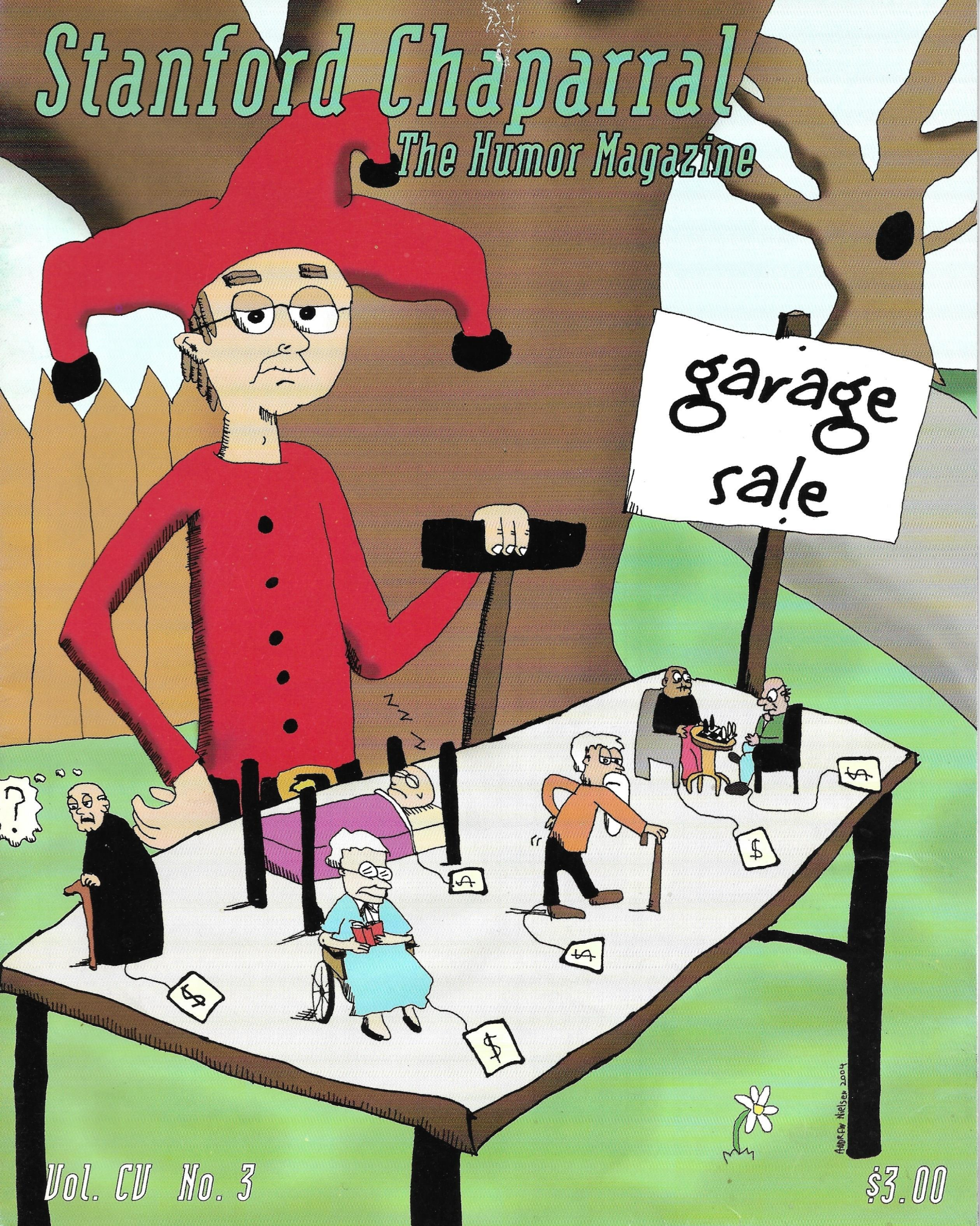


Stanford Chaparral

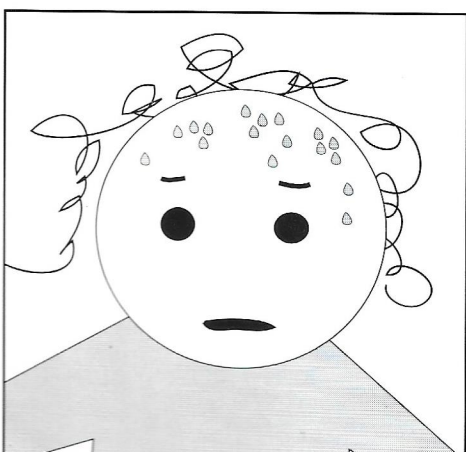
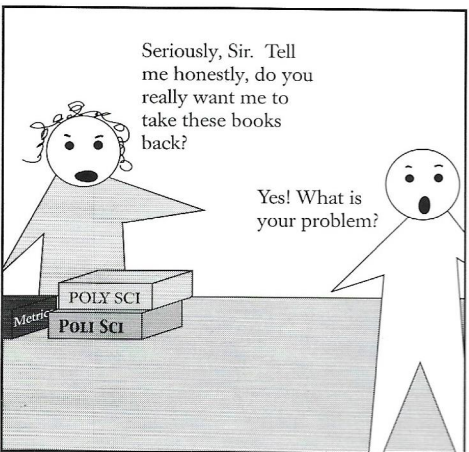
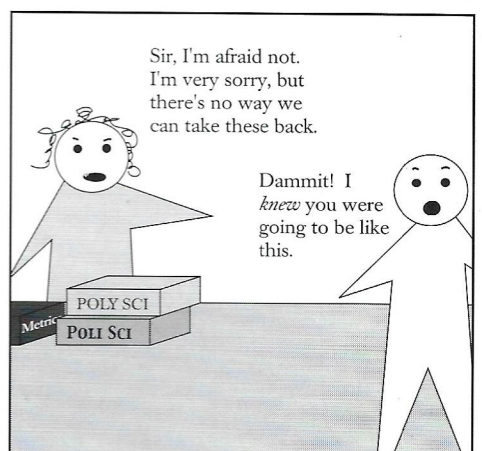
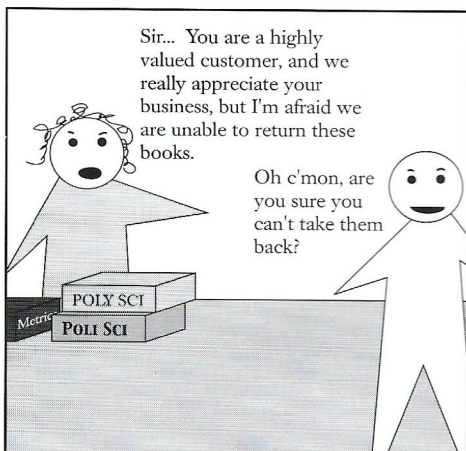
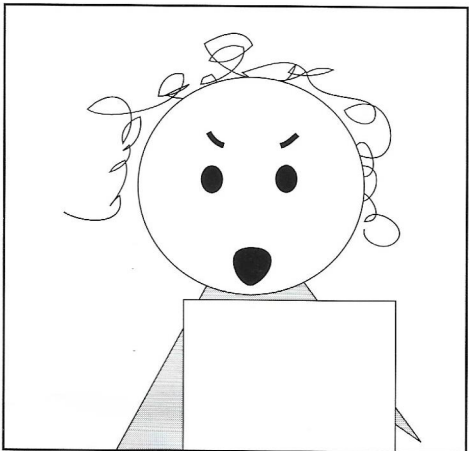
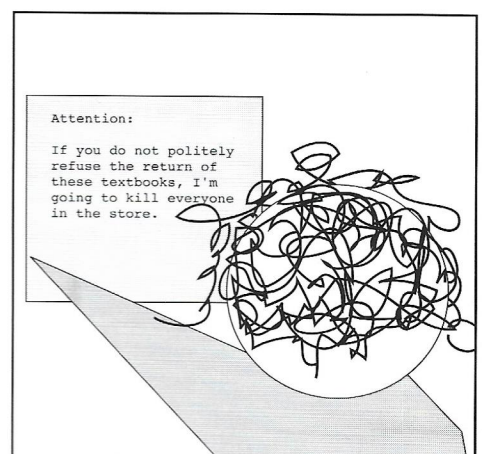
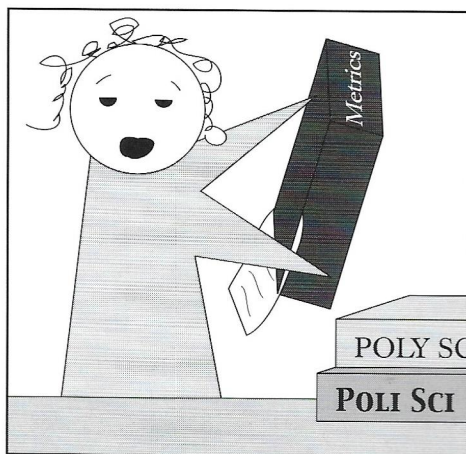
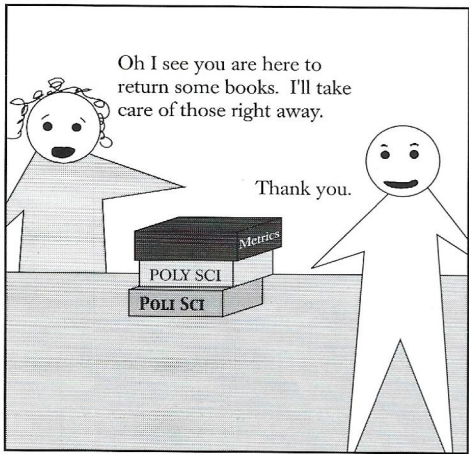
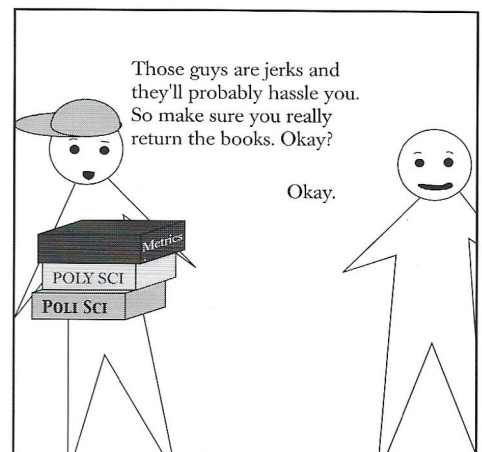
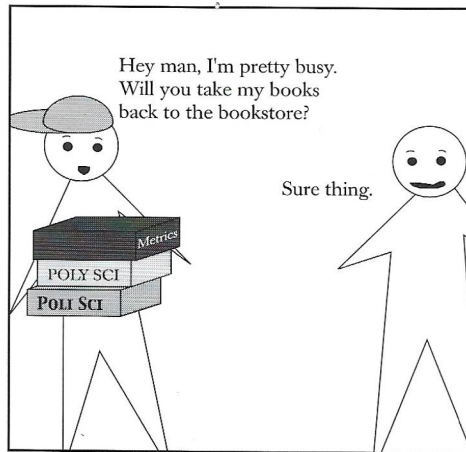
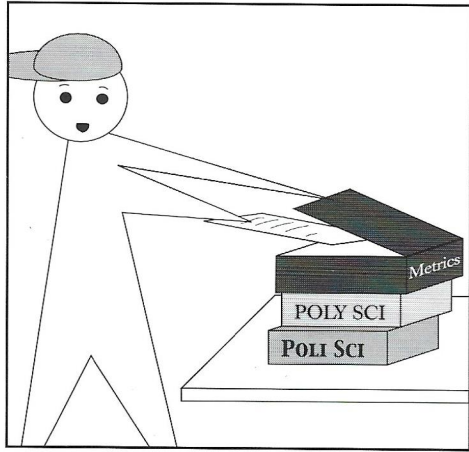
The Humor Magazine



garage
sale

ANDREW NELSEN 2004

Return Policy



For Sale:

1 Bag of No-Ad Brand Potato Chips. This bag of chips was purchased at Shell Mart #8919 on the evening of May 14th, 1998, just minutes before the store was held up by a pair of armed gunmen. The bag can be verified by its Inspection Certification Number and Best Before Date (faded). Enjoy the sweet taste of chips whose procuring nearly cost the life of the seller.

