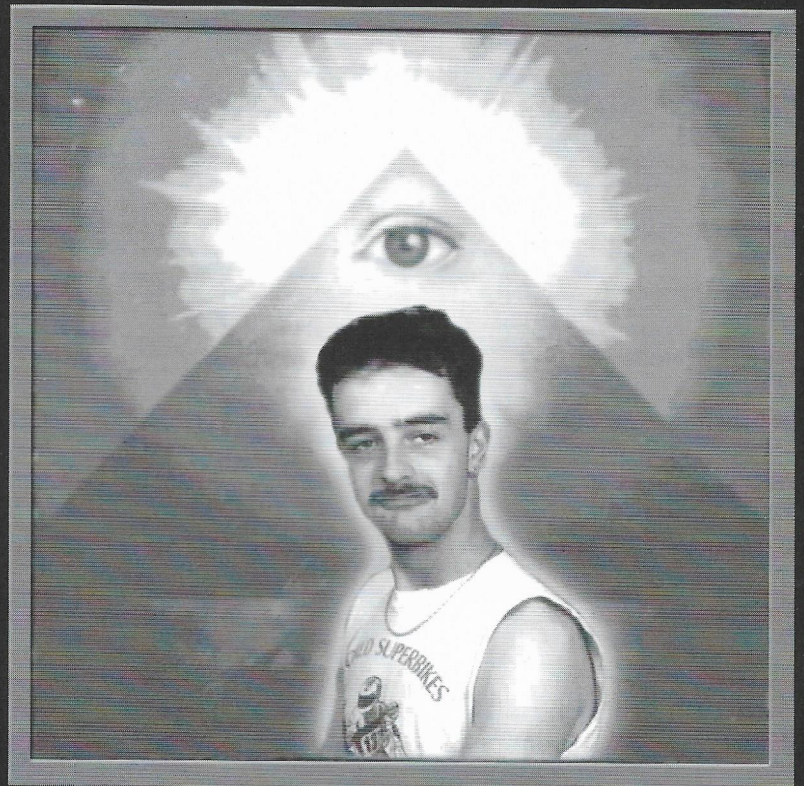
MYSTERIES OF TED DEMATHA'S UNIVERSE

✧ A publication of Time-Life Books in association with Ted Dematha ✧

IN LINE TO PURCHASE A GYRO, Ted Dematha finds himself approximately \$1.35 short on the \$1.99 purchase. SUDDENLY, Ted Dematha is struck by the thought that the coat he is wearing IS NOT HIS, but is actually his brother-in-law's. Ted Dematha reaches into the pockets and discovers a FIVE DOLLAR BILL, enough for Ted Dematha to purchase not only a gyro, but a GYRO PLATTER WITH DRINK.

WATCHING THE MONTEL WILLIAMS TALK SHOW on a Tuesday afternoon, Ted Dematha's Pizza-Pouch greased index finger INEXPLICABLY SLIPS and changes the television station to channel two. UNTIL THE NEXT COMMERCIAL BREAK, Ted Dematha watches the LEEZA GIBBONS TALK SHOW. Later that same afternoon, while MASTURBATING IN THE SAME CHAIR, Ted Dematha pictures the very same talk show hostess, LEEZA GIBBONS.

WAITING FOR HIS WIFE TO FINISH PREPARING DINNER, Ted Dematha eats several FUN SIZE SNICKERS CANDY BARS. After eating dinner, Ted Dematha's wife presents a SNICKERS PIE for dessert. THOUGH NOBODY ASKED HER, Ted Dematha's wife states that she got the recipe FROM THE BACK OF A FUN SIZE SNICKERS BAG.



What people who know Ted Dematha are saying about Mysteries of Ted Dematha's Universe

"T.D.'s got a book? No shit?"

-Hank Dematha, brother

"It's a real book, about a person from my street."

-Kristi Hutchings, neighbor

"Here's a Ted Dematha Mystery. Where's my fifty bucks? That dog wasn't free."

-Shane Whitehurst, day laborer

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