



Security Alert

by Eric M. Heath, Associate VP for Safety and Security

At approximately 7:05 p.m., Wednesday, January 25, 3760 B.C.E. - An individual not affiliated with the University was sitting outside the Garden of Eden -- located off-campus -- when an unknown individual, possibly his brother, struck the victim in the head. The subject then fled, claiming not to be "his brother's keeper." The victim was pronounced dead at the scene of the crime. God is investigating what appears to have been a targeted attack on the victim.

At approximately 12:05 p.m., Wednesday, March 15, 44 B.C.E. - A "Dictator in Perpetuity" not affiliated with the University was entering the Roman Senate located off-campus when forty senators ripped his tunic off and stabbed him in the neck. The victim was pronounced dead at the scene of the crime. A Triumvirate of individuals are investigating how to capitalize on this situation.

At approximately 12:47 p.m., Wednesday, April 19, 1775 - A group of minutemen not affiliated with the University were approached near Lexington by a platoon of British officers in red coats, one of whom is reported to have discharged a musket shot before inciting a skirmish and later battle. The suspects were last seen headed towards Concord. The forty nine minutemen who were killed declined medical attention. Police are investigating this case.

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Nebuchadnezzar Promises to Build Tower to God and Make God Pay for It



by Hunter Pribyl-Huguelet, 562 B.C.E.

Photo by Willamina Groething

In keeping with his pattern of bizarre and boastful proclamations, Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar II announced his intentions to build a massive tower to God at God's expense.

"I will build a great, great tower to heaven and I will make God pay for that tower," Nebuchadnezzar declared to his subjects. Apparently, this tower will be the prelude to a preemptive military invasion of heaven with the goal of eliminating the existential threat posed by the Creator of the universe. Regarding the need for such an invasion, Nebuchadnezzar cited God's habit of sending misbehaving and potentially terroristic threats angels and proph-

ets into the temporal realm.

"When God sends His people," he claimed, "He's not sending his best. They're bringing ridiculous and atrociously-written holy books. They're bringing crime. They're rapists."

Doubts abound regarding the efficacy of such a tower in fighting an omnipotent enemy. However, Nebuchadnezzar assured supporters that his tower-building prowess is second to none and that he is more than equal to the task.

"Nobody builds ziggurats better than me, believe me," he said, presumably referring to his recent construction of the

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First White People Arrive in New World, Try to Turn Natives on to Gilmore Girls

by Nik Varley, Jamestown, 1607



Photo by Willamina Groething

Sources confirmed that the first white people have arrived in the New World and have immediately begun explaining to the native population the merits of the CW series *Gilmore Girls*. The white settlers, whose ship arrived early this morning, wasted no time in describing their favorite scenes from the show at length and frequently asked natives what they thought of the show's controversial seventh season.

"When we first landed here, I couldn't believe that none of these people had seen *Gilmore Girls*," said white settler Katelyn Bernhard. "I was like OMG, where have you guys been? I binged the whole show last summer after I finished *How I Met Your Mother* and I've been super into the

fandom ever since."

Not only had the continent's indigenous inhabitants not watched all seven seasons of the dramedy, but none of them had any familiarity with the show or its recent revival *Gilmore Girls: A Year in the Life*. When asked about the quickest route to the "quiet, storybook town of Stars Hollow, Connecticut," natives responded with puzzlement and inconspicuous eye rolls.

"None of these people have even heard of *Gilmore Girls*! What the hell!" said exasperated white Brad McClintick-Daniels. "How do you not know about Rory and Lorelai at this point? Have they, like, not even looked at Buzzfeed in the past seven years? I asked someone if he thought that

Rory should have ended up with Dean at the end of season 1, and he just stared at me like I was an idiot. God."

When asked for comment, the indigenous Americans were reserved. Some speculated that Rory and Lorelai were royalty in the settler's homeland, while others suspected that they were vengeful gods of a foreign religion that required constant worship and conversion of nonbelievers.

"Whatever this *Gilmore Girls* thing is, it sure means a lot to these people," said an anonymous native person. "It has been a whole day and they haven't talked to us about anything else. They should really start thinking about gathering food or making some shelters; at this rate, the whole group is gonna be mountain lion chow by nightfall."

