



Entire Class of 2021 Named "Melvin"

by Jacob Johnson

In an inexplicable turn of events, the University's Office of Admissions confirmed this Sunday that the entire incoming class of 2021, male and female, is somehow named "Melvin." No staff member is certain how this happened or how no one was able to recognize this fact during the admissions process.

"I mean, it seems like people would be able to tell," commented admitted student Melvin Marquez. "Also, just how many people named Melvin are there? Did they just admit every Melvin in the entire world?"

The name Melvin, traditionally used to refer to a male, has not been even the tenth-most-popular name in the entire eighty-nine years name popularity has been recorded in the United States. No one seems to know who these Melvins are, or where they come from.

"Look, there are international students admitted from places like China and India, right?" noted admitted student Melvin "Mel" Rivers. "Are you telling me that a bunch of parents in these foreign countries all decided to name their child Melvin? That sounds completely insane."

"It seems as though some mistakes were made," said Dean Boyer in a recent press release, "but rest assured, these Melvins are of the highest academic integrity and have been selected because we know they have the capacity to flourish at this

See **MELVIN** on page 2

"YOU CAN RUN BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE!" SCREAMS CHAINSAW-WIELDING DEAN ELLISON



Photo by Willamina Groething

by Thomas Noriega

A peaceful demonstration against the Trump administration ended in chaos as University Dean John "Jay" Ellison ran into the mass of protesters wielding a Craftsman-brand chainsaw. Ellison, clad in the tanned skin of several prospies, charged from the door of Rosenwald Hall while revving the chainsaw (nicknamed "Open Discourse") as he ran towards the demonstration. The protesters fled in every direction but couldn't escape Ellison's insatiable lust for suffering. He caught up to a demonstrator wielding a "Dump Trump" sign and cleaved them in two, shouting "The University of Chicago does not endorse so-called trigger warn-

ings!"

The protesters quickly spread across the quad, but many were unable to escape the Dean of Students' murderous spree. "THERE IS NO SPACE SAFE FROM ME," Ellison shouted to the heavens, blood spraying across his skin-suit, before racing after a group headed towards the Classics Quad.

Ellison slashed through three students near Bond Chapel, and began chanting "ACADEMIC FREEDOM" at the top of his lungs. It echoed across the campus, disorienting the fleeing demonstrators. The Dean also silenced his chainsaw to avoid

See **ELLISON** on page 2

IN THIS ISSUE...

Editors
ON ICE
page 2

Jeb!
RETURNS
page 4

Zimmer
HANDCUFFED
page 7

REGRETS

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
CRESCAT RUMOR, VITA EXCOLATUR

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Jacob Levin
Teddy Zamborsky

MANAGING EDITOR

Daniel Ruttenberg

LAYOUT EDITOR

Breck Radulovic

COPY EDITOR

Nik Varley

PHOTO EDITOR

Willamina Groething

SECRETARY

David North

WEBMASTER

Paul Alvez

FEATURED WRITERS

Greer Baxter
Ryan Fleishman
Chase Harrison
Ella Hester
Dan Lastres
Thomas Noriega
Morgan Pantuck
Reed Thurston

MEETINGS

Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

WEBSITE

chicagoshadydealer.com

SUBMISSIONS

submissions@chicagoshadydealer.com

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 fucking care.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

It is with mixed feelings that we, your editors in chief, announce that we are moving on from our positions. You see, after three years of patiently waiting, we have finally gotten off of the waitlist at Harvard, and we could not be more thrilled about the move from a top three university to a top two university.

But rest assured, valued readers; we're sure you'll get off the waitlist too! I mean, sometimes the paperwork takes time, and they're probably swamped with applicants. But you're certainly statistically qualified! They'd be lucky to have you! And you know what, who needs 'em anyway? You'll always be our favorite reader, no matter where you end up! Oh dear, please don't cry!

We'll always have our memories, right? Remember the time we compared Dean Ellison to Frax from Power Rangers Time Force? How about when our managing editor ate an entire pumpkin, or when we tried to shut down the IOP? And who could forget when the University accepted our bid to become the new supplier at South Mart with that oh-so-memorable pitch, "Less is More!"

