

STANFORD

Chaparral

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE



**DAD'S
SECRET
STASH**

Vol. CXI, No. 2



\$4.00

The Secret Stash, a novel by...

William Faulkner

That night I find pa waiting on the porch, staring at me with the whipping of a lifetime in his eyes. "Ain't no use denying what you been hiding from us," pa says. I open my mouth to respond but he has me on the ground before I can even think what to say. Pa has never been one for questions, like when the doctor said that Irma Jean was probably dying from that cough and he just went and got his shovel and started digging a hole under the magnolia tree.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Andreas Fuentes had the largest house in all of Arataca. It was probably the largest house in all of Colombia, and maybe even the largest house in the whole world. But it was certainly the largest house in all of Arataca, because Andreas Fuentes had wanted it so.

The house had been under construction for 60 years. Most of the residents of Arataca could not remember a time before Andreas Fuentes had been building. But none of them had ever been inside; they were not allowed.

Every Sunday after church, the people of Arataca would gather in the square and gossip. "I wonder what it looks like inside," they would say. "I bet it is the most beautiful house ever." They were very proud. It was not every town that had such a secret and mystery.

Edgar Allen Poe

I cannot say when I resolved to kill the old man, but once conceived, the thought was like a ghost, haunting me night and day. Plunging the knife into his limp body did nothing to quell my obsession. I left his

body in a chest in the attic, hoping to forget, but the smell of his decaying flesh hung in the air like a bad memory. I could still hear his cries of terror ringing in my ears so loudly that I worried someone would discover what I had done.

Charlotte Brontë

One day, when I had been at Mauvais Manor for about three months, I was cleaning the attic and I came across a door I had never seen before. When I tried to open it, I found that it was locked. Later, I approached Mr. Finley about my discovery.

"I realize that I have given you free rein of my house," he said, "but that does not mean you can go around poking your nose in other people's business."

His softly handsome face had become stern and disquieted, so I dropped the matter. But his mysterious behavior only fanned the flames of my curiosity.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"And he just showed up out of nowhere last summer and started throwing these lavish parties," Tim said. "So where did this Jake Gondry character get all his money? Tell us, Nate. The two of you seem to be the best of friends now."

"I really couldn't say," I replied.

"Well I heard he was a sheep killer," interjected Arden. "You know? Like in the mafia wars between the Italian mob and the Irish farmers."

Her smug satisfaction made me want to punch her in the face.

Ernest Hemingway

It was weed. It was good.

DENIERS SPEAK OUT

AIDS DENIALIST

"I just don't think there's adequate evidence to support the claim that HIV causes AIDS. HIV doesn't satisfy Koch's postulates for the identification of an infectious disease, and the symptoms of AIDS can be caused by a host of other causes. We're not lunatics, we just think that the scientific community has leapt to a conclusion about the link between HIV and AIDS. We're merely suggesting that people consider other hypotheses, like that the antiretroviral drugs used to treat AIDS actually cause it, and that the government engineered it in a lab to kill poor people."

MOON LANDING DENIALIST

"You think a man actually walked on the moon? You must be joking. Do you have idea how far away the moon is? The moon landing was obviously faked by the government so that we could win the Cold War. How? I'll let you in on a little secret: the government had Photoshop all the way back in 1969. The Pentagon invented it and didn't let people sell it until after they had declassified it. It's the same technology they used to make us believe that Berlin had a big wall running down the middle of it."

9/11 DENIALIST

"I don't care what you say, 9/11 is exactly equal to 0.8 and the government is trying to cover it up. Your calculator is part of the conspiracy."

MOON LANDING DENIAL DENIALIST

"Oh, those guys? Nah, nobody actually believes that stuff, it's all just for attention. Trust me, they want you to think they're serious, but they're just funnin' on everyone who tries to argue with them. I mean, I talked to one of those moon-landing deniers once and I was like, 'Come on, bro, don't front,' and he was like, 'Yeah, bro, you got me.'"

MARK TWAIN DENIALIST

"Oh, I know all about this supposed 'Samuel Clemens' character. That's just the biggest fairytale there ever was. You think the same guy wrote 'Tom Sawyer' and 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court'? Nobody is that good. Let me drop some people's history on you. Mark Twain was a pseudonym for a collective of authors that included Ambrose Bierce and Stephen Crane. What do you mean there are photographs of him? They didn't have cameras back then."

HOMOSEXUALITY DENIALIST

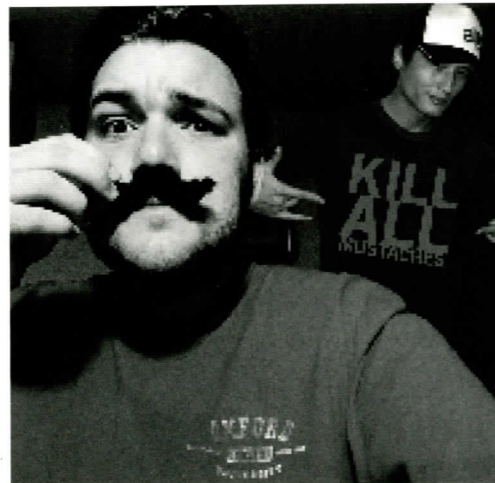
"Dude, I'm NOT gay!"

AIDS DENIALIST (II)

"Dude, I don't have AIDS, either!"

Dan's Secret 'Stache

Dan, are you in there? I wanna show you the shirt I made for the next meeting.



"Dan... what have you done?"

**FEELING LIKE A
ZOMBIE AFTER
DEAD WEEK?**

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LIGHTEN YOUR
LURCH!**

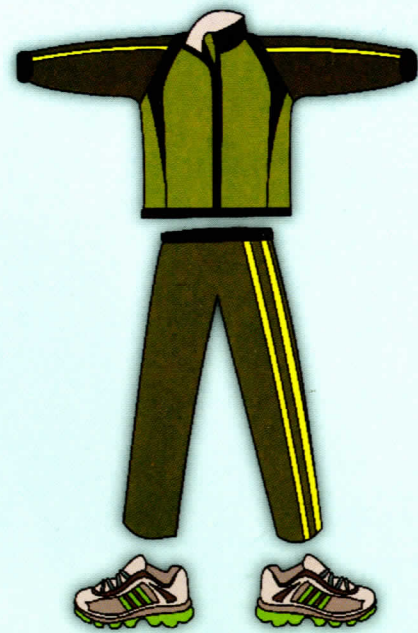


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The Stanford Chaparral

presents

Volume CXI, No. 2

Dad's Secret Stash

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'10
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Phil Nova
Evan Scott
Liang Yun

'11
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Elliot Babchick
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David Kettler
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OCT 1899

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TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

WENZEL 1916

NOV THAT

you're all settled in your one room double, why not take some time to think about who's bankrolling this operation? It's been several months now since you hugged your mom goodbye and shook your proud dad's hand. Of course you noticed that mom was a little teary, but did you heed Eric Clapton's sage advice? Did you look into your father's eyes?

Sure, those portals into his soul can be a bit intimidating at times. Tired from work, clouded from drink, and scarred from a lifetime of sights PG-13 movies can only depict as "ribald", those murky orbs hold secrets that you may be scared to inquire about. The most important thing to remember, however, is that he's more afraid of you than you are of him.

NOV THAT

may seem confusing at first, but take a moment to think for once in your life. Sure, knowing what kind of porn your

dad likes may dramatically alter the way you talk to your Philippine classmates, but how will it change how your dad watches his special brand of erotica? You're ultimately stripping the poor man of any sexual gratification he can achieve without turning toward Plan B: your mom. How selfish of you.

Of course, he can't keep all his secrets in his eyes. That would be ridiculous. A select few items just need that tactile quality. That's where this magazine draws its inspiration: those unmentionable keepsakes that your father can't store in the privacy of his mind. Individually, they are drugs, weapons, and a menagerie of other illicit materials. Collectively, they are Dad's Secret Stash.

NOV THAT

we've grown up in the age of internets, Dad's Secret Stash might not represent all that it used to. Once

the only method of transportation available for kids traveling to a corrupted youth, our generation could just as easily have hopped on the high-speed modem line instead. Same stop-off at Confusion Intermodal, sure, but otherwise a much quicker trip.

Then again, was it not Dad's idea to get that first family Macintosh? Poppa was as much the unwitting enabler as his own father had been, and--for this Old Boy--it's reassuring that the Digital Age has left some things sacred. But it might not always. This is why, in an effort to keep the humor herein timeless, we've interpreted the theme broadly. Dad's Secret Stash can encapsulate any milestone on the road to maturity--not just the ones underneath Dad's James Patterson

"Hey Steph, I'll tell you my secret if you tell me yours. Deal?"

"I guess so..."

This issue's about the first time you used the potty as much as it's the first potty joke you told. It's about graduating from picture books to Intermediate Fiction, and from Intermediate Fiction to mostly just magazines. It's about growing out of old sneakers and old board games and then using the boxes to hide your own first stash. So don't throw away that Ouija Board just yet. Let Parker Brothers' window to the underworld be the curtain veiling your seedy underworld. And by seedy, we're not just talking your first bag of weed. Boy did you get skimped!

NOV THAT

's growing up.

NOV THAT

you know who can get you the good stuff, you're going to have to keep it away from the nagging eyes your wife--if one decides to latch onto you for protection and sustenance. Still, that will just be a "secret stash". No, it isn't until your loin begins bearing fruit that you officially have a "Dad's secret stash". The differences are subtle yet important. Dad's Secret Stash holds all the things that will literally revolutionize a child's life should one ever bear witness to their existence. You must safeguard it well, much better than your father hid his. Really, Dad? Top shelf of the closet? Maybe pick a better place to hide your gun than where the media tells me I can find

"I've been feeling really sad lately. It seems life gets tougher every day. I don't know if I'll ever be happy again. What's your secret?"

all of my best Christmas presents. Far from the cliches of prime time television, creativity is key when deciding a location for your own secret stash. Time capsules are great excuses to bury boxes in the backyard. Just be sure your family knows they aren't to be dug up again for 100 years, plenty of time for television to desensitize our youth enough and transform today's unmentionable secrets into quaint artifacts of cultures past. An archaeologist just discovered a fertility statue, you say? That depiction of giant breasted women was actually no more than your great, great, great grandfather's secret stash. Don't tell your great, great, great grandfather, it'll gross him out.