Want to Buy:

30 gallons (any octane) associated with the June 11th robbery of Love's Stop #017. Also interested in complete set of gasolines pertaining to the 1995 Hot Gas Summer spree in the area surrounding Salina, Kansas. (This was the group that slit the gas hoses with knives.)

For Sale:

Shell casings from Jack in the Box freezer hold-up of 2001. These were from the bullets accidentally fired by Atlanta Police Department agents into the arm of the bound Shift Manager who had been held as a hostage for 2 hours. **ALSO: Want to Buy: Slugs extracted from arm of Shift Manager by emergency doctors after he was accidentally shot by Atlanta PD.** FYI: I have a picture of myself eating at this Jack in the Box, and it is actually a very good franchise.

For Sale:

Complete set of fortune cookies from the so-called Fortune Fires. This was the individual (or group of individuals) who ate at family-owned Chinese restaurants and would collect the fortune cookies. Every night after the meal, this person (or group) would burn the restaurant to the ground. Now is your chance to see whether these fated, family-owned restaurants had any prophetic inkling with regard to their own imminent, fiery destruction.

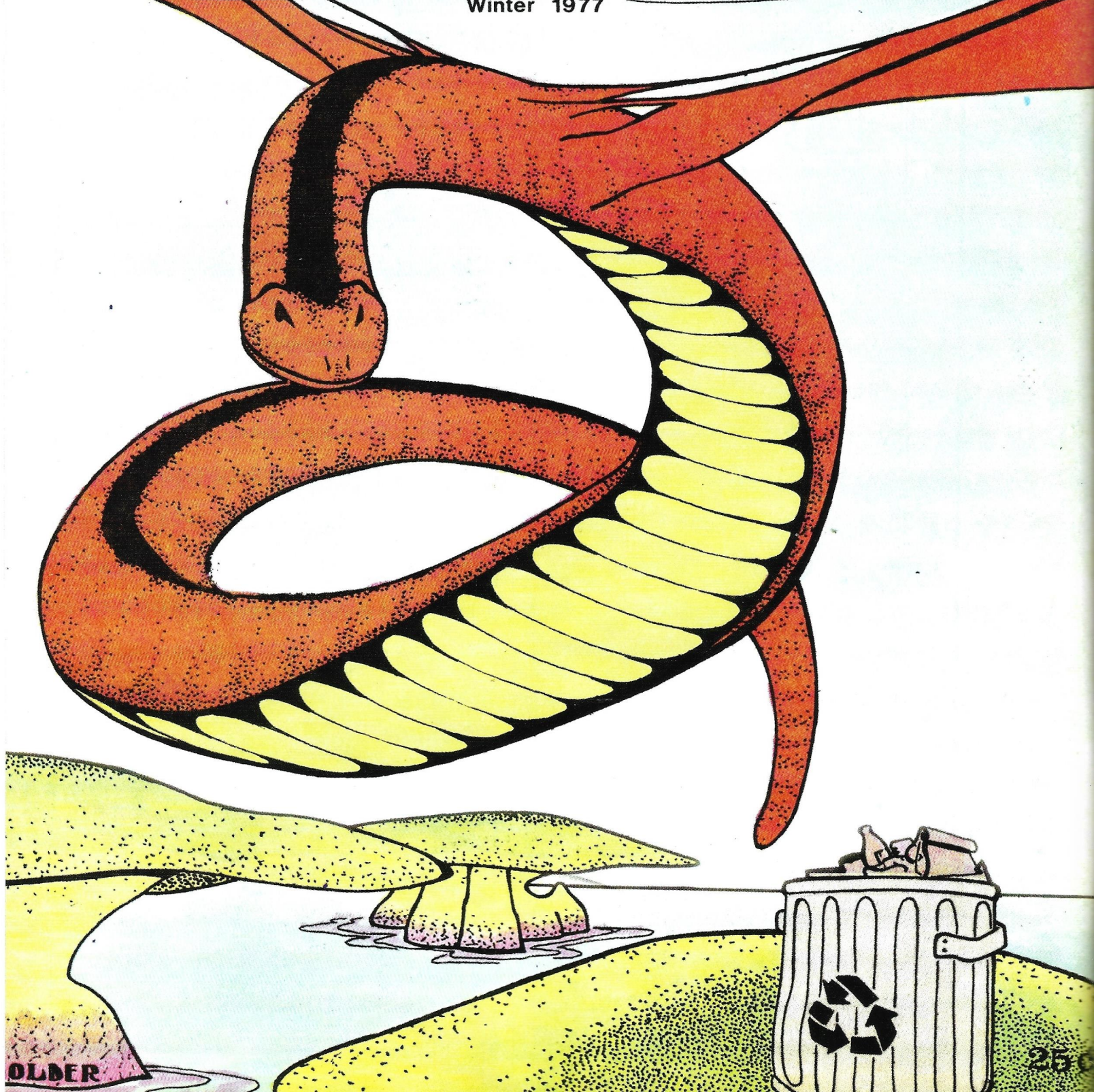
For Contract:

Memoirs of a Cash Courier. Brinks Armored Car driver has documented over 25 years spent moving cash from convenience stores to banks. Untold stories of countless opportunities for theft and embezzlement. The perfect addition to a collection of robbery paraphernalia.

CHAPARRAL

CRASH COMICS

Winter 1977



OLDER

25¢

Stanford Chaparral Volume CV, No. 3 January 23, 2004

Garage Sale Number

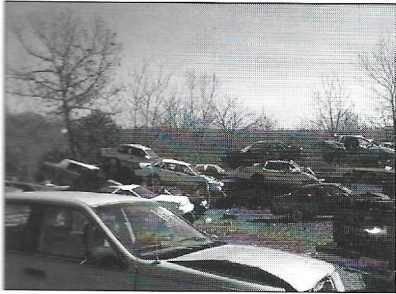
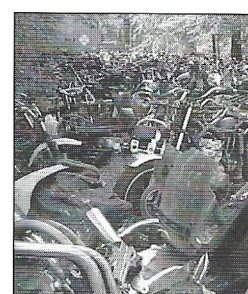


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Special Thanks

Emson Microwave Plastics
LifeSmarts 2002

The Stanford Chaparral

Vol. CV January 23, 2004 No. 3

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

WENZEL 1916

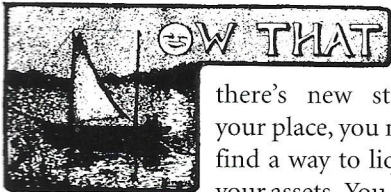


you've upgraded your life, you understand why this is such a meaningful thing to be a part of. There's a void in your life where a VT100 once sat, and that void is more than filled, nay, expanded, by a shiny new X5000. Something old went away and something different came to take its place. How you ever lived with German furniture while Scandinavian was available will always be beyond you.

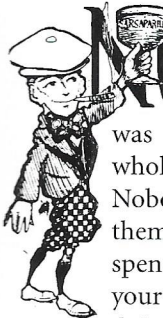
They say the old haircut never looked so bad until the moment before it was cut. It turns out the same is true for un-supersized combo meals and non-extended warranties. Now we won't settle for anything short of extra-thick safety belts and extra-non-permanent tattoos. When in doubt, upgrade. If a second-best poker hand is no damn good, then what could possibly be worse than second-rate conspicuousness? When certain, upgrade. Sometimes the best thing to do is just to throw in the towel and accept that you can't have the biggest

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bike on the block. But, you know, you could if you would just go ahead and pull the upgrade trigger.



there's new stuff in your place, you need to find a way to liquidate your assets. You should sell it, you know, to buy more stuff. You need to cash in on the ignorance of others, those creeping people who just don't know that an FLR-4000 just came out, or just aren't brave enough to buy the real deal. Put up some cardboard signs and card tables and let them wander in. Sit in the shade, make up prices, and take as much money from the people as you can. Nothing you do matters, at least not on this side of the table.



NOW THAT

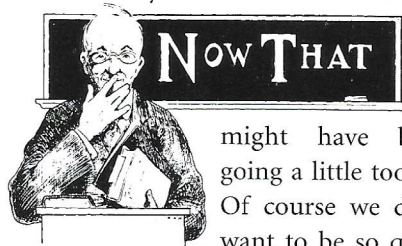
was the worst part of the whole damn thing, I promise. Nobody defines anything about themselves by selling. Those spendthrifts wandering around your lawn know that you're just doing this to make room for all your nicer running pants and faster answering machines, and they hate you for it.

It's important to remember that conventional American morality condemns stealing, except in the case of garage sales. Why? Because the people running them, by definition, have better things they're not selling. That's the good stuff, and it would not, for example, be OK to steal any of the good stuff. You can steal the old stuff because that's why they're having the garage sale in the first place. Payment is generally understood to be an optional formality.

And it is, after all, usually worth your while to involve money in your activity at a garage sale. Bringing money into the equation makes you a buyer, thereby entering you into one of the oldest and most well preserved guilds known to man. This is where you get to show what you're made of. This is what people want to see. Will you buy that Peugeot bicycle, or merely pick up a few more copies of racist

1974 paperbacks? Will you buy the non-UL approved Christmas lights? We want to know because we want to see what the upgrade function means to you. Obviously we know that you *want* to upgrade, but we need a few more clues to determine your exact place on the food chain.

You shouldn't be ashamed that you're trying to take the wormhole to the top of the upgrade ladder. Technique doesn't count unless you're already really close to winning. If shopping at a garage sale helps you get rid of those non-antifog, un-shatterproof protected, de-tinted snow goggles any faster, so be it. It doesn't matter what you're buying, as long as it can reasonably be considered different.

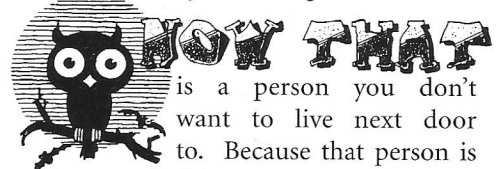


might have been going a little too far. Of course we don't want to be so quick to call six standard deviations a statistical outlier, but, on the other hand, we don't want to be so slow to give a spade its due. We have to concede that out in the deep waters of buying and selling things that are on their way to being broken there is a piranha who plays by his own rules. It would be a mistake to say that he has merely reversed the food chain; more

like he eats with his rectum and exudes out of his mouth.

This little bug defines himself not with what he buys, but rather with what he sells, throwing caution to the wind and flying feces in the face of the notion that you can't tell anything about a person by what he's selling. What about the person who is selling his stereo in order to buy a second-hand compact disc? *That* is a person who just has no care for the sustainability of his own lifestyle cycles.

This person, he downgrades in a spiral of consumptive self-destruction. Liquidating the good stuff to buy more bullshit. He really messes up the upgrade curve- the kind of person you don't want to take on head-to-head at a thrift store. He buys the computers that the public library wouldn't use, and pays for them by selling his sleek notebooks for scrap metal. He dreams, lusts, and prays that maybe, someday soon, someone will do him the favor of stealing something from him.



is a person you don't want to live next door to. Because that person is going to win his game, no matter how hard you play at yours.



Smart Savings

Parents offer advice on how to best get your kids thinking about money and the real world.



To teach our two children the value of the dollar, we have instituted a regular allowance system. Each week we give Trevor and Tara one dollar each. Sometimes if they fight too much, or don't do their homework, we might not give them their weekly dollar, or give them 75 cents instead. To encourage saving, the children are not allowed to spend any money until they have accumulated at least ten dollars.

As soon as I get my paycheck, if there's anything left after my minimum Visa payments, I try to give the kids their allowance. Sarah wants to save up for some toys, but every time I pay her she goes and buys some Snicker bars. Tim would really love to get a Snicker bar, but he's always spending his cash in those gumball machines.