At press time, the settlers were cutting down the local wilderness to create the continent's first frozen yogurt shop.

Opinion: Reconstruction Will Provide Substantive, Lasting Progress

by Nico Aldape, 1866

At last! The war that nearly tore apart this century-old republic has passed. We can finally repair the scorched remnants of our republic and the racial tensions that led to them once and for all. The path forward must be delicate in addressing the enormous human toll of the Civil War, yet firm in stopping future oppression of those always meant to be free.

In this regard, I wholeheartedly endorse Reconstruction and believe its provisions will stand the test of time. Because of our formerly enslaved status, we black people have not had any time to build a body of collective wealth or social stature. Whites have had all the time in the world to develop vast pools of wealth, the laws we fol-

low today, and the strange idea that they could legally own people. It would be misguided, if not moronic, to forget that American black people are at a societal disadvantage and have institutions stacked against them.

The Freedmen's Bureau is but one of the institutions that must exist for the general welfare of disadvantaged people. These welfare institutions must be maintained and funded consistently, and those who request its services must be treated with respect. Additionally, the vote, over which we fought the Revolutionary War, must be ensured for blacks. As with the Freedmen's Bureau, this right should be unencumbered. Given the high black

population of the South, if all of us voted, the South could become a bastion of racial progress.

Additionally, after having a steady hand of leadership forwarding social progress, the worst thing that could happen to our movement would be an opposing political movement fomenting racism and xenophobia. There are many disgruntled-ex Confederates looking for a taste of the good old days. Let's refrain from electing xenophobic demagogues too, eh?

AMERICAN EXCEPTIONALISM

Tips for Giving Blowjob with Wooden Teeth

by George Washington, 1789

This article is for all the sexy women (and men!) out there with a little wood in their teeth that don't wanna let that get in their way when they've got some extra wood in their mouth! Whether you've just got a wood filling or a whole set of wooden chompers, this guide will make sure you can pump the cum out of a rock if you had to!

1. Drill a dick sized hole in your teeth
This first step is so important! It is absolutely essential for pleasurable wood on wood contact. If you choose to stop at

this step (I recommend you don't!), make sure you get a little WD40 to grease up that tight little mouth pussy of yours. Proper lubrication is important to make your succ go from good to nut-worthy.

2. Put a pocket pussy in the hole
That's right. What's better than one sweet puss-puss? Two! Slip in a vibrating pocket pussy to your wooden fuck hole and your man will be one quick succ from a jizz-splos'n.

3. Paint your teeth to look like a spread asshole

Can I get a little hoo-rah for some timeless sodomy? But this isn't your normal sinful penetration of the anus! With this simple little hack you are committing two different acts of sodomy: copulation of the mouth AND the asshole! Never before have you been able to satisfy these two mortifying obsessions at once! Brilliant!

Op-Ed: I Was in the Pool!

by George Washington, 1789

Look, I know my monument might be a little ... underwhelming. Being the first president and all, you guys probably expected the monument to my cock to be huge. But let me tell you, my schlong is indeed monstrous. The problem is that I started posing for the photo just after getting out of the pool! How is that fair!? Who isn't going to be a little shriveled up and limp after a refreshing ice water plunge? I know what you're going to say: why didn't I just wake my dick up? Give it a couple shakes and a jerk or two? I find

this suggestion to be incredibly unpresidential. You want the president to be seen whacking off in public, you sick fuck? Yeah, if I had given it a couple whacks, I would'a been at full mast. You know a virile motherfucker like me is sporting a hefty 9 inch pecker. Oh, and it's thicc too. Fuck, that bitch between my legs is thicc, bro. I got a THICC bitch between my legs. You wish you could get fucked by a bitch as thicc as this. This bitch is so thicc I cum milkshakes, dog. My dick thicker than a Mack truck. That's why they

call me Big Thicc, fuck that dick is thicc, Washington. They call me THICC BOI. Next time you want to square the fuck up and talk shit on my dick, you better be ready to take a shit on my dick, dude. You better be ready to shit on me and fucking fuck my wife. That's right, I want you to fuck my wife because I'm a baby dick cuck who can't satisfy my wife. Please fuck my wife.

