



10 Times Your Lab Partner Wasn't Actually Flirting with You

by Katie Zellner and Morgan Pantuck

1. When he invited you over to look at his sheets. Unfortunately, those weren't 400-thread-count Egyptian cotton, but merely Google Sheets. He just wanted to make sure that his titration curve made sense. Bummer!

2. When he asked if you wanted some of his DNA sample. Although you immediately thought this was a semen reference, your lab partner was actually trying to be helpful when you ran out of genetic material. Too bad!

3. When he complimented your heart. This seemed like genuine flattery until you remembered that you were holding a scalpel and dissecting a pig. :(

4. When he said his p-value was significant. You should have known better.



5. When he helped clean the spill off of your shirt. You thought he was just trying to cop a feel, but he was just trying to save your skin from sulfuric acid burns. Shucks!

6. When he asked you for just the tip. He has his own pipette, he just needed the tip box. Ughhhhh.

7. When he asked if you wanted to mate. He walked over, whispered that he noticed your beautiful white eyes, and asked

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YOUR GUIDE TO THE CAMPUS, GHOST BY GHOST



by Dan Lastres

Photo by Willamina Groething

Burton and Judson: Harry Judson and Ernest Burton, among the University's first presidents, curmudgeonly float room to room bemoaning what the University has become since they ran the show. Many freshmen have been startled awake by their cries of, "There are too many women's bathrooms!" and, "The Midway was better as a river!"

South Ghost: Four years ago, the University was visited by a brand new ghost that identified itself by a mere cardinal direction, "South." The ghost later revealed itself to be the spectral remnants of alumna Renee Granville-Grossman. A friendly and benevolent ghost, Renee

has been known to leave game show-sized checks for students who chisel her name into their personal belongings. This ghost hasn't been sighted in some time, but take a trip down to the haunting cellar of South and you'll hear its ghostly wailing and moaning emanating from multiple practice rooms at the same time.

The Ghost of John Rockefeller (in the Chapel): On dreary weekday mornings when the space hasn't been rented to a wedding party, John D. Rockefeller haunts his own mausoleum, which was erected in honor of an ambiguous deity that probably likes money or something. The ghost of vicious

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**THE
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DISCLAIMER

Have the fangs of our prose pierced you? Does your blood boil with anger, or just the regular kind of boil? Are you plotting your revenge? Think of how little it would mean, to spill our blood, to chew our flesh. Think of how meaningless all our lives are, bottle the anger up, then go home and drink the bottle.

META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fuck-in-g care.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

First and foremost, we at the Shady Dealer are pleased to welcome all of the First Year students to their next four years of schooling at The University of Chicago and their next ten years of therapy sessions! Orientation Week is a wild time for everyone involved, and we can all agree that no one, satirical publications included, needs to be held accountable for their actions during this magical, Purge-style week.

Second, to the returning students, the Shady Dealer again offers its sincerest apologies to all who were offended, repulsed, mutilated, heartbroken, or personally victimized by our last O-Week issue. Did we have to graffiti the lyrics to "We Didn't Start the Fire" on Stuart Hall? Probably not. Was it necessary to write an article about Dean Nondorf taking a medical leave of absence due to a serious case of "Bieber Fever?" In hindsight, no. Could we have gone without a list of the ten university officials who are actually three children on top of each other in a trenchcoat? Maybe. Was it a bad idea to release a list of the best ways to sneak into Bartlett? Abso-freaking-lutely.

But this year, reader, we have checks in place to make sure that these oversights do not happen. Mainly, the only thing stopping one editor-in-chief from getting the university's IP address permanently banned from editing Wikipedia or putting the entire Shady Dealer writing staff on the No-Fly List is the other editor-in-chief. So anytime Teddy wants to publish a comprehensive list of all the ways the administration will screw you over that's less comedic listicle and more angry diary entry, or anytime Jacob tries to sneak in a think piece about how left-handed people should not have the right to vote, you can count on the other to nix it. It worked for the Roman consuls Julius and Caesar, so who's to say it won't work for us?

Actually, you know what? Some of those ideas are pretty damn funny. Maybe it's time to throw a water balloon at the malevolent Jack-O-Lantern known as President Zimmer. Maybe it's time to climb into a meeting through a window shouting about how our uncles have never been proud of us. Maybe it's time to lob back at the slobs with university jobs who have been lobbied to lob at us. Maybe it's time to pick a fight. If you would be interested in writing for us or contributing to any of this other nonsense that plagues our every waking hour, meet us on Sundays at 7:00 pm in Harper 145. No writing or comedy experience is necessary, and new members are always welcome.