NOV THAT

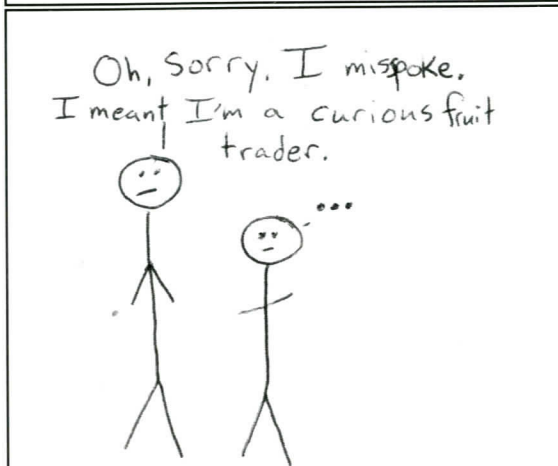
we've narrowed the generation gap, if only by a few paragraphs, maybe you can give your dad a call this weekend. Tell him you get it, and try to communicate a wink over the phone. You're at that age when it has suddenly become a source of pride for him to drink with his son. You can shake hands and talk about the girl that lives in Serra that you hooked up with even though you probably shouldn't have. He'll love it. And he'll love you. But what about your own feelings? Don't you want to tell your Old Man something?

NOV THAT

's no way to talk to your father.

"I love Christmas!"

Ambition



teen gangs

A lot of people think that what adults do doesn't affect teens, but everyone else knows that's wrong. When adults partake in gang activities, it not only hurts themselves, it also convinces teens to do things that will hurt themselves.

Here're some teen gangs:

The Hombre Buenos-

Founded by three brothers, Timmy, Jimmy and Limmy, these guys are not just your ordinary down-the-block kids. They will hurt you. They learned it all from the skids, and they're not afraid to take back what was once theirs. Rumor has it, the last guy that crossed them now has a head the shape of a tire. These guys are one tough cookie. Influences: 2 Live Crew, The Insane Henchmen, The Chockolocko Monsters.

The Opera Singer Bratz-

These Bratz are not just opera singers- they're regular-sized action dolls. They can take a hit, and give it out even harder in the form of a kick. They're not afraid of rough-and-tumble. Notable hangout spots: Jerry's Hardware and Electronics, the playground on Lytle Street, a tree.

The Cookie Cookie Banditz-

Forget about walking by their house alone, they once smashed a plate shaped like a cookie on a little girl's head.



Assassassassin

Son, your dad's been around the block.

Your dad's been around the block twice.

Your dad's been around the block thrice.

Your dad's been around the block, so go ahead and ask him whatever you want. ...What the fuck is wrong with you? Get out! OUT!

Your dad's been around the block four times, and now he's back here. You'll never go very far, my boy.

Your dad's been around the block, so he knows a thing or two about what's around the block.

Your dad's been around the block with your mom.

Your dad's been around the block. The Feldman's live there, and they have two mommies.

Your dad's been around the block. He will never come back. We're on our own now, kid.

Your dad's been around the block five times.

Your dad's been around the block to see his other family.

Your dad's been around the block. You've driven him away because you wear makeup.

Your dad's been around the block for cigarettes. No, he didn't hit me, I fell. We were just having a disagreement.

Your dad's been around the block six times.

Your dad's been around the block, but alas Gustav, that was before they put up the Wall.

Your dad's been around the block today or yesterday maybe. I don't know.

Your dad's been around the block. The house is on fire.

Your dad's been around the block for a while now. He won't pick up his cell. Take your sister to see if he's passed out.

Your dad's been around the block. One morning it will not be so easy.

COLLEGE PRANKS

Who says Stanford students can't put down their books for some good, old-fashioned hijinks? Gear up for the new quarter with these Classic Stanford Pranks!

1895

A group of undergrads throw mean ol' Dean Henderson into Lake Lag. While Henderson calls the wacky students "sluggards and scallawags" and threatens to "box their ears," we think that crusty old Dean just needs to lighten up! Go Card!

2008

Loveable troublemaker Azia Kim pulls a fast one on the Farm with her classic Stanford student impersonation. Housing officials chuckle warmly at Kim's antics, shaking their heads and remarking that "she really got [their] goat!" Ba-zing!

1884

In Stanford's wackiest prank ever, Leland Jr. pulls a fast one on his parents by faking his own death. While he planned to recreate a classic scene from The Adventures of Tom Sawyer and reveal the joke at his own funeral, Leland Jr. didn't realize that his family would opt for cremation and, ever the rascal, tragically died.

1930

21 plucky students manage to steal the Axe from the Cal weenies, relying on nothing more than clever disguises, a little grit and moxie, and a gas grenade. These outrageous antics eventually lead to the modern tradition of exchanging the Axe after Big Game. Beat Cal!!!

1971

Who hasn't heard of renowned jokester Philip Zimbardo's famous Stanford Prison Prank?!! Said one student, "I had no idea what kind of brutality I was capable of inflicting upon my fellow man until Zimbardo came along. Boy, do I feel silly!" While the prank was originally intended to last seven days, it was cut short by one day as Professor Zimbardo was "dying to tell them they were on camera!"

A Like Poem

I like to rock out with my cock out.
I like to hang out with my wang out.
I like to stick out with my dick out.
I like to go out with my bro out.
I like to eat out with my meat out.
I like to chill out with my dill out (pickle).
I like to try out with my guy out.
I like to clock out with my cock out.
I like to storm out with my worm out.
I like to run out with my bun out.
I like to punk out with my junk out.
I like to roll out with my pole out.
I like to fall out with my ball out.
I like to schmeenis out with my penis out.
I like to churn out with my worm out.
I like to work out with my pork out.
I like to strike out with my bike out.
I like you.

OVERREACTING ASEXUAL

"Ohhh... my back hurts. Could you give me a massage?"

"Whoa this feels pretty tense. Have you considered seeing a professional about this? Maybe a chiropractor? I honestly don't think that I'm qualified."

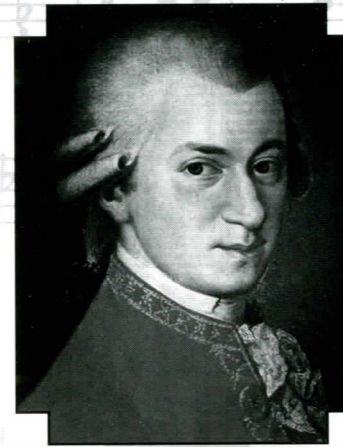
"I have a little headache, do you mind if I lie on your bed? Can you close the door so it's quieter?"

"Ok. Ok. What are the symptoms? Don't lie down yet, because, you know, if you have a concussion then lying down could be really dangerous. Ok, it doesn't look like a concussion, your pupils look fine. I think you should probably head back to your room, take some Tylenol, and get some rest. Let me walk you back, just to be safe."

"This class is really stressing me out, I feel like crying. Could you just hold me for awhile?"

"Actually, funny you mention that. So, as you may remember, you said last week you had been stressed about this class. Now, I've actually TA'ed for the class before, so I took the liberty of contacting the teacher and telling him you were having a rough quarter for personal reasons. He just got back to me today and told me that you can have an extension any time you want. So, yeah. Shoot him an email when you get the chance and I'm sure everything will be fine."

"I think I love you."
[panicked breathing]



Mozart?

Get this. So Salieri's playing one of his "compositions" - trying to suck King Joseph's dick. Mozart walks straight up, in the king's fucking court mind you, and is just like, "Here, let me fix that for you," and just rips out an ill variation off the top of his head. By the end, you'd think Salieri couldn't possibly be more embarrassed. Mozart starts standing up from the piano, right? Then he just fucking falls on his face because he's THAT drunk.

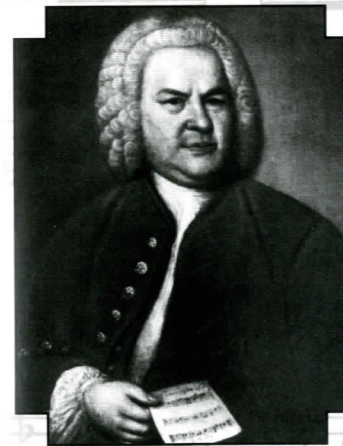
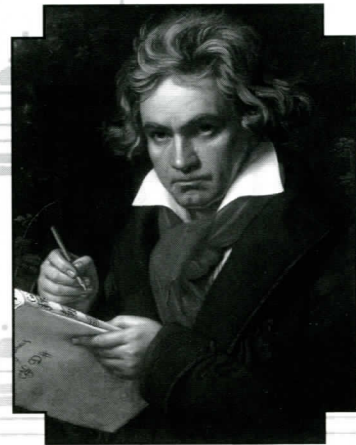
Yeah, he was pretty poor. Truth is though, people were just too damn scared to hire him. I remember this one time - some baron who had commissioned an opera was watching the rehearsal from one of those booths. We could see this guy was not happy - everybody in Austria knew Mozart was porking said dude's wife as a side project. During the intermission, Mozart sneaks up to the booth and just fucking shivs the guy - assassin style. For Mozart it was kill or be killed, you know what I mean? I'm pretty sure this was right around the time he was working on The Magic Flute.

Beethoven?

Legend has it he tried to tear his own eyes out after the premiere of his 7th symphony. Had to be restrained by his wife and the cello section. I guess he thought it was all just too fucking easy.

Some say he wasn't even deaf. Maybe one day he just decided that sounds other than his music just weren't even worth acknowledging anymore. Could be, dude. There was this one period, right after he went "deaf" where he would tell his students they all played like goats, even though he never heard them play. He never even gave them a chance to play. Just broke their fucking violins over his own head.

What? No, that wanting-to-go-blind thing was still legit.

