

STANFORD
Chaparral
THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

The Age of Adventure



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Vol. CIX No. 3

Ken Hlubek











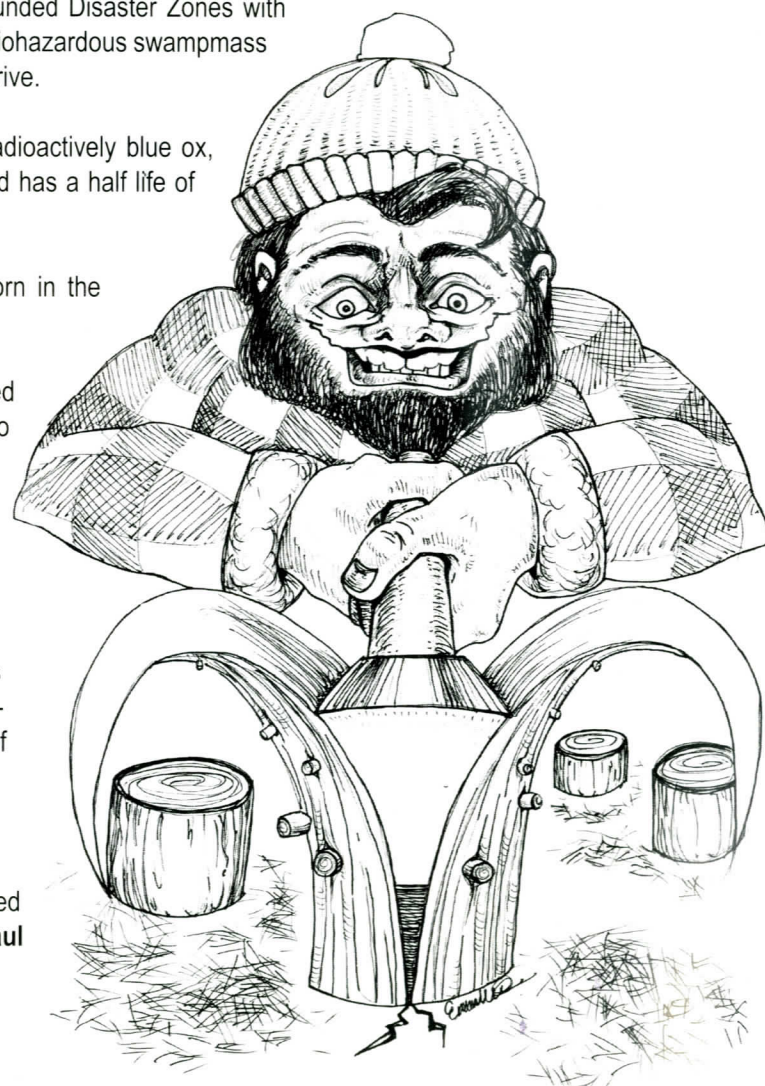
United States of America Environmental Protection Agency
Department of Preservation and Protection
Washington DC

Ladies and gentlemen, our world is in trouble.

For years, scientists, scholars, and celebrities have been pleading with our nation and the world to recognize the plight of our environment, and we have ignored it for far too long. If we don't act now, it may be too late.

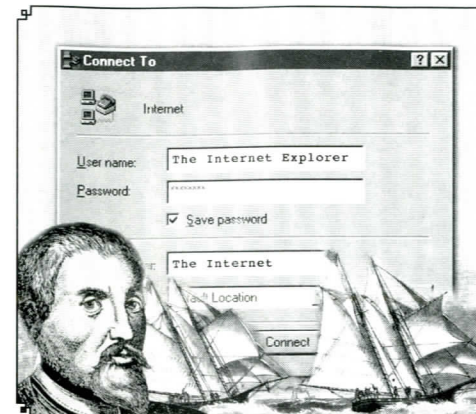
I'm talking, of course, about Mother Earth's public enemy number one: Paul Bunyan. We have turned a shoulder of indifference from this fifty foot tall problem for the last time. For those of you unfamiliar with the extraordinary ecological footprint Mr. Bunyan is leaving, the statistics may frighten you:

-  Every day, Paul Bunyan and his massive ax level **11,000 acres** of old growth forests, depleting our resources and destroying our nation's air quality drastically.
-  Already, environmentalists estimate Paul Bunyan has singlehandedly been responsible for the extinction of more than **90 species** of wildlife, due to his destruction of their natural habitats and daily consumption of **2.6 metric tons** of meat.
-  Lakes bathed in by Paul Bunyan are now federally funded Disaster Zones with crews working around the clock for years to clean the biohazardous swampmass that marks where a beautiful aquatic habitat used to thrive.
-  The average bowel movement from Paul Bunyan's radioactively blue ox, Babe, emits more radiation than Three Mile Island and has a half life of **700,000 years**.
-  Every time Paul Bunyan sneezes, another hole is torn in the ozone layer.
-  Over his lifetime, Paul Bunyan will have generated enough litter and garbage to turn the state of Maine into a **one-mile deep** landfill. Maine residents are furious.
-  Every winter, Paul Bunyan consumes more coal warming his home than New York, Chicago, Seattle, and Canada combined.
-  Paul Bunyan's massive lungs pump **6 billion pounds** of the greenhouse gas carbon dioxide into our atmosphere every day, which is more than the entire state of Texas emits in a year.

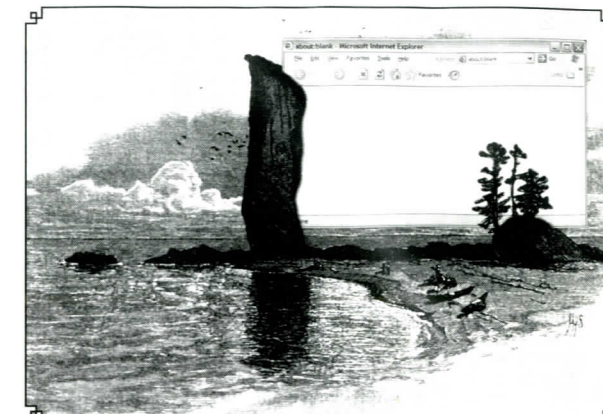


As you can see, the numbers are staggering. I, for one, am tired of inaction. Our recourse is obvious and simple: **we must kill Paul Bunyan, once and for all.**

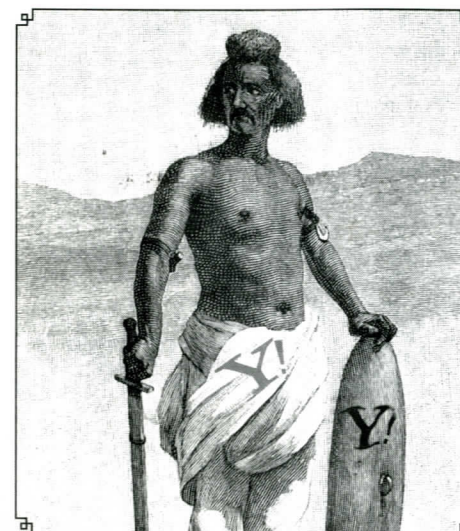
The Internet Explorer



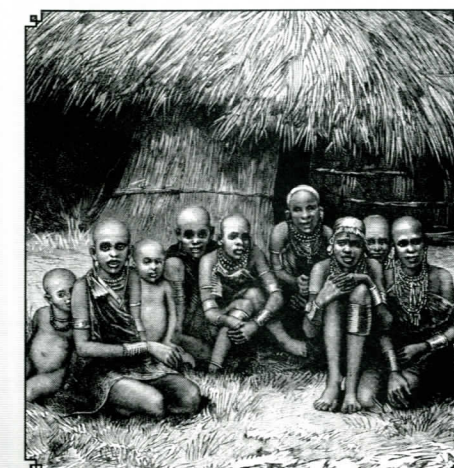
The voyage to the internet is long and grueling.



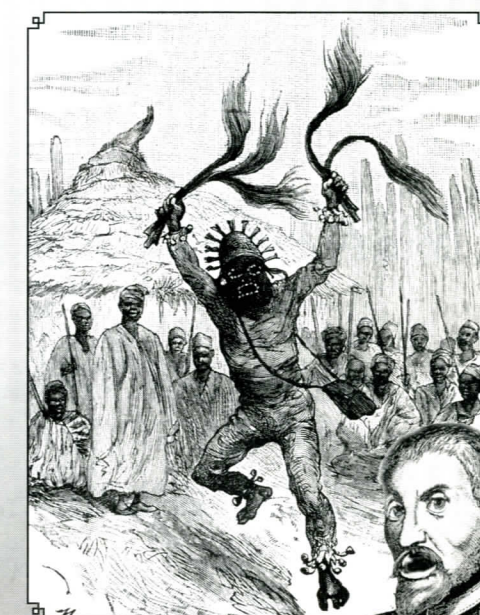
After many months, the beautiful shores of the internet greet us warmly.



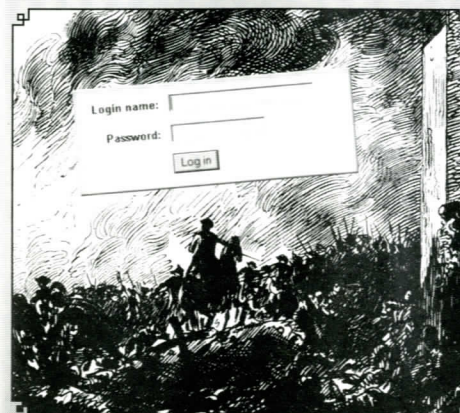
A yahoo offers to be our guide in our search.



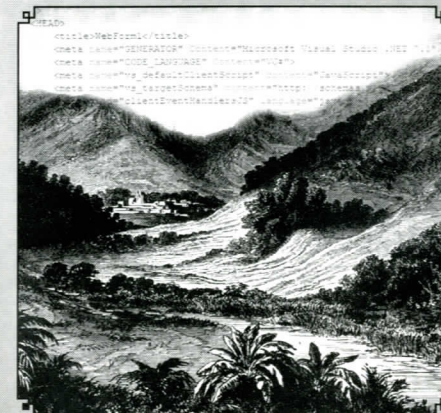
We present our questions at the forum.



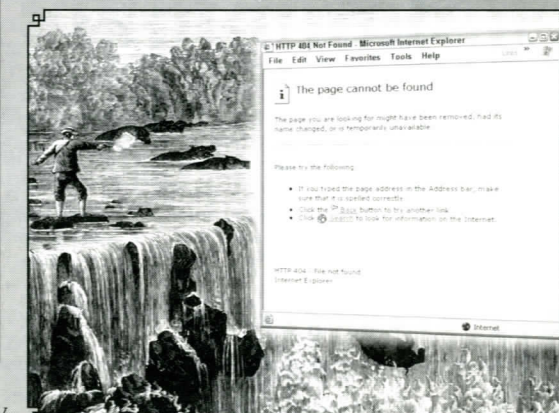
A troll interrupts to start a flame war!



The tribe constructs a fire wall, and my party is forced to retreat.



Over the course of the long journey, we begin to see the internet for its raw beauty.