Love,

Jacob Levin and Teddy Zamborsky
Editors in Chief, The *Chicago Shady Dealer*

LAB from page 1

if you wanted to mate. Your flies. Obviously. For the experiment. You don't even have white eyes. Chill.

8. When he said he felt a spark. No, it was not your "electric connection" and "witty banter," it was sparks from the circuit that mal-

functioned while you were staring into his eyes.

9. When he handed you a flask. Erlenmeyer filled with distilled water, not booze. *Sigh*.

10. When he asked, "Are those D's?" He didn't notice your boobs; just your awful

grades. Maybe you should pay more attention to lecture instead of your hunky lab partner.

Pssst: Our editor's a virgin

LIFE SCIENCE

HELP! THE BANANA I ACCIDENTALLY LEFT IN STORAGE HAS ACHEIVED SENTIENCE



by Nik Varley

Look, we've all been there. You open one of the boxes you stored before you left last June, and your nose is suddenly met with the pungent whiff of something organic you've unintentionally left incubating in there all this time. Whoops! Here's an in-depth guide on what to do if the banana you left alone for months has somehow managed to attain consciousness. Note: these steps will also work for sentient grapes, apples, and kiwi, but not for melon, oranges, or pineapples.

If your former midday-snack from the dining hall has been miraculously transformed into a gray pile of mush that repeatedly attempts to communicate with you telepathically, chances are it's been exposed to *Mucorales Illustratum*, a rare kind of mold that appears to prefer the damp, economically uncertain climate of college storage rooms. When this happened, a kind of symbiotic fusion occurred, in which fruit and fungus merged to become

a higher life-form, with a definite degree of self awareness. No doubt, your former banana will have a lot of questions for you. Here are some sample answers to the most frequently-asked questions I have received over the past few years:

1. Q: *Who am I?*

A: Great question! You are a pile of decomposing banana mush that has, against all odds, somehow become sentient. Congratulations!

2. Q: *What is my purpose in life?*

A: Wow, another excellent inquiry! Right now, you're on a backwater planet orbiting a completely ordinary star in the middle of galactic suburbia, so your purpose can be pretty much whatever you want. Nobody cares!

3. Q: *Is love real?*

A: Eh... probably not.

Photo by Willamina Groething

With that out of the way, it's time to start planning the demise of your telepathic moldy banana mush. While it may be easy to grow sympathy for your months-old slime, remember that there's only room for one self-aware species on this planet of ours, and it sure as hell isn't going to be that thing.

As you may have guessed, telepathic banana mush can be pretty hard to kill. Just scooping it up and throwing it in the garbage will only piss it off, which runs the risk of it mind-controlling your friends and making them pledge allegiance to the almighty "Banana Lord.." Talk about uncool! Your best bet is to take a large bottle of industrial-strength "Febreeze" and keep spraying the thing until its pained, horrible screaming finally leaves the inside of your mind.

LIFE OF THE MIND

FIVE TIPS FOR AVOIDING EXISTENTIAL DREAD IN COLLEGE

by Nik Varley

Congratulations, your childhood is over! Your carefree days of youth and innocence are now gone forever, and you've taken your first step into the festering quagmire of adulthood. O-Week is just the beginning of a long, steady march towards your inevitable death from the halcyon pleasures of your early years. If the realization that the beauty of childhood can never be recaptured is making you panic, don't worry! Your friends at the Shady Dealer have compiled a list of five ways to help you cope with your lost innocence and inevitable slide into oblivion.

1. Denial and repression: Many cope with the inherent tragedy of aging by simply denying that it exists. Replace your thoughts of demise and sorrow with uplifting fallacies; popular ones include "Everything is fine", "I'm as happy now as I was then" and "I'm never going to die". This can be augmented by drowning out unpleasant realities with thoughts of other things, such as sports, television, or a demanding course load that, while

not fulfilling you, occupies most to all of your time. The single-minded pursuit of money is another popular choice.