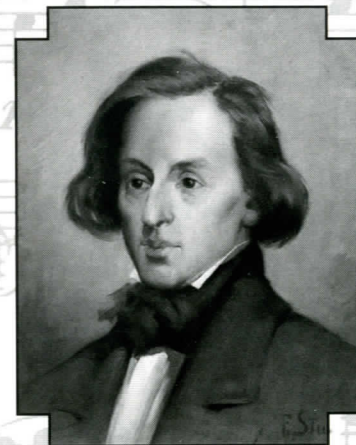


Bach?

So the King of Prussia, convinced he's finally grown a dick cause he wrote a fugue, decides he's gonna challenge Bach to make a variation on the fugue. By the time Bach shows up, the king realizes he's fucked - he's practically pissing his pants. Bach sits down at the organ and proceeds to play not one, but six of the SICKEST diss fugues I have heard to this day, I swear to god. The cathedral is going nuts at this point, but Bach holds up his hand and everybody goes fucking silent - straight up respect. He looks at King Frederick and stone cold says, "Make whatever variation you want on this - it'll still say FUCK YOU."

Chopin?

Yeah, I saw him a couple times. I mean, I was into this girl at the time, she was all about Chopin, so I was kinda like, "Fuck it, lets go to a concert," you know? Great idea - worked like a charm. She ate that shit up! But honestly... I don't know. His music is just... well... I mean, just look at the guy.



YO MOMMA!

If *pro* is the opposite of *con*, then shouldn't *congress* be the opposite of *progress*?

If *pro* is the opposite of *con*, then isn't our senate just a bunch of DOOFY BUTTLICKERS?

If *profess* and *confess* are both shades of the meaning "to declare openly", then I guess these guys aren't so different after all.

If a *pro* is someone of superior ability and well-defined credentials in a given field, then aren't tennis teachers using the term too loosely? And shouldn't something be *done* about this?

If *pro* is the opposite of *con*, then what do we do for cases when there is a *professional con* artist, like George Clooney in the film *Out of Sight*?

What about when there's an entire group of them, like Clooney's team in *Oceans 11*? Does it work like a guild, such that younger members are only apprentices?

And how explicit is the rule saying a heist's demolitions expert must be a black, British guy. 'Cause it's the way it works out.

If *pro* is the opposite of *con*, then doesn't it figure that the *Progresso* brand has excellent subliminal appeal for your average soup *consumer*?

If *pro* is the opposite of *con*, then is anybody going to eat that last prawn? I feel better killing the appetizer tray if I act cute... see how cute I was right there? Mphhhmph...I love getting starters. Something I wish I could do is just like, get a bunch of different starters as my main meal. Oh? A sampler, that's called? I see. I'll probably order that.

Yo momma jokes present great opportunities to those skilled in delivering them. However, they can create embarrassing social situations to anyone who is either the victim of one or an unsuccessful aggressor. But it doesn't have to be this way! Remember these tips and pointers the next time a friendly conversation suddenly turns into a verbal slugfest, a negative experience foreign to very few people.

Try this one out on someone whose mom's age is probably a recurring source of embarrassment:

Yo momma so old, her first grade teacher was a dinosaur(extinct).

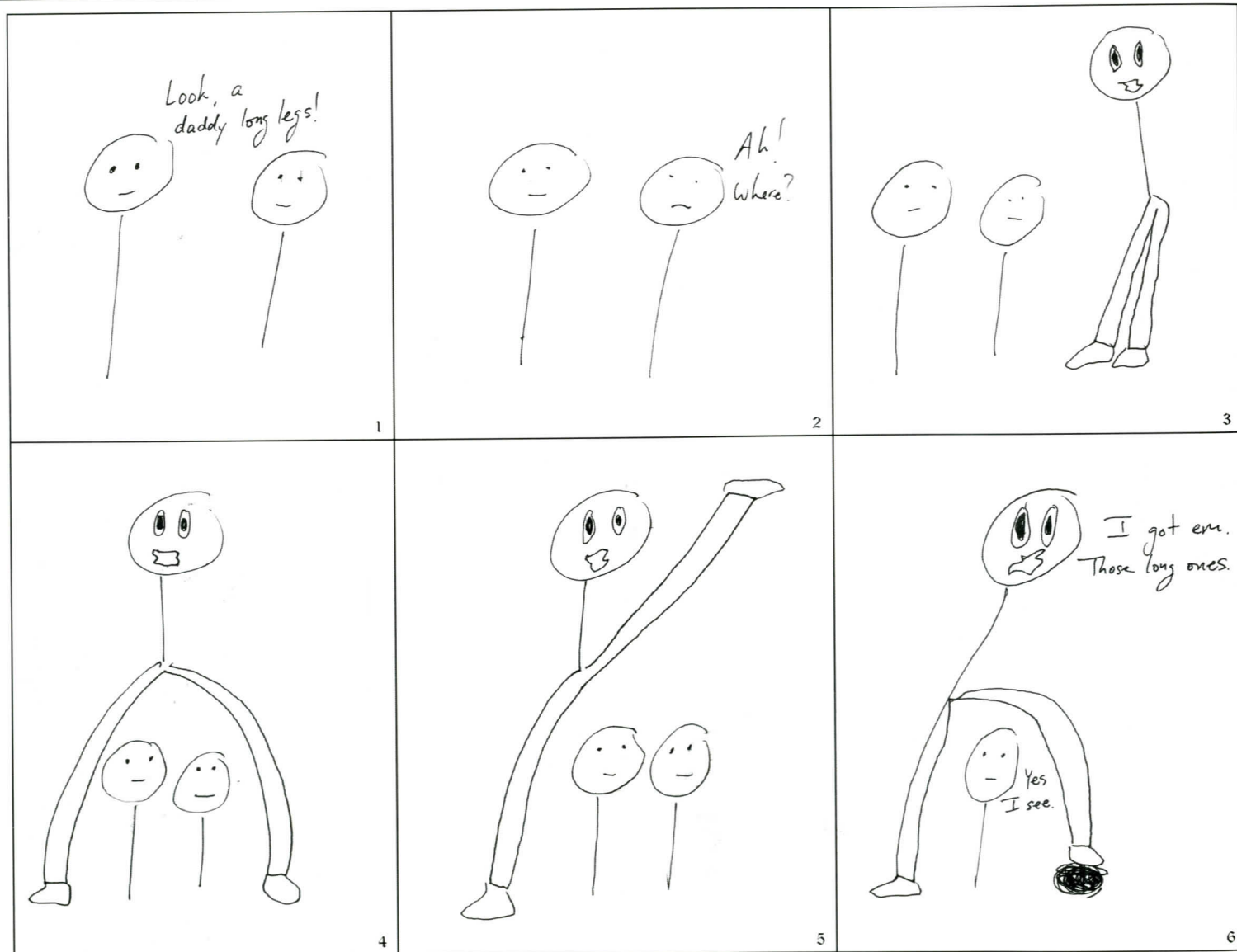
If someone calls your mom fat and you want revenge, bust out this gem:

Yo momma so fat, she's as fat as Vanna White is skanky.

Perfect for calling into question the intelligence of a rival's mother:

Yo momma so stupid, she fell asleep in a mattress factory and slept on the ceiling.

Use this one when you think someone's mom is unattractive and you want everyone within earshot to know:



Yo momma so ugly, when she swiped her credit card in the checkout line the cash register was like, "I'm sorry ma'am, I can't accept this," and she was like, "But it says you take Mastercard," and it was like, "I was referrin' to yo ugliness."

Kill two birds with one stone; leave your opponent looking foolish while you seem like a modern-day Shakespeare:

Yo momma so persnickety, she's more fastidious than Vanna White is skanky.

This one works well on someone who is anxious about whether or not people have noticed his mother's bad breath:

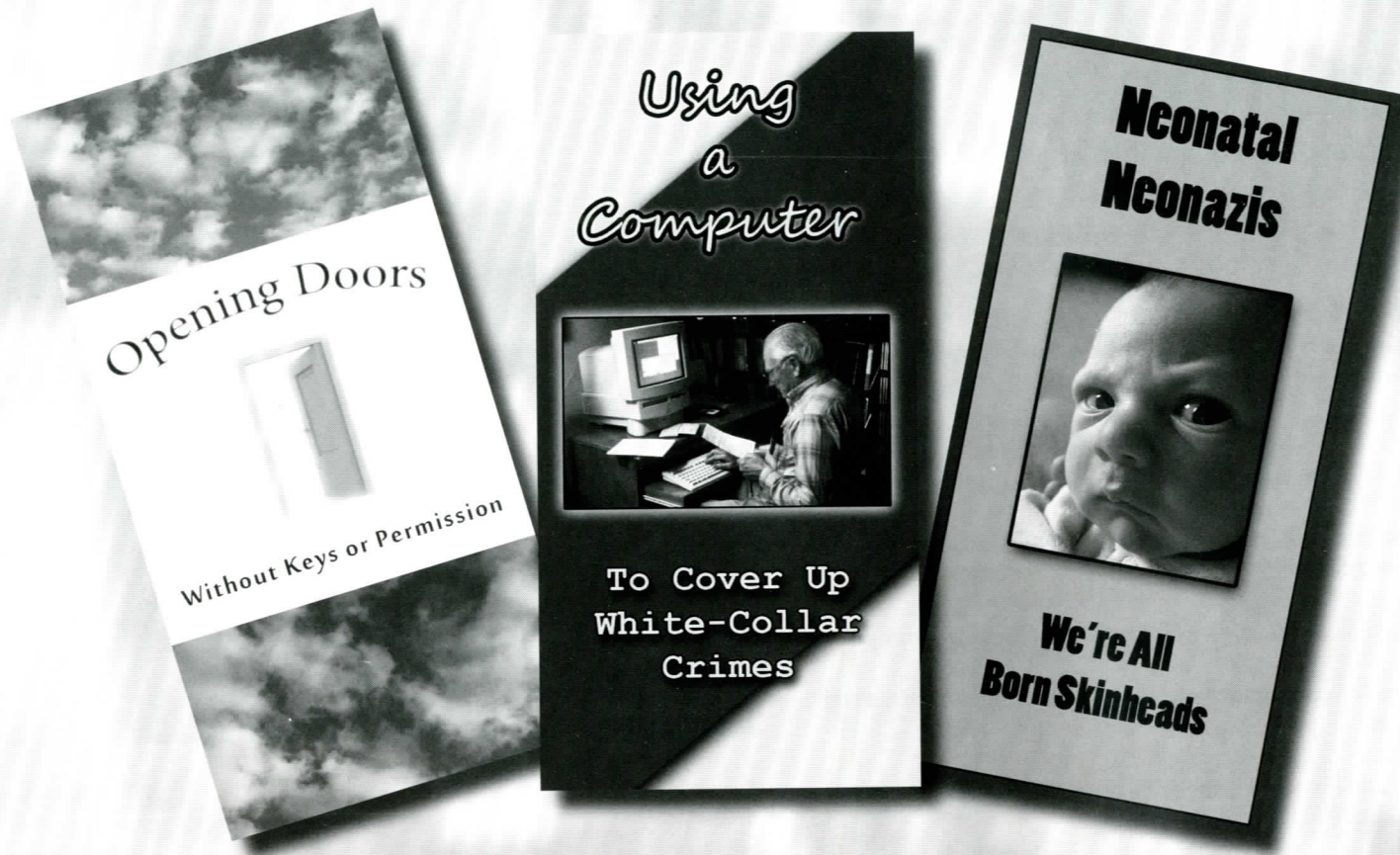
Yo momma's breath stank so bad, she went to the aquarium and all the fish were like, "nuh uh."