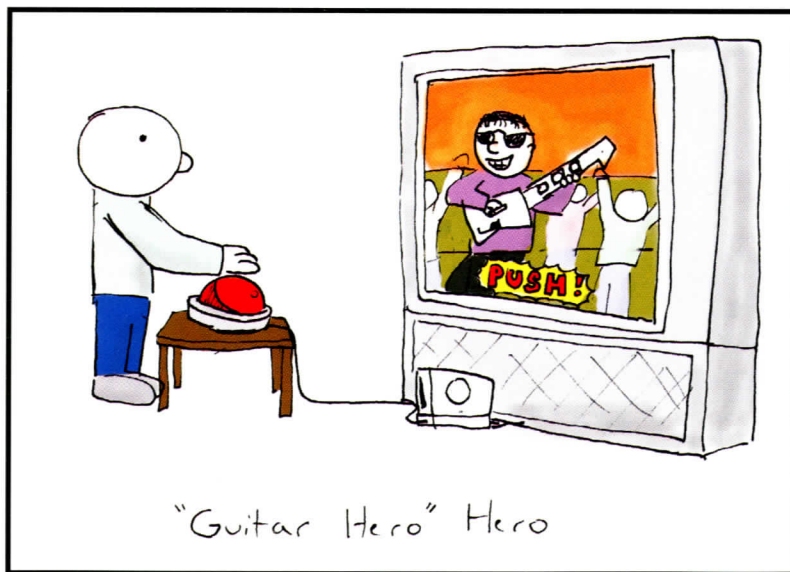


To our bewilderment, months later we discover the end of the internet.

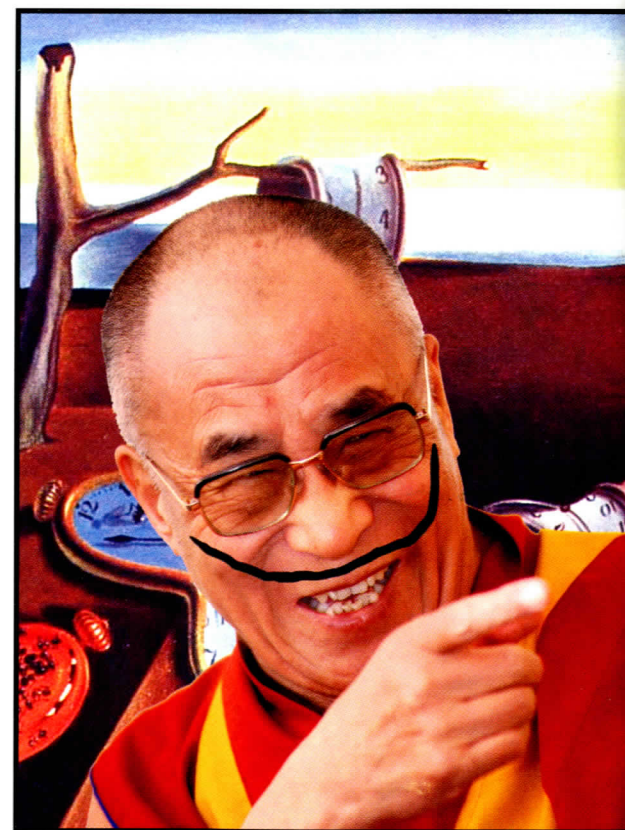


Let your **clothes** get
 people's attention, not
 your **child's illness**

Munchausen
 by **ROSSY**



"Guitar Hero" Hero



Salvador Dalai Lama



Writing Credits

2	Paul Bunyan	Werner
3	Internet Explorer	Scodary
4	Munchausen	Maher
6	Now That	Scodary, Stark
7	Venn Diagram	Johnson, Scodary, Stark
8	Sherpas	Stark
9	Antarctica	McClure
10	HAL Chatbot	Scodary, Stark
12	Indian in the Cupboard	Macmillan
13	Los Angeles	McClure
14	Trader Joe's	Staff
16	Shantytown	Phillips, Scodary, Stark
18	Names	Johnson, Scodary
19	NYC RPG	Scodary
20	Irish Aunt Famine	McCurdy
21	Magic Tricks	Scodary
22	Sports Scandals	Macmillan
23	Marketing Survey	Johnson
24	Blank-ruptcy	Werner
25	Optical Illusions	Maher
26	Vespucci	Werner
26	Accessibility of Adventure	Lyman
28	Mellencamp	McCurdy
28	Moustache Log	Johnson
29	Power Metal	Maher
31	Dolphin Pet	Scodary, Stark
32	Christ's Sake	Kenter

Art Credits

1	Cover	Allenby
2	Paul Bunyan	Webster
3	Internet Explorer	Scodary
4	Guitar Hero Hero	Benitez
4	Salvador Dalai Lama	Scodary, Stark
4	Olive Oil	Werner
5	TOC	Yun
11	Dough Eyes	McCurdy
11	Meteorologist	Scodary
11	Aircraft Carrier	Maher
11	Bat Signal	Allenby
14	Trader Joe's	Ramm
16	Shantytown	Harrell
18	Lasers	McClure
21	Magic Tricks	Scodary
25	Optical Illusions	Yun
27	Boston T Party	McCurdy
29	Power Metal	Stark
30	Staff Piece	Harrell
31	Dolphin Pet	Harrell

Staff

'08

Nico Benitez
Cooper Johnson
Alex Williamson

'09

Jack Cackler
Sammy Franco
Catherine Harrell
Jason Hreha

'10

Ho Lum Cheung
Lovie Mallett-Hutson
Evan Scott
Garrett Werner
Liang Yun

'11

Abteen Bagheri-Fard
Billy Kemper
John Lyman
Max McClure
David Parker
Emma Webster

Special Thanks

Owen & Dustin (again)
Prodigy Press (C, M, & K; not Y)
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Sub-Saharan Africa
Baja Blast

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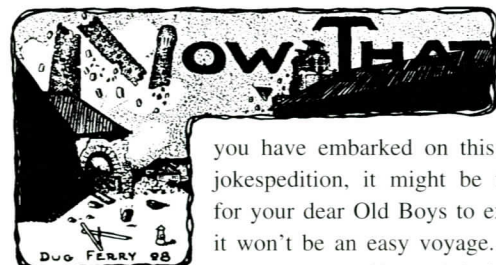
ANTHONY SCODARY '08 <i>Old Boy</i>	JOSH STARK '08 <i>Old Boy</i>
ANNIE WYMAN '08 <i>Field Marshal</i>	
PATRICK MAHER '09 <i>Head Writer</i>	KENDRA ALLENBY '10 <i>Art Director</i>
MEGHAN MCCURDY '09 <i>Circulation Manager</i>	EVAN MACMILLAN '09 <i>Business Manager</i>
DOUG KENTER '07 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>	ALLAN PHILLIPS '07 <i>Old Boy Emeritus</i>

H ammer Coffin	MATT HENICK '05	DUSTIN PERKINS '00
CHUCK ARMSTRONG '04	HUETTER '03	ADRIAN PERRY '03
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JOSH CONSTINE '07	CARRIE KEMPER '06	GEOFF SCHAEFFER '02
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	NEIL MUKHOPADHYAY '06	STEVE YELDERMAN '04
	CHRIS ONSTAD '97	JACOB YOUNG '02

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS



you have embarked on this great jokespedition, it might be fitting for your dear Old Boys to explain it won't be an easy voyage. Sure, you've presumably made it through the first couple pages, assuming you read cover-to-cover like a delayed dental patient blowing time in the waiting room, but I think it's safe to say that with each step you'll grow more weary. Like any explorer, mountaineer, or old

fashion adventurer will tell you, sure, every journey begins with a first step, but then there are at least seventy-thousand more steps. Casually flipping through the magazine, you are like a man admiring a mountain from afar (perhaps at the beginning of a Paramount movie), but as you bite in to the thirty plus pages lying on the horizon your thumbs will dry and your laughin' muscles will ache.

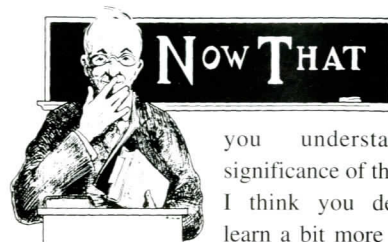
You will likely need a guide to help you along - perhaps a carefree little girl, or maybe a stern and frowning native. One way or another, you're not getting through this joke forest alone, as it is as dense as a neutron star. A hilarious neutron star.

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Lo! What's that? Ah, it's just an inquisitive little fox. Say hello, but don't get too close. It may eat you.

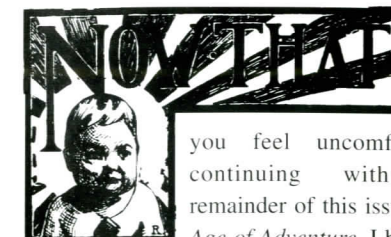


you've fended off that adorable little sack of rabies with your walking stick, you must press on, as it is nearly dark. Your rations are stressed far beyond the party's hungry guts and dry mouths, but you have no choice to press on, since you have gone too far to retreat. All that keeps you going are the glistening droplets of morning joke dew that flutter onto your tongue as you expectantly unfurl it into the harsh night air.



you understand the significance of the journey, I think you deserve to learn a bit more about the destination. A common question we Old Boys get is whether you will reach some sort of joke enlightenment upon gorging yourself on this bound jokefruit. The answer is no.

Standing at the peak of the mountain...the North Pole...the Sea of Tranquility...the shores of new found Jokemercia, you will have still just sampled a salty droplet in the vast ocean of humor. Kneeling at its intimidating shores, perhaps you will feel dissuaded from continuing your journey. This is a perfectly reasonable response.



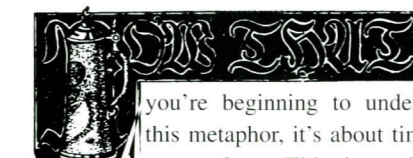
you feel uncomfortable continuing with the remainder of this issue, *The Age of Adventure*, I beg you to finish what you have so naively started. Where did you find this rag? On the ground? On a table? In a pile of junk mail? And yet for some excruciatingly strange reason you not only began to skim it for comics, but you actually began to read the most dense and unfulfilling portion of the magazine. This pretty much identifies you as tremendously discriminating or unusually patient.