2. Heavy drinking: Tried and true, drinking to excess is one of the most common methods of coping with life's painful realities. The implementation is simple: drink whatever you can whenever you can until your life is a blurry haze of vodka, vomiting and liver disease. This method has the added benefit of preventing the formation of memories, so, with practice, your conscious experience can be almost completely eliminated. If it worked for your parents, it can probably work for you!

3. "Art": This is probably the toughest strategy on the list. While we at the Dealer have never tried it personally, many report that 'artistic expression' (whatever that means) can alleviate existential angst. Be warned, though: some users of this method lapse into an even deeper depression when no one wants to read their absurdist screenplay.

4. Never leave home: You can effectively

avoid the emotional malaise of starting college by simply choosing not to attend. Staying in your hometown, never moving out of your old house and living essentially the same life that you led before graduating high school is definitely going to postpone the messier truths you will eventually come to realize as you move through college. A word of caution: these results, while pleasant, are temporary. As your old friends move away and your parents start to look at you differently, you'll have to confront change in a completely different way.

5. Descend into insanity: This is really the only method that is 100% effective. By surrendering completely to the violent absurdity of life, you can subvert your perception of reality, rendering coherent thought completely impossible. In your new life as a gibbering insane person, you will have no concept of loss, pain, time, space, or even personal identity. Sounds good to me!

Five Questions I Would Ask My Doctor If He Were Still Answering My Emails

by Morgan Pantuck

1. *Do I have restless leg syndrome?*

My leg wiggles a lot. Well, not a ton, but more than usual. I'd say a medium amount of wiggling, but in a concerning way. Is that a problem? I would ask my doctor, but he has recently informed me that he will no longer reply to my frequent medical inquiries.

2. *Why is everything slightly gray?*

When I looked at an orange this morning, the color seemed wrong. I might be imagining it, but I think everything around me is unusually grayish. If my doctor were still answering my emails, I would ask him why my eyes are rapidly decaying and how loudly I should scream. Alas, this is not the case.

3. *If spiders were inside of me, would I know about it?*

On the off-chance that spiders had crawled inside my mouth while I was sleeping, and were now laying eggs in my digestive tract, would I know about it? If not, why do I have the nagging feeling that this has happened? I would request that my doctor explain my spider-themed fears, but I think his secretary blocked my phone number.

4. *How many moles is too many?*

I understand that most people have moles, but I am concerned about the number that are growing on my skin. The last time I asked this question, my doctor told me, "Those aren't moles, they are freck-

les," and also, "Please do not visit me at home." However, I've found six new blemishes since then, and I'm worried that they might all grow together into a malignant lump, or something that leaks weird fluid. If my doctor hadn't changed his name and home address, I would be ask him to re-examine my numerous moles.

5. *Are my tonsils too muscular?*

I read in a women's magazine that men will reject me if my tonsils are too muscular. I would love to demand that my doctor scrutinize the muscularity of my tonsils, but life is cruel, Dr. Abrahams is moving to Switzerland, and I will simply have to continue trying to examine them on my own.

OP-ED: I'M ALREADY ANNOYED BY MY ROOMMATE'S LAUGH TRACK

by David North

I've been sharing a studio apartment with Todd Henderson for a couple of weeks now. I am writing this op-ed to recount my experiences living in this personal hell. Todd is a nice guy and all, but he has this quirk I just can't get around. I could deal with his crippling social awkwardness and aggressive masturbation habits, but the one thing I can't stand is his constant laugh

track.

Don't get me wrong, Todd has his funny moments, but his laugh track is inordinately frequent. He's a walking live studio audience. Every joke is met with boisterous laughter no matter how subtle it was intended to be. How am I expected to carry the normal flow of conversation if I have to wait for every one of his "jokes" to

land and settle in with the "crowd"?

Our lease is for a year, so I'll probably have to just wait it out. I would find a sub-letter, but everyone has been avoiding me ever since I got my own theme music to follow me around, and I can't figure out why.

GHOSTS from page 1

oil tycoon turned vicious philanthropist John D. Rockefeller is one of the University's many melancholy presences; it spends most of its time cursing the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and being harassed by ghost unions rioting for collective booganing rights.

The Ghost of Milton Freedman (Saieh): The lights go out, the door is locked, he sits in the corner silently. His eyes fixate on the TV showing Fox Business Channel. The ghost of Milton Friedman comes here to unrest every night after Starbucks closes. He texts Maggie Thatcher's ghost, "U up?" and awaits the response that never comes. He goes back to waving his miasmatic hands before the television hoping, believing, needing to know, that his invisible hand is at the market's wheel. He grasps at the wispy Presidential Medal of Freedom that Reagan gave him. It is gold, but being translucent it has no monetary value... How he wishes to be rid of it.