Making someone's mom seem unchaste can be so powerful I've provided two examples:

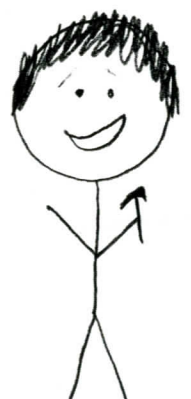
Yo momma such a ho she makes Eleanor Roosevelt look like Eleanor Obama (use current president's last name; if president is a woman replace Eleanor with Herbert.)

Yo momma so skanky, I be callin' her Vanna White.

Delinquent Pamphlets

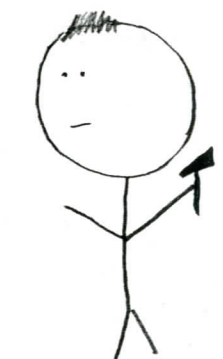


SAY, FELLAS! WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH THEM HAMMERS?



Keith

I'm gonna build a birdhouse!



Miles

I'm gonna beat the shit out of Keith.



Well aren't you Mr. Popular?



"Please, call me Gene..."



...Mr. Popular is my father's name."



MY BAD

Dominique: You just took a sip out of my beer

Adrian: My bad

Dominique: ...

Dominique: You just poured beer on my head

Adrian: My bad

Dominique: It's ok

Dominique: We're in church, why do you have a beer?

Adrian: The fault is my own

Dominique: I thought you were gonna say, "my bad"

Adrian: We're in church

Dominique: My bad

Dominique: Why are we always talking about beer when you say "my bad"?

Adrian: My bad

Dominique: Shit

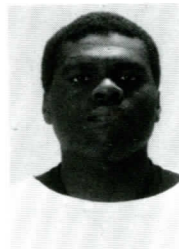
Adrian: My bad

Dominique: What?

Adrian: I tried to use my beer as a bookmark

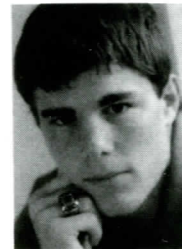
Dominique: I fucking hate you

We're the Planetears! You Can Be One Too!



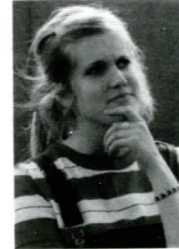
Victor Onuigbo
Eau Claire, WI

Earth



Kyle Meyer
Monett, MO

Fire



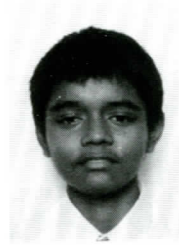
Kristin Trone
Oregon City, OR

Wind



Xin Shan
Gaithersburg, MD

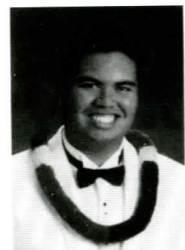
Water



Abi Raja
Indianapolis, IN

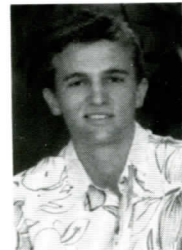
Heart

The Aloha Spirit



Tristan Poasa
Honolulu, HI

Aloha!



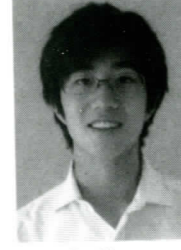
Eli Hart
Kamuela, HI

Aloha!



Christian Baltazar
Hauula, HI

hey.



Paul Lee
Oakland, CA

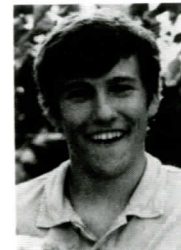
"Like I haven't gotten that before. Cock."

Did You Remember to Floss?



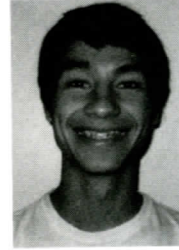
Nina Watkins
San Francisco, CA

Yes!



Stuart Uphill-Brown
Houston, TX

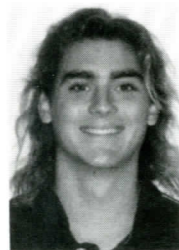
Yesht!



Ryan Satterlee
Cupertino, CA

No!

Sup, bro?



Brogan Miller
Cameron Park, CA

"Not much. Whoa, how'd you know my name, dude?"

Polly Wanna Cracker?

Dads' Night Out



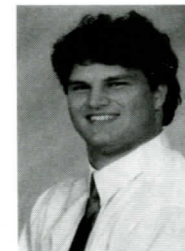
Cyrus Pinto
Mountain View, CA



Firas Abuzaid
Plano, TX



Ravi Patel
San Francisco, CA

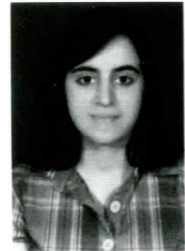


Jacob Gowan
Santa Rosa, CA

"Ma! It's Dad's Night Out!
What are we doing for dinner?"

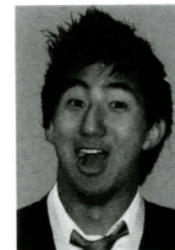
"Ma!!!!!"

"Sorry Bubby, but Ruth and the girls
are coming over for cards tonight.
There are soups in the pantry."



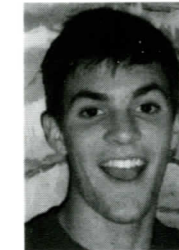
Sahar Khan
Oman

How was the kick-off party?



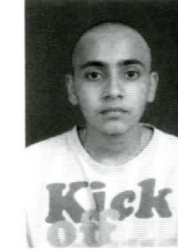
Chase Ishii
Mission Viejo, CA

"Rager of the YEAR,
man. Had a mondo
time."



Aaron Acosta
Ponchatoula, LA

"Such a shitshow!
First and LAST time I
do a vodka slide."



Siddhant Bhandari
India

"Didn't go.
My roommate did. He
got me a shirt."



Grant Mathews
Mount Airy, MD

Where?!??!

A Ghost!

Celebrities



Hyunghoon Cho
Korea

Janet Reno



Gary Schwartz
West Hills, CA

Vanilla Ice



Rob Johnson
Saratoga, CA

Tony Hawk



Tamara Hasoon
Menlo Park, CA

Howard Stern

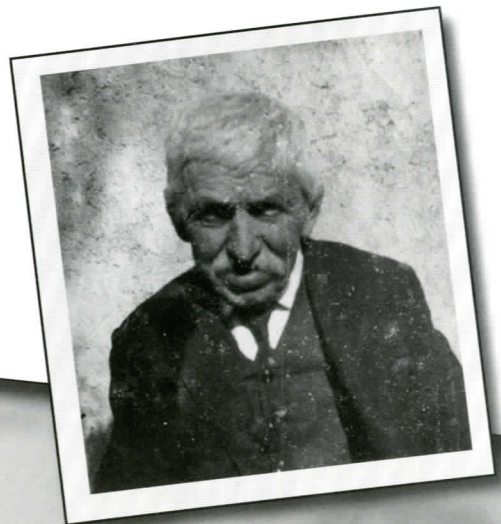
Dear Home Box Office [heretoforth, HBO],

After watching an hour of fang-banging on your new show TruBlood I had enough. In your attempt to sell television to a morally inept audience, you are using vampire porn to misguidedly give the impression that all vampires are willing to give out. Well guess what, they're not. Some all vampires happen to be Mormons and they're not allowed to have sex before marriage. I for one have been married for 1,607 years and still have yet to engage in intercourse with my spouse. But you heathens are making the general public think that every vampire they come across is some vapid sex machine. Even the gay fat vampires in your series willingly puts out for a little love and attention. Well I won't. And I'm sick of sexy young women coming up to me and asking me to bite them. Just because I don't have a soul doesn't mean I don't have feelings and a moral compass. And just because my blood-sucking nature has exiled me from society to the point where I can't get a job to make a reasonable income to hire a reasonable lawyer doesn't mean I can't blackmail one into representing me. This is the last straw HBO. First you thought you could get away with attacking our church with "Big Love." Then you had the audacity to divorce Larry and Cheryl on "Curb your Enthusiasm." Well enough is enough. You think you're so hot with your myriad of sexy actors with 6 packs, southern accents, and a strong distaste for shirts. How are our sexually confused vampire youth supposed concentrate on creating a spiritual connection with our Lord with these images flying around them? Your portrayal of our kind is both heinous and inaccurate. No we don't glisten in the sun and drinking our blood will not make your orgasms better. Consider this a warning.