There Are Missiles 90 Miles off the Shore of the US and Honestly I'm Kind of Turned On

by President John F. Kennedy, Washington D.C., 1962

Today, our planet sits on the verge of global nuclear meltdown. The USSR has placed an unknown number of warheads on the island of Cuba, just miles from Southern Florida. If the USSR uses any of these missiles, US citizens would have just minutes to scramble to a shelter before a fiery hellscape develops all around them. I know Americans across the country are tense, but come on, I can't be the only who finds that tension kind of hot! Look, don't get me wrong. I plan on negotiating with Cuba to ensure that the the missiles

are removed as soon as possible. Because right now, we are in grave danger. Our lives could end at any moment. We could just explode. It really makes every hair on your body stand at end. Makes your jaw clench. Makes your dick go like half chub. No? Really? It's just me?

At times like these, we have to think about our family. I've been thinking about my children, John Jr. and Caroline. And my sweet wife Jackie. I've been thinking a lot about Jackie. Like, what if she was strapped to one of the missiles?

And Khrushchev was standing over her with the launch button in his hand? That would be a total disaster but kind of hot... like Jackie's just in a lil red suit and as she leans back on the nuke, her hat falls off and she says, "Ohhhh, I feel so helpless here on this long, hard, destructive missile." Now, that would be a real crisis! American citizens, trust me when I say I will defuse this situation. Just uhhhh give me like 10 minutes alone in the Oval Office, and I'll totally come up with a plan! I promise.

SHADY DEALS

3 Million Participate in Civil War Enactment

by Dan Lastres, Virginia, 1965

Millions of Americans laid down their weapons and made peace today after four years of enacting the Civil War's greatest and deadliest battles. Participants flocked to the front lines from across the North and South to take part in the first of a long and storied tradition of civil war reenactments.

Brother fought brother, fathers fought their sons, and friendships were ripped asunder in the name of performing unforgettable historic events. When all was said and done, the Union was bitterly reunited, and the United States renewed its commitment to settling unmanageable political strife with armed conflict.

Participants also returned from the enactment with souvenirs like sabers, shell casings and personal diaries describing the friends they made, the experiences they shared, and the friends they lost. Others had the opportunity to leave behind a memento of their time on the field, such as a favorite poem or a severed limb. But these physical remembrances are nothing compared to the new perspective on American

history surviving enactors walked (or hobbled) away with.

Official estimates vary, but it's highly likely that more than three million men fought each other for their

c o u n t r y . Such displays of patriotism and personal sacrifice are sure to renew every American's commitment to civil discourse and civic engagement for at least a few years. It was a great success and people are hopeful that the reenacting of events like this one can keep history alive and remind Americans of the sacrifices that must be made for the sake of nation and ideology.



Photo by Mathew Brady

Abraham Lincoln, one of the event's organizers, stated that the significance of the Civil War enactment must not be lost on future generations. "These battles, and their subsequent reenactments will be shining examples for American posterity," Lincoln said. "I just hope we can bring out more families and barbeques to future events."

Shitty Club Gets RSO Status, Calls Itself "The Chicago Shady Dealer"

by David North, Chicago, 2004

One month ago, applications went live for new campus organizations to vie for official registration with the University. Along with this status comes tax exemption, tabling privileges, and selective student government funding. Organizations submit an online application along with a faculty sponsorship. These applications are reviewed by the Committee on Recognized Student Organizations (CORSO) arm of Student Government. One such organization is a collection of writers previously operating as a support group for disenfranchised Gundam fans, now referring to itself The Chicago Shady Dealer.

"We write about the most important issues facing the Gundam community," says third year Frankie Zapata. "We do a lot

of activism, too. It's critical for our message to be heard, and to show Yoshiyuki Tomino and the heirs to the Gundam dynasty that there is a strong American audience. Right now our meetings are mostly formal presentations by several break-out teach-in committees we have going, and we're slowly working through the incredible corpus of manga, television, and other mixed media manifestations of the series."