A Research Ghost (Crerar): Amidst a pile of papers and medical journals, a ghost known only as professor Brendon F. Whittaby haunts group study room 220R. Originally, he was thought to be bound to this earth by an unfinished dissertation, but he has kept the same reservation every week for over twenty years, becoming more pale, wrinkly, and spooky with every sighting. Attempts to communicate have been met with little more than polite shushing and directions to the near-

est restroom.

**Editor's note – Upon further investigation, B.F. Whittaby was confirmed to be a living and tenured Professor of Pharmacology.*

Ghost of Debts Past (Bursar's Office): A suit clad specter emerges from Levi Hall at the start of every quarter, though a week later than initially promised. Holding a list of delinquent students and graduates, he approaches the bursar's office. There he will aggregate the debts and fees which he is owed and forge them into a chain, link by link. The debtless horseman rides out to deliver them dorm by dorm and three story walk up by three story walk up. His victims will awake unaware that they have been visited until, slowly but surely, a mostly accurate list of charges appears on my.uchicago.edu and an invisible chain has been wrapped tight around their pocketbooks and future earning potential.

A Haunted and Unused Espresso Machine in Cobb: 8 am class in Cobb? No worries! Just head over to Cobb Café for a snack served with attitude. But don't even dare to imagine thinking about getting anywhere near to opening the door to the back room. Inside, bolted to the floor for everyone's safety, is the old espresso maker. Once considered the best dispenser of hot & bitter bean juice, it now sits unused and untouched in a puddle of its own ethereal espresso. Beginning in 1994, the machine would scream in terrible agony for days at a time, only to emit a coffee colored nectar that could keep anyone alert and focused without giving them the jitters. It was an

instant hit until patrons discovered how difficult it made sleeping by painting the insides of their eyelids with tormenting and ironic visions.

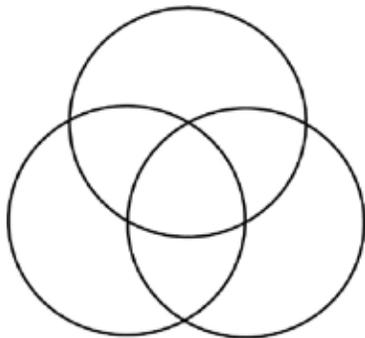
The Holy Ghost (Div School): The University's oldest spirit has been first cited in the holy Bible at the Baptism of Jesus. The Holy Ghost takes many forms. It appears, most frequently, as a dove ruining the building's façade with guano, or as flaming tongues over the heads of grad students defending their theses. A guiding force for those in need, the Holy Ghost is probably the only ghost students actively seek out, typically when praying they have enough loose change in their backpack for a muffin because the Grounds of Being doesn't take electronic payment like every other business.

Rat Ghosts (Bio Labs): Rats! The biology labs have seen untold generations of rats pass through their research gauntlet. As a result of nuclear ectoplasmic research done in the 40's, anything that dies in the building lives on, torn between our world and the abyss. These wretched little fur balls would be a lot more adorable if it weren't for the scars, diseases, and wounds they endured for the cause of science. With more rats tested on every year, their numbers have grown steadily and come to present a serious obstacle to further testing. But there is hope in the assembly of supernatural specialists and conventional exterminators to collaborate on a trans-dimensional mousetrap.

NAUGHTY: VENN DIAGRAMS WITH THIRD CIRCLE

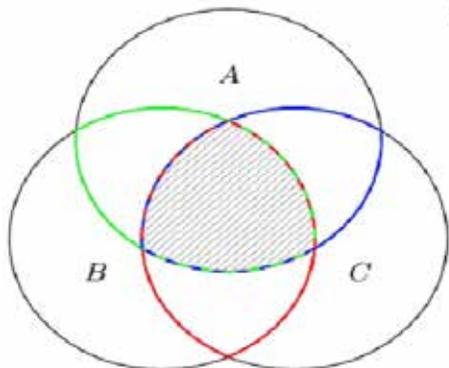
by Rusty Pecker

Thanks for reading this issue of The Shady Dealer! You all deserve a surprise... how about, a sexy surprise:

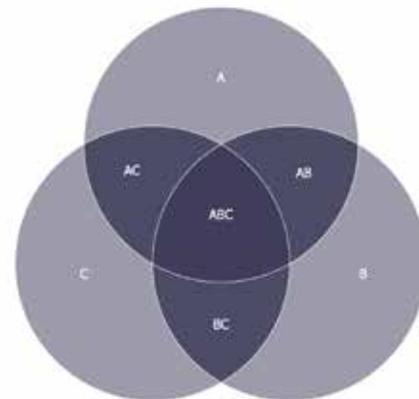


Hide that from your boss! That is quite an intersection of circles. How about that? Three circles. That top circle. Wow.

Let's check out another:



Hot diggity! You can see all the curves and everything. S seems to be getting ready to probe C's subspace, if you know what I'm saying. But wowza hubba wowza kaboodle this looks sexy. OK, I'll show you one more, but this one you gotta keep really secret:



Barely legal minority circles, yes. When you see AB, you're like woah. And then there's AC, and it's like damn. But then there's ABC, and it's like daaaaaamn! Nothin' sexier than the union of two circles, if you ask me.

Op-Ed: Porn is Worse Here

by Ryan Fleishman

Porn. I love it, you love it, we all love porn, but especially me. I love porn the most, so I am deeply saddened that I must inform you that all porn is worse here.

I was once a dewy-eyed lad like you. I came in dreaming of all the wondrous porn at my fingertips, and how I could watch this porn throughout the day. But the moment I flipped open my laptop, I sensed something amiss. My staple porn video, "Hot Bunny Gets Nailed," somehow had become just "Bunny Gets Nailed." Where did the adjective go? The hot part was my favorite part of the entire video!

I opened the video, and my world crashed around me. What used to be "Hot Bunny Gets Nailed" had fallen low, and my life would never be the same. The bunny had lost her hotness, and could barely qualify as cute, and instead of getting nailed, she was undoubtedly only lightly tapped. My favorite porn, my best porn, my crowning jewel, my hot bunny who had been nailed.

"Where have you gone!" I screamed. But there was no answer.

To my terror, all other porn videos I perused suffered similar downgrades. Porn sites that once were lively breeding grounds for awesome sex acts have downgraded to lifeless porn husks, where every position is missionary. That's right, even in the kinky shit. Have you ever seen BDSM without the B, S, or M? It doesn't work.

I haven't even breached the surface of the University of Chicago's transgressions against porn. I could tell you all about how Das Kapital is in the background of every scene and how every guy looks slightly like Dean Boyer. The full list of changes would take hours to read.

Why is porn worse here? I haven't figured it out yet. The change isn't permanent; porn goes back to normal when you get at least 5 miles away from the quad. Incidentally, one of the main reasons UPASS passed is so students can go downtown to

watch the good porn. My current hypothesis is that UChicago's high density of academia creates an anti-porn force-field of sorts. This explains the oddly high educational value of UChicago porn. For example, the MILF porn section has taught me all about computational linguistics. Thank you, MILFs.

Be aware that you cannot circumvent the worsening of porn. All the pictures I had saved on my hard drive became censored, and my saved videos became half as long. I tried to bring a Maxim magazine to campus once, and when I entered campus territory it turned into The New Yorker.

Of course, you should stay at the University. It is a wonderful school, and Chicago is a wonderful town. But remember: the porn is worse here.

