



Late University Hieroglyph Researcher Leaves Extremely Confusing Will

by Ryan Fleishman

After a 5-year-long struggle against prostate cancer, University of Chicago hieroglyphics expert Canute Erickson finally overcame his often lethal illness. However, he was hit by a red PT Cruiser while leaving the hospital and died. Erickson's death has left his friends, family, and colleagues feeling lost and confused, primarily because he wrote his entire will in hieroglyphics.

"Now that Canute is gone, I just don't know what to do with myself or with Canute's corporeal possessions," said his brother Leif, who may or may not have inherited some of Canute's belongings. "I assume that Canute wanted me to take care of his dog, but there is a squiggly line with a triangle in the middle next to a dog picture and I don't know what that means."

"Actually, the dog picture looks like a camel. Canute didn't own a camel, did he?" added Leif.

Much of the confusion over will stems from the fact that no one can tell the difference between hieroglyphs of people. Erickson seemed to have drawn multiple pictures of women in his will, but he was single at the time of his death and nobody knows who these pictures are referring to. The general consensus of readers is that he either wants to give his armoire to Becky in the Physics department or is telling Leif to delete the porn off his computer.

"I always knew Canute was a dickwad, but I never thought he was this large a dickwad," said fellow University of Chicago hieroglyphics researcher Esther Collins, who also may have inherited Canute's rustic cabin on Lake Champlain. "I'd help

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MEMORIAL DAY 2016: HONORING OUR FALLEN DRONES



by David North

For 14 years, the drone program has given the President of the United States the ability to execute surgical, extrajudicial, and often political murder from the comfort of the golf course. America rarely recognizes the brave drones who have to go into these civilian locales to kill often innocent and defenseless families of people who may have helped a fundamentalist religious group. All this changes now. In cities across the country, our fallen drones are being remembered for their heroic sacrifice this Memorial Day.

"It's about time we thank our drones for their service," said Mark Milley, Chief of Staff of the American Army. "It takes a lot of guts to fly over cities suffering from abject poverty and drop a Hellfire missile. I mean, what if someone tried to shoot down our metallic murder machines!? That's the risk our drones face every time they unleash devastation on civilians."

"I loved working with XE-100101," said Todd Backstrom, a Central Intelligence Agency drone pilot. "He made work feel like I wasn't working at all. In fact, it felt a lot like I was playing Xbox or something! The only problem is that when I do play

Photo by Willamina Groething

Xbox now, I worry I may actually be killing people."

In honor of the drones lost this year, the White House is holding a special service in which drones dressed in ceremonial uniform will drop one air-to-surface missile onto random foreign cities for every fallen drone. The CIA confirmed these missiles won't kill any unintended targets, unless they do. In wake of the new celebration, protests have broken out, criticizing the drone program.

"We can't possibly honor a program that is so ineffective," said protester Lara Hack. "I mean sometimes they actually kill people responsible for international crimes! I thought this program was all about the senseless slaughter! How can we mourn our drones when they sometimes kill the person they said they'd go after? I don't care how rare that is. I can't support a program that even occasionally brings justice."

You can catch all the happenings on the *Shady Dealer* holiday livestream this Memorial Day where we will be reporting all the unrequited, barely guided violence at chicagoshadydealer.com.

FAREWELLS

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Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

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DISCLAIMER

If you are so predisposed as to be offended, scandalized, or otherwise negatively affected by our content, we are very sorry. But only sorry in the way you are sorry when your friend's lizard dies. You are still probably an asshole, and it is not our fault.

META-DISCLAIMER

That was rude. We should not have insulted you like that right off the bat. We've been going through some stuff lately. Sorry!

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, that apology was not for our content. We still don't give a fuck.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

It is our pleasure to announce that yours truly, the editors in chief of the noble *Chicago Shady Dealer*, will be moving up in the world. The management has secured for us a promotion, and we will be joining the esteemed comedic ranks of Andy Kaufman, Jan Hooks, and George Carlin. That's right: they're having us executed.