Did we accomplish everything we wanted? No. We still haven't demolished Burton Judson to make room for Shady Field. We still haven't found a way to make Net Neutrality funny. The University administration hasn't demanded an apology from us. But still, in a larger sense, we accomplished a whole lot — we got off the Harvard waitlist! And more importantly, you didn't.

We hope to have brought you a good deal of laughter this year, and if you also happen to be in charge of an RSO, we hope that you were not also severely underfunded by a school with a top-15 endowment. Thank you for the likes, the shares, and the shitposts about us being Clickhole wannabes.

Love,

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

MELVIN from
page 1

institution."

"I guess, on the bright side it'll be easy to remember everyone's name." mused admitted student Melvin "Vin" Long. "On the downside, adding people on Facebook is gonna absolutely suck."

Student advisors point out that this is hardly a new challenge for students at the University, seeing as the entire admitted class of 2020 was named Sophie.

ELLISON from
page 1

detection. A pair of stu-

dents attempted to escape via Ellis Ave. and the hospital, but found themselves at the mercy of the waiting Ellison, who impaled both of them on his now gore-choked blade as he declared, "I AM THE SECURITY ALERT."

By this point, the protesters were beyond the reach of Ellison's rampage. "GAZE UPON MY HONEST WORKS," Ellison bellowed to the College at large. "GAZE AND BE FEARFUL."

AREA JOURNALIST HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME LIMITING

THE LENGTH OF THE TITLE OF HIS ARTICLE IN ORDER TO PROPERLY AND ORDERLY INFORM AN AUDIENCE ABOUT THE SUBJECT WITHOUT STRETCHING IT OUT FOR FAR TOO LONG AND CAUSING NEEDLESS FRUSTRATION TO ANYONE TRYING TO JUST GET TO THE OPENING PARAGRAPH ALREADY

by Jacob Johnson

A journalist from the Chicago area reported today that he was...

TRAGEDY

HOW TO STAY CALM WHEN YOUR BOWLING DATE MISSES AN EASY 7-10 SPLIT

by Ryan Fleishman



Photo by Willamina Groething

We've all been there: you're on a bowling date with a seemingly nice girl and it's going great. You even set a personal record of four strikes and a clutch spare on the first five frames. Suddenly, everything goes wrong. Your date, who you once thought was lovely and kind, bowls a 7-10 split. That's alright, no big deal. She can just scoop up an easy spare, right? WRONG. She hits a single, pathetic pin, then sits down while smiling as if nothing went wrong.

because of one person's sin. Here are some simple methods to keep your cool in the face of your bowling date's failure to get the spare.

First, take deep and even breaths -- but make sure not to breathe on your prized green-marble fifteen-pound ball imported from Belarus, as the moisture in your breath will weaken maximum grip. Think of your happy place, whether it be in the halls of the world-famous Benny's Mega Lanes or simply under a pile of recently shined bowling shoes. Inhale through

your nose, exhale through your mouth. I know you want to tell this harlot off right here and now, but you must be patient. It isn't right to disturb the other bowlers in the alleyway.

Imagine yourself riding along the ball dispenser. You are a bowling ball. You will knock down any pins in your way. Now that you have calmed down, you have to address the situation. Gently but firmly ask the jezebel how and why she messed up a perfectly good spare off a free 7-10 split. Your reaction will depend on her answer: if she properly admits her pathetic failure and apologizes profusely for disrespecting the sport of bowling with her paltry skills, then you should play out the rest of the date and ask her to just be friends afterwards. However, if she refuses to acknowledge her irredeemable lack of bowling skill, or attempts to somehow beguile you into thinking a 7-10 split is a hard split to make, you should politely excuse yourself and leave immediately. One unfinished game is better than a lifetime of dishonoring bowling by associating yourself with a corrupt heathen.

Regardless of the conclusion, you must not let this incident get you down. One day you will find a woman who loves you for who you are, and can consistently bowl over a 270. Godspeed!

Heartwarming! After This Campus Tour Guide Fell off the Roof of Logan, Her Entire Tour Group Followed Her Anyways!

by Dan Lastres

You never know when tragedy is going to strike, and when it does, it is easy to feel powerless to help those in trouble. So when Amanda Castagno, a third year working for the admissions office, lost her footing and fell off the 9th floor terrace of the Logan arts center, she was prepared for the worst. Then something amazing happened.