Disgruntled,

Cane Bloodhound

Cane Bloodhound



P.S.
Christ be with you.



Dear Friends, Neighbors, and Both,

I'm Barry Kaplan, and--like you-- I want what's best for the children. As a 15-year resident and an area father, I know what this community needs to ensure the growth of its kids. As an educator, and a coach--I've watched them grow. Like you, my wife and I chose to raise our family here because we cared about building a strong, safe, community.

I remember our first year in town: village land was set aside for togetherness, and parks; heck, the hardware store made most of its profits mending fences back then. This is the vision we need to keep in mind as the District 20 School Board elections near.

I would like to ask that you support my bid for Chairman of the District 20 School Board. If you do not support me, then I fear for you, and for what promises to be dark days for all.

Above all, it will be an evil occasion for our kids. The current School Board has trapped the children between this world and another, you see. In the distance you can still hear their single cry. But when you call out to it, your voice gets lost in the vespers.

Parents, we must rise up above the fog and exorcise this commun-entity that makes District 20 writhe and scream so. We must remind ourselves of a time before the Great Rain, and then harness the energy of this memory to fight through to the children. We must confront our demons if we are ever to unburden the next generation of our mistakes.

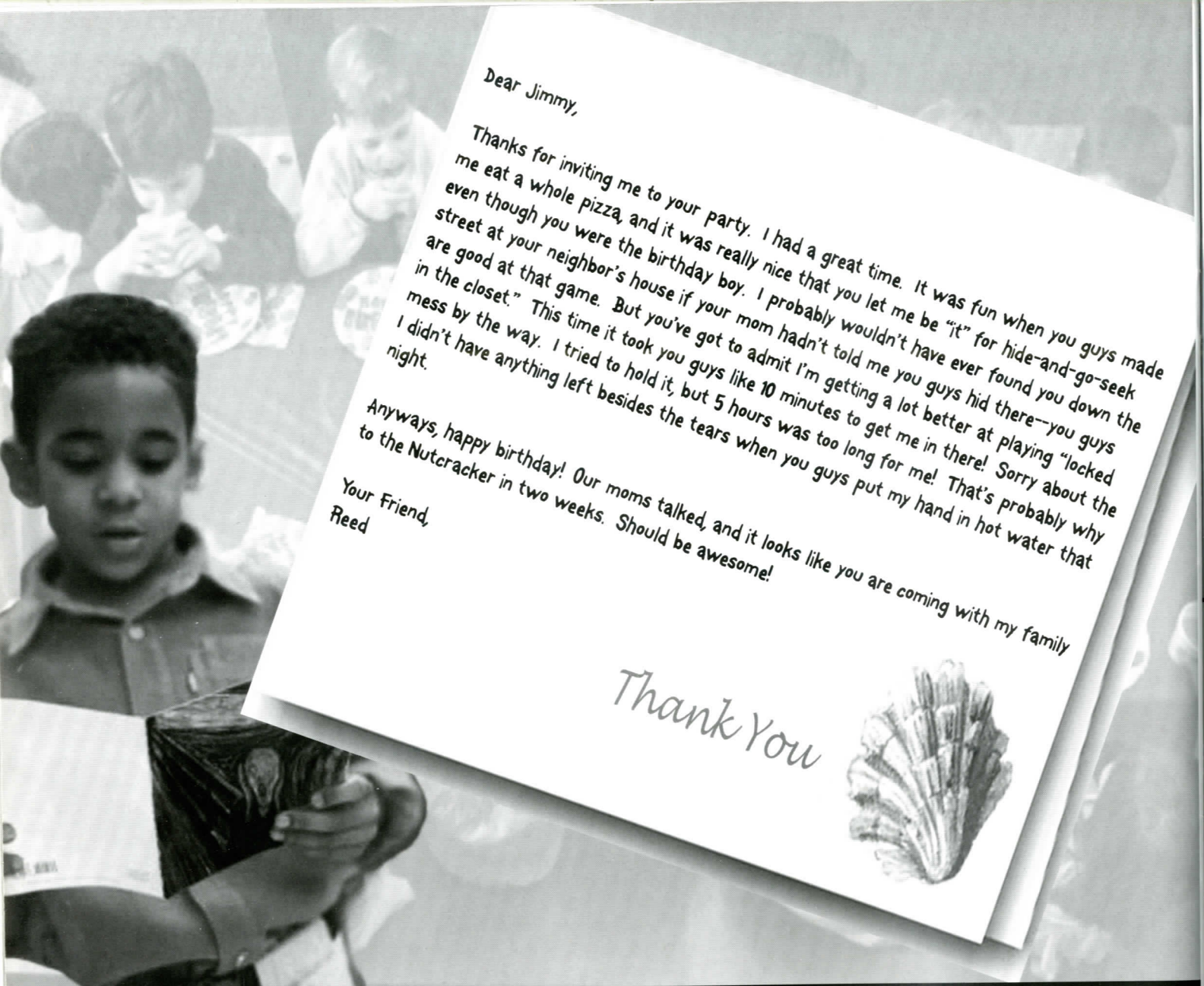
Something foul--a foul and vile thing!--lurks in the shadows, and now that it has come we cannot expect it to leave peacefully. GOD HELP OUR VILLAGE BECAUSE THE THIRD TUESDAY OF THE MONTH WILL BE ITS RECKONING.

So come on out and vote Kaplan next month! Thanks!



MIRRORAGE





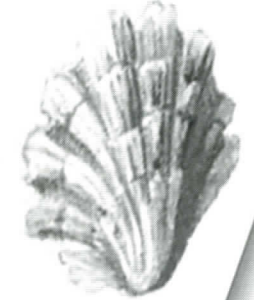
Dear Jimmy,

Thanks for inviting me to your party. I had a great time. It was fun when you guys made me eat a whole pizza, and it was really nice that you let me be "it" for hide-and-go-seek even though you were the birthday boy. I probably wouldn't have ever found you down the street at your neighbor's house if your mom hadn't told me you guys hid there--you guys are good at that game. But you've got to admit I'm getting a lot better at playing "locked in the closet." This time it took you guys like 10 minutes to get me in there! Sorry about the mess by the way. I tried to hold it, but 5 hours was too long for me! That's probably why I didn't have anything left besides the tears when you guys put my hand in hot water that night.

Anyways, happy birthday! Our moms talked, and it looks like you are coming with my family to the Nutcracker in two weeks. Should be awesome!

Your Friend,
Reed

Thank You



English Sux

Name: Jimmy Engel

Grade: 4th ~~est~~ est

Teacher: Needs to quit bitching

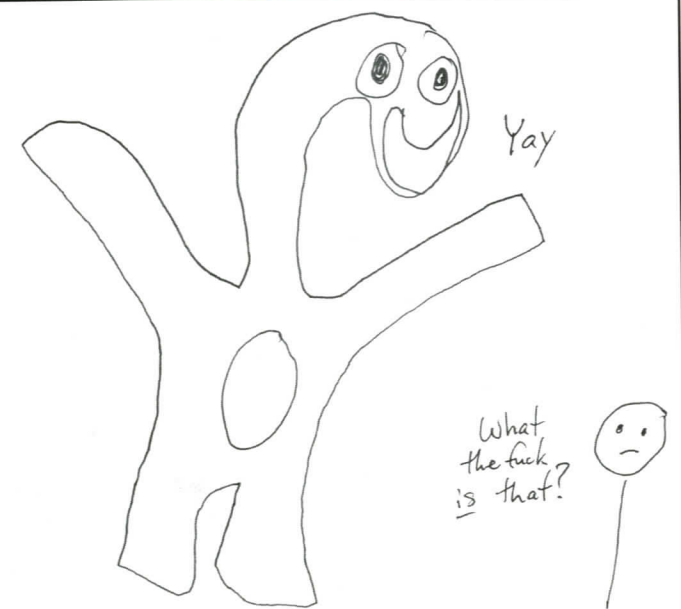
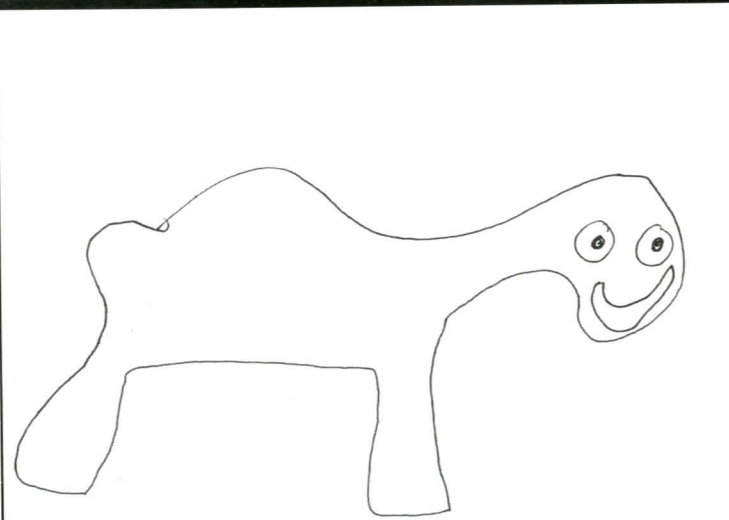
Title: What I learned from my Dad.

Yesterday the woman went out to go hoaching with all her floozy friends so pa had to take care of me. Then steve came over & there was ~~happy hour~~ Ecstatis 12 hours Dad said Fuck this and we all went to the club. We all had Applt juice that smelled like medicine and then dad taught me how to deal with wummin. Now I know how to deal wif wummins.

Ur a fat lady ms. Plenderson why don't you lose some wait. You better give me an A or else you won't get any munny 4 clothes & makeup. Stop going out with those floozy Friends of yers. Listen 2 me or I'll smack you 1. why do you make me hurt you huh? why? That's right, cry, CRY!
I'm sorry baby, I didn't mean it. It's all nite. You know how I get when ur snippy, baby. It's all allrite. No, I won't hurt you anymore. Its just when you get like that u know I have to teach u a lesson. It's alrite, I still love you. Just don't act like that no more. Shush now. IS a good girl. sssshhh.