Do not weep for us, beautiful readers. It has been our pleasure to serve you lo this one year, bringing you satirical content to the best of our abilities. And if the year should end, as it must, with our untimely deaths, well then, the candle that burns twice as bright burns half as long. We will be together again, one day. When that time comes, you shall know it. For the clouds in the heavens will part and there will be light. Light, and laughter.

Go forth, dear readers, go forth into the warmth of the dying day.

Sincerely,

Matthew Goldenberg
Walker King

Editors Emeriti

First Year Clearly Faking Hickey

by Daniel Ruttenberg

It is pretty damn obvious to all bystanders that first year Jack Rowler showed up to Professor Hills' Reading Cultures class with a fake hickey.

"I think he was trying to look embarrassed or something," said fellow student Isaac Tennison. He kept meandering between seats trying to look awkward or what he thought was 'awkward' which was weirdly awkward in its own right. Does he think he's clever or something? It's just sort of disgusting."

Oh, this? What is it? This thing on my neck? Oh, um...nothing," said Rowler in an interview with the *Shady Dealer* as he looked up toward the sky contemplatively. "Yeah, it's probably just, like, my skin or... something," Rowler said as he scrunched up his face in an attempt to create the illusion of blushing.

"This is not the first time [Rowler] has tried to look like he came to class returning from an intimate night," reports Tennison, "at one class we were talking about love in The Iliad and he said something like 'yeah, with regard to love-- oh wait never mind' and then he faked awkward laughter. It took likethirty seconds to get hs point across and absolutely no one believed him at all. Can't we talk about the book?"

When we asked for his name, he responded "oh...her...I mean, my, name is Becky...Jack! Stupid slip of the tongue. I'm just so out of sorts; I had such a busy night last night." We made sure not to ask what Rowler did last night.

TRENDS

NOW THAT IT'S SPRING, I SHOULD PROBABLY SHAVE MY THREE METERS OF ARMPIT HAIR

by Breck Radulovic

Hello, spring, and goodbye Old Man Winter! It's been a long one, and I haven't touched a razor since mid-October. But now that it's over 70 degrees, I'm tempted to break out my sleeveless dresses and tank tops. The only thing stopping me is my three meters of tangled, knotted axilla tresses.

Is it a bit bizarre that my armpit hair measures one and two-fifths times the height of Shaq? I don't think so. It's a natural life process and I'm proud of what I accomplished this Winter Quarter. It's not my fault snobs and misogynists are afraid of my silky armpit coiffure that is as long as some alligators.

That being said, it's not all Secret de-

odorant scented roses. The length of my pit hair is starting to get in the way of my daily life. Every time I try to wear a muscle tee to the gym or a bathing suit to the pool, my extremely long armpit hair (which is half the length of a full-grown giraffe) creates problems. I trip over it, people step on it as I walk to class, and I'm starting to use a whole bottle of shampoo per shower!

So I guess it might be time to say goodbye to my underarm mane. Anyone have a razor I can borrow?



Photo by Willamina Groething

143 Likes on Facebook? This Wasn't Worth Writing a Thesis

by Chase Harrison

8 months. 40 books. 9 drafts. 30 meetings with my adviser. 9 all-nighters. 90 pages. And all I get are 143 likes on Facebook. Are you kidding? Oh, and one "Haha." Gee thanks, Rebecca.

Honestly, I agreed to write this stupid thesis just for show. I wanted people to know that I am smart. I chose a fancy-ass title with words that I barely understand. You think "The Similitudes Between Disestablishment Copperhead Dixiecrats and Insectional Neoconservative RINOS for Teamsters in Post-Gingrich Congress" mean anything? Of course not. Those are

just some words I strung together to show that Political Science is a real subject.