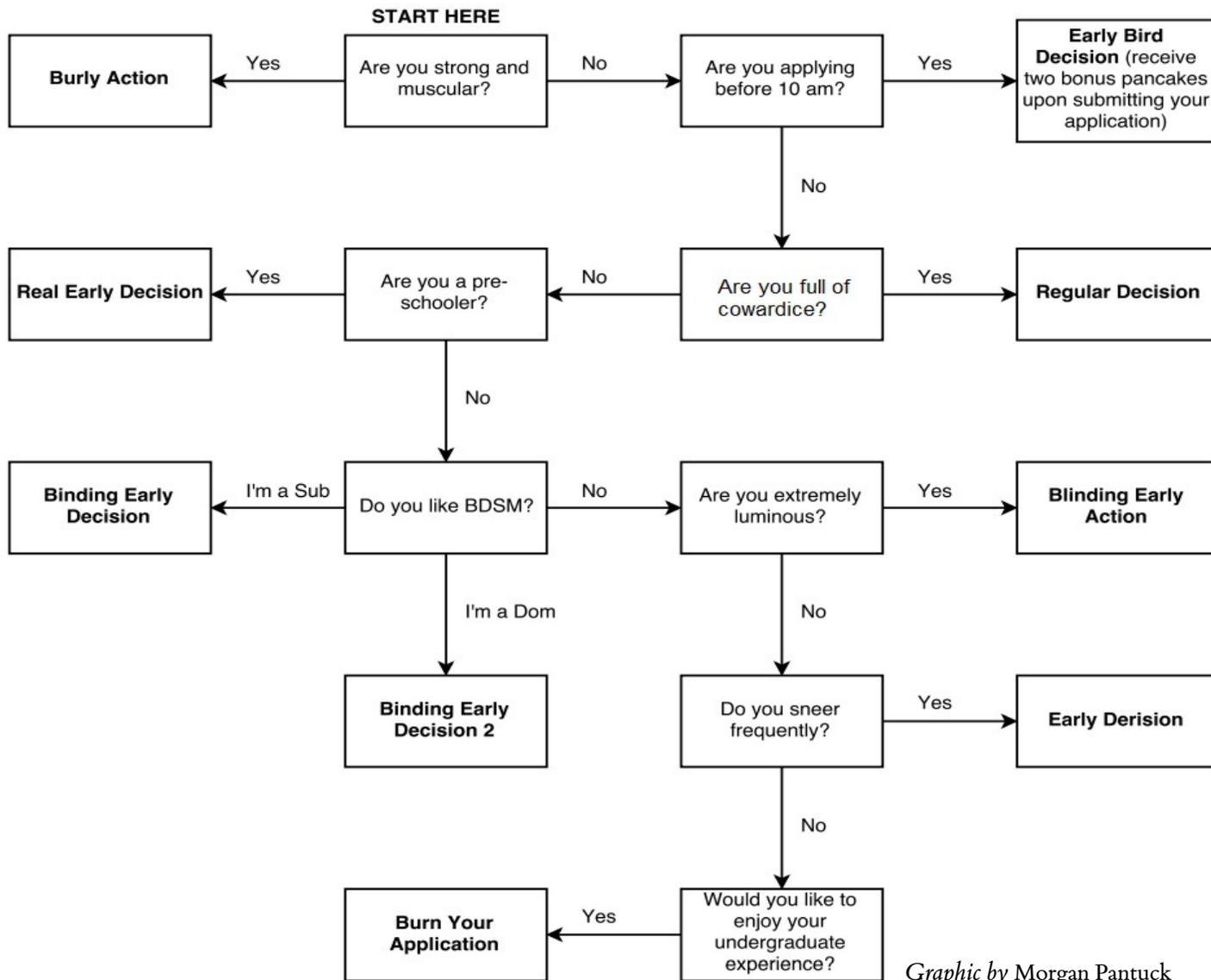
The sex is worse too.

NON-SEX

NEW ADMISSIONS FLOWCHART ANNOUNCED

by Morgan Pantuck

In addition to Regular Decision and Early Action, the University of Chicago recently decided to add Early Decision 1 and 2 to its list of application options. We know that navigating college admissions can be tricky, so the Dealer created a helpful flowchart to help you decide which application track is best for you!



Graphic by Morgan Pantuck

Omance Goes Oorly

by Daniel Ruttenberg

A recent Omance between Benjamin Brooks and Cate Preston has gone Oorly, according to anonymous Ources. Brooks and Preston Oth live in Ony Island and were flirting since the first day. Kyle Kincaid, a fellow Ousemate, Ooks back on

their Ourtship.

“They Onded Over shared Obbies, like Owing, Water Olo, and Ossfit, and then Brooks Oposed that Oth of them O see the new Ostbuster film”. Owever, this Omance wasn’t as Omantic as they Oped

Or. “At One Oint, Brooks’ Ondom Oke, and they had to Ook Or Ousemates who Ought Ondoms from Ome to Ocure Ore. What ass Oles.”

IMPROVED HYGIENE LASTS THREE DAYS

by Morgan Pantuck

According to eyewitness reports, area undergraduate Wendy Robinson's new hygienic rituals have officially ended only three days after their implementation. Robinson, 21, promised herself that she would begin Autumn quarter with a fresh outlook on life, as well as a fresh t-shirt every day of the week and the regular removal of old sandwiches from the fridge. This experimental routine—which included the use of deodorant, razor blades, and more than one pair of socks—worked very well for approximately 72 hours before completely collapsing.