The Shady Dealer currently meets in Harper 145 on Sundays at 7 PM. The club publishes its magazine, Gundam? More Like "I'm Having Fun, Damnit", three times a quarter. The magazine features critical reflections on Gundam and its treatment in society. The magazine has seen contributions from faculty members

in the English, Physics, and Cinema and Media Studies departments.

"My research specializes in the self-reflexivity of Gundam and especially its relation to the convergences and divergences in the presentation of space and staging of action across cinema and video games, mediums in which Gundam finds itself cheekily situated," says Bernard Gillem, Associate Professor in English. "The Shady Dealer has published groundbreaking, to some even canonical, texts in this field. Their timeline analysis of Amura Ray in the post-Mobile Suit Gundam: The 08th MS Team is inspiring work." Anyone who wishes to join The Shady Dealer can do so by going to one of the open public meetings

BIRTHDAYS

An Open Letter to the Volcano That Ruined my Sweet Sixteen

by Milena Prossus, Pompeii, 79 C.E.

After gaining the courage I needed from my remaining friends and family, I finally feel comfortable saying this. You BROKE MY HEART. Where do I even begin? I thought I had everything and you took it all away.

I used to worship you. My dad painted frescoes of you all over our house. Our house, which, by the way, you ENTOMBED. We used to think you were so cool. This big beautiful mountain that sometimes had pretty smoke coming out the top of it and was always there for us. I thought you would be there for me yesterday, on the biggest day of my life: my sweet sixteen.

Yesterday I turned sixteen years old and had been planning my party for a YEAR. Everyone was gonna come: Caecilius, Metella, Grumio, Clemens... all the cool kids. This party had everything going for it: two musicians, a couple of wild dogs,

and a well full of wine. I was wearing a brand new toga and if all went according to plan I was gonna sneak out with Julius after cake was served and go to the BATHHOUSE.

But halfway through the party I realized the bathhouse was no longer an option, because oh, I don't know, you FILLED IT WITH LAVA. Did you even stop for a minute and consider, "Hey, maybe not every girl wants to share her birthday with a devastating volcanic event that will destroy her hometown and kill everyone she's ever known and loved"? It was inconsiderate, and really not thoughtful at all.

At first I thought you were just helping to decorate. A couple of sparks were fun and the general smoky vibe made everything hot and exciting. Thank you, I guess, for that. But then all of a sudden you sent several rapid and dense pyroclastic flows right

through all my favorite shops and some of my friends' houses. That was, simply put, fucked up.

I ran out sort of far from my house to get a good picture of everyone having a good time, and right as I was putting the finishing touches on the painting you hurled several giant igneous rocks at the party and made the slate roof of my house fall in, killing or injuring all my friends. SICK and TWISTED. And those who didn't die quickly choked to death on smoke and other toxic gases, which just wasn't cute. Worst of all, I didn't even get to open my presents. All my presents are now stuck in very very hot ash. How dare you??

In conclusion, I never want to see you again, and you CERTAINLY won't be invited to my party next year.

Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison Announce Joint 28th Birthday Party

by Breck Radulovic, 1970

World famous rockers Jimi Hendrix, a visionary guitarist, and Jim Morrison, vocalist of psychedelic rock band The Doors, announced plans for a joint birthday party later this year. The two are planning to celebrate their 28th birthdays in bombastic, raucous style. Known for their wild music, rampant partying, and sex appeal, the bash is sure to be a riotous time.

A copy of the invitation obtained by the Shady Dealer promises copious amounts of booze, barbiturates, and fun. "Join the Lizard King and Jimmy James in celebrating our 28th birthdays in style. We are

currently 27 and can't wait to celebrate 28!"

Hendrix's birthday falls on November 27th and Morrison's a few days later on December 8th. Hendrix admitted that they announced the party a little early, but is quoted as saying, "Jim and I can't wait to join the 28 Club! It's gonna be a big year!" The "28 Club" referenced by Hendrix is an association of musicians who have lived to the age of 28 and beyond.

Despite his reputation for public nudity and illicit drug use, "Mr. Mojo Risin'" has promised that he plans to slow down on

illicit drug use after the upcoming celebration. Morrison acknowledged, "I'm getting older, and my drug intake needs to reflect that. I'll probably cut down on the heroin after my birthday. After I make it to 28, I'd like to make it to 29, and even 30."