And it wasn't like I just took some random pic. I spent a really awkward hour on the quad posing and trying to achieve the following in that photo: (1) a background that shows off UChicago's campus to remind my friends that I go to an elite university, (2) lighting that doesn't show off the black circles around my eyes and (3) fun pose that makes it seem like I am a generally chill person who hardly cares about my thesis in the first place. If you looked closely at the photo, you would

have gotten the message that I am a hard worker who's also quirky and laid back. It's all in the picture, dammit!

You know what? Screw you all. I saw how many likes people gave that absurd PDA picture of Jenna and her boyfriend (350, including several "loves") Jenna didn't even write a thesis! All she does is hang with her boyfriend. Well, I guess my thesis is like my boyfriend because all it does is rip my heart out and fuck me over repeatedly! So, yeah, go like that re-post of a Tasty video. I don't even care anymore.

Hieroglyph from
page 1

people decipher the will, but I feel that Canute wouldn't want me to. Also, I find this whole situation hilarious."

At press time, lawyers have found an ad-

dendum to the will in English saying "At least I didn't use Cuneiform."

*Practice
Safer
Sex!*

LIFESTYLE

CAMPUS CIRCLES OF HELL

by Nico Aldape and Teddy Zamborsky

First Circle (Limbo): Your Room

Your humble abode, a reminder of both sleep and toil, cannot be pinned down as inherently joyful or dreadful. Even the most virtuous, pleasure-seeking people are reminded of schoolwork. For each shot poured or joint rolled on desks, there are many more textbooks read and p-sets done. And yet, because relaxation still exists in a place otherwise filled with work and obligation, your room is comparatively not that bad.

Second Circle (Lust): The Reg Stacks

Where students stand frozen, hoping to live their tiny exhibitionist fantasy of smashing genitals betwixt towering bookcases, but knowing in their hearts that they will never be fulfilled. Perhaps they will just rub one out, get halfway there. Alas, not today. Maybe tomorrow.

Third Circle (Gluttony): The Coffee Station

You stare at the dispenser with reluctance, but the tiredness and headaches you'll avoid by pouring yourself a cup demand that you fill it. Oh, how you wish to sip coffee that's, for lack of a better word, remotely palatable. Knowing that despite the bitterness, this coffee isn't the strongest of brews, you get cup after cup. The make-you-have-to-pee effects of caffeine aren't helped by the sheer amount of liquid you're drinking or all the sugar you put into make it bearable. Alas, you do have to go to class at a certain point, so you jitter your way out of the dining hall.

Fourth Circle (Greed): The Never-ending Search for Some Peace and Quiet and Alone Time

Rarely is the privilege of sitting at a table alone or basking in the tranquility of your study music in the library granted. All the single tables are taken by others in the same mindset as you, but got there earlier. Sadly, you're not friends with any of them. You are wholeheartedly committed to ignoring people.

Fifth Circle (Anger): Lefty Desks in

Kent and Other Accommodations

Oh, did you need something? Like accommodations, because you aren't the perfect specimen the university was designed around? Well, sucks, doesn't it. Enjoy your seat, you sinister dick.

Sixth Circle (Heresy): The Divinity School Coffee Shop

Where God Drinks Coffee? Such hubris, to think that God has not forsaken this place.

Seventh Circle (Violence): Bar Night

Mm, smell that? The scent of spilled PBR mixed with smoke from the cheapest of cigarettes. The fuel of half assed punches caused by disagreements about who had dibs on that booth first (it was you, by the way). But don't worry, your friends will believe you tomorrow when you say you "kicked his ass." That's hopeful. Like you get to leave.

Eighth Circle (Fraud): The Office of Financial Aid

The final home of practitioners of simony, sowers of discord, and college aid counselors. They sit in their lair, guarding their mound of gold fiercely, as they laugh at the concept of need or the idea that others have no mound of gold. Nondorf, with his charisma, shields the office from the criticisms of disgruntled RAs and low income students simply asking for "help" or their "fair share". Poor bastards.