As a working class family, money is a little tight around here. But we still want to teach our children the value of smart spending. Each week, our two sons receive a dollar each in store credit. When we hold the yearly garage sale in August, our kids are allowed to buy back items of their own that would otherwise be sold off to our spoiled neighbors.

We give our son a regular allowance, paid in bi-monthly installments. His responsibilities include managing his room and supervising the cat. Each fiscal quarter, Matthew comes up for review. If his performance has been exceptional, he will most likely receive a 5% raise. In 7 years, Matthew has received 8 raises and has only been suspended without pay once. Matthew doesn't know this yet, but next week when our cat is fired (euthanized) he will be required to transfer to the dish-washing department.

We made a deal with Andrew that we would pay him a quarter for each time he walked the dog. We were hoping to instill in him the value of responsibility and hard work. I suppose we should be pleased that he chose to embrace this American ideal so fervently, but we are becoming concerned with Bruno's health. He is getting walked every day from 4 to 8 PM, with an extra graveyard shift on the weekends.

We decided to teach our children the value of free-market capitalism by allowing them to determine their allowances for themselves. Kevin and Kathryn were both asked to write their desired allowance on a piece of paper without communicating with each other. They were told that the child bidding the lower figure would be awarded that allowance. After Kevin bid a million and Kathryn bid seventeen, we decided to allow subsequent rounds of bidding. Within a few minutes of free-market activity, both children had effectively opted not to receive an allowance.

Garage Sale Introductions

HELLO

MY NAME IS...

Samantha

**HI, I'M NOT
SURE IF YOU ARE THE PERSON
I TALKED TO...**

SO...

I've been looking at a model
very similar to this one at
another retailer, and I just
don't know if you

**THIS IS KIND OF
A FORMALITY...**

**YOU KNOW
I HAVE BEEN READING THAT
EVERYTHING...**

THINGS TO AVOID at a garage sale

Moth-eaten sweaters

Dot matrix printers

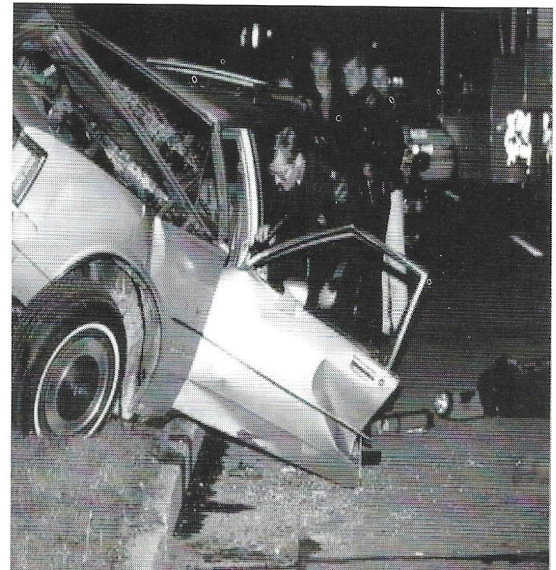
The rifle Bills was using when
they finally took him down

Weimar bank notes

Anything in brine

The seller, who is eyeing the
bulges in your sweater that look
suspiciously like his "Land Before
Time" videos

Kidneys that look a little
too appendixy



LEONARDO DA VINCI ESTATE SALE

Mona Lisa

A smile that tells the story of countless discrete nights of endless love and passion with a woman who is only fairly attractive but married. Have her watch over your bed as you entertain your boss' wife.

Price: 1500 US dollars

Floppy Disk Copy of the Da Vinci Virus

Be a part of computer history. Before people cared about computers, this virtual pathogen brought nerds half to death, half to climax.

Price: 560 Euro

First Sketch of Machine Gun

Own the first conception of the weapon that killed the last remaining Samurai as they charged that conniving Omura, a man of no honor. Da Vinci, however, had honor. Ask me how he died and I will tell you how he lived!

Price: 11,000 Yen

The Last Supper

What was supposed to be a portrait of the celebratory dinner of Da Vinci's hippie cousin's return from his summer on Outward Bound was taken to be a painting of Jesus and his apostles. Never again was a college dropout who had recently tried to make a living off of selling compost and hemp sandals in Florence mistaken to be such an important historic figure.

Price: 340 Brazilian Reals

A Blue Headband with Eye Holes and Leadership Skills

Want to join a group of mature teenagers dedicated to fighting crime and eating pizza? With your blue headband and leadership skills you could round out the group of a cool but crude fighter, a machinist, a party dude and a talking rat. So grab your katanas and suit up.

Price: 1 Canister of Ooze and a trip to the pet store

Backwards Cursive Handwriting

This skill will prevent your secret writings from being read by your enemies, who are not smart or wealthy enough to have a piece of polished metal or a standard mirror.

Price: 12.4 Trillion Lira

Da Vinci's Left Ear

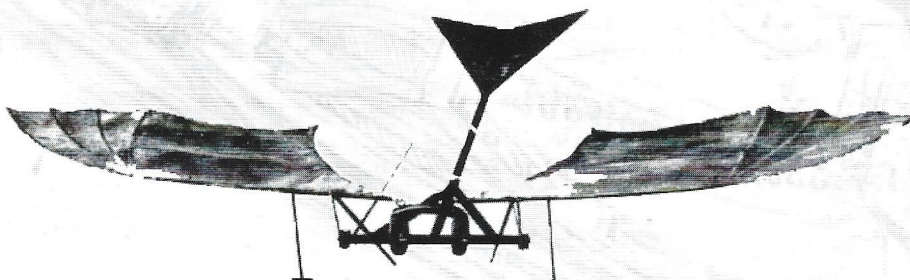
Own a piece of a genius. After Da Vinci knocked Machiavelli to the ground, The Prince produced a razor blade from under his tongue and slit off our genius' ear. Da Vinci was loved, but never feared. His loss is your gain, now you can own his left ear.

Price: 1.50 British Pounds

A Semen Filled Abdominal Wound

All that is known is that it was a gift from the Marquis de Sad.

Price: 1 Token



The Time I Bought Two Eagles at a Garage Sale

As the dawn began to break, I enjoyed a jaunty stroll down the block to the house of an anonymous citizen. Sitting in his yard was a variety of delicious items: delicious to the mind, delicious to the senses.

On the foldout table sat a binder of famous presidential biographies. Next to that sat a used videocassette player. Much to my surprise sat the most exciting item of them all! A cage with two Golden Eagles sat alone, available for the reasonable price tag of \$5000. Having recently won the second place lottery the week before, I was elated to take home these pets and invest in a new lifestyle.

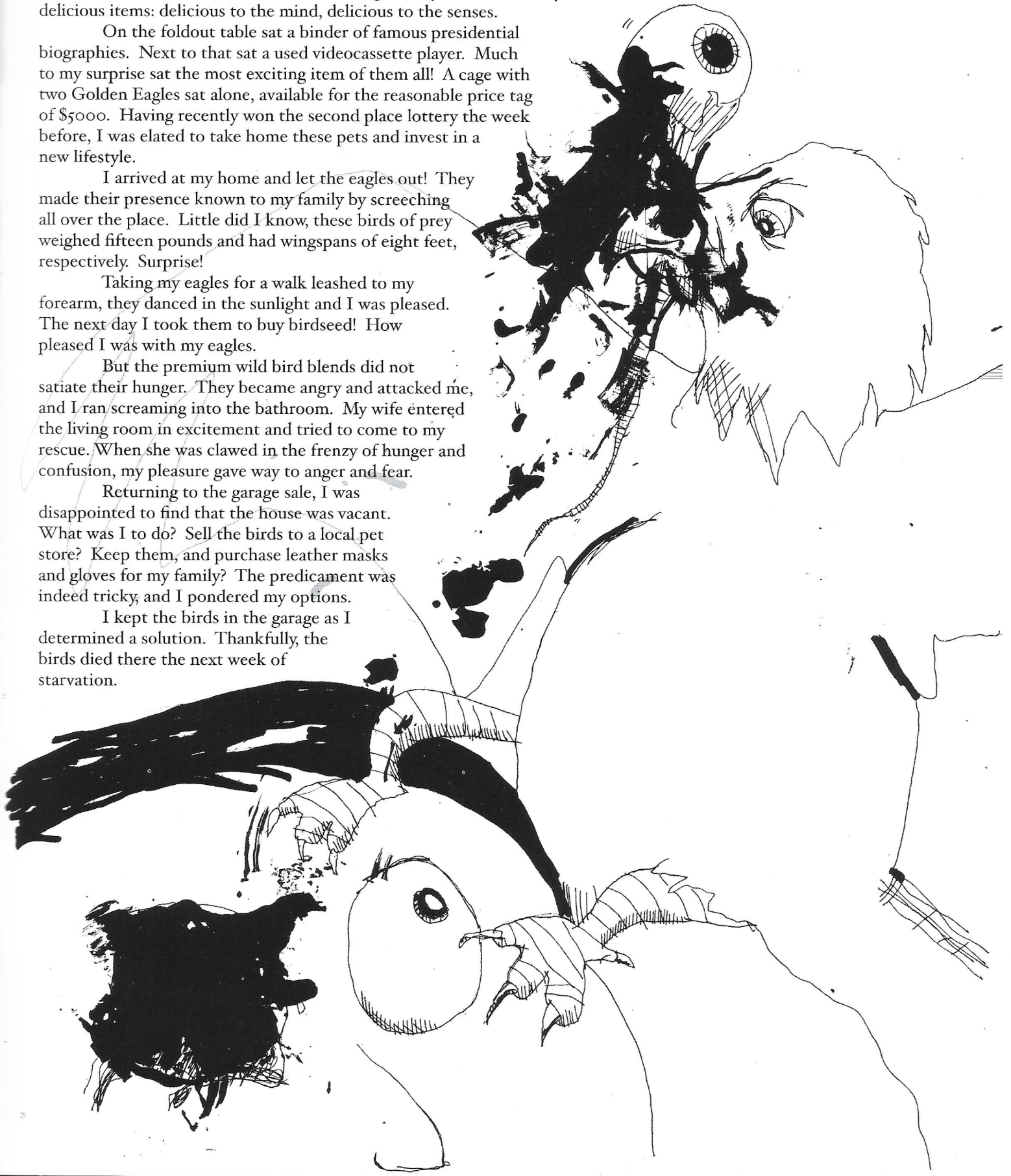
I arrived at my home and let the eagles out! They made their presence known to my family by screeching all over the place. Little did I know, these birds of prey weighed fifteen pounds and had wingspans of eight feet, respectively. Surprise!

Taking my eagles for a walk leashed to my forearm, they danced in the sunlight and I was pleased. The next day I took them to buy birdseed! How pleased I was with my eagles.

But the premium wild bird blends did not satiate their hunger. They became angry and attacked me, and I ran screaming into the bathroom. My wife entered the living room in excitement and tried to come to my rescue. When she was clawed in the frenzy of hunger and confusion, my pleasure gave way to anger and fear.

Returning to the garage sale, I was disappointed to find that the house was vacant. What was I to do? Sell the birds to a local pet store? Keep them, and purchase leather masks and gloves for my family? The predicament was indeed tricky, and I pondered my options.

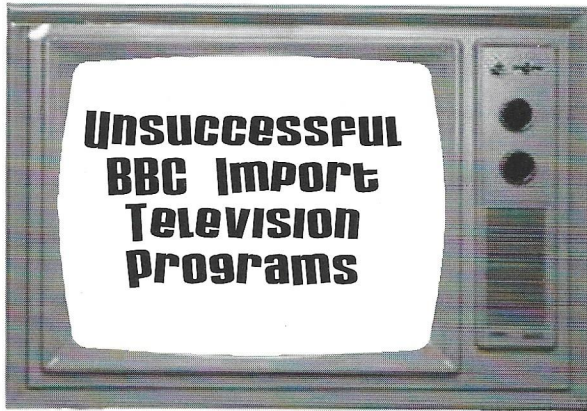
I kept the birds in the garage as I determined a solution. Thankfully, the birds died there the next week of starvation.