The gaggle of prospective undergrads and their parents that had so faithfully followed her across campus and up to the top of the Logan center were not ready to give up on her just yet. They followed her right over the edge.

"Keeping a crowd engaged over the course of a whole campus tour can be difficult," said Carl Hembol, an admissions counselor, "but Amanda is one of the best when it comes to selling the UChicago experience. If anyone in this office can steer students and families into a trying, expensive, and precarious situation, it's her."

One can easily imagine Amanda's relief. Seeing the overachievers and their suck-up parents careen off the edge right after her must have been really reassuring. They were closely followed by the more apathetic students dragged over the edge by their overbearing mothers and fathers.

Even the kids who had come to check out the University of Illinois at Chicago took the plunge - truly inspirational.

"Most tour groups tend to be pretty hard to connect with," said Castagno, "but I was blown away by their dedication to me and the campus experience I was trying to impart to them."

Castagno and the group were rapidly transported to the nearest trauma-1 rated emergency room at Northwestern Medical center where those who hadn't bled out en route are still being treated. Though it's been a trying endeavor, the experience has brought them all so much closer.

POLITICS

JEB (!) BUSH CAUGHT TUNNELLING INTO THE WHITE HOUSE

by Thomas Noriega

In the first major security scare of the Trump administration, Secret Service agents recently discovered a series of tunnels beneath the White House apparently dug by 2016 Presidential Candidate Jeb(!) Bush. The Secret Service was alerted to the excavation by a member of the kitchen staff, who had been hearing pickaxes and blasting caps for an extended period of time. The staff member also noticed trails of dirt left around the kitchen, usually accompanied by a few stolen foodstuffs. The service tracked one of these trails back to a cheese pantry with a newly-made hole where the floor used to be, and the ex-governor of Florida where the cheese used to be.

Jeb(!) was quickly detained, and a Secret Service detachment was sent to investigate the tunnels. After hours of painstaking crawling and charting, the full scope of the former candidate's plan was revealed. Starting on November 8th, 2016, Jeb(!) began digging towards the nation's capital from his home in Southern Florida, armed with a full complement of excavation gear and a year's supply of PowerBars.

According to the crudely drawn sketches found on Jeb(!)'s person, his cunning plan seemed to be to dig beneath the White House, sneak into the Oval Office, hide the entire White House staff in a large cavern excavated under the national mall, and



Photo by Willamina Groething

assume the full duties and responsibilities of the American Presidency as if he had been elected to the office. Future designs included feigning deafness when asked about President Trump or his sudden ascendancy to the highest office in the land, deflecting suspicion by imitating Trump when calling Melania or Barron Trump in New York, and tearfully begging for his family's love.

Jeb(!) seemed to be in a state of delirium, and experts fear a psychotic break. Several small plastic turtles were found on his person, and the words "SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE" were written on his clothing and skin using varying

methods ranging from Sharpie pen to battery acid. Jeb(!) was heard repeating the mantra as he was escorted from the premises.

When asked about the incident, President Trump commented "If I were trying to dig my way into the White House, I'd just excavate around the foundations, cause it to collapse in on itself, murder the President in the wreckage, and declare myself God-Emperor of America before rebuilding the White House out of solid gold and flamethrowers. I always said Jeb(!) was a bland, low-energy loser."

Ok, That's the Last Time I Date an Undecided Voter

by Greer Baxter

So I met this cute guy at a party, and he let it slip that he was an undecided voter. I knew they existed, but I thought they were just, you know, sad little people in bright red sweaters who showed up for presidential debates every four years. I didn't realize they actually walked among us. I was a little put off at first, but he seemed nice enough; I agreed to have dinner, oblivious to the horror that awaited me.

Everything was fine until the busboy

asked my date if we wanted sparkling or tap water. That took a while. But it was nothing compared to the agonizing cocktail selection process. Then it hit me: I had never stopped to think about the hideous level of uncertainty necessary for someone to be politically neutral, especially these days. And then the waiter came with the menus, which of course were full of more painful choices that were only made more difficult by the endless list of tantalizing specials. An hour or so later, as my date

was still wringing his hands over what to get for his main course, I pulled the waiter close to me and whispered in his ear that if he showed up with a dessert menu, he was a dead man. And when my date finally closed his cobweb covered menu and ordered, I foolishly blurted out, "So, are you a Cubs or White Sox fan?" and all hell broke loose.