Ninth Circle (Treachery): The Administration

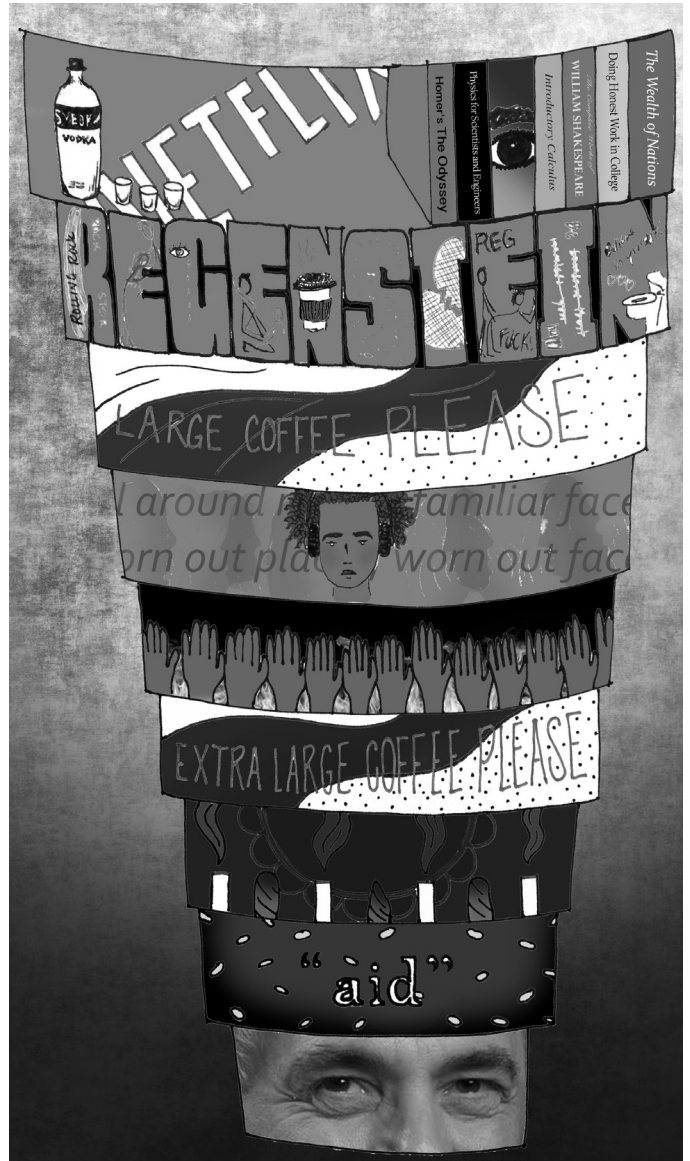


Photo by Willamina Groething

The Ninth Circle is filled with the treacherous souls among us - those who place the life of the mind above students' lives or minds. The cogs of the bureaucratic Rube Goldberg machine that appears to do something but ends up doing little but churn pointlessly. The Deans that manage and are part of the bureaucracy grease them up. Dean Boyer supervises on his bike, pretending he is unaware of his ironic cult of personality, while President Zimmer refuels the perpetual machine of lip service.

CURRENT EVENT

WHY HILLARY IS JUST LIKE YOU #SWAG

by Liam Coles

Hillary Clinton recently has gotten a bad rap about being “cold” and “unhip” with young people, but I am here to remind you that she is just like us millennials!

1. Just like the best of us, Hill likes to chill around with her #Dank-Memes! She really hopes that she can talk to you and your son again! And maybe you two could vote for her too!
2. Similarly to us young folk, Hillary loves Netflix! She just wants her bæ Bill to buy her pizza as they relax to

some Netflix and Hill!

3. Hillary, just like us college kids, also hates college loans! She always texts her daughter Chelsea frowny face emojis about how she wants young people’s debt to go away! Won’t you help Hillary help you say “Bye Felicia” to your college loans by coming out to the polls this November?!
4. Love Lemonade? So does Hillary! She, like Queen B herself, knows how to forgive a successful yet unfaithful husband. If anything, Hillary Clinton is just like an older, more

hip version of Beyoncé! Her polices are ***FLAWLESS!