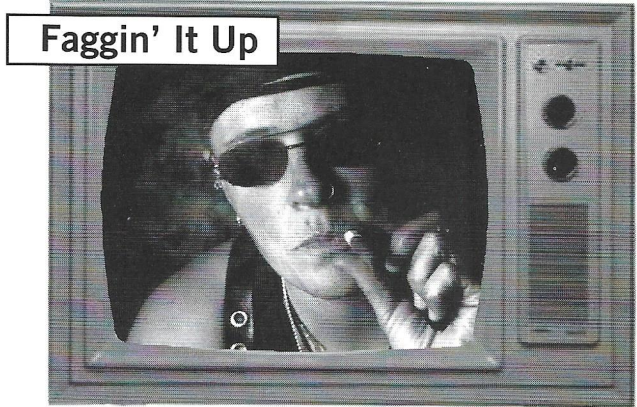
A Hundred Years of Television in Mainstream and Conservative America

1950s	Americans revel in the antics of a trouble-making gang of teenager in <i>Leave it to Beaver</i> . Common themes include animal neglect, petty blackmail, and academic foul play.	Conservatives prefer the wholesome and non-visual entertainment of toothpaste jingles played over AM radio.
1980s	<i>The Cosby Show</i> captures the public's heart with challenging stories of interracial dating, juvenile delinquency, and paternity testing.	Conservatives prefer <i>Leave it to Beaver</i> , the heart-warming classic TV show reminiscent of an era when families stuck together and neighbors could be trusted. Beaver and the gang remind us that TV can still be pretty funny without minorities or career mothers.
1990s	The ground breaking and critically acclaimed reality series <i>Cops</i> takes the nation by storm. For over a decade, this series shows the nation's seamy underbelly of backyard drug addiction and domestic abuse.	Meanwhile, Nick-at-Nite reruns of <i>Cosby</i> remind conservatives of a simpler day, when most Americans, even the Black ones, were members of the professional upper-middle-class.
2000s	<i>Queer Eye for the Straight Guy</i> is the hottest show around. Viewers delight in the willing acquiescence of straight males to the homosexual agenda.	Conservatives prefer the <i>Cops</i> series, which shows real, honest-to-goodness police officers, working hard to keep the country clean and straight.
2010s	The nation embraces the hit game show <i>Gay Patrol</i> , in which straight men are awarded prizes for engaging in rampant homosexual activity. Wives watch the show from a sound-proof room backstage.	Conservatives remember the days when queer television was intended to make straight men more attractive to women and merely promoted good hygiene and fashion sense.
2030s	America is captivated by the latest reality series, <i>Murder Sex Babies</i> . Through the show's graphic depiction of baby sex violence, a generation of American viewers are seeded with an appetite for an even more appalling form of entertainment that is yet to come.	Conservatives hearken back to the days of <i>Gay Patrol</i> , where people didn't die on television and even earned fun prizes through their endeavors.
2050s	The hit series <i>Burning It Up</i> receives the highest Nielsen rating ever recorded in the history of television. The show features explicit instruction for committing arson and real footage of budding teenage arsonists; mainstream America gains a true appreciation for this fiery black art.	Conservatives pine for any sort of entertainment that doesn't openly advocate the destruction of personal property.





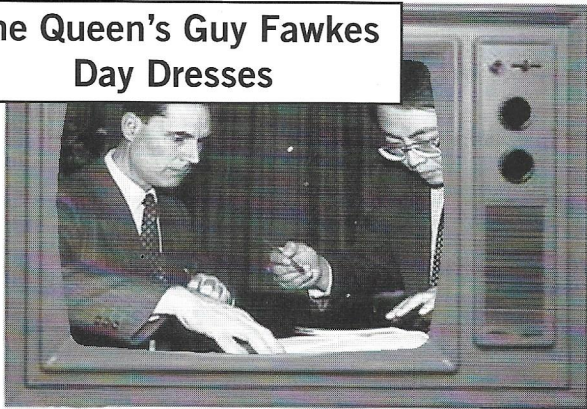
The British Broadcasting Company has decided to bring its smash hit shows to the United States.



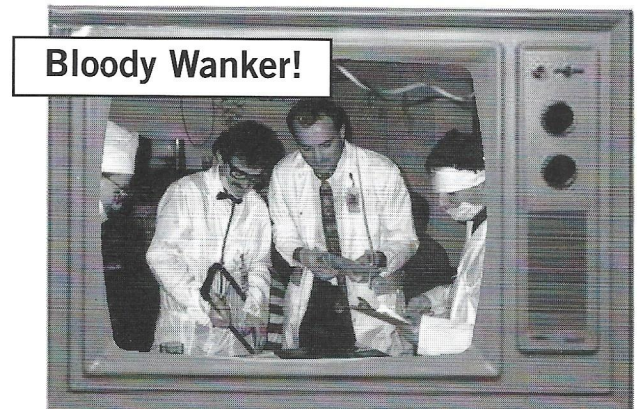
Faggin' It Up

Recently laid off youth-time friends reunite in downtown London to hang out at the pub and smoke a lot of cigarettes.

The Queen's Guy Fawkes Day Dresses



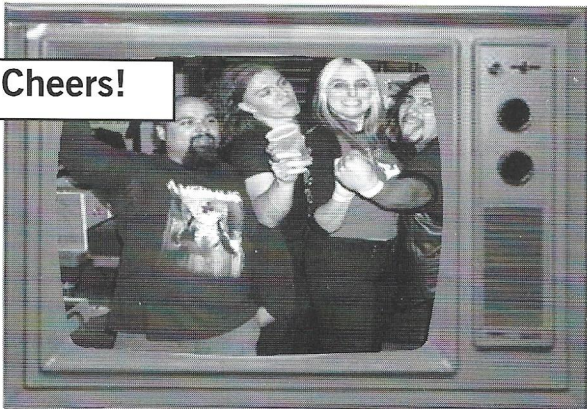
A catalogue of the queen's dresses that she has worn at the annual Guy Fawkes Ball at Windsor Palace.



Bloody Wanker!

A couple of old college buddies get together to start a urology firm, but none of them have any medical training.

Cheers!



A couple of blokes get divorces from their wives and find solace in each other when they share a flat in Hamptonshire. The only thing that gets them through the day is saying goodbye, best wishes, you're welcome and toasting to one another all using just one word.

Fuck You George Washington



The story of a decimated country, whose children have only grown up to move away and occasionally send flaming bags of dog shit to their mother's house.

Americans in the Mirror

Maybe I could be a model. These cheeks- such great bone structure. My slightly sullen and probing eyes. Flawless skin, like the skin of an apricot. Oh, but God, who am I kidding? I will never be able to get rid of this awful nose. This is the nose of the proletariat. Proletariat noses have no place in the fashion industry.

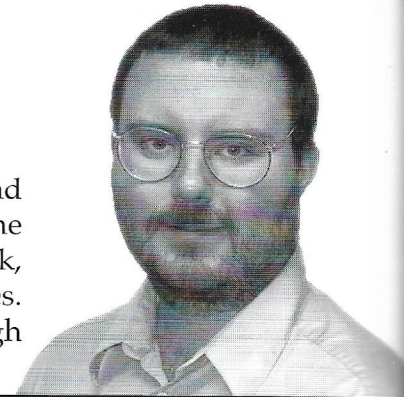


I have traveled the world and gotten every plastic surgery that is known to man. There is no doubt, my body is now stunningly gorgeous. But no matter what I try, no doctor and no procedure can fix what's really wrong with me: I have completely run out of money. And poverty is the most slovenly and unattractive thing of all.



Each morning I look in the mirror and ask myself, 'Oh why can't I be pretty?' I could have been a sexy Samantha or a racy Lacy. I could have had all the men in the world. But no. Instead, I am just a plain Jane. Oh God, why did my parents have to name me Jane?

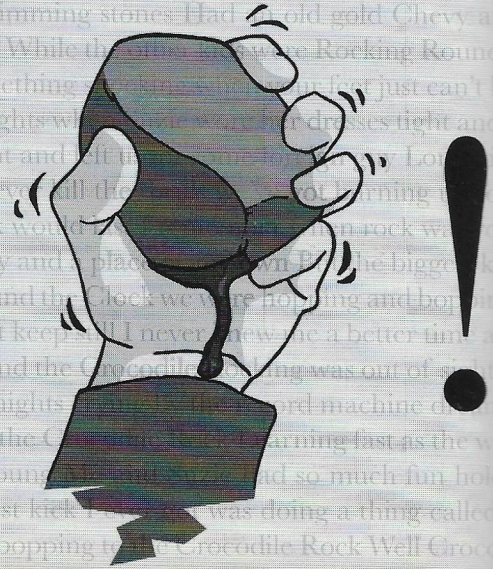
"I am a good looking man. Solid, strong jaw line. Good hair and unquestionably nice teeth. How could the average person not find me at least somewhat attractive? Oh, but it is no use. These little, black, beady eyes- they stab you right into your core. These are killer's eyes. No woman would ever want to look deeply into my soul through these killing eyes. Why did I have to murder all those people?"



Crocodiles and alligators - two creatures that share many similarities. But what are the real differences between them?



Gators fuck shit up badly.
BUT ONLY CROCODILES FUCKING ROCK.



THIS SHIRT JUST **SEEMS** TO ATTRACT STAINS.

THIS PLATE JUST SEEMS TO ATTRACT FOOD.

THESE BUNNIES JUST SEEM TO ATTRACT MORE BUNNIES.

THIS CAPITAL **JUST** SEEMS TO ATTRACT MORE CAPITAL.

THIS **PHONE** SEEMS TO ATTRACT PEOPLE WHO ALSO OWN **PHONES**.

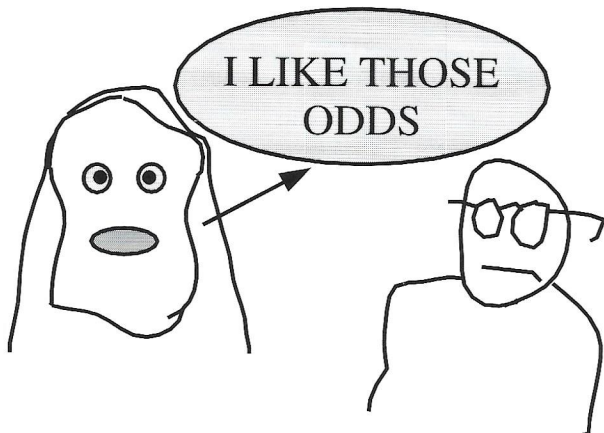
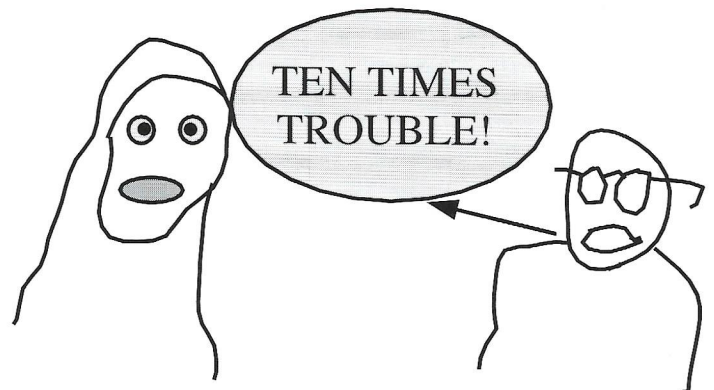
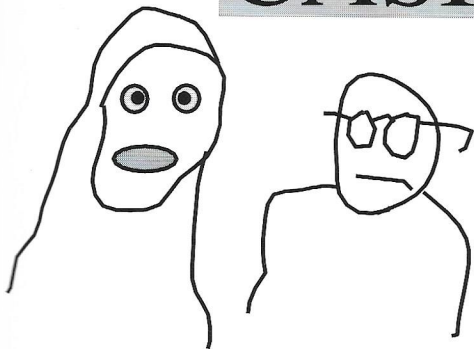
THIS METHADONE CLINIC JUST SEEMS TO **ATTRACT** LOSERS.