Luckily for these debauched musicians, there are no known side effects of excessive alcohol or barbiturate use, and there seems to be no reason that the planned party should fail to occur. All well-wishes, birthday cards, and gifts should be sent to the musician's next-of-kin, just in case.

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Be alert and aware of your surroundings at all times. Do not start a rebellion against the British Crown unless absolutely neces-

sary. Avoid shouting "Death to the King!" or tarring and feathering tax collectors while on the street. When marching, try to march with a group and choose your

battles strategically, as ammunition is limited. Ally with the French if necessary.

EDUCATION

Six Things Every Schoolchild Should Know Before We Send Them To The Mines

by Rudolf Steiner, 1907

Kids these days have all sorts of fun in school, but are they really learning enough to prepare them for a life of coal? I'm Rudolf Steiner, creator of Waldorf Schools, and here are some things you'll want to have sorted out at age seven or eight, because once you hit nine, you're going in the mine.

1. You don't need to know how to read.

This is an obvious one. What good will reading do when you're hacking at a giant rock and inhaling deadly amounts of coal dust?

2. You should know how to make candles.

Rolling beeswax candles and patiently dipping a wick into a vat of hot wax is

one of the most important things a child can learn. If you haven't made hundreds and hundreds of shoddy candles, what are we going to sell at the winter holiday fair? Candles could also be used to light your way in the mines, I suppose.

3. Finger-knitting. It matters.

Knitting with needles shows a real lack of imagination. You should be able to produce at least a scarf if you string some yarn around your fingers and get weaving. You won't need a scarf in the mine since it's really sweaty and hot down there, but this is a useful skill.

4. Don't wear shirts with words or characters on them.

Please just wear solid colors or simple patterns and prints. Additionally, don't bring a lunchbox with characters on it to school. Please bring a wicker basket instead. In the mines, you don't get a lunch and you'll wear grimy overalls.

5. Always wear a helmet. See how the canary's doing breathing-wise. Go up for air sometimes. Make sure you have light. If you get trapped, pray. Wash off after. Accept that this is the way things are.

Common sense.

6. Puppets!

Puppets are so fun! Play with puppets, maybe put on a show! You won't get to have this kind of fun in a year.

I Hate Spending So Much Time in the Reg

by Helen Regenstien, 1951

Hey, can I bitch to you a little? I've been spending way too much time in the Reg lately, and I hate it.

It's terrible to be inside the Reg. You've all heard the stories; it's depressing, it's soul sucking, nobody is happy to be in the Reg. But once you go to the Reg, nearly every night I might add, you'll see why all the statements are true. The architecture is horrific; the Reg is not supposed to have that many right angles.

In addition, being in the Reg is a dreadfully quiet experience. I mean, I obviously don't want manic screaming, but could I have just a little noise? At one point, I just finished my work in the Reg and let out a moan of delight, and he shushed me.

Oh, god, and sometimes the Reg brings Mansueto along. The Reg is quiet, but Mansueto is dead silent. Being inside Mansueto is like being in a sensory deprivation chamber. And there is something weird

about Mansueto's skin; I'm pretty sure everyone can see me inside Mansueto, which is such an invasion of privacy.

Anyways, next quarter, I'm gonna resolve to spend less time inside the Reg. Maybe I'll try being inside of Harper, or Cathey. I doubt I can get as much work done, but it'll be a much more comfortable experience.

God Inspired to Create Human Race by Jumanji Book, Not Mobie

by Antonia Salisbury, 3760 B.C.E.

On the sixth day, God's mom read him Jumanji by Chris Van Allsburg - and from this fever dream of a children's book, Adam's image was born.

But the day before, when God was busy with the animals and other fifth-day stuff, God's shitty uncle was babysitting and let him watch the rendition of Jumanji that has a 6.9 on IMDb. Robin Williams' portrayal of Alan Parrish was, well, let's call

it underwhelming. Don't shoot the messenger; I know everybody's gotta love Robin Williams. It just wasn't how the big guy upstairs imagined it. He wanted more oomph and less zip. A more rounded character, that's all.