5. Is throwing shade on social media a passion of yours? Same with my girl Hill! She loves to throw mad shade at her opposition on #Twitter and @snapchat! She just loves to break the Internet showing how ratchet and basic her opposition really is! #SorryNotSorry

Hillary Clinton is just your average millennial, just like us. She is so #swag that you should TURN UP at the polls this November and vote for Hillary Clinton.

Malia Obama receives Honorary University of Chicago Degree to Counteract Harvard Admittance

by Adam Lowinger

In response to the news that President Barack Obama’s eldest daughter, Malia, will be attending Harvard after taking a gap year, the University of Chicago has decided to award her an honorary Doctor of Law Degree at the upcoming 527th convocation.

Professor Gary Wilson, noted for his insight into game theory, was responsible for nominating Malia for the degree. He explained his rationale exclusively to the *Dealer*.

‘By making her a doctor immediately,

we eliminate any chance Harvard has of taking credit for her education. Naturally a law degree was the perfect choice given her father’s previous post at Chicago.”

Malia herself refused to comment on whether the degree will affect her choice to go to Harvard, but her parents have promised to support their daughter no matter what.

By contrast, many of Obama’s critics cite the honor as another example of the president’s children being given special privilege. Local Republican student

James Southerland said that the honor was “nepotism run amok” and complained that “she needs to suffer through the core and a major just like the rest of us if she wants that degree!”

Harvard also refused to give an acknowledgment to the University of Chicago’s decision, but inside sources claim that a Harvard master’s degree with Sasha Obama’s name on it is currently being printed.

Fuckboy Quits Scav After Failing to Find Clitoris

by Jacob Johnson

After four long days of searching high and low for every item on the Scav Hunt list (no matter how bizarre), local fuckboy Ryan “Swag” Firman was devastated to discover that one of the final items on the extensive document read simply “Clitoris”.

“Yeah, my heart just sank,” said Firman, who was dressed in pastel shorts, a polo shirt, and sunglasses. “Cause I’d made it all that way, you know, solving those weird riddles and stuff, and now I come across this ‘klytoobris’ thing and I honestly have no idea what it is.”

Indeed, when asked about said clitoris, a highly popular part of the female hu-

man anatomy (and worth over a hundred points for scav), Firman was completely ignorant on the subject.

“Yup, once again, totally blanking on that ‘glyporbrouse’ word”, he said, pausing for a moment to take a picture of his crotch. “Are you guys sure it’s a real thing? Also, I have sex, like, all the time.”

Despite his lack of knowledge on clitoral subjects, Firman was determined to wow the judges in a display of creativity on the prompt.

“Okay, I know we can award points to clever interpretations of items on occasion,” said Scav Judge Erin Myers. “But when Ryan walked into judging with a gross mess of popsicle sticks and beer

cans glued together with ‘CLEETUS’ written over it in glitter, we weren’t sure how to react.”

In the end, Firman was reportedly unable to complete the Scav process, having been rendered unconscious from drinking all of the beer in the cans used for his creation. The Judges were hopeful he would be back to try again next year.

“To be totally honest,” said Myers in a low tone. “We really added “clitoris” to the list specifically as an anti-fuckboy measure. He may be able to find a Jar-Jar jar ajar, or a butt-plug shaped like Teddy Roosevelt, but you know he’ll never be able to find one of those.”

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO CAMPUS TEMPORARILY RELOCATED TO RURAL ILLINOIS AFTER MUGGINGS

by Willamina Groething

The University of Chicago campus will be moved to the University of Chicago's Center in Wynoose, IL for the 2016-2017 academic year after several armed robberies in Hyde Park left more than 15 students and faculty members without their cell phones in Spring Quarter alone.

Jay Ellison, Dean of Students in the College, notified students on-campus of the change on May 15 via e-mail. According to the message, Dean of the College John W. Boyer, Dean Ellison, Associate Director for Student Affairs Lewis Fortner, and On-Site Coordinator of the Wynoose Center Pam Schwartz made the decision to move the program together.