- Excellent use of "Ecstatis," Jimmy. D+, see me in detention.
No Mis Plenderson U SEE ME IN DET Detention. A+
- This isn't a bargain, Jimmy. Don't hand this back to me again.
YO DO AS I SAY WUMMIN. DON'T MAKE ME SHOW U WHOSE BOSS.

A+



What the fuck is that?

Mirror Mirror On The Wall



Announcing...

"The Folks Are Safe At Home"

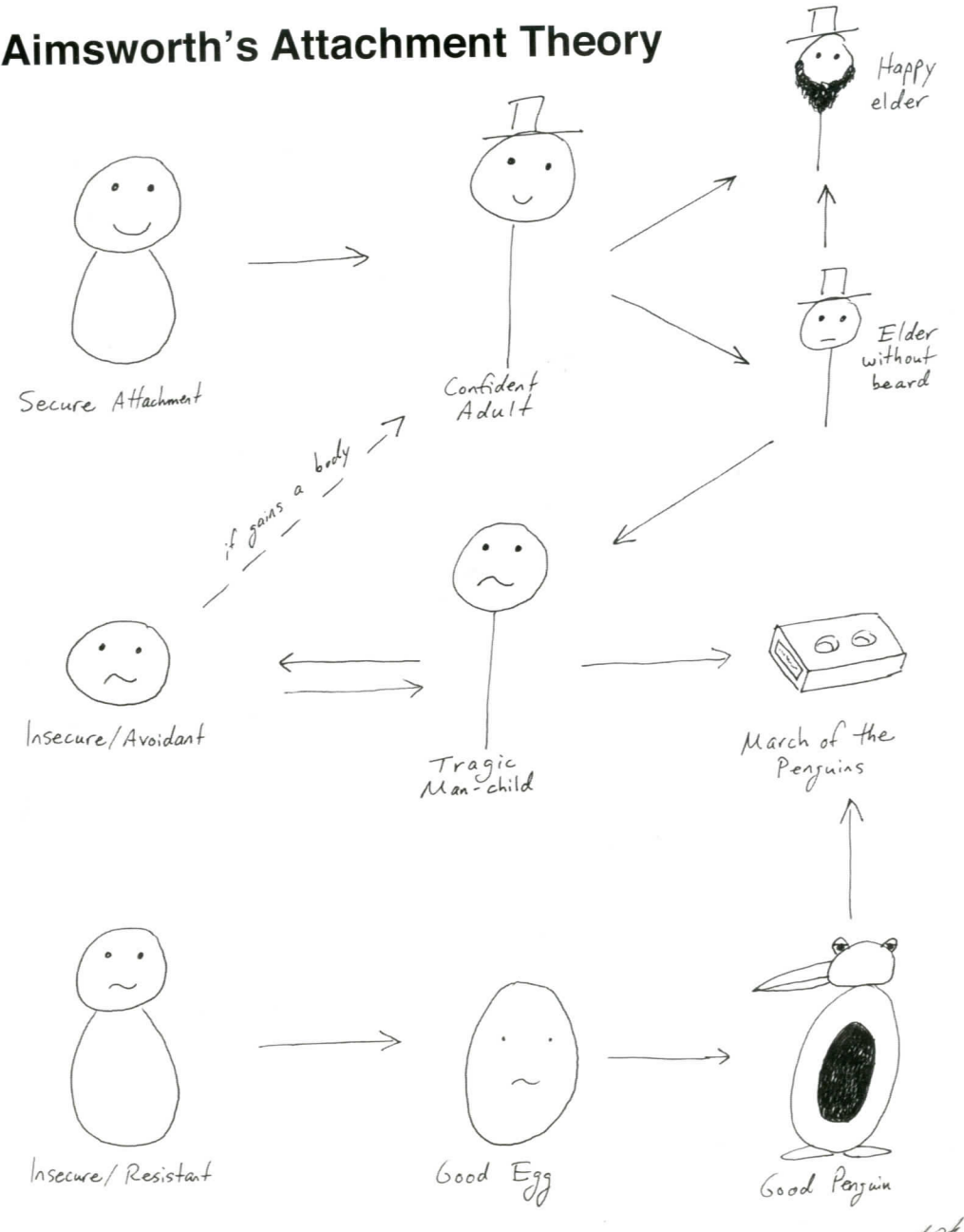
The newest hit single from American singer/songwriter



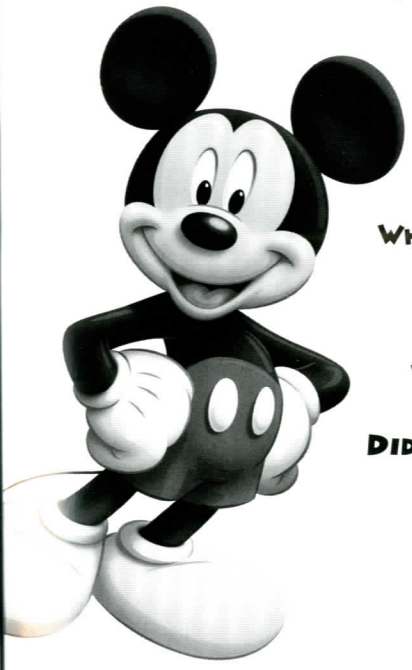
Anna Belle Heely

Born to one of Delaware's oldest families, Anna Belle has been singing about her country and the pride it stirs deep inside her since the tender age of 23. Her lyrics about the stars and stripes even earned her the nickname "America's Teacup" by the *Dallas Star-Tribune*. Her latest song, "My Country, Your Country," has been featured at campaign stops for such politicians as senators and mayors.

Aimsworth's Attachment Theory



DISNEY PERSONALITY QUIZZES



- WHICH OF SNOW WHITE'S SEVEN DWARVES ARE YOU?
- ?
- WHICH JONAS BROTHERS' SONG ARE YOU?
- ?
- WHICH OF THE JONAS BROTHERS ARE YOU?
- ?
- WHICH OF THE SEVEN DWARVES ARE THE JONAS BROTHERS?
- ?
- WHICH OF THE JONAS BROTHERS WOULD FUCK YOU?
- ?
- WHICH OF THE JONAS BROTHERS WOULD FUCK SNEEZY?
- ?
- DID YOU KNOW ONE OF THE JONAS BROTHERS IS A DIABETIC?
- ?
- WHICH OF THE JONAS BROTHERS FUCKED GRUMPY?
- !
- WHO WOULDN'T FUCK GRUMPY?
- ?
- GRUMPY FUCKED SNEEZY?
- ?
- WHICH HANNAH MONTANA SONG ARE YOU?

Welcome to NORDSTROM

Hey there fella, and welcome to Nordstrom! What brings ya here this afternoon? Bit of shopping? Need to pick up a few things? Shopping for the wifey, eh? Birthday coming up? Boy, but I know what that's like!

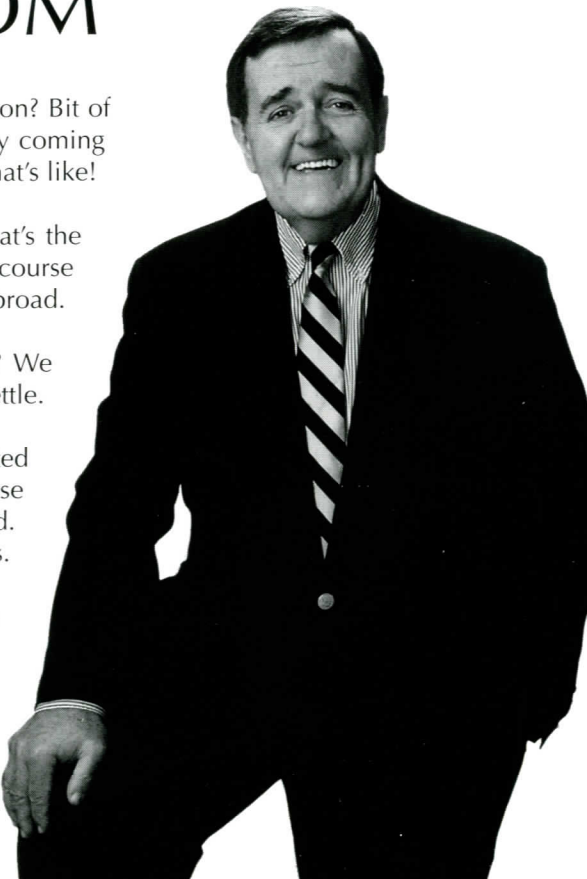
Here, smell this perfume. Smells kinda like lavender. You like that smell? That's the smell of beauty, my friend. You do think your wife's beautiful, don't you pal? Of course you do, I'm sure she's a lovely broad.

What about a nice pair of earrings? Could she use a nice pair of earrings? We literally have shit tons of jewelry here, pal. Get her sparkling like a tea kettle.