So that's it. No more politically-neutral dating for me—done, finished.

PARTIES

AN ALPHABETICAL GUIDE TO PARTIES

by Chase Harrison

Darties. Garties. Racist Construction Theme-darties. Who can keep track of all the types of parties these days? I can. Yes, I, Chase Harrison, Chief Correspondent of the Shady Dealer Society Section, am here to give you the 4/11 on parties. Here's my exclusive, total insider, hot-of-the-press, fetch guide to parties:

AArty: Sober party

BARTy: Bay area rapid transport party

Brynmawrty: No boys Aallowed

Carty: Party in a 2004 Toyota Corolla

Charty: Graphical party

Darty: Day party

eParty: Electronic party

Farty: Party where chili is served

Garty: Garden party

GOParty: Gay orgy party

Hearty: Party where stews are served

Mason Jarty: Party you've probably never heard of

Kurty: Party that's been dead since 1994

Kurdy: Newly independent party

Lardy: Greasy party

Marty: Martyr party

Narty: NOT A PARTY

Oarty: Party on a canoe

PParty: Planned Parenthood party

Qarty: Qatari party

Rawrty: Party in dinosaur :P

Starty: Pre-pre-pre game

Sharty: Farty gone wrong

Subparty: Bad party

Tarty: Party everyone shows up late to

Tartarety: Raw party

UParty: Party on the CTA

Warty: Dermatology party

Yurty: Party in a Yurt

Reckless Partygoer Blindly Presses Apartment Buzzer

by Morgan Pantuck

Onlookers were shocked earlier this weekend when local partygoer Josh Casey pressed an apartment buzzer and allowed several unknown guests to enter his building without first verifying their identity, the *Dealer* reports. Casey, 19, allegedly heard the buzzer ring while finishing his fourth tequila shot at approximately 1:45am. The fearless host then stumbled over to the intercom system and slurred "come on in, bitchezzzz" into the micro-

phone before proceeding to unlock the door without so much as a moment's concern about whom he might have accidentally allowed into the building.

Casey's daring behavior produced a diverse range of reactions. "Man, I wish I cared so little about my possessions and well-being," commented partier Jesse Polkaed. "What a cool dude."

Other guests reacted more negatively. "Yeah, it turned out to be Tina and Mike,

but what if it had been, like, a bloody axe murderer?" quipped area student Rob Chan. "Or that douchebag Kevin from Civ?"

When reached for comment about his controversial conduct, Casey noted that "you jussss gotta live in th'moment, man, you kno—" before vomiting into a garbage can and passing out.

Local Horse Festival Immediately Followed by Local Glue Festival

by Ryan Fleishman

The Chicago Horse Festival, after rocking the foundations of the city with their awesome celebration of and deep-seated affection for everything horse, is finally packing it in to transition to the upcoming Chicago Glue Festival this Tuesday. The veritable medley of horse-centric activities like the Soldier Field Horse Race and the Cavalia horse performance *Odyseo* are over, and will be immediately replaced by glue-centric activities such as the Soldier Field Glue Drying Race and the famous burlesque show *I Did It For Elmer*.

The Chicago Glue Festival started in 1861, when famous horse breeder and glue entrepreneur Timothy Courtland

held the first Chicago Horse Festival and noticed many of his horses sustained minor injuries while doing acrobatic circus shows and long races. The legend goes that Courtland, saddened, thought to himself: "Whatever will I do with all these crippled horses?" Courtland, the magnificent horse and glue owner, paused for a second. His eyes suddenly lit up with ingenious passion, and he proclaimed "I know! I shall create a massive glue festival, equal parts grand to the horse festival, to forever stand as tribute to my injured horses!"