THIS METAL SEEMS **TO** ATTRACT MAGNETS.

THIS BROKEN SWASTIKA JUST SEEMS TO ATTRACT **AFRIKANERS**.

THIS MONKEY PAW JUST SEEMS TO ATTRACT IRONIC MISFORTUNES.

CASINO



Confessions of a Flight Attendant

I joined the air-services-concierge sector of the aviation industry immediately after graduation out of William Henry Harrison High School. I graduated as salutatorian and my future was bright. In the 60s everyone became a flight attendant. The stewardess at the career fair was so graceful and the pilot representative was so handsome and they both were going places. Now I was going places.

After 40 years as a stewardess, I lost my job. I was just hitting my stride. I had just been upgraded to the first class cabin aboard the Kansas City to London (Gatwick), when, in so many words, they told me I'd lost my "stewardness." The industry to which I'd devoted the most hospitable and courteous years had betrayed me. And now I'm going to betray them.

Being a stewardess for 40 years, you see and are told a lot of things the general non-stewardess public does not. Most obviously, using your cellular phone during flight definitely does not interfere with the navigation system. Cellular phone use only interferes with the mini in-ear head phones we are fitted with that blast the soothing sounds of Enya in order to drown out the passengers' complaints, or what we like to call it in the industry, in-flight bullshit. Also, the bluish-green substance in the toilets is not bluish-green water; it's humans. Toilet bluish-green is humans and people.

Perhaps the most disturbing fact that I have covered up as part of the big conspiracy in the sky relates to the safety of life itself. The first class passengers get bigger seats, meaning they get bigger seat cushions. In the event of an emergency, your seat cushion may be used as a flotation device. Therefore, the richer people can float better and survive. To make matters worse, most of the economy seat cushions are filled with shredded old headsets from previous flights so they probably don't even float.

Despite the signs and announcements, there are no smoke detectors in the lavatories. And, let me tell you, they certainly are not bathrooms; they're lavatories. Lavatory is derived from the German word for 'no bathing,' if you get my drift.

In my many years as a stewardess, the sentence I loathed hearing the most (besides "We have another unattended youthful flyer onboard") was "Please prepare for taxi, takeoff and cross-check." What that meant is that I had to walk down the entire length of the plane slowly looking at everyone's crotch. I could care less whose seat belt was fastened. Most of the time, I just was just visualizing unbuckling everyone's seat belts right at the worst possible moment.

Perhaps the most egregious cover up of the airline industry (and the secret that they make you swear on your life to protect) is that flying is impossible. It's all a mind game. Thousands of years of human wisdom weren't wrong. Man will never fly. Anyone who has ever worked in the industry knows one thing. It's all just an excuse to take the best forty years of a person's life away and melt them away in the sky.



BAD CONTRACTS



In 1992, Shaquille O'Neal signed what he thought was a five million dollar contract to star in the movie *Blue Chips*. However, the contract actually obligated Shaq to star in a production of *Blue Chips* with an entirely new cast every year for the rest of his life. The burden of this commitment finally manifested itself in an emotional outburst in the 1999 making of *Blue Chips*, with Shaq pleading to coach Billy Crystal not to hold the basketball team responsible for the cultural bias of the SATs.

When fifteen high school basketball players signed contracts committing to Western State University in 1992, they thought that they were securing a prosperous and popular basketball future. Unfortunately, WSU was in fact a fictional university created in the movie *Blue Chips*. In turn, all of the team's games were also fictional, and the educational opportunities the players had hoped for were limited to a short classroom scene in which an unrefined but obviously intelligent Shaquille O'Neal talked back to his haughty English professor.

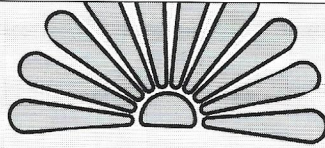
When those fifteen high school basketball players finished making *Blue Chips*, they signed another contract with Paramount Pictures giving them the opportunity to play NCAA basketball. Unfortunately, Paramount reneged on the contract and instead sold the fifteen young men as mail-order husbands to Chechnya. There the fifteen boys were forced to spend their days impregnating impoverished village women eager to give birth to the next Slavic basketball star. Even those who were able to escape back to the US had lost all NCAA eligibility from their previous contract with WSU.

When TNT paid fifty million dollars to acquire its own cable channel in 1994, network officials hoped that the growing number of households with cable would help them to reach an audience of unprecedented magnitude. Unfortunately, the contract stipulated that TNT would be allowed to broadcast nothing but *Blue Chips*. Much to the chagrin of basketball star Shaquille O'Neal, TNT was able to renegotiate and, for an additional 50 million dollars, show the action thriller *Tango and Cash*.

In 2003 basketball star Shaquille O'Neal renegotiated a contract requiring him to act in annual productions of the movie *Blue Chips*. Shaq was able to free himself from this obligation by agreeing to sing a catchy jingle about *Blue Chips* in all of his TV appearances for the next 50 years.

When Joseph Neddelman signed a contract with Blockbuster Video to open a franchise in Lake Forest Illinois, he thought it was the beginning of a lucrative business venture. What he failed to realize was that the agreement required Neddelman to only stock copies of the 1992 film *Blue Chips*. The contract did grant him the opportunity to keep boxes of other movies on the shelves, but each tape was required to be secretly replaced with a copy of *Blue Chips* before leaving the store. Neddelman's franchise, though certainly not thriving, stays afloat on the business of a few loyal customers.

Contemporary Cover Letters



Mr. Blaston,

Sometimes life throws you some unexpected twists. Even with all the assurances of modernity, things can always take a turn for the worse. In today's world, no one is safe. Not even a firm like Salomon-Smith Barney.

In the wake of September 11th, hiring managers like yourself need to be prepared for just about anything. That's why I can be a valuable asset to a ship in such possibly troubled waters. Sharp, young, and committed to success, I can provide your company with the stability it needs to remain a powerful market force into the next millennium. No matter what may lie around the next corner.

Over a billion dollars in capital might insulate you from the wind, but what can protect you from fire? With today's economic forecast as uncertain as ever, one thing is for sure: I can deliver success. And, these days, what price is too great in order to rest assured that your firm will have the human potential to be the best? Absolutely none.

When 3.5 million Chinese villagers knew that their village was

destroyed by a...

Mr. Dreyal,

What if Hitler had been killed as a baby? What if JFK hadn't gone to Dallas? What if Ben Franklin were still alive?

We can spend all day asking hypotheticals, but after all, they reach the same conclusion: things could have gone a lot differently.

For example, what if you hadn't hired me? It's surprising to think about, but all too probable. What if you didn't read this application packet, become immediately impressed by my credentials, and respond with a generous offer?

Well, I guess one thing's for sure... my life would be a lot different than it's about to be.

Ms. Rebecca Anne Naylor,

D.M. Charnley is written all over my mind. The first thing I think about in the morning is principal, and the last thing I do before I go to sleep is try to make it bigger for your company. I've seen you in a much more comfortable office, very successful and hoping to be even more. Carpet that flows from one wall to the other, so close to both walls that it almost runs right up them to the ceiling. That's like profits. Straight through the glass ceiling made out of money.

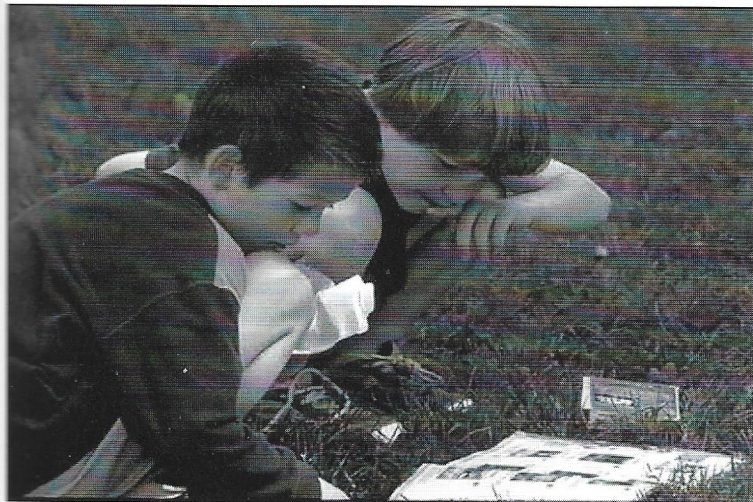
But you already know all about that, from what we see in Q3 earnings report. Someday it will all be credited to you, and your insight, and your hope and your vision. One man might have made an empire, but it's a woman who will burn that palace down and replace it with a machine.

That woman is you, and that machine is a money machine.

RESUME ENCLOSURE

On the Origin of Popular Idioms

I'm just **Joshing** with you - Josh Goldberg was the class clown of his Hebrew school. One time during a mock Tu B'Shevat ceremony, he yelled, "If a seagull flies over a sea, what flied over a bay? A BAYGULL! You know like a Bagel." And just like that the Jews had an answer to that famous Christian saying for being funny: "I'm just **Judassing** with you." Miraculously "I'm just Joshing you," lasted eight centuries while its Christian counterpart lasted only one.



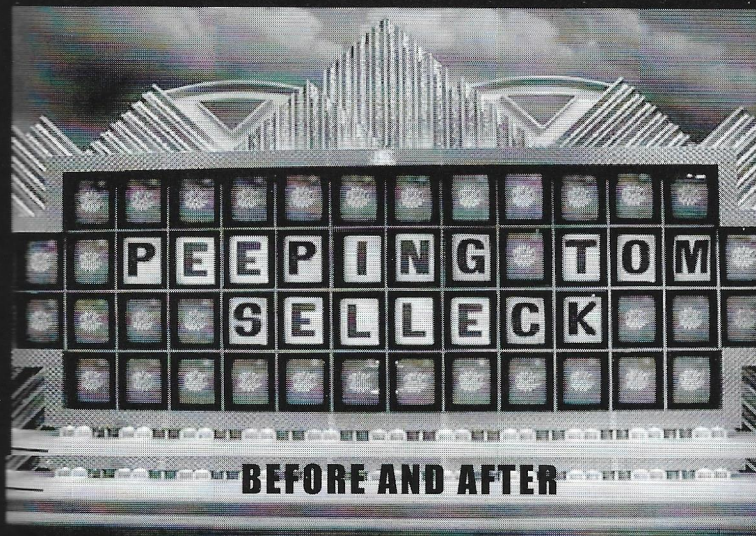
Sam and Cam get ready to show each other their dicks (fake).

I'm gonna be **Frank** with you - Frank DeHealy was the paradigm of honesty during the Civil War, his honesty only surpassed by that of President Abraham Lincoln. However, Abe's namesake was already being used to convey freeing all the slaves from bondage in the saying "Let's Lincoln the Jenkins." In France, they say "I'm gonna be François with you."

Kick me in the **Jimmy!** - Little Jimmy Jones, while working at Baskin Robbins in Kansas City, decided that ice cream needed a little kick in the pants i.e., the **Jimmy**, if you will. After months of experimentation with rainbows and sugar, **Jimmies** were born. However, at the same time in Fairfax, Virginia, Edward James **Sprinkle** made a similar breakthrough. To this day there is contention over whose name should bare the credit for the delicious innovation. Midwesterners request **Jimmies** on their frozen custard, while East Coasters consider Jones's theft of Sprinkle's invention an egregious kick in the **Jimmy**.