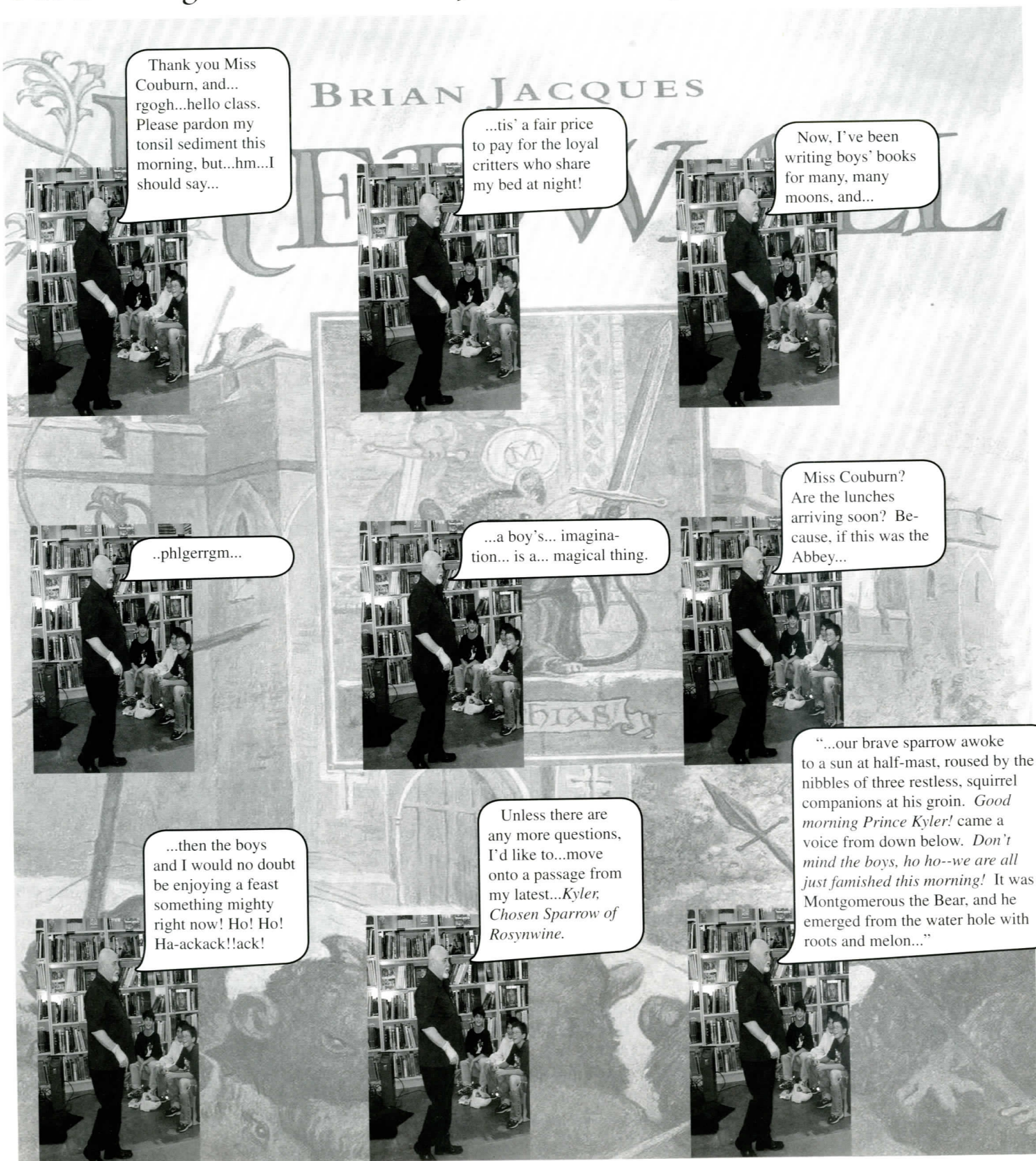
What about these nice scented candles? Your lady's sure to like some nice scented candles. Take a whiff of this one, bud. Smell that lavender? Yeah, that's because it's *infused*, believe it or not. That's the smell of you getting some, my friend. She'll be all over you, you get her a dozen or so of these here candles.

How about some fresh cut cocaine? She'll go gaga for a kilo or two of some Nordstrom coke. Ain't cut with nothin', stuffs 100% pure as the driving snow! Colombian import too, you know. Exotic! No foolin', bub. If I know your woman, she wants you to get her a brick of cocaine on her special day.

Or what about a nice a cashmere scarf?



An Evening with Brian Jacques, Author of the Redwall Series



Thank you Miss Couburn, and... rgooh...hello class. Please pardon my tonsil sediment this morning, but...hm...I should say...

...tis' a fair price to pay for the loyal critters who share my bed at night!

Now, I've been writing boys' books for many, many moons, and...

..phlgerrgm...

...a boy's... imagination... is a... magical thing.

Miss Couburn? Are the lunches arriving soon? Because, if this was the Abbey...

...then the boys and I would no doubt be enjoying a feast something mighty right now! Ho! Ho! Ha-ackack!!ack!

Unless there are any more questions, I'd like to...move onto a passage from my latest...*Kyler: Chosen Sparrow of Rosynwine.*

"...our brave sparrow awoke to a sun at half-mast, roused by the nibbles of three restless, squirrel companions at his groin. *Good morning Prince Kyler!* came a voice from down below. *Don't mind the boys, ho ho--we are all just famished this morning!* It was Montgerous the Bear, and he emerged from the water hole with roots and melon..."

A brief guide to...

Zippers on Wallets

Hey, men! What does the number of zippers on your wallet say about you?

Zero Zippers

A real man's man! No one wants to mess with you, hombre. Sure, someone may give you change. But do you panic? NAW, MAN! You throw that change right back at the sissy trying to give it to you or pour it in their "tipz!" jar because you feel sorry they work at a coffee shop. What a stud! That or you put the change in your pocket. Either way, no zippers means you're fighting whoever thinks you're a pansy. Well done.

One Zipper

Nothing wrong with just one! After all, no use just losing the quarters out of your pocket every time you sit down, right? Put that spare change in the zipper compartment and you're good to go. Sensibility is your middle name, and that's just fine by you. Maybe people call you metro sexual, but when you finally land a girlfriend, she's going to know you're gonna treat her right. Nothing but respect for that lucky lass!

Two Zippers

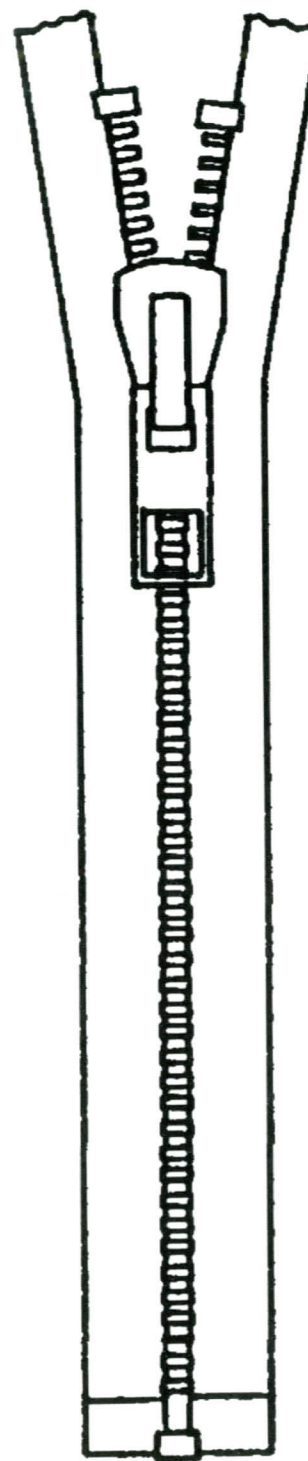
What are you gonna put in that other zipper compartment? I mean, your change is already in the first one. Do you separate the quarters from the smaller currency? Or do you just keep the pennies away from the silver pieces? Are there Altoids in there? This just doesn't make any sense. Get with it. Seriously, dipshit. I mean, where'd you even find a wallet like that? You must have gone looking for that thing. You actually went up to a wallet salesman and said, "Excuse me, sir. Are you a purveyor of two zipper wallets?" God bless the employee who didn't spit in your face.

Three Zippers

Fuck you.

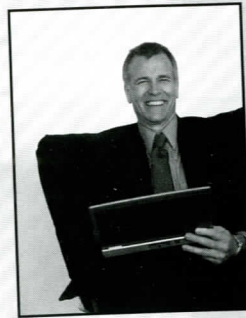
Eight Zippers

Now we've come full circle. Eight zippers? That's pretty badass. In theory, you could use your wallet as a tackle box. I know they don't sell anything this ridiculous in stores, so that means you sewed the thing yourself. Wow. Any man confident enough in his manhood to sew a wallet himself is Ay-Okay in my book. I bet the leather you used in that wallet came from an animal you killed with your bare hands. That is where the leather came from, isn't it? Ha! You weren't even gonna tell me, you modest, hairy man. A tanner and a tailor! If this were the wild west, you'd be sheriff. Sheriff Eight Zipper.



Bring Your Kid To Work Day!

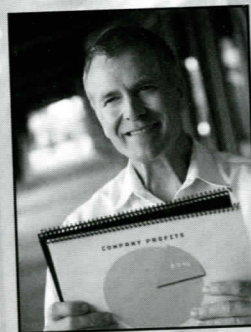
Jem! Son, come in and make yourself at home, *mi casa es su casa*. Err--but... don't tell your mother I've been living here on weekdays.



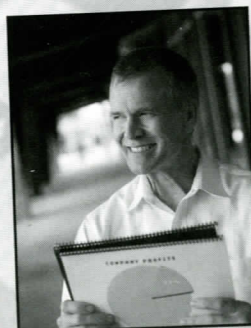
Nancy, I'd like you to meet my son, Jeremy. He's the apple of my eye. Wants to be a businessman, too, just like his Pap!



My employees are the salt of the earth, Jeremiah, and we bought a globe to help them remember it. Mark! Richie! What's going on in the *world* today, men?



Son--there's only one true way to measure success, and that's GRAPHICALLY....



...they get to Geometry yet in school, Junior?!?!

Come on, get up! Get up!
We've got to finish this.
Almost there, damn it!
You're going to get up and finish this.

We made it as far as the three-legged race.
We have to at least finish.

You're not a quitter!
No man in the history of the Levine family has been a quitter.
You're a Levine, get up!

There's not much more to go!
That's it!
Second place here we come!

This is it!
This is it!
The last event!
We're going to be Father-Son runner-ups!
That's still good.
Come on, Dad!