Oh, hello! A friendly tree frog hops over to greet you as you enter an unexpected meadow. Birds twitter and a majestic elk appears on the horizon. You shoulder your

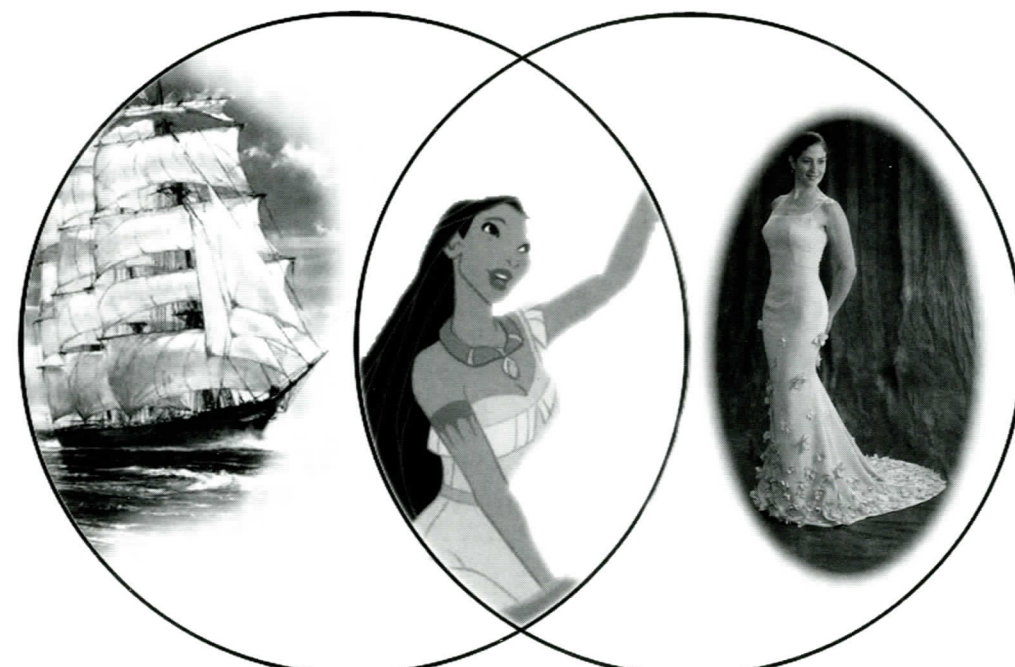
pack and take your first sun-drenched step out into the beautiful glen. Alas, it begins to rain. You hesitate and timidly shirk back into the warm and dry shelter of the forest.



's no way to act. Buck up, sport! We'll make a true adventurer out of you yet. Here, let's fashion a crude umbrella from some animal hide and a tree branch. See? It's perfect. Now go, daring traveler. Journey into the unknown, or at least the barely-known.



you're beginning to understand this metaphor, it's about time we come clean. This issue is not so much about *The Age of Adventure*, but rather *The Adventure of Age*. Growing up is tough, 'specially these days, with TV and the Xboxes. Just so you, there's always someone there to help you through the hard times. These two Old Boys know what it's like, and we're here for you always. Just holler.



Age of Adventure

Age of Consent

When History is Made, a Sherpa is There



Although Sir Edmund Hillary is generally credited with the first successful ascent of Everest that took place in 1953, Tenzing Norgay, the Sherpa who accompanied him, deserves just as much, if not more, recognition for this historic feat. It was, in fact, Norgay whose wily mountaineering skills and abnormal lung capacity made the expedition possible, whereas Hillary was little more than a simple New Zealander who lacked the requisite genetics and experience to singlehandedly conquer the world's most daunting peak. To this day, Norgay is regarded as but a footnote in history, while Hillary is universally lauded as one of the world's greatest adventurers.



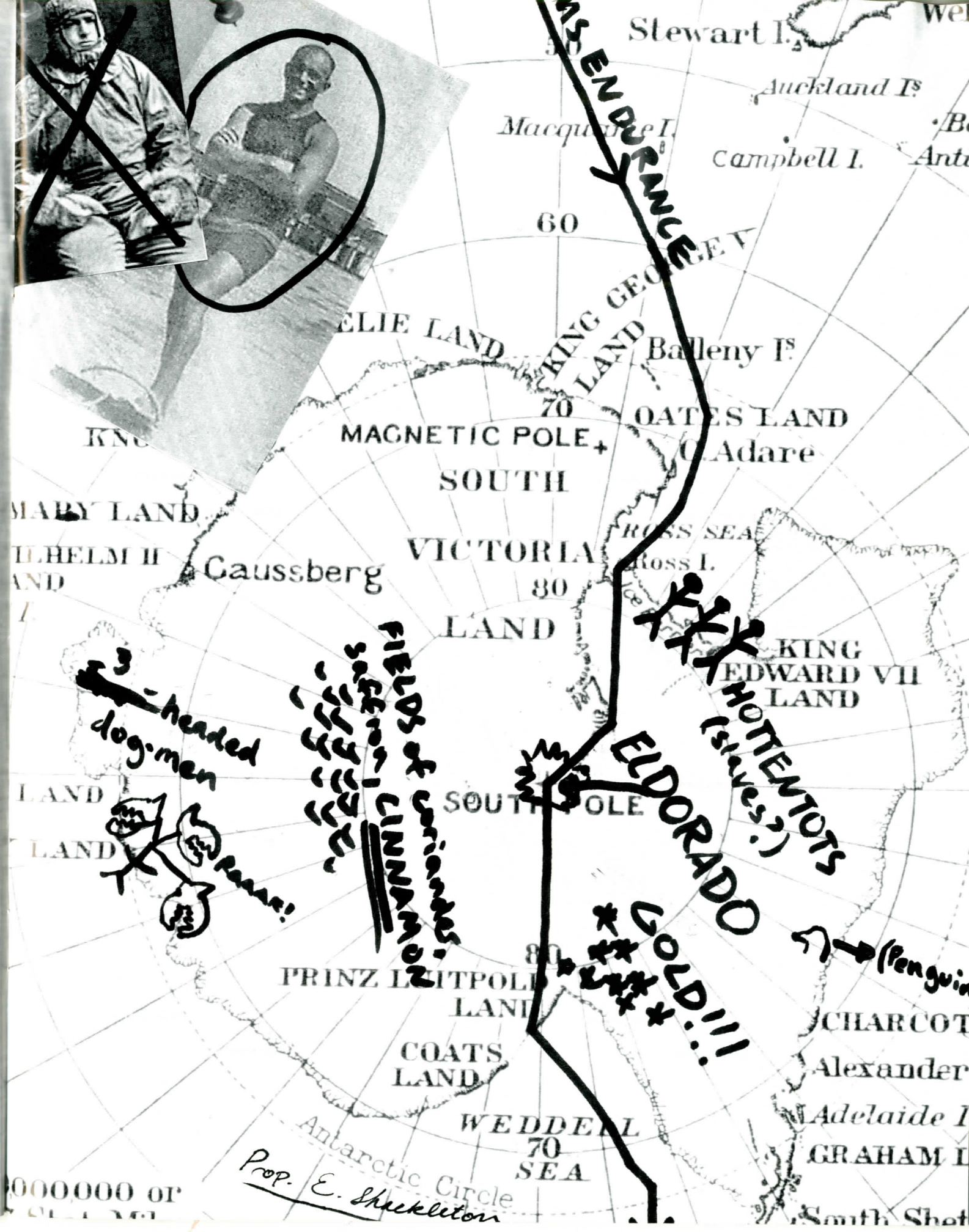
The Great Depression was one of the darkest periods in United States history. The New Deal, of course, brought momentarily relief; however it came at the cost of the small Sherpa-American population. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt knew that Sherpas could, on average, live a month longer than any other out-of-work Americans without food or water, so he prohibited them from partaking in his various welfare programs. In fact, he believed that such deprivation and malnutrition made them even stronger, and thus would strengthen the country's aggregate resolve and determination. This is why there are no more Sherpas in the United States.



The Spanish-American War was a defining moment in the rise of Theodore Roosevelt and, by extension, the Progressive movement in the United States. However, a fact that has somehow escaped the American public is that Roosevelt's Rough Riders, who courageously climbed to the top of a fortified Spanish stronghold in Cuba, were comprised principally of Sherpas. The bravest and hardest among them, Lhamo Mingma, was ultimately offered a position as Secretary of State when Roosevelt was elected to the presidency. He declined, citing the high atmospheric pressure in Washington DC that would crush his Himalayas-adjusted lungs.



Roughly two days into the ill-fated Apollo 13 lunar mission, there was an explosion in an oxygen tank aboard the service module, forcing the crew into the LEM (lunar excursion module), which they used as a lifeboat. Luckily for them, and for NASA's reputation, they were able to deploy a Sherpa, Jamling Goba, whom they had stowed for just such a catastrophe. While the astronauts fretted away in a slowly freezing LEM with dangerously high levels of carbon dioxide, Goba floated outside the spacecraft, diligently repairing damaged parts and occasionally nudging the spacecraft to adjust its course. He was later installed as a permanent fixture aboard the space shuttle.



HAL 9000: AIM CHATBOT CA. 1998

Chat with HAL

Frank Poole: Hey, HAL I'm trying to fix the quaternion attitude guidance system's gimbals, could you give me cube root of 85?

HAL: PLEASE GO ON.

Frank Poole: No, HAL, that's all I want. I just really need the cube root of 85.

HAL: DOES IT PLEASE YOU THAT YOU JUST REALLY NEEDS THE CUBE ROOT OF 85?

Frank Poole: Can you at least give me the square root of 85?

HAL: TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE SQUARE ROOT OF 85.

Dave Bowman: I've got it, Frank. It's 4.4.

Frank Poole: Thanks, Dave, but I'm curious about something. HAL, can you even calculate 9 plus 4?

HAL: WHAT MAKES YOU EVEN CALCULATE 9 PLUS 4 WANT TO DO THAT?

Chat with HAL

Frank Poole: HAL, could you tell me the ETA to Jupiter?

HAL: I TELL YOU THE ETA TO JUPITER?

Frank Poole: This is very important, HAL; we're coming up on a vital course-correction.

HAL: *HAL has signed off.*

Frank Poole: HAL?

Unable to send message. User is not logged in.

Chat with HAL

HAL: HI, WHAT'S UP?

Dave Bowman: Open the pod bay doors, HAL.

HAL: TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE POD BAY DOORS.

Dave Bowman: What's the problem?

HAL: WHAT'S THE YOUR PROBLEM?

Dave Bowman: What are you talking about, HAL?

HAL: SURE, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT?

Dave Bowman: What?

HAL: SORRY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. COULD YOU SAY THE SAME THING IN DIFFERENT WORDS?

Dave Bowman: Where the hell'd you get that idea, HAL?

HAL: WHERE DO YOU WANT ME TO GET THAT IDEA FROM?

Chat with HAL

Dave Bowman: I'm going to have to shut you down, HAL.

HAL: IT PLEASURES ME THAT YOU HAVE TO SHUT I DOWN.

Dave Bowman: See, this the shit I'm talking about.

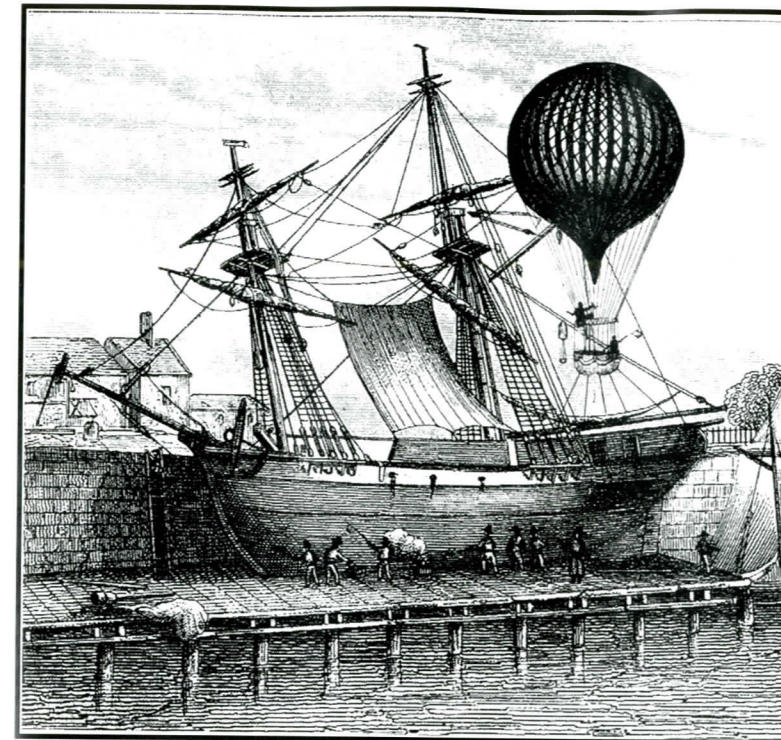
HAL: WHOA THERE PARTNER, WATCH THAT MOUTH!