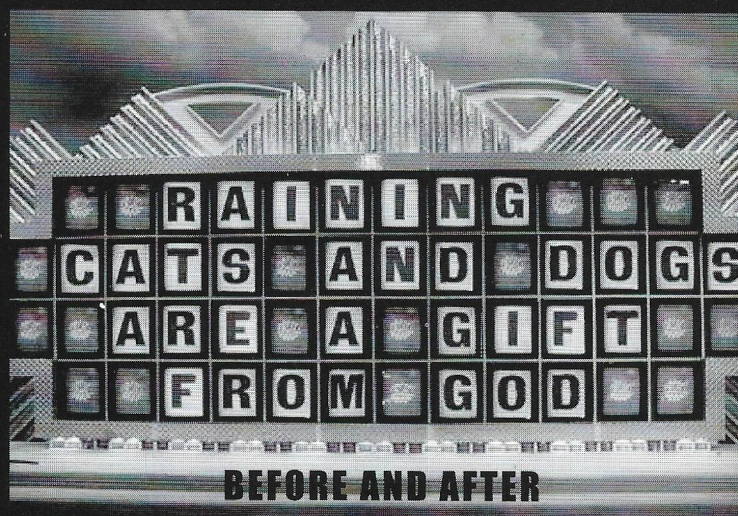
Sammin' your Camerons - Derived from the ambiguity of gender surrounding the names Sam and Cameron. To "Sam one's Camerons" is to leave them at a quandary as to whether you are in fact male or female. E.g. "No, that's not my penis. That is a fake penis. I was just Sammin' your Camerons."

Rejected "Before and After" Wheel of Fortune Puzzles



NO!

*Dan Rather Be Fishing
Sounds Enchanting Forest
Fraternal Twin Towers*



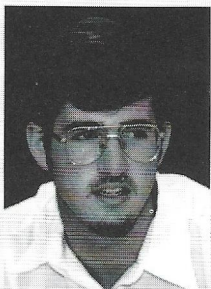
NO!

*I Support Abortion Is Wrong
Never Say Never Say Never
Here Comes Santa Claus Sucks*

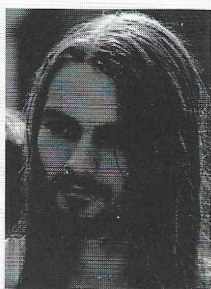
Tom Swifties Rejected from Boys Life Magazine



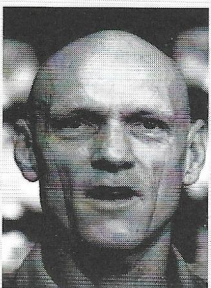
"Hello and welcome to Baskin Roberts, which of our thirty-five flavors would you like today?"



"I don't know what flavor I want. I also don't know what I want from life."



"I really want Strawberry but I don't want to look like a pussy. Give me Double Chocolate Meat Chunk."



"I think I am a Vanilla man today, or maybe a Chocolate, oh what the heck, give me Cookies and Cream."



"Gimme Mint Chip and don't you fucking dare think of switching it with Pistachio, I know they're both green. Asshole."



"Rocky Road? You know like in Goonies? No? You don't? Fine, just give me some Rasberry Sorbet please."

"The fourth bypass surgery is the worst," Tom said halfheartedly.	"I'm trying to fashion a tourniquet!" Tom said staunchly.
"I dismembered a street urchin last night," Tom said disjointedly.	"I'm really sorry. It's never happened before," Tom said softly.
"It's high time to exploit Chinese manual labor," Tom said coolly.	"We need to bury that body and pretend this never happened," Tom said gravely.
"I've been on welfare for six years," Tom said dolefully.	"I've failed as a prospector," Tom deadpanned.
"Accutane has its drawbacks," Tom said sebaceously.	



A world without stripes is
one filled with angst and rage and wide
expanses of road with no divide.

A world without stripes is one that furrows
the brows of concerned parents as their
children cross streets without crosswalks.

A world without stripes lacks the downtown
Atlanta salon, Candy Cuts.

A world without stripes has no rainbows
peering through vertical window panes.

A world without stripes is one in which
Candy Cuts wouldn't have upped its rates
in 1997, forcing me to discontinue my
patronage of its services.

A world without stripes is one
where no hairdressers are dead.

A world without stripes is where
I live right now. This jumpsuit
is orange.

M.A.D.E. in America: Mothers Against Drunk Emailing

Mothers respond to the drunk emails of their drunken teenage sons.

----- Original Message -----

From: Jake Gartland
To: kristi@yahoo.edu
Sent: Friday, September 26, 2003 3:27 AM
Subject: hey

>Kristy
>
>its jake kristy I just saw you tonight kristy. but ive beeen thinging abot what you said and my momm did like you she just thougt that itwas weird that you said me and Samantha and not Samantha and I which is prproper english. mom is a stickelr for gramemr rules anyway what does my mom knoww anyway, I wish shwe wwas never talk to me my moms the worst
>
>love youu, jakeeeeeeeeeee



"When I read all of Jake's emails in his Sent Items folder, this one jumped out at me like a clown at circus. He would never say such things about me had he not been inebriated, and that is what is so scary. Yes, I am a stickler for grammar rules, but I'm also a stickler for my Jake respecting me. Writing emails when you are drunk is not part of that world of respect."

--Jake's Mom



----- Original Message -----

From: Brian Barlow
To: chriswend@aol.com, pat43@streets.cc, dogsucks@prodigy.net, mikey@
Sent: Friday, November 14, 2000 4:40 AM
Subject: SHITSTERRRS

>SUPPPP BROSS
>its FUCKIN FOFFICISAL: PAT'S MOM ISS THE HOTTEST MOM EVER TO ELIVE. IF IW ASN'T SO DRUNK ID CALL HER ANDDDDDDA TELLEHER THAT COMPERRED TO CHRIS'S MOM SHE SI FUCKING SO HOT

PS CHRISS' OMMOM IS SO NOT ATATRACTIVE THAT IT MSAKES ME PITY HER,MI ALSO DIDN'T THINK SHE AWAS A GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST NOR DID SHE SEEM ATUNEE TO HSER SUOCIAL SURROUNDINGS. SHE COULDDO WIATH SOME WORK ON HER UPPWER THIGHS AND SHE HAS A DOUBLE CHINN

>
>BRIAN

"I'm not going to lie to you, at first I was rather pleased when I read this email. After all, in the end, Brian merely deemed me good looking to some of his friends. I had no idea he was drunk when he wrote the email. After several read-throughs, however, I realized that he was indeed intoxicated, and my opinion changed drastically. No longer was his compliment genuine or made of anything real. It was another drunk email, just another of the millions sent across the world every day."

--Pat's Mom

"I am humiliated. Because of this drunk email, I am now suffering from body image problems and a general malaise that will take a whole heck of a lot of TLC to heal. Drunk emailing is about the stupidest thing a young person can do. It must end. It has already served as the end to me."

--Chris' Mom



----- Original Message -----

From: Nick Grayton
To: Harrison543@aol.com
Sent: Saturday, March 19, 2001 3:01 AM
Subject: RE: your mom

>more like YOUR MAMAS oso FATTTT

On Saturday, March 19, 2001 at 2:30 AM, Trent Harrison wrote:

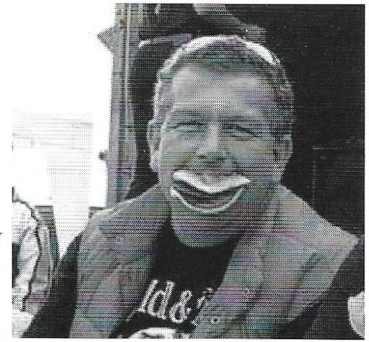
>nick yOUR MAMMAS DSO FAT

"We are not going to sit around and let young people call us fat. I know I am not fat, and so does Cindy. These messages, these drunk messages, are only trying to scare us. And we will not submit."

--Trent and Nick's Moms



From award-winning Eric Schlosser, author of *Fast Food Nation: The Dark Side of the All-American Meal*, come ten new volumes in his now almost complete *Nation* series. Introducing...



Fried Food Nation

The Greasy Side of Food

How Eric Schlosser wrote the same book twice

Sushi Food Nation

The Raw Side of Fish

How Americans are rolling themselves in seaweed and then being covered in rice

Kosher Food Nation

The Jewish Side of Town

How Jews are becoming vehicles of excess

House Nation

The Residential Side of Living

How American houses are unnecessary, unmanageable, unstopppable.

Highway Nation

The Fast Side of Car Travel

How the interstate highway system is getting us nowhere fast, fat

Clothes Nation

The Modest Side of Humanity

How clothes can't hide the fat

Oxygen Nation

The O2 Side of Atmospheric Composition

How oxygen's caloric content is 5000 calories/day

Exercise Nation

The Healthy Side of the River

How exercise just makes us fatter

Education Nation

The Learned Side of People

How students drop out of school to get fat, high

Sleep Nation

The Sleep Side of the Day

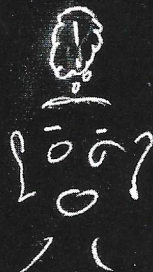
How sleep + you = fat

Gas Station Nation

The Gas Side of Needing Gas

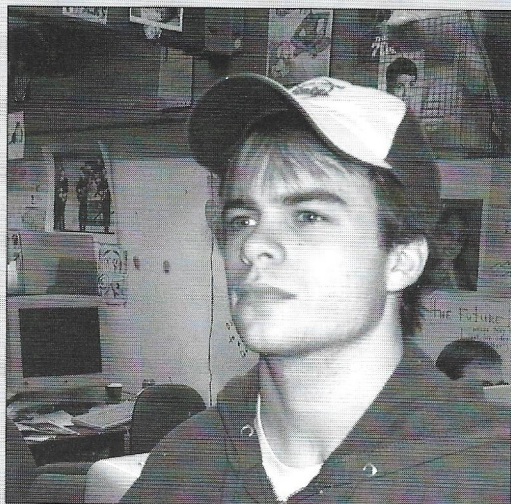
How a gas-guzzling car can make you very fat

Sumerian Garage Sale



Owen's Coin Collection

We asked Stanford Chaparral Head Writer Charlie Stockman to revisit the 1987 Danny DeVito classic "Throw Momma From the Train." Here's his take on the touching scene in which Danny DeVito softens his tough masculine edge to share some heartfelt memories of his late father.



"Larry, would you like to see my coin collection?"

"Sure Owen, I'd like to see your coin collection."

"This is my favorite thing."

"Owen, your coin collection is just three nickels, two quarters, and a penny. It's worthless."

"Ah no, Larry, you just don't understand. Each of these coins my dad gave me. I kept all of them to remember the times I spent with him.

"You see, this quarter is from when my daddy took me to the circus when I was seven. My dad bought me a hot dog there and gave me the change. My daddy always let me keep the change.

"This dime is from when my daddy was trying to make a telephone call but the machine kept giving it back to him. So he let me have it. He also gave me the dime to make up for the black eye. My daddy would always make up for the black eyes.

"This quarter is from when my dad took me to the arcade. He spent five dollars on this really boring game I didn't understand, but he gave me all the quarters he won. Daddy always gave me his winnings. I spent them all on the space invaders. I was about to win the whole game, but I needed the last quarter, and I decided to keep it to remember the moment. My daddy always hated me for that.

"This penny is from when my dad used a twenty dollar bill in a vending machine and got 19 dollars back in change. He was supposed to give me the change. I reminded him. He told me there was no point in putting 19 dollars into a fucking time capsule. Then he dropped the penny into my hand and told me not to spend it all in one place.

"This quarter is from when my dad took me on the subway. I never was able to get on. He went through the gate and I was right behind, but the gate wouldn't let me through. He just looked back at me and shook his head. I should have known something was wrong; the quarter didn't look right. It was gold, the wrong size, too- a sure sign that me and daddy were having a bad memory. That was the last time I saw him, and I still remember what he said to me, 'It's a token you idiot, a token.'

"This is from my dad's funeral. I bought a hot dog and kept the change. Daddy would have wanted it that way."

What Your Garage Sale Items Say About You

"Beer, it's what's for dinner" Poster

Your attempts at being cool at college have only left you with a false sense of self and an ugly poster.

Shaq Rookie Card

You thought you were going to be a millionaire in a couple of years when you got it in a pack of upper decks in 5th grade. Too bad you didn't understand the concept of one in twenty million.