Romantic, isn't it? The Chicago Glue Festival and Chicago Horse Festival are still closely entwined to this very day. Ev-

ery year an especially high quality batch of glue is dedicated to a horse from the Horse Festival that demonstrated quality both on the field and in the bottle. This year's Greatest Gluer award goes to Charlie, the great Clydesdale who won the hearts of crowds with his magnificent trampoline act. Unfortunately, he could not accept his reward as he disappeared after rolling his knee on a poorly angled bounce, but if Charlie could see his great batch of glue he certainly would neigh with glee.

FOR ECON MAJORS

WALL STREET IS FILLED WITH EVIL CAPITALIST SCUM EXCEPT MY DAD

by Ryan Fleishman

Listen up, sheeple. Now that you've spent some time at the University of Chicago, you should be familiar with the beautiful works of Marx and the wonderful ideals of socialism. Therefore, my fellow Bernie-Bros, you should know that Wall Street is a hellhole of capitalist mouth-breathers who ruin the economy with their free-market evils. Every single person on Wall Street is a criminal. Except, of course, my dad.

Big firms on Wall Street do not work towards bettering society, but only seek to benefit themselves. These fat cats buy their jet skis and their Maseratis without the slightest intention of using the money to help anyone else. Disgusting. Of course, my family also owns a jet ski and Maserati or two, but that's different because my dad totally donates money to Red Cross. Well, recently we haven't, but that's beside the point. You know how sketchy charities can be. Anyways, I built huts in Ghana my junior year of high school so my family is clearly not demon spawn like the rest of Wall Street.

Furthermore, Wall Street capitalists ac-

complish nothing with their sin-stained careers. Their jobs do not contribute to the economy, but prey upon it like devilish vultures. What do people on Wall Street do? What is the product of their labor? The product of my dad's labor is important because he catalyzes mergers and separations between transportation companies, which makes our entire economy function smoothly. But each and every businessman other than my dad is a leech. Duh.

But the worst part of Wall Street is how elitist and classist the entire system is. These legions of suits all go to prestigious colleges and join douchebag frats, where they do nothing but look down on others not as privileged as them. As a 5th generation Harvard student and 5th generation brother with Sigma Alpha Epsilon (Σ AE represent!), I have the pedigree to tell you that these stock-jockeys have done nothing to warrant looking down on others. I bet they didn't even go to a REAL Ivy League like my father and me - probably just Cornell or some trash. These buffoons then leverage their connections to steal jobs from

talented youths in the middle and lower class. Can you believe it? Thankfully my dad asked an old frat bro at Luke Capital to hook me up with a summer internship, or these bloodsuckers would have stolen that job as well!

So here are my solutions. First, we hold Wall Street accountable for their white-collar crimes like insider trading, though we should not prosecute my dad because he did not realize he was insider trading and just made a silly mistake. Next, we raise taxes on those wealthy bastards except my dad because he worked hard and earned all his money. Finally, we minimize their ability to control the government with their evil and immoral money, though we should all still vote for my dad when he runs for the Senate next cycle. One fateful day the revolution will come, and we will finally purge our nation of all evil capitalist institutions. All but the one good capitalist institution, of course, which happens to be the transportation division at Goldman Sachs where my father works.

Five Tips to Maximize the Efficiency of Your Crying

by Morgan Pantuck

1. Cry during meals.

CWE, or "crying while eating," is the hip new craze that all the young kids are talking about. Yeah, it is a little harder to sigh and sob while chewing a turkey sandwich, and tears do tend to oversalt your food, but it's all worth it for those extra 30 minutes you'll to have edit your Civ paper.

2. Do two cries at once.

If you have a gloomy, gentle wail scheduled in the morning and a brief, panicked shriek penciled in after work, why not combine them into one medium-length groan around noon? You can save up to an

hour and more than ten pocket tissues this way.

3. Cry while doing your least interesting reading.

You weren't going to pay that much attention anyway, and those subtle tear stains come in handy when you need to ask for an extension.

4. Pick out tomorrow's tears the night before.

Instead of spending precious time mucking around in the closet trying on a dozen different types of sadness, just decide which tears you'll wear tomorrow and set them aside before bed. That way, you can

wake up and begin crying immediately.

5. Cry your tears into a dropper and then squeeze them back into your eyes.

Crying costs energy, and you need that energy to work. Don't force your body to spend effort on making brand new tears when the old ones will still do. Reduce, reuse, recycle, baby!