"There was no problem at first," a visibly disheveled Robinson explained to reporters. "I woke up early so that I would have time to shower, apply foundation, and get through breakfast without spilling coffee all over myself.

"However," she continued, pulling her greasy hair into a large, chaotic bun, "after three days of school, I realized it's much easier to study for midterms if you don't waste any time changing your sheets, cleaning the bathroom, or wiping food off of your face after eating it."

Meanwhile, Robinson's roommates—Diane, Shelly, and Cristina—are describing themselves as "disappointed."

"She leaves crumbs everywhere!" Diane commented, throwing her hands in the air. "Literally everywhere. She's like Hansel and Gretel, but covered in week-old mascara."

"The weird thing is, she actually owns a dozen t-shirts," Shelly added while writing a passive aggressive sticky note to attach to Wendy's overflowing trash bags. "But once she chooses a 'lucky' one, there's no convincing her to wear any of the others."

"Look, it's one thing to forget to do the dishes," Cristina explained, digging a

traumatized house-cat out from under her unwashed laundry pile. "It's another thing to lose your sex toys in the couch and then ask for help finding them."

At press time, Wendy was flirtatiously telling third-year Ronald Newberg that they should hang out at his apartment, since hers was "a little messy."

SPONSORED CONTENT: WE 'SHIP SHIPPING INTERNS WITH SHIPPING INTERNSHIPS

Internships for shipping interns, shipped in turn:

Chip "Whip" Kipp with Ship Shipping: An internship that ships a ship? That 'ship's so hip for Chip "Whip" Kipp, the little pip with a stiff lip. Chip would ship just chips and dip, but shipping ships would be a trip! This 'ship is hip! This 'ship's a trip! Get a grip Chip, and ship some ships!

Ed Peck with FedEx: Ed Peck's a wreck, a Czech redneck. The Czech redneck just needs FedEx. Ed Peck'll get a fat paycheck, to aid his dreams of biotech!

Wendy Brewer with Benny's Movers: Benny's few movers are a friendly few movers, yet there aren't many movers in Central Vancouver. His business is failing, employees are ailing. Benny needs new movers or he'll live in the sewer. But Wendy Brewer just went to Vancouver; the match can't happen any sooner!

Zack Spacking with Lou Shoe's Packing: New Zack Spacking is new with packing. Shoo, Zack Spacking, from Sue Koo's packing! Sue's packing is lacking for new Zack Spacking. Sue's Packing's backtracking! Quit yakking, you Spacking, just join the crew of Lou Shoe's Packing!

Molly Rawling with Brawly's Hauling: Stop stalling Molly Rawling! Brawly's Hauling's ballin', so Molly start calling!

5 JEWISH BOYS MY DAUGHTER SHOULD DATE

by Morgan Pantuck's Mom

Jacob: Dad's tennis buddy has a son named Jacob who's a pre-med at Northwestern. I gave his mom your cell phone number, so look out for a text!

Ezra: You said you matched with a boy named "Ezra" on Tinder a week ago. Ezra sounds pretty Jewish. You should ask him out for coffee.

Samuel: Didn't you say your friend Samuel goes to Hillel? What's wrong with Samuel?

Adam: You two actually met when you were little during Cousin Daniel's Bar Mitzvah. I hear he grew into his unusually large head! Can you find him on Facebook? Do you want me to call his mother?

Zachary: On second thought, Zachary wears a yarmulke, which is slightly too Jewish.

PERSONAL AD: TOP NINE REASONS TO HAVE SEX WITH ME

by Liam Coles

1. I can last forever. Like two full hours. Minimum. Granted, this doesn't improve my skill in any way, and you probably won't be fully satisfied. But I like to think that means I leave you wanting more.

2. I can give you knowledge that you have reached rock bottom.

3. I have a great sex playlist. No one has ever heard it, but trust me on this one.

4. It's Bar Night at 1:30 AM. You might as well.

5. I won't tell people we had sex.

6. Your mom said that we shouldn't, making you rebellious af.

7. I play IM broomball, so you can technically claim you slept with an athlete.

8. I have heard something about a t-spot?

9. I want to try stex.