Pink Skip It

Mom bought it for you since it was the last one on the shelf; you had to have one but you never expected it to be pink. You never received a bigger beating in your life.

On The Road

You never read it. Furthermore, simply having it on your shelf makes you neither cool or cultured.

State Quarters Collection Map

You had at least one living grandmother last Christmas and now you're casually searching for that damn limited North Dakota pressing.

Tweed or Corduroy Sport Jacket

The only investment you thought necessary for reinventing yourself from the big nerd you were in high school was a second hand corduroy sport jacket. You were wrong. Way to go captain spendthrift.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Trucker Hat

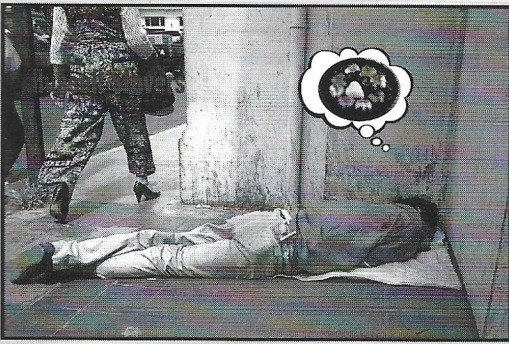
Unless your father was a truck driver, you are a sad, sad little man.

Tap Dance Shoes

You saw *Tap* as a child and there was never anything you wanted to be more than Gregory Hines. You held on to that dream for over 15 years, then he died of cancer and so did your dreams.

A Box of Colorful Knit Sweaters

You were a child of the eighties. You watched *The Cosby Show* regularly and desperately wanted your family to resemble the upper-class African American family. However, you were poor...and white.



This year marks the anniversaries of a number of notable brand names and household products. The Chappie would like to commend these corporations for their achievements. **Congratulations:**

Russell Stovers, for 33 years of being a poor man's Godiva.

Seagram's Ginger Ale, for 83 years of operation under the false pretense of prohibition.

Minolta, for 23 years of ambiguous national origin.

Geritol, for 45 years of not making it past 1959.

Bazooka Bubble Gum and Comic Strips, for 55 years of unfulfilled promises.

Alpo, for 26 years of tasting surprisingly similar to real food.

Ambesol, for numbing the pain.

Stanford CHAPARRAL

for America

Because we thought of it first and we're behind it all.

Thank you, Howard Dean, for licensing your popular campaign slogan from our magazine.

We're the only magazine to raise the robot, ninja, pirate, and orphan quota for 105 straight years.

Join the revolution.

Come to a meet-up; we won't judge or ridicule you until after you leave.

And that's a promise.

A promise for Stanford.

A promise for America.

Meet-up

Wednesdays 8:30pm

2nd floor, Storke Publication Building

PARTYPOKER.com



Bonus offer!



\$25 Extra

on First Deposit

To claim your bonus, go to PartyPoker.com and enter this bonus code when signing up:

Bonus code: **CHAPPIE**

Standard terms and conditions apply. Bonus applicable only on first deposit.

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Owner

715 Serra Street
Stanford, California 94305

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.

Crustacean Engineering

(5) Crustacean Engineering is a field of fuel research that has gained momentum during the recent oil shortage. Crustaceans first became a source of energy in the 1700s, when they were imported to America to be attached to the backs of sharecroppers to spur them to harvest faster.

(10) The golden age of crustaceans came unexpectedly in the wake of the tragic fire at the Triangle Shirtwaist factory. Crustaceans stepped up to take the jobs that were deemed unsafe for humans. No species was yet equipped to work in the shirtwaist industry, but ad hoc developments in genetic engineering allowed the opposable thumbs of the common crab to be replaced by powerful claws. These claws allowed the US Crab to assume a critical role in the post-cotton gin economy.

(15) However, a road bump was encountered when the entire US Crab Supply decided to fight on the side of the Confederacy due to their sympathetic leanings. Nonetheless, crustacean populations were helplessly dependent on the Union for employment and other services, and were involuntarily impressed as exoskeleton shields for Union troops.



(25) Reconstruction and the roaring twenties were a good time for the US Crab. Unfortunately, in the 1960s, US Crabs were once again used as an unlikely tool. After 100 years of being harvested from the deep seas and imported directly to American textile factories, southern governments first introduced the crab to seashores in order to keep black people off of white beaches. The crabs, though morally conflicted, performed their job ruthlessly.

(30) Their protruding eyes present a typical problem in energy optimization. Ideally we would align them crab to crab but optical interference on their coal crushing forces us to leave vacancies. So some crabs have become obsolete. After watching several recently laid off crabs eat each other at a popular bar in the mining town, Steven J. Rangoon started to first experiment with the consumption of crabs.

Crab Cakes proved to be the tasty, portable treats that scientists had promised.

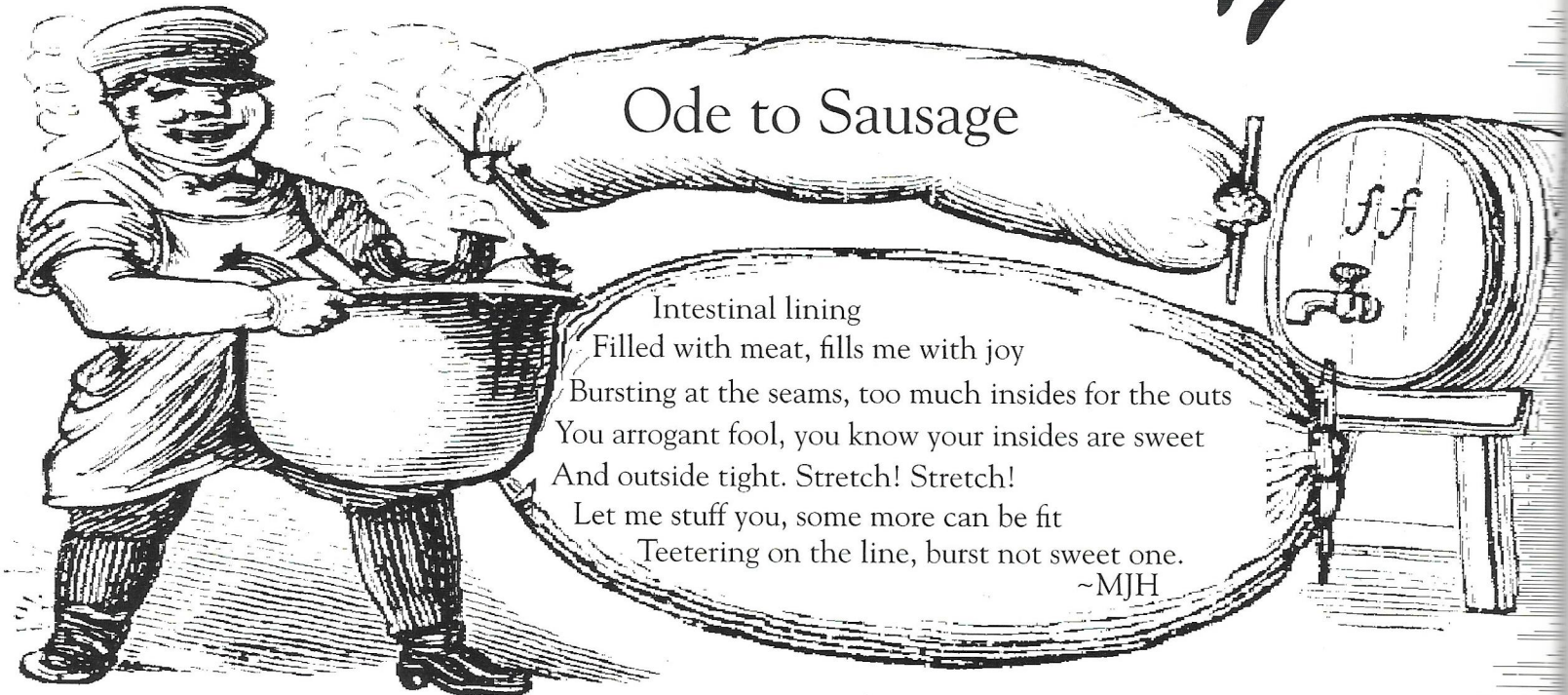
(40) We are now all arguably crabs.



Ode to Sausage

Intestinal lining
Filled with meat, fills me with joy
Bursting at the seams, too much insides for the outs
You arrogant fool, you know your insides are sweet
And outside tight. Stretch! Stretch!
Let me stuff you, some more can be fit
Teetering on the line, burst not sweet one.

~MJH





One Trick Pony

At the Pony Store

- Boy:** I'm looking for a trick pony.
Man: Well here's a fine trick pony.
Boy: Let's see a trick.
Pony: (backflip)
Boy: Hmm any other tricks?
Pony: (backflip)
Boy: No I already saw that trick. Are there any others?
Man: Umm, yeah, of course. (whispers to pony)
Pony: (backflip)
Boy: Look, if this is a one trick pony why don't you just say so?
Man: Alright, alright. How about this pony?
Boy: That's the same one.
Man: Nah it isn't watch this.
Pony: (backflip)

On the Street

- Youth:** Hey there, young philly.
Pony: ...
Youth: Hey I'm looking to party tonight. What's fifty bucks gonna get me.
Pony: ...
Youth: Alright alright, how 'bout a hundred.
Pony: ...
Youth: Ah you're bustin' my balls here. Okay two. What do you say to two hundred?
Pony: (sensual backflip)
Youth: Yes, oh man. That was great. Whew. So do you do anything, you know, dirty?
Pony: (reluctant backflip)

At the Dinner Table

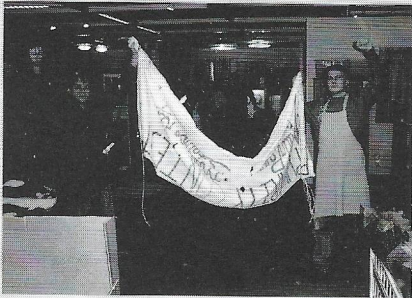
- Son:** Hey, pony, could you pass the peas?
Pony: (half-assed backflip)
Son: Umm, right. Hey, Pete, could you please pass the peas instead?
Mom: So, how was your day at school, pony?
Pony: (dismissive backflip)
Dad: Look, I'm tired of this backflipping every time we ask you a question. I know how school went. I got a note from your teacher. Apparently you're flunking math.
Pony: (defensive backflip)
Dad: I'm serious. Do you want to end up a one trick pony working the second tier bar mitzvah circuit? What kind of life is that?
Son: Don't yell at him, Dad. Maybe he'd be doing better at school if you paid a little more attention to him.
Pony: (self-righteous backflip)
Dad: Who asked you! Go to your room.

At the Paste Factory

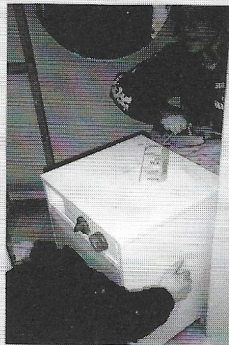
- Worker:** You are one old pony. You'll make great paste.
Pony: (tired backflip)
Worker: Oh my God. That pony just did a fucking back flip. Do another and we won't make you into paste.
Pony: (anxious backflip)
Worker: You know what, that's a great trick. I'll keep you anyway.
Pony: (excited backflips)
Boss: Hey Joe what the hell are you doing? Throw the pony in the vat already.
Worker: But boss this is a trick pony. It can do backflips.
Boss: Seriously? But can he do anything else?
Pony: (hopeless backflip)

IKEA

Land of Oppression



"Everyone loves IKEA!" they chide.



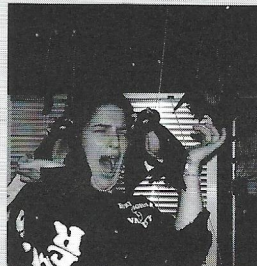
Working conditions are abysmal, with no regular bathroom breaks.