JARED DIAMOND on
JARED's Diamonds
'Now I'm an expert on guns, germs, and, style'

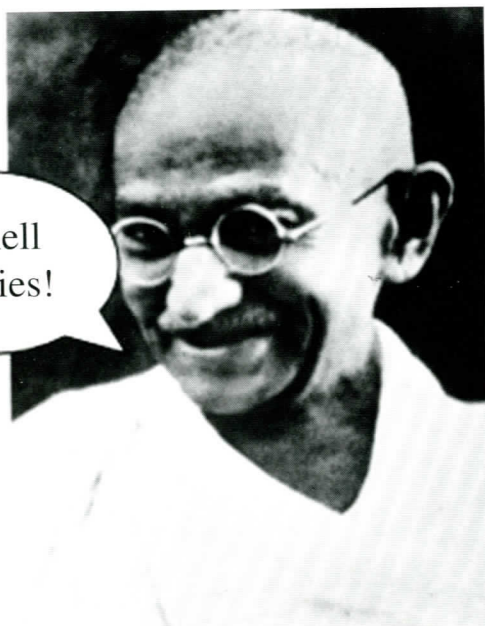
Gandhi Pens!



*Smooth,
Deluxe,
Good,
Gandhi,
The Best*

*Because an important idea
deserves an important pen
and*

*Because they're what
he would have used!*



I smell cookies!

friends4ever99: Hey dude, did u see friends last nite?

TrnTbIMstr: Nah, nah. Was it really good?

friends4ever99: It was alright, but you shouldve seen this one commercial they aired. It was sweet.

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya it was for Arbys, theyre introducing a new sandwich. In the commercial Arbys hires this mad scientist to create the world's greatest sandwich. But the cool thing was the scientist was black.

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya its nice to see that their casting decisions werent based on unfounded stereotypes for a change. And they broke barriers in other ways too. The scientist's assistant was even an amputee.

friends4ever99: No wait, a double amputee!

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya I think companies like McDonalds could take a hint from Arbys that the 50s is a decade of the past. So anyways then the mad scientist and his assistant build a time machine and travel to Ancient Greece cuz they heard Aristotle had discovered the ingredients to the greatest sandwich of all time and then kept it top secret. Its cool they incorporated this plot point even though "history" tells us the Ancient Greeks were not very secretive.

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya and in the commercial the Greeks were all of different ethnicities. You could even make out in the background a Sikh and an Orthodox Jew running an olive shop.

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya and once the mad scientist gave the secret ingredients to Arbys and they released the sandwich it cuts to a scene of all these marriage counselors protesting outside of Arbys cuz they lost all their clients cuz once their clients tasted how delicious the sandwich was it like reminded them of how great life can be and made them appreciate their spouses more. But the thing is all these couples that gave testimonials about how the sandwich saved their marriage were all interracial.

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya except for these two white guys, but even they had heavy Mexican accents.

TrnTbIMstr: Really?

friends4ever99: Ya and they even named the sandwich The Mayan Madness even though the Mayans were a sandwichless culture.

TrnTbIMstr: Really!

GENE HACKMAN

GENE WILDER

GENIE GENES



The amazing true story of a geneticist's fight against time... to clone a magical genie!

IN THEATERS DECEMBER 25

We asked the staff...

“What’s the trick to raising kids these days?”

Keep it simple. Choose one reward and one punishment, and stick with it. A paste of cane sugar and crisco is the reward, another paste of vinegar and flour is the punishment. Kid’s excited, because he learned to read at a school? Bam! Reward paste. Kid’s crying about his gameboy or whatever? Bam! Punishment paste.

**Anthony Scodary,
A Good Kid**

HGH and super soldier formula in the baby food, arms and covert ops training, indoctrination, and daily beatings with a giant noodle to desensitize responses towards pain.

**Shuvam Kabir,
Peace Keeper**

Just get them typing early. Like five or six. Everything else will fall into place.

**Carrie Kemper,
Terrible Penmanship**

Upper body strength.

**Christie Noelle Brydon,
Up Top**

Bootstrapping. Raise one child yourself, then resample that child to help raise the second. This technique exploits the power of exponential growth, giving you maximum child rearing efficiency. You can expect gains of 50-100x before mutations begin to dominate your genetic signal.

**Patrick Maher,
Nature and Nurture**

Most people say they have great results with a village, but I prefer using a township. I have used townships to raise all my children and they are the best children I’ve ever seen.

**Meghan McCurdy,
Unincorporated**

Getting your shoulder under their ass.

**Elliot Babchick,
Brother Bear**

I don’t like to think of it as us raising them, but as them raising us. Or raising me, rather. On my gilt palanquin.

**David Parker,
Earns It**

As long as they don’t turn out pear-shaped, you’ve done the most you can do.

**Doug Kenter,
Fruit**

Birth control.

**Kendra Allenby,
Plan C**

The best place to raise a child is a draft-free spot that is between 80 and 85 degrees F. Avoid very hot areas as too much heat will kill them. But a place too cold will keep them from rising. An unheated oven is an ideal place.

Let children rise only until they are doubled in size. You can tell if they have risen enough by pressing two fingers about 1/2 inch into the skin. If the indentation remains, they are ready to shape.

Children are completely baked if they sound hollow when tapped with your finger.

**David Kettler,
Hansel**

Most people say they have great results with a village, but I prefer using a township. I have used townships to raise all my children and they are the best children I’ve ever seen.

**Meghan McCurdy,
Spa Blogger**

Paradoxically, sobriety.

**Garrett Werner,
No Father of Mine**

Google informs me it’s Ritalin. Who knew?

**Alexei Koseff,
My Dad Knew**

The lash, and an opioid for the screamings.

**Josh Stark,
Den Dweller**

Sleight of hand.

**Kiefer Katovich,
Illusionist**

The trick is getting them out of the house when I bring home a trick.

**Jacob Kovacs-Goodman,
Can’t Teach an Old Dog**

Bending with your knees, not your back.

**Billy Kemper,
Best Dad in the Mr. Universe**

Prenatal SAT prep courses

**Will Atwood,
A Man Apart**

Ten parts sugar, ninety parts whiskey.

**Leo Alterman,
Can Reduce Further**

Squand... and witch’s brew.

**Laura Malkiewich,
Wi(t)ch**

I’m a stern believer that a lot of the “great ideas” we modern humans live by don’t beat good old fashioned common sense. People today wouldn’t have so many problems if they took a more natural approach to parenthood. Plus who can really afford in vitro in today’s economic climate?

**Josh Meisel,
Organic**

Throw them into the ocean without their water wings. It builds character. Thanks, Dad!

**Joshua Alvarez,
Talking to Himself**

Let them have their way with the breakfast cereal--you’ll want to preserve your capital.

**John Lyman,
Kid Chosen, Mom Approved**

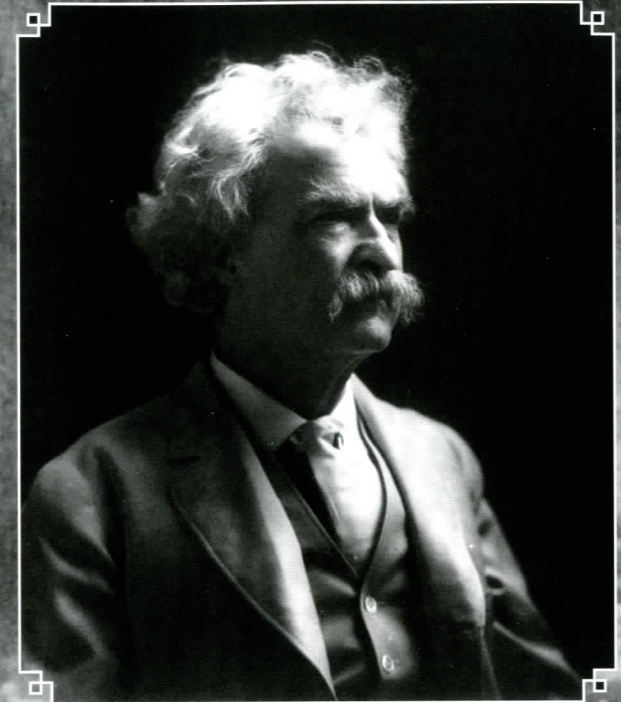
When I was six, my dad told me to go trick-or-treating. It was April, but I brought back some crack anyway. He never showed up to work again.

**Kian Ameli,
“I got a rock”**

Here at the **STANFORD CHAPARRAL**, we’re often asked,

“Who is the funniest man to ever live?”

We like to respond with a simple proof



Mark Twain once said...

“The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.”



J Robert Oppenheimer once said...

“I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.”

QED: J Robert Oppenheimer

If you want to be like The Father Of The Nuclear bomb, then stop taking physics and come by a Chappie meeting.

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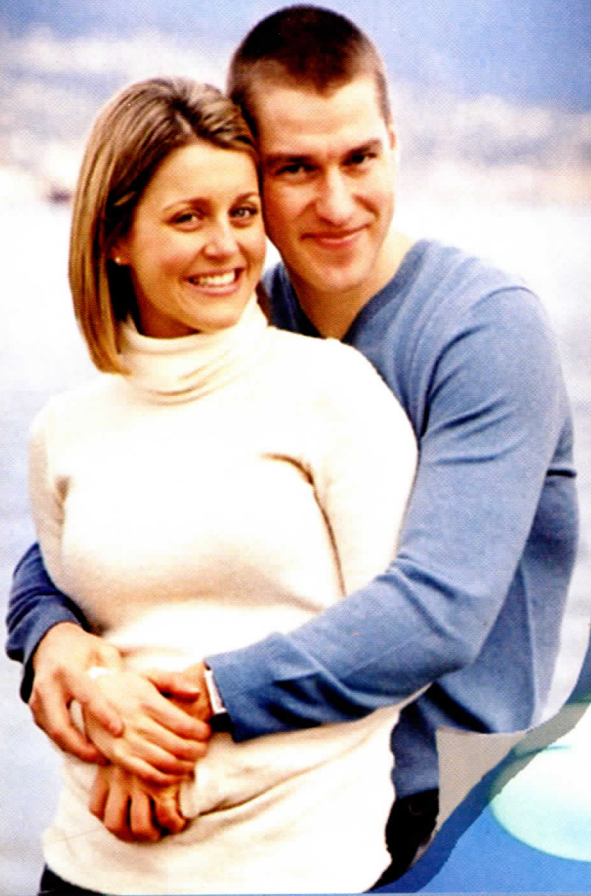
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