PHOENIX PRIDE

DISTRESSED PRESIDENT ZIMMER FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM O'HARE AIRPORT FOR SOLICITING DONATIONS

by Dan Lastres



Photo by Breck Radulovic

An arrest report released today by the Chicago Police Department confirmed that University President Robert J. Zimmer was detained and later forcibly removed from a flight at O'Hare International Airport for soliciting donations without a permit. This follows earlier reports from travelers who claimed they observed Zimmer begging for financial assistance in a "rather undignified manner."

The CPD report documents three alleged cases of harassment wherein Zimmer is accused of groveling at the feet of international travelers who just wanted to fly in peace. It suggests that Zimmer hid in the first-class bathroom with the door unlocked, waiting to assail unsuspecting business-class passengers with requests for donations, for yearly contributions to the endowment, and to be included in their estates.

Zimmer, who entered the terminal under the pretense of travelling to a free speech conference, was visibly distressed at the time of his arrest according to the report. Officers wrote that, "[Zimmer] was resisting arrest and alternating between muted babbling and aggravated shouting about a shrinking endowment."

Airline officials declined to comment on the incident, citing their longstanding policy to protect the privacy of customers at their own discretion. However, several passengers posted cellphone footage online which showed a disheveled and panicked Zimmer aggressively approaching travelers who looked like they might be able to help him out.

Though Zimmer had a letter opener on his person at the time of his arrest, earlier claims that stated he had threatened officers turned out to be false. However, the report does allege one count of attempting to bribe an officer. Cellphone footage posted by another passenger confirmed that he offered to name a building on campus after the police officers detaining him if they would allow him to stay on the plane.

College Student Actually Thinks Grandma Wears Big "Proud UChicago Grandparent" Pin Everyday

by Ella Hester

Second-year Kate Todd recently told the *Dealer* that she truly believes that her grandma wears an approximately 2x2" pin that features the text "Proud UChicago Grandparent" and the school's phoenix mascot as part of her daily attire.

"Haha, yeah," said Todd over a Facebook Messenger exchange, "That pin they gave out at family weekend last year somehow made it into her hands, and now it's as permanent a fixture in her wardrobe as her wedding ring! It's just one of the many little oddities you can expect from my grandma. Like how she doesn't put egg in lasagna because one time someone during the Depression died from Salmonella. Or how she refused to throw out my dead grandpa's collection of dead light bulbs. I guess this is just another one of her quirks!"

We caught up with Mrs. Todd on her walk to church one Tuesday morning and she was more than happy to answer our

questions.

"Am I proud of my granddaughter? Of course! Whenever I see her I wear a pin that says just that. Are you her friend? Do you know if she's going to church? She talks about her friends going to church, but she never explicitly says that she does... I'll light a candle for her today before I go to my film class at the teacher's union. The theme is mystery and suspense! Do you know her cousin Nick? I have a necklace right here with his picture on it -- he's reading Harry Potter right now!"

Todd, who is an only child and always has to google the term "Object Permanence" when playing Cards Against Humanity, later added, "The pin is probably a great conversation starter for my Grandma. I hear the people in her line dancing class are dropping like flies these days. I'm sure it's very useful when getting to know the newbies."

"One time I went over to my Grandma's

apartment for a last minute hang out sesh and she wasn't wearing it," said Todd, who is theoretically pursuing a BA degree grounded in critical thinking. "But that's probably because she didn't have the time to really put herself together for the day. Some people can't leave the house without eyeliner, and my grandma can't leave the house without that freakishly large pin! She's just so proud. How cute is that?"

When presented with the idea that her grandma only wears the pin while Todd is around, but always wears the dog tag with her cousin Nick's kindergarten picture on it, Todd laughed and said, "That's absurd! My grandma isn't a fucking snake."

Todd's grandma, who goes by Mary in real life, could not be reached for further comment because she was off at either tai chi classes, one of many choirs, or any other number of things she does in her fulfilling, independent life as a retired school teacher and individual.