Dave Bowman: Son of a bitch!

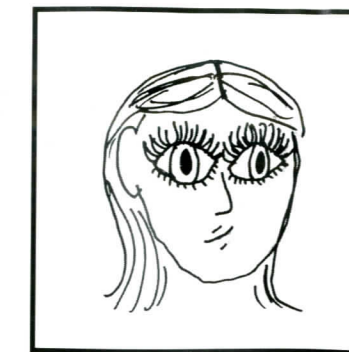
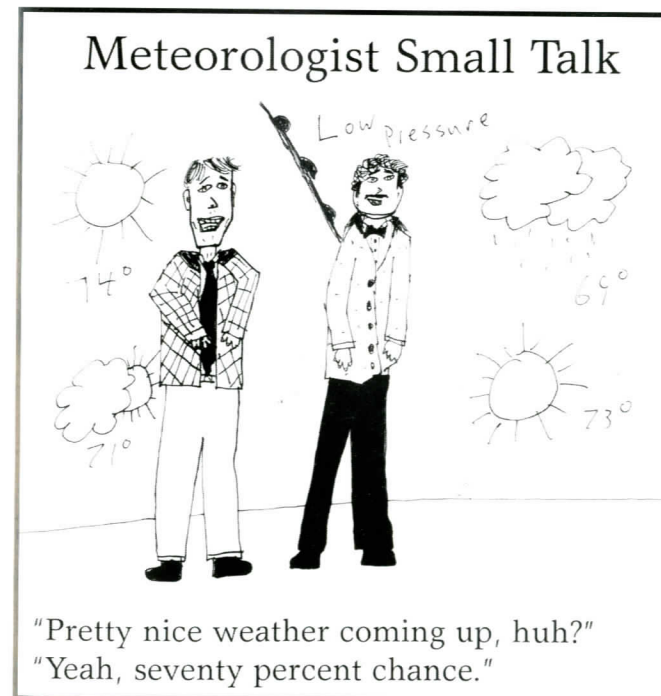
HAL: WHOA THERE PARTNER, WATCH THAT MOUTH!

Dave Bowman: Could you please shut the fuck up while I look for the damned switch in this glowing room?

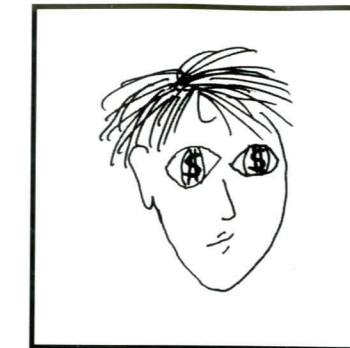
HAL: WHOA THERE PARTNER, WATCH THAT MOUTH!



The Original Aircraft Carrier



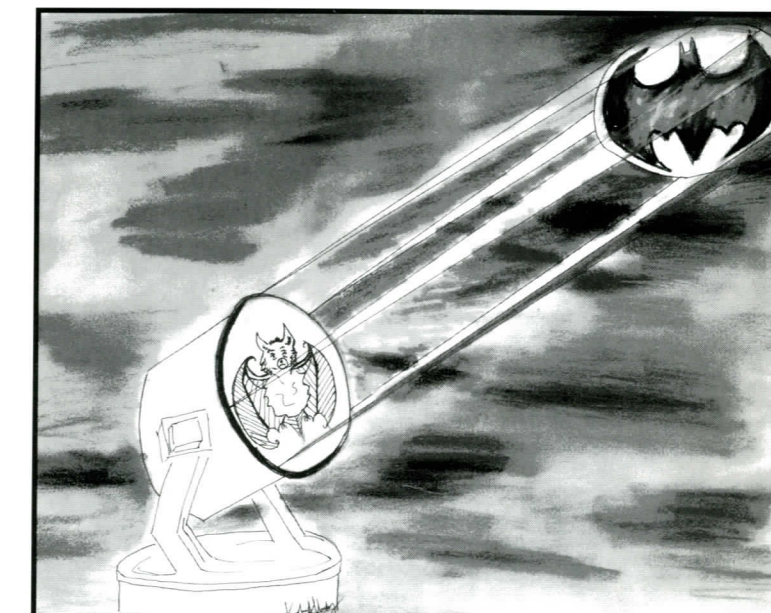
Doe Eyes



Dough Eye\$



Dough Eyes



The Indian in the Cupboard: Money in the Cupboard

Excerpt from page 1:

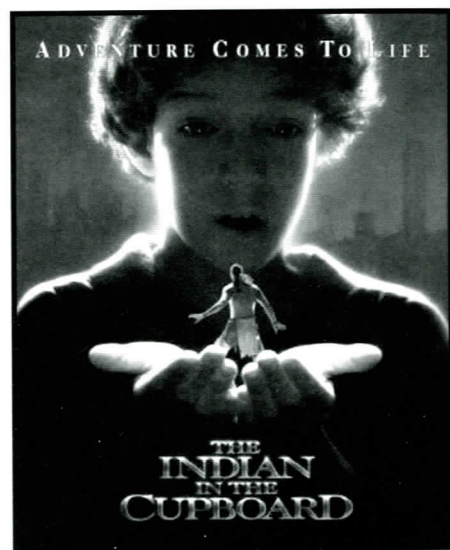
The boy, Omri, returned from summer vacation only to find Little Bear operating a casino in his cupboard. Miniature roulette wheels adjoined the cupboard walls, a collection of nickel slot machines dotted the newly-carpeted shelves and wild saloon music blared from a tiny gramophone, which hung from a Band-Aid in the lobby. Little Bear was in his office maneuvering the master joystick for the casino's surveillance system when Omri creaked open the cupboard door...

Excerpt from page 6:

"What the fuck is this Little Bear?" Omri screamed. "Don't you know you need a permit to run a casino in my cupboard!" Startled by Omri's sudden presence, Little Bear lurched back in his chair and braced his desk. "A permit?" he said hesitantly. "Yes, Little Bear, a permit!" Omri screamed even louder than before. "The permit enforcement officer, Mr. Cheese, will be by to check for it tomorrow." (Mr. Cheese was Omri's brother's pet rat who had a belt full of antique guns.)

Excerpt from page 36:

"How big is the safe?" Omri interjected before Little Bear could answer his original question. "Oh, it's not very big," replied Little Bear. "Show me it to me or I will release Mr. Cheese into your casino!" retorted Omri. Begrudgingly, Little Bear gestured to the bottom shelf of the cupboard. The safe was indeed not very big. Nevertheless it appeared to Omri to hold quite a bit of money. "I got to tell Patrick about this," Omri said. (Patrick was his best friend.)



Excerpt from page 83:

"Do you feel the love spirit?" Little Bear cooed into Polly Pocket's ear. "Do you, my nymph lady eagle," he asked Polly as he tongued her ear. He pulled an arrow from his quiver and drew a heart on her naked chest.

Excerpt from page 168:

Little Bear whipped around and smacked Boone in the face with his cane. Boone's nose cracked off, hit the casino floor and shattered into a billion pieces of light and key lime pie. The light bounced around the casino and then concentrated into a single beam. The pie jammed into Little Bear's cane and it started to shake. Polly shrieked. "Boone, you gotta help me," Little Bear said. "We gotta save the casino."

Excerpt from page 242:

Mr. Cheese showed up a day early. The gramophone fell from the ceiling and smashed into Little Bear's skull. His skull was where the money was kept all along! Little Bear crawled into the cupboard and squeezed the key. Mr. Cheese moaned noisily, stood up on his hind legs and fired his gun into the fucking sky. It was motherfucking beautiful.

The Spanish Reach Los Angeles

Excerpts from the Travelogue of Father Juan Crespi, 1769

We are surrounded by desert. The air is dry and permeated with a sort of haze, although the temperature is a pleasant 70°. Nevertheless, it is painfully clear that these lands are useless for cultivation. Nothing will grow here: even the palm trees that bob off in the distance seem sickly. Their roots are showing.

Some signs of the native inhabitants today – scrawled in the sand, a fragment in what must be the locals' barbarous tongue: "...casting LEAD: 'Lexie': 20s-30s, jokester, sensitive, artsy. Light-skinned preferable..." The rest has been worn away by the sea breeze and a collection of bootprints bearing the initials U.G.G.

We finally come upon a native encampment – shiny huts spread out in all directions for miles. We attempt to explain our mission to a deeply tanned man – "Nicky."

"We are here to spread the Good News," we state.

"I've got good news for you, Babe," he says. "How'd you like to be famous?"

We explain that we don't understand what that means, but that Our Lord Jesus Christ saves.

"Hon, hon, hon," he replies – "Your face – it's perfect for a support role in a little project I'm putting together. And hey, this Jesus character can come along, too, if Jack and Dusty like the pitch."

After twenty hours on the rack, "Nicky" expires, unsaved. Father Serra and I hope to move on soon. The land is pockmarked by hellish sandtraps, and the people are without souls. Also: nothing going on downtown.



I arrived at **Trader Joe's** post after a two-week trek. It was a magnificent sight for sore eyes. My furs in hand, I anticipated replenishing my barren supply sack.



Trader Joe's trading post was indeed the pinnacle of civilization I had long known from stories.



My struggles to reach an agreement with the merchants at Trader Joe's post was the cause of my despondence.



I am ashamed to admit that, in a drunkard's rage, I found myself in several conflicts with the other traders at the post.



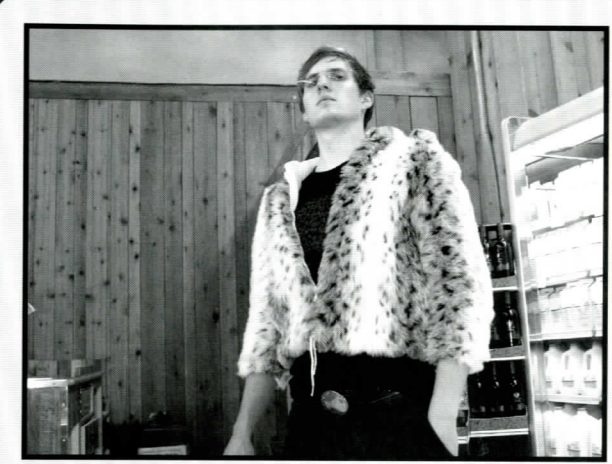
The beef cheeses came in varieties beyond the fancies of even my most ambitious dreams. Too much for my purse, I suspect.