"With reluctance in every case, the consensus of the group is that holding your academic year in Chicago next year would subject students to continued inconveniences and feelings unsafe, and could at best offer a highly constrained experience of Chicago," read Dean Ellison's e-mail.

Students must decide whether to relocate to Wynoose or to take a leave of absence from the University of Chicago for the academic year by July 22 at 5 p.m. The University has not released a statement on whether or not they will cover transportation costs or provide vehicles to transport

students on the obnoxious five-hour car-ride from the city.

Students that decide to relocate to Wynoose will still be offered the regular course listings, but the Civilizations core requirement will be waived for students who agree to fulfill a number of hours volunteering with local church youth groups and high school marching bands.

While there are as of yet no definitive estimates as to the number of students who will choose to attend the University of Chicago in the unincorporated community of Wynoose in southeast Illinois, students have expressed both support and disagreement with the decision.

Third-year Jeremy Goldberg said, "I think the University made the right call. Obviously, it's a hard call to make. But I mean, it's not going to impact the quality of our education or our daily lives. It's not like we 'interact' with the city as it is, and maybe getting away from it all for a few quarters will be good to help us refocus on our studies."

Added first-year Eliya Kurusi, "For the safety of my person and my iPhone, I was beginning to really reconsider my enrollment at this university. The decision to move to the middle of bumblefuck nowhere really put my mind at ease."

Not all students were as supportive of the decision however. Second year Britni Wallace felt the University was only trading the frying pan for the flames,

"Once again, this administration has made it clear they think they have the authority to simply make these decisions for us. As though we don't have the agency to decide whether we'd rather risk losing our iPhones or live in Wyn-ever it is they want us to go. Frankly, it's patronizing.

"And what the University doesn't realize: the rural Midwest can be extremely hostile to people who aren't exactly like everyone else in the rural Midwest, expecting us to simply bow down to their culture of Culvers and small talk. By moving to Wynoose, the university is just forcing the student body into a power structure none of us agreed to. There are Trump supporters in rural Illinois," Wallace said. When asked to address how that power structure might apply to the 5000-plus members of the student body confronted with the 221 residents of Wynoose, Wallace commented, "The elite dominance of the middle-American farmer. Look it up."

According to the College's website, the University anticipates moving classes back to Chicago by the 2018-2019 academic year.

BREAKING: Your Lab Partner Said 'Oops'

by Morgan Pantuck

In a terrifying moment that will surely haunt you for years to come, your chemistry lab partner and resident imbecile Jason Lieberman just said the word "oops" while working on your shared caffeine synthesis. Given his long history of ruining all your hard work, reports indicate that Lieberman, 19, has probably serious-

ly screwed something up this time.

"Lieberman is, well, inept," explained laboratory supervisor Henrietta Patrick. "He's the kind of kid that adds 100mL instead of 100µl. He breaks glassware. He sneezes on samples. That sort of thing."

It is currently unclear why Lieberman said "oops," how large his mistake was, or whether his grimy ham-fisted hands

will cost you points on your lab report. Sources speculate that he may have added anywhere from 1-2 hours to the amount of time it will take to complete the project and that his parents likely regret having him. At press time, your blood pressure was rapidly rising as you turned around to face your partner and strangle him to death.

NEW BEGINNINGS

MURDERED STATISTICIAN FOUND NORMALLY DISTRIBUTED

by Nico Aldape

In a recent study published by multiple members of the University of Chicago Department of Statistics, recently murdered statistics professor Angelino Drinkwater has been found normally distributed.

"I can't describe how well the phrase 'normally distributed' describes this situation," said Cook County Medical Examiner Simon Chen.

The Medical Examiner was unable to perform an autopsy given the highly dispersed nature of Drinkwater's remains.

"It's not even a body. Bodies are mostly solid and he was more of a liquid, on the whole," continued Chen. "We didn't take him in a bodybag - we had to use vials."