AIRLINE PASSENGER ARRESTED FOR POSSESSION OF LETHAL WEAPON FOUR

by Reed Thurston

Earlier today, a young man traveling on United Airlines flight 3091 was detained by air marshals following concerned reports of a suspicious video being viewed on the man's personal computer. When confronted and questioned by security agents, twenty-two year-old Mahmoud Abdullah reportedly attempted to give an explanation for the Arabic subtitles visible beneath the image of Mel Gibson, whereupon he was quickly arrested and restrained after one officer noticed his headdress and heard him use the word "weapon" aboard the aircraft, as per protocol. The flight was rerouted for an emergency landing in Baltimore, where Abdullah was immediately escorted away by authorities and the 207 other passengers aboard were deplaned while transport security investigators searched both the cabin and cargo holds of the aircraft for any dangerous equipment. Abdullah was then transferred into police custody, where he was questioned by Homeland Security officials for nearly three hours after the search for threats aboard the aircraft had already come back negative. While the air marshals aboard the flight could not be reached for comment, transport security administrators reviewed the police reports from the incident and later released a statement defending the officers' judgment, deeming the suspect's choice of entertainment to be "an unsafe accessory for travel aboard a high-capacity passenger flight," as well as "a subpar fourth installment to what was already an enjoyable and well-rounded action trilogy." Abdullah instead believes he was victim to racial and religious profiling, warning reporters that "the only real danger aboard any aircraft is that of fear promulgated by ignorance" and went on the record stating that "the addition

of both Chris Rock and Jet Li made for an undeniably thrilling switch-up in the film's character dynamic. Danny Glover's evocative character arc made for every bit a tour-de-force performance in this feature as in any of the three films that preceded it."

STUDENT NAMING RIGHTS SOLD

by Thomas Noreiga

In an effort to defray mounting debts, the University announced that the naming rights of all current students are now available for purchase, effective immediately. For the duration of a student's tenure at The University of Chicago, donors will reserve the exclusive right to name pupils after themselves, their friends, or their pets as they see fit. Available rights will be displayed on the Dean of Students' website, along with relevant pricing.

"We at the University believe this is a big step towards establishing a consistent source of income for years to come," said University financial representative Milton Marks. "With the consistent growth of our admissions pools and the slow depletion of rooms, bathrooms, buildings, and Brutalist monuments to collective suffering, this solution allows a dynamic, living, and constantly regenerating investment for our financial backers."

The program began in the University's School of Economics, conceived by second-year Econ/Stats major Arley D. Cathey. "I started with two assumptions" he said, "That the University likes to make money, and that the University likes to name shit. I wanted to find a way to satisfy both of those desires indefinitely." But Cathey couldn't do it alone. He went to Economics teaching assistant and graduate student Arley D. Cathey for help.

"When Jo-I mean, uh, Arley came to me, I knew right away he was onto something," Cathey said. "A renewable investment that requires almost no personal effort to profit from? It's

UChicago Economics 101. Arley and I got to work immediately, and within 10 minutes, we had a plan."

When a donor goes to purchase a student's naming rights, they will find that not all students are priced equally. The base price level for a first-year student is \$1,000, a price which will double every year they remain at the University. Their GPA multiplied by \$100 will be added to the price -- a decision that shouldn't affect the cost too much. Participation in RSOs will add \$100 per RSO, \$200 for leadership roles in RSOs, and \$400 for athletic participation (donors appreciate novelty). Student government positions are worth \$600, and running a successful meme page fetches a whopping \$800. If a student lands an internship, their value will increase proportionally with the internship's field. If you are third-year Arley D. Cathey, your internship at the Lincoln Presidential Library and Research Center adds \$200 to your name. If you are 1st-year master's student Arley D. Cathey, your Goldman Sachs internship makes you a golden goose among men, whose value may be measured only in the wildest dreams of history's greatest rulers.

In addition to current students, the university is currently accepting pre-orders on naming rights to the class of 2021 and the firstborn children of all alumni.

In unrelated news, Arley D. Cathey has become the most popular name on 4 separate continents, baffling onomasiologists worldwide.

CAMPUS GOSSIP

Dean Ellision prefers Walk Sign Lake Park.

People involved with the Center for Leadership and Involvement don't wash their hands after they go to the bathroom.

Everyone on The Dealer Masthead is happy with the amount of sex they've had.