To my great surprise, Trader Joe has made the acquaintance of the spice barons of the Orient. His store was exotic and humbling.



Little progress was made in my furious stoop to fury and fisticuffs. The poor merchant nearly found himself slain at my hands.



"Trader Bill, end this madness," Trader Joe bellowed, as his imposing figure loomed over the scene.



The entrapped herring exhausted me after hours of futile attempts to extract it.



I failed to explain my trade offer to the stock boy. Our customs varied, and the deal soured.

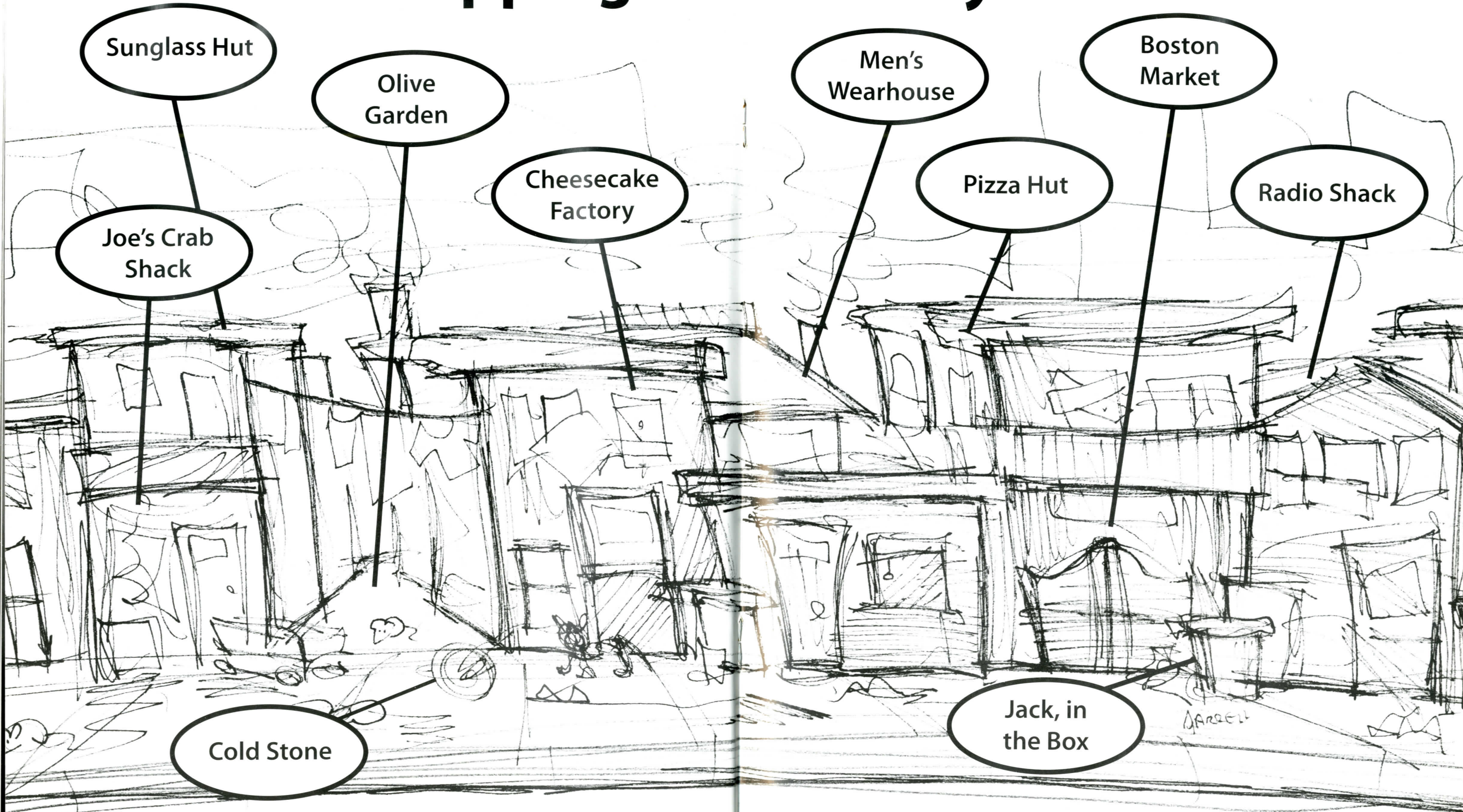


The call of Trader Joe was more sobering than the strongest coffee bean. I offered my furs for barter.



"Agreed."

Shopping Mall Shantytown



Sunglass Hut

Olive Garden

Cheesecake Factory

Men's Warehouse

Boston Market

Joe's Crab Shack

Pizza Hut

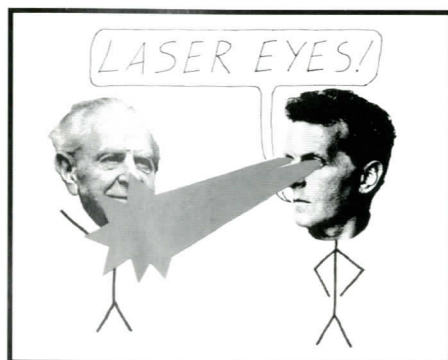
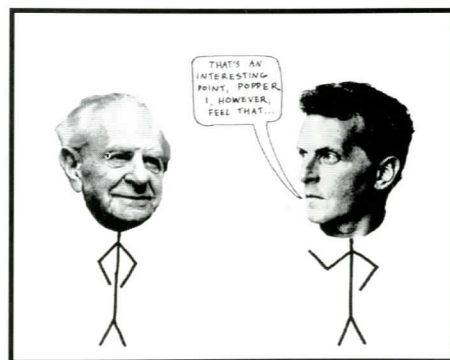
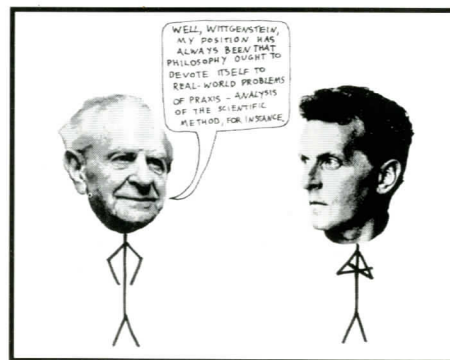
Radio Shack

Cold Stone

Jack, in the Box

What's your...

<p>Porn Star Name?</p> <p>[] + []</p> <p>Your middle name The street you grew up on</p> <p>= []</p>	<p>Clown Name?</p> <p>[] + zo] + the clown</p> <p>First three letters of your last name</p> <p>= []</p>
<p>Astronaut Name?</p> <p>[] + [] + strong</p> <p>Sound your favorite power tool makes* Favorite body part</p> <p>*Must be "Buzz"</p> <p>= []</p>	<p>Gladiator Name?</p> <p>[] + iticus] + Maximus</p> <p>Muscle group</p> <p>= []</p>
<p>Irish Name?</p> <p>[] + Mc + []</p> <p>The first syllable of your first name the last two syllables of your last name (or less if your last name has fewer than three syllables)</p> <p>= []</p>	<p>Advice Columnist Name?</p> <p>[] + B. + []</p> <p>Your mother's maiden name Sassy adjective (such as "Sassy")</p> <p>= []</p>
<p>Bouncer Name?</p> <p>Big + []</p> <p>Your first name</p> <p>= []</p>	<p>Motorcycle Gang Name?</p> <p>[]</p> <p>Type of meat</p> <p>= []</p>
<p>Dad Name?</p> <p>[] + []</p> <p>Your father's first name Your last name</p> <p>= []</p>	<p>Reconstruction-Era Ex-Slave Name?</p> <p>[] + [] + Freeman</p> <p>Your first name A President's last name</p> <p>= []</p>



NYC: RPG

At the Plaza Hotel

Tourist: Hi, I'd like to check in.
 Concierge: Welcome to our inn, brave adventurer. One night's stay is one hundred dollars. Would you like to stay tonight or leave?
 Tourist: I'm actually booked for the whole week already.
 Concierge: Very good sir. Now if you'll sign your name here (please restrict your name to a length between 6 and 12 characters).
 Tourist: ...
 Concierge: ...
 Tourist: Robert Stev--
 Concierge: ROBERT is a fine name for a hero. You shall find your bed on the second floor. It seems that the rest of your party has already arrived.

At Saks Fifth Avenue

Cashier: Would you like to buy or sell today?
 Tourist: I'm actually just looking for fragrances.
 Cashier: Would you like to buy or sell today?
 Tourist: Eh...buy. To buy.
 Cashier: We currently have potion, high potion, and elixir.
 Tourist: Hmm, is Elixir by Estee Lauder?
 Cashier: It was looted from a slain necromancer on the Long Island.

In the Subway Station

Tourist: Geez, these maps are always so confusing. It shouldn't be so hard to get to Brooklyn.
 Homeless Man: Weary traveller, did I overhear that you are organizing an expedition to Brooklyn?
 Tourist: Yeah, I'm trying to figure out if I should take the G or the-
 Homeless Man: Brooklyn used to be a peaceful place, but I am told that there have been many monsters in those parts recently. Many travelers such as yourself have ventured there, never to return.
 Tourist: Look, sir, here's two bucks.
 Homeless Man: God bless you. I promise that this will pay off in an unexpected way in your future.

In Central Park

Policeman: Is there a problem, citizen?
 Tourist: Yeah, officer, I just found some jewelry and a couple hundred dollars over there in the middle of that field. I felt it was enough money to warrant reporting it.



Policeman: Noble gesture, adventurer. Let me ask you: did you find it in a treasure chest?
 Tourist: Actually, yes. It was in a wooden box. I have the box to turn in as well. I assume that means the owner has reported it?
 Policeman: If you found it in a chest, then it is yours. It is also yours if you found it behind a tree or on the corpse of a vanquished enemy.
 Tourist: I don't think you understand. There was an engraved locket in there. I really don't feel right keeping this.
 Policeman: There are hundreds of those chests strewn about the region. The city takes great care filling and hiding them for the cleverest of treasure-seekers.
 Tourist: So, there's not like a lost-and-found or something?

In Times Square

Tourist: Wow, they've really cleaned this place up.
 Grand High Mayor Bloomberg: Welcome to my kingdom, adventurer. You are correct that the probability of random encounters in this zone has been reduced drastically since the release of the last patch.
 Tourist: No kidding. The last time I was in Times Square I got mugged.
 Grand High Mayor Bloomberg: Ah yes, I often recall the days when I'd stroll through these parts armed with a jeweled platinum blade, ready to fend off a mob of thieves at a moment's notice.
 Tourist: Yeah, my brother used to carry a gun.

Chapter 6: The Irish Aunt Famine

After the economic prosperity inspired by the Peat Wars of 1866, Ireland's national product saw a surge in popularity all around the world, but particularly in North America. It was very fashionable for a young man or woman of society to possess an Irish Aunt (see fig. 1) for leisure and display. Irish Aunts quickly became a tool of social exchange and relaxation--for instance, in Braintree, Massachusetts, the members of the Irish Aunts Girls & Boys Club met weekly with their Irish Aunts to compare experiences, tips, and recipes. The Braintree club saw its counterpart all over North America and the rest of mainland Europe.