A lot stuff goes down in those 104 minutes. After a mindfuck like that, it can be hard to come up with your own material. So maybe God plagiarized a few jungle ani-

mals here and there, but look at the bright side; us humans look pretty good relative to some of the stuff born out of his Jumanji writer's block. I know I'm not the only one who feels better about myself when I come across planaria and bird-eating spiders.

Take that, evolution.

Pierre Curie's Wife Wins Nobel Prize in Chemistry

by Dan Lastres, Stockholm, 1911

The wife of celebrated chemist Pierre Curie was awarded a Nobel Prize for her discovery of two elements: Polonium 209 and Radium 223. Though Pierre died five years ago, his assistance was instrumental in her discoveries and the scientific community owes him a great debt of gratitude.

During her acceptance speech, Curie's wife thanked her husband Pierre and the many other scientists whose guidance and intellect guided her on a difficult path to academic success. Attendees at the awards ceremony were deeply inspired and walked away with a greater appreciation for the things women can accomplish, especially when they marry a man as smart and admirable as Pierre was.

Curie's wife was also celebrated for her pioneering work bringing x-ray-medicine to the front lines of combat. Indeed, it took a woman's sensuality and intuition to bring such a dense and scientific concept out of the lab and into the practical feminine art of battlefield medicine. She truly has quite the female brain in her.

Dr. Curie's widow will easily be remembered as one of history's greatest female students of chemistry, perhaps even as a chemist.

Lil Uzi Vert Receives Tearful Standing Ovation Following His Final Performance at Chicago's Lyric Opera House

by Nik Varley, Chicago, 2019

Philadelphia rapper Lil Uzi Vert reportedly received a standing ovation from a tearful crowd following his

sold-out performance at Chicago's Lyric Opera House. The show, which concluded a twenty-night run, lasted seven hours and was lauded by critics as "the most significant and moving musical event of the century."

"I had tears in my eyes the whole time," said noted opera critic Tom Sutcliffe. "I have never cried as hard as I did during his 30-minute rendition of his 2016 classic 'You Was Right'. Surely, he will go down in history as one of the greatest composers of our time. I honestly just feel lucky that I got to see him perform."

When asked about the performance, Lil Uzi Vert told reporters, "I guess the show was cool," before leaving the city in one of his private jets. Although the rapper's next project has not been announced, there are several rumors that he is planning a multi-day mixed media performance in collaboration with musician Lil Yachty featuring multiple circus performers and several live animals.

We Are Living In A Post-Racial America

by Ryan Fleishman, 1840

My fellow citizens: I am proud to announce we are living in a post-racial America. That's right; after centuries of discrimination, we can finally say that all races are treated equally in this great American melting pot. At last, Americans of every nationality and creed are treated with dignity and respect, regardless of whether you are Irish, Spanish, Russian, Scottish, or German.

This wasn't always true. In the olden days, an American could be mocked or even discriminated against simply based on the shade of their white skin. Why, when I was a child, an Italian could be forced out a decent house simply because of their complexion.

Now, however, the Italians are treated with the justice that every European deserves.

The Catholics, God bless their souls, are finally upstanding members of society in the modern day. In the past, Catholics, reviled for their bumbling devotion to The Pope and tendency towards vulgar alcoholism, were barred out of our Protestant schools. However, in our current, post-racial society, the Catholics have founded separate institutions of learning that are separate from our Protestant schools but of equal quality.

Even those immigrants from Ireland are treated properly, regardless of if they deserve it. While those beer-swilling Irishmen are certainly still prone to violence, their potato-headed males have a fair chance when applying for jobs and their reckless breeder wives and filthy swaths of children are provided for. Any apparent injustices towards the Irish community is not the product of society, but of their Celtic genetics which naturally lead them to be intellectually inferior to an upstanding Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

The importance of post-racial America is that every minority is treated equally and fairly by the system. Each and every white American has an equal opportunity to succeed in the country, and their failures are a product of their own insufficiency rather than society putting them down. Non-British citizens may be inherently predisposed to crime and poverty, but by golly does the country allow them to pull themselves up by the bootstraps. On any given day, a fortunate Eastern European may buy a negro slave of his own, and finally stand equally with other races. It is my utmost honor to announce that America has conquered racism.