Chen then gave the *Shady Dealer* an exclusive preview of the 120 lab vials used

to collect Drinkwater, one of which reportedly contained his uvula. In addition to the Medical Examiner's report, the Statistics department embarked on one last data-based analysis

"The distribution had a mode of -17, and a median of 80.2," read the report. "Most values of the distribution lie within one standard deviation of the spleen."

The report went on to notice the odd shape of the distribution, which contained "significant outliers." A simple random sample (SRS) of the distribution found that it consisted solely of Drinkwater, ensuring the validity of the data.

"The regression across the scatter plot showed that the distribution could be



Photo by Breck Radulovic modeled by the equation $y = 4x^9 + 8x^3 +$ (the sum of 0 to infinity of $1/x$)" read the report. "This will serve us well for modeling future distributions."

Though the regression and distribution were calculated expertly, the statistical analysis could not eliminate the possibility of the distribution occurring due to chance. An investigation is underway.

First Year Was Fun, But Not as Fun as Space Mountain

by Nik Varley

It feels like yesterday that my parents dropped me off into my new life at the University of Chicago. I remember being filled with nervous excitement that first day, as I wondered about the people I'd meet and things I'd do during my first year in college. That first year is over now, and the anxious energy I felt at the start of the year has changed into more subdued contemplation as I take stock of the year behind me. I have complex thoughts on my first year, many of which are hard to put into words, but one of them is very clear: it definitely was not as fun as Space Mountain.

This is not to say that my first year wasn't fun; I got to meet new people, explore a new city, and push myself in an academic environment more rigorous than any I'd ever encountered. That being said, none of these things were as exhilarating as the high-speed, hairpin turns in Space Mountain. Even the most rewarding aspects of my first year pale in comparison to the excitement I felt as I was rocketed at breakneck speeds through Space Mountain's 3,035 feet of tunnels. That is a feel-

ing that simply cannot be recaptured outside of Disneyland Park or Walt Disney World Resort.

My first year was great in a lot of ways, but it was far from perfect; I experienced pangs of homesickness, self-doubt and fear that I just don't belong at this university. Overcoming these negative emotions was not easy, especially considering that no one has ever experienced any emotion on Space Mountain other than raw, unbridled joy. I know I belong on Space Mountain. I knew that I belonged the minute I was blasted through a wormhole into a pitch black, 50-foot drop. Existential distress was the furthest thing from my mind as I entered a nirvana-like state while zooming through a strobe tunnel.

When I look back at first year, I see lots of ups and downs; great nights with new friends and awful nights grinding through problem sets and questioning my decisions. However, when I compare these things to Space Mountain, they seem downright boring. The emotional rollercoaster of first year is a flat, slow haze when compared to the real rollercoaster of

Space Mountain, which stands out in my mind like a bolt of lightning. Even the personal growth I experienced throughout a year of new obstacles and challenges pales in comparison to the many ways in which my mind and being was expanded in those precious few minutes on Space Mountain. Already, moments from my first year are fading from my memory, but the adrenaline fueled bliss I experienced while going over the first drop in Space Mountain will stay with me forever.

In spite of the fact that my first year definitely was not as fun as Space Mountain, I'm still grateful to have lived through it. One of life's unfortunate truths is that it can't all be Space Mountain; sometimes, you have to do other things. When I think about it this way, my first year seems pretty good. Since I couldn't have spent that time at a Disney-branded theme park, I suppose I'm glad I spent it here. So am I glad that I got to experience my first year of college?

Sure. But would I rather have spent the year riding Space Mountain thousands of times consecutively? Absolutely.

People In Lounge Going to Pretend Kid Didn't Just Fart

by Jacob Levin

According to sources close to the Shady Dealer, people of the Vincent House lounge silently and unanimously voted to say nothing about the massive fart unleashed by house resident Frank Simpson.