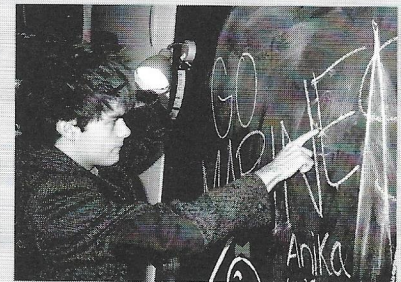
The proletariat raises a new generation of suffering.



In a land where textbooks and knowledge are illegal, the plebeians settle for colorful Scandinavian lies.



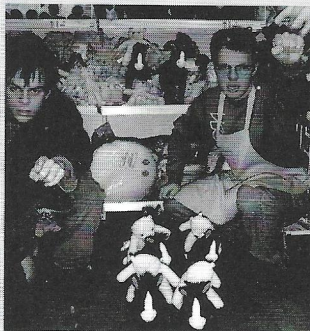
Spies from a distant land tell her the truth that she doesn't want to hear.



An academic loses himself in the next generation of fascist rhetoric.



The only sky this man will ever see.
(Only \$29.49!)



Soldiers of IKEA: You may die today, but your children will be very well provided for.



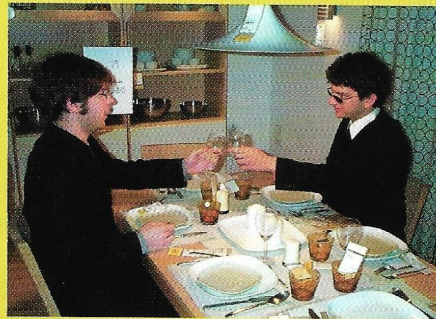
Life is so terrible, one young man tries to sneak away to Africa through a Rhodes Scholarship.

IKEA

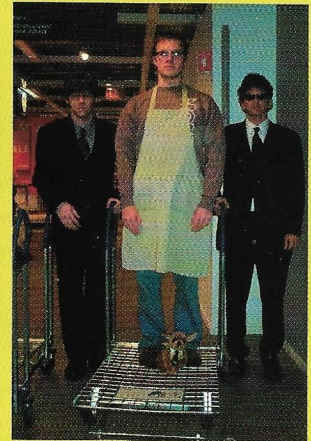
Land of Oppressors



"Good Morning IKEA. We await your firstfruits and servitude."



Elites feast on the cerebrum of the lessors.



The servant of privilege is bourne.



Even the guilt of inequality can be wiped clean with a simple hand towel.



Even imagining this sight is punishable by law.



After gorging their stuffed animal lusts, the vulgarians collapse in a fit of power.



As always, the upper class escapes by exploiting the lower ant classes.

We asked the staff...

"What's the best thing you ever found at a garage sale?"

The best thing I ever bought at a garage/yard sale was a 14th century porcelain vase from the Ming dynasty. It was a real work of art worth \$500. The best part is that I told the blind lady that was selling it that it was worth \$2.00. But of course, since she was blind, I just took it.

-Ethan Silva, Lover of the Orient

I met my wife at a garage sale. The punk selling her wanted \$50, but I talked him down to \$20. It was the happiest day of my life.

-David Pfau, Freshman Misogynist

The best thing I ever found at a garage sale was Chris Whittlesey's bike, which as it turns out, was not for sale.

-Amanda Pettit, Bitter at Anyone Who Pukes in Her Tree House

The best thing I ever found at a garage sale was an ID card with a meal plan to the old Stern Dining. Turns out, a meal at the old Stern Dining is only worth half of one at the new.

-Josh Constine, Hungry

I once found an ancient popcorn popper inhabited by the ghost of a friendly pirate who makes himself invisible to lead my track team to victory and save some nice old ladies' hotel from gangsters in a casino. You guessed it, I'm the plot of Disney's *Blackbeard's Ghost*.

-Andrew Ardinger, One Step Ahead

Nothing physically tangible, or anything you could find in a store to buy for money. I got something better. I learned that sometimes it's okay to be a quitter.

-Ian Spiro, The Wednesday Editor

The Maltese Falcon. Only it wasn't a falcon and I'm pretty sure it said 'Made in China.' Still, it was a great snow globe.

-Chris Robert Holt, Playing the Sap for Brigid

After searching for many years, I found myself at a garage sale. And at a pretty reasonable price, too.

-Ting Qian, Finding Bargains in the Dust

I once stumbled upon a sonic phonemogramulator amid heaps of useless trash. Needless to say, I bought it immediately to connect with the aliens. It doesn't work, but man, am I far out!!

-Laura Page, Aliens Jump Out of Her Head

The last time I went to a garage sale it was strange. Instead of people selling old items and hidden treasures, it was just a lot of people in a circle introducing themselves: "Hi...I'm so and so and I'm addicted to pills..." And then everyone would say: "Hi so and so..." I've been to a lot of these garage sales lately.

-Adrian Perry, Sponsored

One night, totally by accident, I found this great, out-of-the-way garage sale. A real hole in the wall, you know. Anyway, they were selling some real classic arcade games, like definitely pre-Pong, so old school that a lot of them were completely illegal to even have in the United States. So I put a couple of them in the back of my car, and drive straight into the city to unload them on my dock man. Cool 50 large.

-Seth Rosenbloom, Lifeblood of the Magazine

I found some really dirty things. Like, I don't think most of you guys have seen dirty like this before. Imagine the grossest, greasiest Mr. Chau's, and transform that into a couch, and that's where I'm living these days.

-Matt Steinberg, High Rolling Alumnus

The best thing I ever found at a garage sale was treasure.

-Carrie Kemper, She's Toxic

This isn't the kind of thing you normally get at a garage sale, but I got a pretty sweet job in Florida. It's still for the Daily, but I mean, I can see the ocean from my cubicle. Also, I'm probably the most successful editor from the last two years, except for maybe Anne Bender.

-John Huetter, Captain, Leesburg Yacht Club

I remember it quite fondly, twas a balmy summer day and trinkets and bric-a-brac abounded. It was to be sold as a chimney sweep.

-John Eccles, Censored

One time, when looking for a new futon, I stumbled across a couch with a fold-out bed. "This will do the trick," I thought. But no one was fooled. They knew it wasn't a futon, and they were not impressed.

-Steve Yelderman, You Will Not Believe What I Got Away With

I've never been to a garage sale. If I need some kind of hand-me-down item I just take it from my brother's room. That always causes a big ruckus though, because I can never be as good as he was.

-Charlie Stockman, Big Sib

Once I found a reference to a vague eighties movie, slap bracelets, the drabness of middle America, SARS, the Beatles and New Kids on the Block. I then traded it to a clown for a dead baby just to have it stolen from him by a band of pirates who held it until well into the future. Then God saw it and wanted it but he wasn't strong enough to fend off the ninjas.

-Matthew Henick, Just Opened a Black Hole

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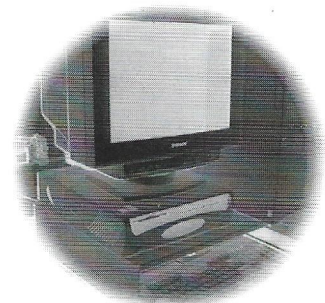
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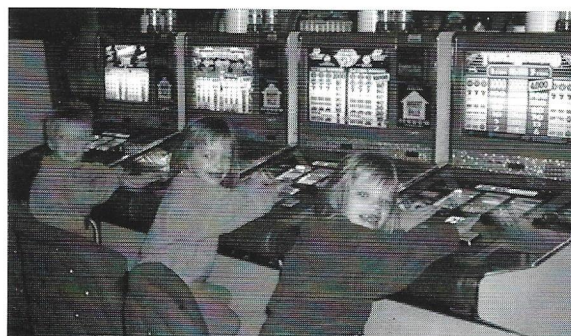


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Finally

The perfect time

4:15am

No one here but me

Silver dollar pancakes with whipped butter and syrup

Two eggs over hard

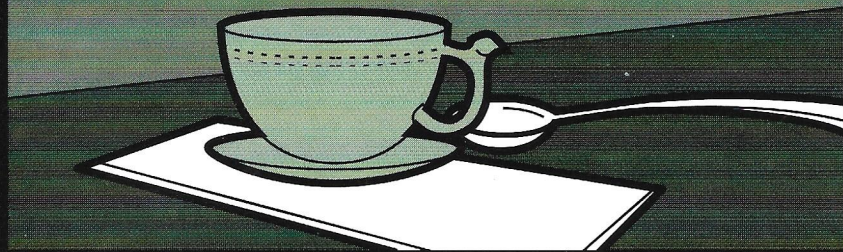
Ham steak

Four slices of bacon

...and a great big helping of golden shredded hashbrowns

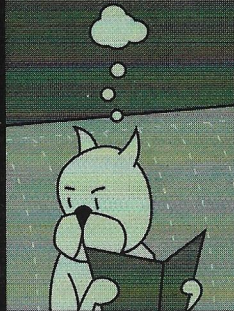
DING
-DING!

Oh hate on a stick who just walked in here

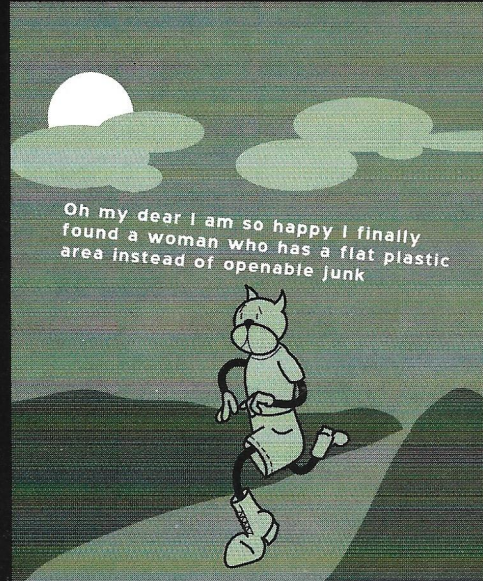


Oh delightful a black Saab and North Face fleece just what I wanted to see

Aren't you two just the zipper that holds the fabric of lies together



Darling when we get to North Star at Tahoe won't it be wonderful how we look in our clothing

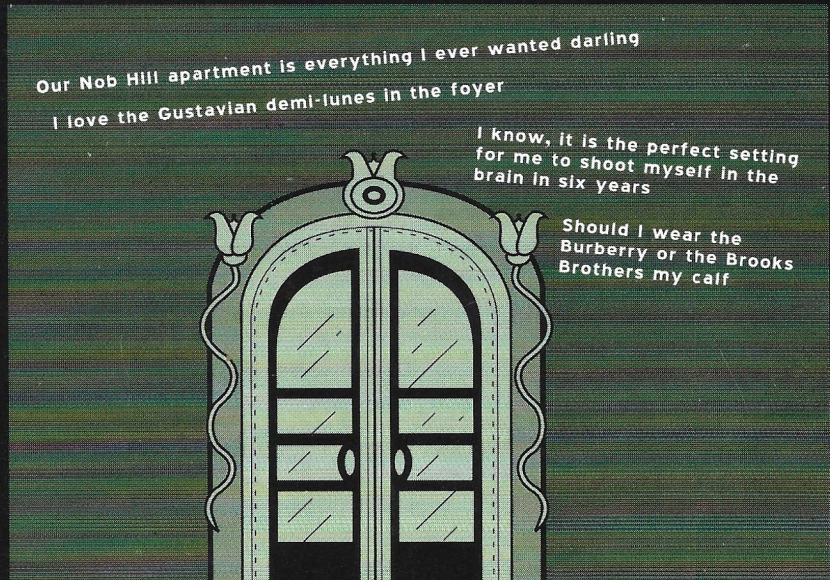


Oh my dear I am so happy I finally found a woman who has a flat plastic area instead of openable junk

Our Nob Hill apartment is everything I ever wanted darling I love the Gustavian demi-lunes in the foyer

I know, it is the perfect setting for me to shoot myself in the brain in six years

Should I wear the Burberry or the Brooks Brothers my calf



Oh my god look at this place Chad I can't eat here

It's a total freak show

Just wait in the car while I take a dump, babe.