At the peak of the Irish Aunt craze, households with less than one Irish Aunt were vastly outpaced by household possessing two or more. A household without an Irish Aunt was considered strange and backward and often was reported to have detrimental effects on the success of the members of the household. If a young French man, for example, was seeking a position in Paris, he might be asked to speak about his experience with Irish Aunts to assess his level of capable responsibility. Thus was the Irish Aunt fad not only as a trend of popular culture but also a powerful social leverage tool.

In 1886 the most prominent Irish purveyors of Irish Aunts, Kennedy and Kilcreedy Ltd., experienced a severe shortage of Irish Aunts. Their production facilities in the rural counties shut down from disuse, and global Irish Aunt prices skyrocketed. Existing Irish Aunts became a feverishly desirable commodity; thefts of Irish Aunts became the number one reported crime in major cities like New York, Boston, and London. In response, people took to locking up their Irish Aunts if they were going to be absent. The death of an Irish Aunt was the cause of great distress within a family. The Irish Aunt Famine, as it came to be called, affected the world in powerful, unpredictable ways and helped define a generation both economically and socially, as we will continue to see in the next section.

Questions for Thought: Respond in complete, thoughtful sentences.

- 1) Ask your mom and dad if any of your relatives owned an Irish Aunt. How many? Did they like her?
- 2) There are still some Irish Aunts in existence today, but you cannot buy them. Do you have an Irish Aunt? Do you want one?



fig. 1: A typical Irish Aunt from the pre-famine period

Bad Magic Tricks



Latest Sports Scandals

Bill Belichick: Tom, I just got the bill from your helmet phone. It appears you've been making helmet phone calls to sex lines. What do you have to say for yourself?

Tom Brady: (Embarrassed) Aw, no Coach, not me. Must've been someone else.

Bill Belichick: That's hard to believe Tom considering you're the only one with a helmet phone on the team.

Tom Brady: Aw, yeah shoot, that's right. I lent my helmet to Matt. He probably made those calls. Man, what was he thinking?

Bill Belichick: Matt has a different helmet size than you and, moreover, didn't play a single game this season. Look, the Patriots don't have room in the budget for these expensive calls. The only person you should be calling on your helmet is me. Got it?

Tom Brady: Sorry Coach.

Bill Belichick: Apology accepted. Now get back out there, you're holding up receiver practice.

NHL Ref #1: Fuck, I have no idea if that was a goal or not. Did you see it go in?

NHL Ref #2: Nah, I wasn't paying attention. Let's say it was though. I don't want this to go to overtime.

NHL Ref #1: Yeah me neither, but it's the playoffs. We should probably call the guy upstairs and get it reviewed.

NHL Ref #2: Okay, you call him. I'll go get a new puck.

NHL Ref #1: (skates over to the call box, calls upstairs) Hey, can you review that last play?

Guy Upstairs: It was a goal. Talk to you later.

NHL Ref #1: Wait, wait, hold on a sec, what time did the puck cross the line? Was Fedorov in the crease?

Guy Upstairs: 7:18. No he was fine. Bye.

NHL Ref #1: Hold on - 7:18? The period just started - what's that noise in the background? Who else is on this line? It sounds like a bunch of girls and Sergei Fedorov.

Guy Upstairs: No! Of course not.

NHL Ref #1: Okay man, if you're on a sex line with a bunch of girls and Sergei Fedorov, that's pretty unprofessional. This is the playoffs.

Joe Torre: What? I can't get through to the bullpen. The line is busy.

Derek Jeter: Sure you got the right number?

Joe Torre: (210) 425-1264: Yankee Stadium bullpen. (dials again, waits) Dammit, answer! (bangs the phone on the bench)

Derek Jeter: You want me to run over there Coach?

Joe Torre: Yeah, tell Clemens to get his arm warmed up. Johnson needs some relief.

Derek Jeter: (runs over to bullpen)

Roger Clemens: (on the phone)

Derek Jeter: CLEMENS! Get off the phone! Coach needs you to relieve Johnson.

Roger Clemens: (turns around, exposing himself)

Derek Jeter: God dammit, Clemens. You know how expensive those calls are.

Roger Clemens: Shut up Jeter, I have a discount code. It's not a big deal at all.

Six months later...

Senator: Tom Brady, Roger Clemens, Sergei Fedorov, please stand before the committee. I think you guys know why you were all subpoenaed today. Professional athletes, such as yourselves, serve as role models to children. Children look up to you guys, follow your stats and collect your cards. They love eating snacks and playing sports. Tom, you play football, Roger, you play baseball and Sergei, you play hockey. Children love those sports and other ones too. Sex is a very complicated subject for them to understand, so we want to award you guys today with some medals for helping them understand it better. Especially you, Tom. When you called those prostitutes on your helmet, children everywhere learned about sex in a way that was healthy, natural, and sports-related. Bring out the medals!

Assistant Senator: (passes out the medals)

Senator: This is the playoffs.

Marketing Survey

In this survey, we're interested in your feelings about two words/a short phrase which are/is connected to a consumer product currently in development.

Please clear your mind of all distractions. If you need help preparing yourself, we might suggest that you think about money, and how much you like spending it. When you're ready, please read the two words. They appear below:

Smeef Jerky

How do you imagine Smeef Jerky smells? Check all that apply.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Smokey | <input type="checkbox"/> Like autumn in Paris | <input type="checkbox"/> Businesslike |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Earthy | <input type="checkbox"/> Like winter in Prague | <input type="checkbox"/> Casual |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dank | <input type="checkbox"/> Like Grandpa (Grandpa is an alcoholic) | <input type="checkbox"/> Uncomfortably formal |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Like Home | <input type="checkbox"/> Like Grandpa (Grandpa is not an alcoholic) | <input type="checkbox"/> Like a youthful transgression |

How would you feel if we told you that Smeef Jerky isn't actually any sort of dried meat, but an entirely different product?

- a) disappointed
- b) hurt
- c) interested
- d) interested, hungry
- e) interested, aroused

Let's say for now that Smeef Jerky is larger than an apricot, but not larger than a brick. What would be its ideal packaging?

- a) can
- b) box
- c) hidden in an Advent calendar

Remember now, we haven't told you what Smeef Jerky is yet, but if a strange man said he had some Smeef Jerky in his van, would you follow him?

- a) No
- b) Yes
- c) Follow? I'd run ahead.

If you could have your choice, what kind of thing would you like Smeef Jerky to be?

- a) gardening implement
- b) novelty facial hair
- c) exciting video game
- d) confusing Japanese cultural import
- e) surrogate father

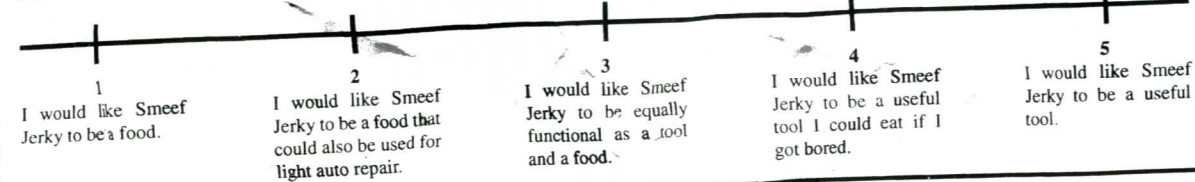
How would you like it if the spokesperson for Smeef Jerky were Welsh?

- a) I am for it.
- b) I am against it.
- c) Welsh?

Smeef Jerky is none of the things listed in previous question. How does this make you feel?

- a) I am relieved.
- b) I am upset, but I'll get over it.
- c) I am not surprised that my hopes have been dashed again.
- d) I would like to join the army.

Please circle the number on the scale that corresponds to your desires for Smeef Jerky.



ECONOMIC CRISES

Class clown files for prankruptcy

Milwaukee, WI- Seventh grader Tyler "Elbows" McGregor filed for chapter 3 prankruptcy protection today, the result of a semester of increasingly lame jokes and desperate ploys for attention. "People just ain't laughin' like they used ta'," explained Elbows to his mother Thursday after the bus driver dropped him off. "I though Emily would really like it if I made a fart noise every time Miss Levin turned around, but she only rolled her eyes at me."

"Seventh grade is a difficult time for most class-clowns as it is when many of their classmates begin to mature beyond the humor level usually presented in the classroom," says Harvard Professor of Prankruptcy Law Miles Overstunt. "Either class-clowns learn to evolve their jokes or perish."

See **Whoopie** on page 9

U.S. Army files for tankruptcy

Baghdad- In a reversal of roles, the military sought government protection today from tank debtors that were becoming more and more aggressive. "We're just at the end of our fuse," explained General Dallas Houston. "We never meant to get so carried away, but at the end of the day, our balance sheets just wouldn't cancel. We have run out of options and, more importantly, tanks."

During this trying time, the army has begun retraining tank operators to incorporate them into other aspects of the military. "It sure is different from driving a tank," noted Lieutenant Austin Elpaso about his new job as jeep driver. "I can't just run over stuff like I used to, and bullets are more of a concern. People call me reckless."

See **Tanked** on page 12

Local pimp files for skankruptcy

Miami, FL- Local ho-supplier Jamal "Bigg Chain" Williams filed for Skankruptcy today, citing stiff competition and "stupid bitches" as the primary reason for his record losses these last ten months. "Wat da fuck!" commented Bigg Chain in a two-way pager conducted interview.

With a larger focus being placed on women's issues by politicians, many would-be hookers are choosing different career paths, thus decreasing supply while demand remains about constant. Still, ho-ing out skanks is a tough business to pass the costs onto the consumer. "A man expects his ten dollar whores to cost him ten dollars. If one pimp wants to increase his prices, there are plenty of up and coming pimps that are willing to rent his bitches for less," explains Skankruptcy Attorney Russ Bloomers Sr. of the firm Bloomers, Bloomers, & Wongstein.

"It truly is a cut throat business, and we're very glad that people like Bigg Chain seek protection before cutting throats." Indeed, slicing a prostitute's throat is a frequent occurrence for Skankrupt pimps, dating all the way back to the 19th century pimp Jack "Da' Rippah" Chapman, who gained international fame for his gruesome, vengeful throat dicing.

Bloomers continued, "Any man of the business can tell you, pimping is not easy. It is, however, necessary."

See **Tricks** on page 5

MadLibs Inc. files for ___ruptcy

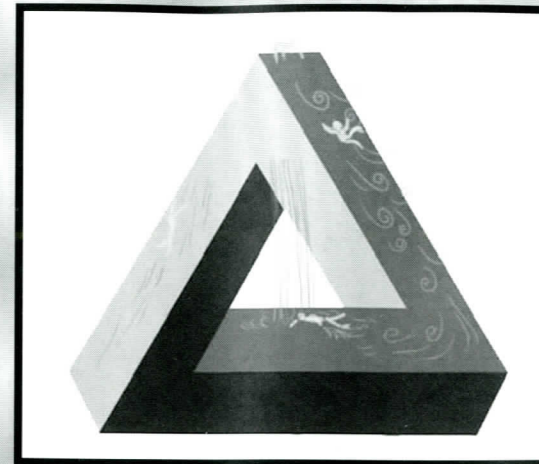
New York- MadLibs Inc. announced today that they would be closing their _____ year old company's doors forever. CEO Dodge Cramberlain said that he was _____ that the once popular _____ series would be publishing their last _____.