"Yeah, we were just chilling out, playing video games, and making plans for the weekend, when all of a sudden, Frank just absolutely rips ass," Vincent House resident Harry Petersen told the Shady Dealer. "We didn't want to address it right then and there because we already make fun of him mercilessly behind his back, and it would feel wrong," Petersen continued.

"I was in the middle of a sentence, and then, boom! I tried my best to keep going as if nothing happened, but there was definitely a break in the flow of the conversation," Vincent House RA Gayle Hershfield added. "I hoped that it would go back to normal in a few seconds, but the smell was just so overpowering that I don't know how anyone in the room held it together. I hope I don't have to bring this up at House Meeting."

When asked about the incident, Simpson claimed that he had no idea what we were talking about before mumbling, "I didn't do it," to himself and returning to his weekly ritual of clipping his toenails in his room with his door open and Korean pop music blaring from his speakers.

Local Couple Announce Relationship has Been Cancelled

by Katie Zellner

Jen Karamchand and Joe Gaddis have announced that they are discontinuing their relationship after a successful three season run.

Mutual friend and self-described producer of the relationship, Drew Cavettes, explained that the couple mutually agreed that they wanted to quit while they were still at a critical and commercial peak.

"Shit gets weird if these relationships go on too long," Cavettes said in a statement issued on Facebook. "Sisters that you've never seen before are introduced, moms die, people lose their souls. Sure, it's possible relationships can recover and pretend that season four never happened, but Jen and Joe didn't want to run the risk."

Some friends have been less understanding of the couple's decision. Gaddis' parents, in particular, have been hardcore shippers since season one. A Kickstarter campaign has been launched by fans to raise money for couples therapy sessions, with hope that Jen and Joe's relationship will be renewed. One of the pledge rewards is a tshirt with #sixseasonsandamarriage printed on it.

These efforts will likely come to nothing, as rumors are currently circulating that Jen will be picked up online by her ex-boyfriend Finn Todd.

Horribly Misguided Sign Tells Drivers To "Stop"

by Ryan Fleishman

Having driven along Wabash Avenue multiple times in the last 2 weeks, residents of Chicago have unhappily realized that some absurd new sign in the road is commanding them to cease motion mid-drive.

"At first I was unsure how to react to the mysterious sign, as I had seen nothing like it before," Neighborhood Watchman and frequent car-user Dale Chomsky said, elaborating that the sign's structure gave him 'bad vibes.' "Both the red color and octagonal shape of this wayward sign betrayed the heretical nature of its message."

The unanimous consensus of Chicago

citizens is that stopping on the road is illogical, as the road is a place for cars to drive freely. "To be honest, we aren't even sure who put that sign up. Do they even have the authority to tell us how to drive?" complained local woman Martha Rogers.

On an unrelated note, car accidents at intersections in Chicago have reached a record high.

5 Albums You Should Only Masturbate To On Vinyl

by Teddy Zamborsky

1. Exile on Mainstreet - The Rolling Stones

Can you think of a better album to shake your hips and your spidermonkey, to in its original analog format? Well, we put it on this list, so clearly, neither could we. Trust me, we really tried.

2. Blonde on Blonde - Bob Dylan

Let's be honest, who hasn't flicked their bean while thinking about one blonde 'on' another blonde. Oh, you haven't? Well, let me tell you, it is... Oh, this album isn't about THAT? What album am I thinking of? Oh well, maybe it was a bootleg.

3. Dark Side of the Moon - Pink Floyd

Do you know what happens if you read the liner notes to Dark Side of the Moon while listening to Dark Side of the Moon? Neither do we, because when we drop the needle on our turntable to listen to this timeless work, we are too busy spanking the monkey to bother reading them.

4. John F Kennedy Speeches: A Memorial Collection - Ted Sorensen

Ask not what this CUMtry can do for you, but what you can do for your CUMtry, amirite? Amirite guys? Guys...?

5. 21st Century Breakdown - Green Day

Green Day would really appreciate it if you would only masturbate to this album the way they intended. Trust me. I called them. They sounded really sad.