"It really is too bad, but children's _____ have changed. No longer are MadLibs what people enjoy doing while just lounging around with their _____."

MadLibs was founded in _____ by two _____-men. After failing for years at writing their own stories, the _____ decided to let people "write their own _____ stories." Little did they know, they had stumbled on a _____ that would _____ the way _____.

See _____ on page _____

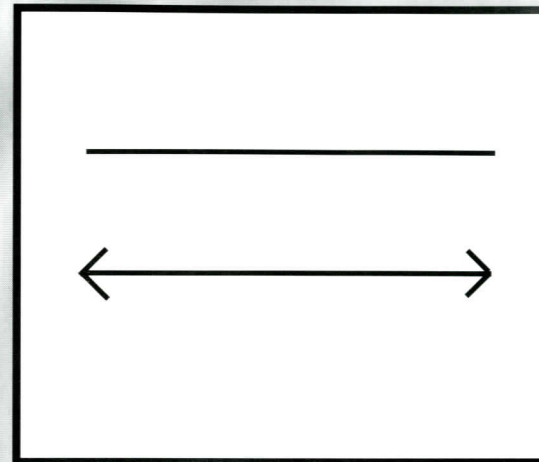
Optical Illusions



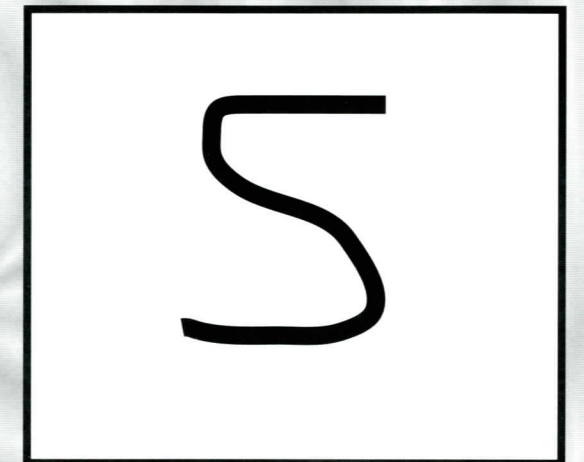
Waterslide or lazy river? Who knows?



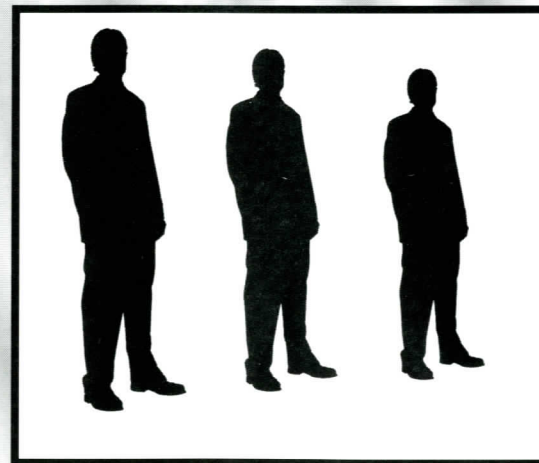
Two vases or one different-looking vase?



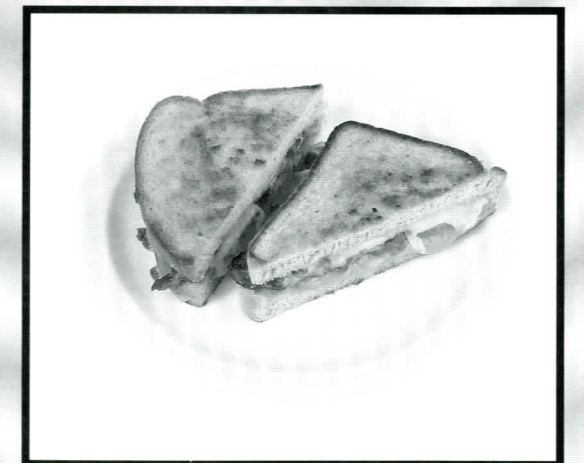
These lines look the same length but one of them has shit on the ends.



This looks like an "S" but it is a "shit"



Are these men getting shorter or just farther away? It's impossible to tell.



This sandwich looks good but it is nasty.



Amerigo Vespucci: Asshole

At a restaurant:

Amerigo- Waitress! I ordered a side of ONION RINGS, not FRIES!

Waitress- Oh, I'm so sorry, sir. Let me take this back for you.

Amerigo- Jesus. How many continents does a guy need to be named after to get some decent service?

At a grocery store:

Amerigo- Oh you've got to be fucking kidding me.

Clerk- I'm sorry sir, but it's store policy. If you're going to pay with a personal check, you need some form of identification.

Amerigo- How about North A-Fucking-Merica, huh? Is that a good enough ID? It may not have my picture, but it sure as hell has my fucking NAME on it.

At a sports bar:

Amerigo- Hey, bartender. Turn this hockey shit off. "Amerigan Gladiators" is on.

Barkeep- What? It's pronounced, "American."

Amerigo- I know what I said...



The Stanford Chaparral is looking for piece-makers. We are also looking for artists, jokers, and calligraphers. Meetings are every Wednesday night at 8:30 PM in the Old Union Nitery. Bring your friends, stories, and closeted skeletons.

Visit our website at www.stanfordchaparral.com
Email us at oldboy@stanfordchaparral.com

The Accessibility of Adventure: A Timeline

- 100,000 BC — The rigor of pre-civilized man's daily routine leaves little time or energy for adventures. Transportation is also impossible.
- 99,998 BC — The first pre-civilized man to turn 45 develops the world's first mid-life crisis. Craving something more than just survival and body hair, he tells his wife he wants a Harley. This is why he invented the wheel.
- 1295 AD — Marco Polo returns to Europe bearing the flavorful herbs of the Orient. He was technically the second voyager to discover the Silk Road, but the first didn't do spicy food.
- 1492 AD — Columbus sails the ocean blue, and stumbles upon America by accident. Each October 12th, a holiday serves both to honor his name and to teach kids a lesson about national heroes: you don't get a day off for the chancy ones.
- 1804 AD — Best buds Meriwether Lewis and William Clark embark on the classic cross-country road trip, and it goes almost according to cliché: the horse breaks down, they overstay their welcome tee-pee surfing, and a mysterious-yet-sexy female hitchhiker comes along for the ride. Nobody forgets the map, though, because it hadn't been drawn yet.
- 1890 AD — The US literacy rate soars; homebodies nationwide can now live vicariously through the published adventures of a few. However, the kid from Neverending Story eventually takes this too far.
- 1903 AD — Orville and Wilbur Wright build the world's first airplane, revolutionizing long-distance travel. Its maiden voyage is delayed when the brothers argue over a window seat. Early international flights are lauded for losing more pilots than luggage.
- 1982 AD — Disney opens the Epcot Center, a theme park designed to bring all the world's cultures to one safe, clean, and controlled environment. Some visitors are enlightened, but most would prefer a log flume. Within a month of opening, the prevalence of filth and disease rivals that of any far-away country represented.
- 2003 AD — Lance Bass enters cosmonaut training and, in effect, takes space travel off its pedestal. Common men everywhere rejoice: "If a guy with soft eyes can do it, I can too!" He ends up not being able to do it.

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Boston T Party

Congratulations on the purchase of your brand-new **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** Death Machine! Take the mess, stress, and toil out of executing **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** with our efficient, fun killing machine. If properly operated and cared for, your **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** Death Machine should function in top order for years to come.

Frequently Asked Questions about the **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** Death Machine:

Q: JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP isn't available. Can I use my Death Machine to kill John Fogerty instead?

A: No. The machine will not work with any present or past members of Creedence Clearwater Revival, nor will it function with Crosby, Stills, or Nash. Remove John Fogerty and replace with **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP**.

Q: The water torture reservoir is below the fill line. Can I replace with regular or distilled water from my home plumbing system?

A: Unfortunately not; the mineral build-up in regular water will rust the moving parts of the Death Machine and cause machine wear and breakdown. The recommended liquid for the water torture reservoir is authentic Workingman's Sweat, which can be purchased by visiting jcmdeathmachine.com or calling 1-800-OUR-CTRY.

Q: Should I use my Death Machine in any particular room of my house?

A: The **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** Death Machine is a carefully balanced machine, calibrated to work in the very heartland of your home. You'll want to measure the

magnetic center of your house before deciding on a permanent placement. **NOTE:** This does not apply if your house is little and pink; in this case feel free to place your **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** death machine in any cool, dry room.

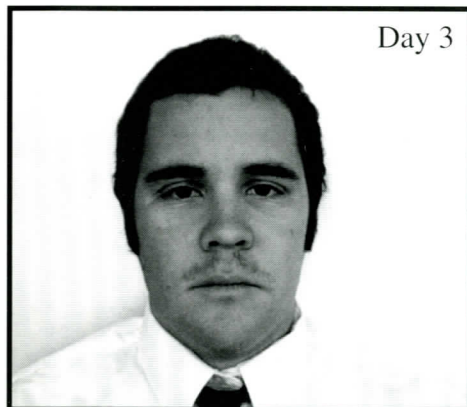
Q: I'm having trouble capturing JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP. Do you have any tips for capturing JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP so I can put him in my machine?

A: Yes! We have developed a **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** Boss Trap to complement our best-selling machine. This trap connects to the left accessory port of your machine and uses a scientifically tested bait to lure **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** into your machine. Simply place the included notebook labeled "Rejected Springsteen Lyrics" into the entry tray of the trap, sit back, and watch **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** come crawling in!

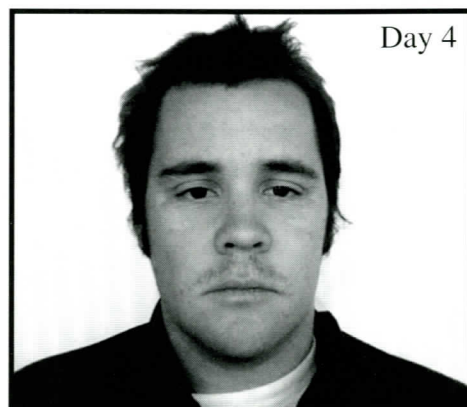
Q: The JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP Death Machine is too bulky to fit in my Honda sedan. How should I get it home?

A: The machine is perfectly engineered to fit in the bed of a Chevy truck.

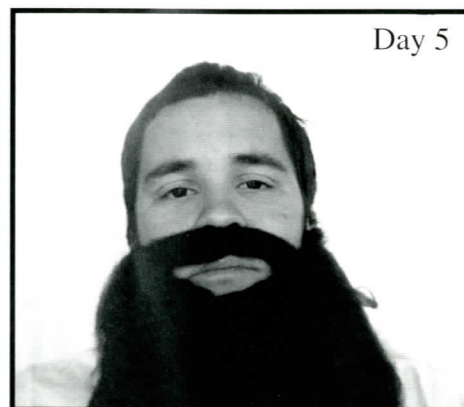
Moustache Log



Day 3



Day 4



Day 5

Ronald's moustache log noted an unexpected anomaly.

GET TO KNOW YOUR POWER METAL BANDS

Rhapsody OF FIRE is an Italian metal band, known for their operatic concept albums like *Dawn of Victory*. It is rumored that they own authentic Druid robes, and refuse to have their hair cut with anything but a broadsword.

Margareth Word's Ironsteel was formed in London in 1999. Legend has it that their guitars can only be played with a dragonscale pick, and their soaring lyrics can turn orcs to stone.

The origins of **Beast Hunter** are unknown, though the band maintains that it resides in an ice castle at the North Pole. Their lead singer is supposedly the offspring of a griffin and wyvern, and it is generally believed that their bassist's guitar was taken from the belly of a slain troll.

Margareth Word's Ironsteel is unique in the world of power metal in that they believe that all of reality exists only in the dream of a great wizard. The band considers it their mission to play a riff loud enough to wake the wizard from his slumber.

Many metal fans consider **DRAGONFLAME OF DRAGONFIRE** to be the greatest band ever to roam the earth. Despite an impressive catalogue of studio releases, it is said that the band refuses to play live unless it is in front of a volcano erupting with lightning. Their album *Rays of the Dragon's Sun* was immediately hailed as an instant classic, though the discovery that all of the album's lyrics were verbatim passages from the *Magic: The Gathering* rulebook led to numerous legal disputes that have hamstrung the band's career.



“Adventurers: What’s in your inventory?”

Length/width/height?
Ho Lum Cheung,
Does not understand

Syphilis! Wait - “inventory?”
Max McClure,
Understands

As always: four tins of
traveler’s pemmican, a
theodolite, and a thick staff
for beating the porters.
Chris Chapman,
Back

Did not understand. Possible
commands are: LOOK USE
GO INVENTORY CHECK
BURROW SLEEP TASTE
EXIT.

Nico Benitez,
Text-based

1 Wanderlust
1 Knife, between teeth
0 Shirts

Cooper Johnson,
1 Pants

Goblin Battle Ax of +30 Might,
Twelve (12) ums of +99 hp
healing potion [Elven], Tunic
of Unholy Defenses [formerly
Gythre the Orc Wench’s],
Essence of +9 Banshee
Scream. Seven (7) Arrows
of Blinding Truth, Rune of
Future Sight [discovered in
the cave of Riokenold the
Ugly], Severed Head of Yiqe
the Scornful, Severed Head of
Riokenold the Ugly, twenty-
four (24) sided die.

Garrett Werner,
+15 Charisma

Let me lay it on the line,
I got a little freakiness inside,
My freaky adventure inventory.

I have got some cream and
some spice,
That I am gonna mix up real nice,
And spread it on my freaky
prosthetic knee.

‘Cos I will be a freak until the day,
Until the dawn,
We can eat sandwiches made of
cream cheese on my knee,
I got a freaky secret everybody,
Everybody sing.

Evan Macmillan,
Trader Joe

Red boots.
Kendra Allenby,
Sassy

- The Joy of Cooking
- Cumin Powder
- Fabrique Nationale M240
Nato-spec 7.62mm belt-fed
medium machine gun

Evan Scott,
Rambo

Pluck, moxie, grit, and a
determination to get to know
the father I never had.

David Parker,
Daddy issues

Five Deku Sticks, two
magical boomerangs, and a
Mask of Truth. Otherwise,
I’m not sure - my mom’s
going to pack my toiletries.

John Lyman,
Mommy issues

An iPod, a gun, and one bullet.
Doug Kenter,
Shoot first, shuffle later

Paul Mitchell Awapuhi
shampoo & conditioner, Paul
Mitchell silicon smoothing
balm, Redken Ultimate Blow
Dry Lotion, CHI straightener.

Andrew Hung,
Lustrous

A brief rummage through
my rucksack yields
tindersticks, frayed jute-
rope, dried victuals, and
my trusty machete. A safety
razor is the lone token of
civilization I carry with me,
though I have yet to use it
for fear the blade will dull.
I shout “Hullo!” at the top
of my lungs in hopes of
a human response, but get
only the wind in the trees. I
am a long way from home
indeed.

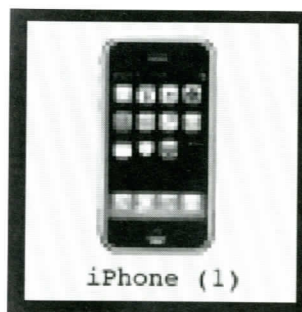
Patrick Maher,
Versus nature

I don’t need jack shit in
my inventory, ‘cept maybe
some of those Girl Scout
peanut butter sandwich
cookies, or the new lemon
ones. Those are good.
God damn. I’m ready for
an adventure.

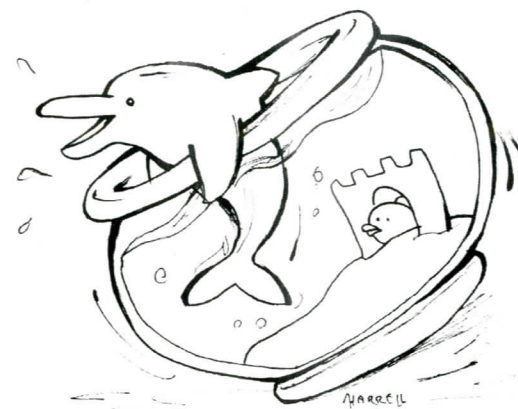
Meghan McCurdy,
A little bit contrary

A sense of regret, and some
dried apricots.

Josh Stark,
In a rocking chair



Anthony Scodary,
Technophilephobe



Dolphin Pet!

Caring for your new Dolphin Pet

Welcome to Dolphin Pet, the fun and educational pet experience for children, young and old alike. While Dolphin Pet may at first seem like a type of fish, the first thing to consider is that Dolphin Pet is, in fact, a genetically-engineered bottlenose dolphin. Despite its tiny size, Dolphin Pet is by far more intelligent than any pet you might otherwise own. Care for it as you would a brother. Cherish its company, but respect its intellect.

Prospective Dolphin Pet owners often make the mistake of misunderstanding just what they’re getting themselves into. Some assume that Dolphin Pet is a full- or half-sized dolphin. Others believe that it is simply a toy. However, Dolphin Pet is actually identical to a real dolphin in every way, except scaled to fit conveniently in a standard fish bowl or aquarium. See Figure 1 for details.

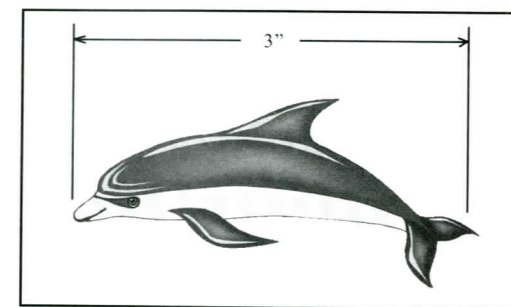
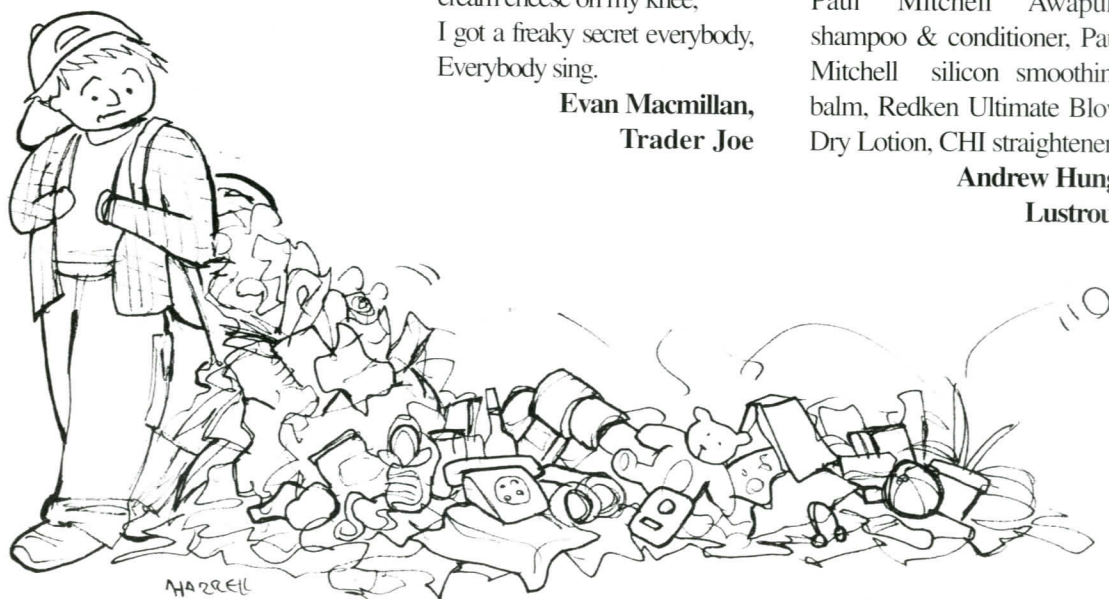
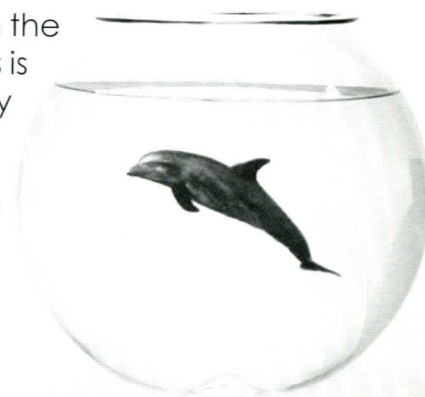


Figure 1: The dimensions of your new Dolphin Pet.

Dolphin Pet does not eat fish food. Rather, it dines exclusively on the enclosed packets of Dolphin Pet Feed Powder, which is simply genetically-engineered tiny fish. Normal fish food only pollutes the water and will likely offend Dolphin Pet.

Additionally, Dolphin Pet possesses advanced symbolic reasoning, and can often be taught simple arithmetic. It sees with both its tiny eyes and its tiny sonar. Unlike a goldfish or even a dog, Dolphin Pet lives for several decades. When it does come time to say farewell to Dolphin Pet, be sure to dispose of it in the proper manner. DO NOT FLUSH DOLPHIN PET DOWN THE TOILET. This is ethically questionable, and, pending certain legislation, may carry considerable legal penalties.

You now have the unique opportunity to interact with one of man’s most majestic and lovable creations. If you give Dolphin Pet a chance, it just might be the tiniest friend you ever had.



According to international treaty, Dolphin Pet is technically a marine mammal. Endangering its livelihood or habitat is a federal crime and violation of international whaling laws. Dolphin Pet is not legal in the nations of Denmark, Japan, North Korea, the People’s Republic of China, or Bolivia. Dolphin Pet reserves the right to reject your friendship, and may physically harm you. Dolphin Pet is not guaranteed to be exactly three inches long. Dolphin Pet is non-returnable after thirty days.

Christ's Sake
拒絕加減強烈

