



Victims' Families Find Comfort in Protracted Legal Battle

by Dan Lastres

Convicted murderer Hollis Rhooper, better known as the "Falsetto Killer," has received the death penalty for the murder of an entire barbershop quartet early in 2013. After the sentencing, family members of the victims said they felt relieved by the prospect of a protracted legal battle that could, after at least three rounds of appeals, result in a life sentence.

"We can finally have some closure knowing justice will eventually be served," said Alana Morgenthau, wife of ex-soprano Chip Morgenthau. "I personally feel at ease knowing that the sentence will be dragged through appellate court after appellate court."

The Dealer's legal experts predict that at least a decade will pass before Rhooper comes anywhere near an execution chamber.

In the meantime, the victims' families expect to rest easy knowing Rhooper and his legal team are contesting the sentence. They are already appealing on grounds of Rhooper's alleged mental incompetence, as supposedly evidenced by his deliberate act of murder. They will then appeal to higher courts on the grounds that the execution methods employed by the state of Utah constitute cruel and unusual punishment.

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MICHELLE OBAMA RELEASES PACK OF DOGS TO CHASE OBESE CHILDREN



by Ryan Fleishman

Last Tuesday, as the final phase in her Let's Move! program to promote health and fitness among American youth, First Lady Michelle Obama officially released a large pack of trained dogs to chase obese children until they lose weight. Let's Move!, until recently a broad set of incentive programs and in-school curricular additions, is now centered principally around its nascent Dog Wing. From Great Danes to Siberian Huskies, the dogs represent a wide variety of species, united only by their uncanny ability to detect and pursue overweight children.

According to Michelle, the dogs serve as a "double whammy" treatment, encour-

aging both an active lifestyle and healthy eating habits. The child participants benefit from physical exercise while fleeing from ravenous dogs, and are consequently unable to stop and eat. This combination of relentless training and merciless starvation is proven to eliminate child obesity at a pace unmatched by clinical and family interventions.

Studies suggest that the primal fear of wild animals triples, at a minimum, the amount of fat burnt in an average child per hour. This terror is a unique sensation—

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OUR FEARS

THE
CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
CRESCAT RUMOR, VITA EXCOLATUR

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Maya Handa
Becky Stoner

MANAGING EDITOR (INTERIM)

Jacob Levin

LAYOUT EDITOR

Evan Bernstein

COPY EDITOR

Daniel Moattar

PHOTO EDITOR

Willamina Groething

SECRETARY

Mary Vansuch

WEBMASTER

Jeremy Archer

FEATURED WRITERS

Evan Bernstein
Ryan Fleishman
Walker King
Dan Lastres
Daniel Moattar
Morgan Pantuck
Milena Pross

MEETINGS

Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

WEBSITE

chicagoshadydealer.com

SUBMISSIONS

submissions@chicagoshadydealer.com

DISCLAIMER

We do not intend to incite anything but laughter. Are you angered by our writing and planning to exact revenge? Think about how unsatisfying it would be, ultimately, to spill our blood. Think about how quickly the blood slips through your fingers and how dead a dead body is. Take your outrage home and sit a spell.

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.

ANYONE YOU DON'T SEE RIGHT NOW MIGHT BE DEAD

by The Editorial Board of the *Chicago Shady Dealer*

Look around you. Are there people? Are they alive? Cool. That's all you know, though. Anyone who isn't in your immediate field of vision at this very moment might be dead. You would have no way of knowing.

Do you see your mom right now? If not, she might be dead. Same goes for Dad. Unless you're standing face to face with your father, looking him in the eye as he says, "Don't worry, son, I am your dad and I am alive right now," he might be dead. Sorry.

Are you with all your friends? If so, awesome! That's cool and great that you get to spend time with them. I bet they're really good friends. But if you're not with all of them right now, some of them might be dead. And if, from where you're sitting, you can't see any of them right now, *all of them might be dead*.

That may sound alarming, but it's the simple truth. Any person could be dead at any time, and you would have no idea right now. Sure, you might find out pretty soon— you might get a phone call, or you might see it on TV. But *right now*, right this second, anyone that you don't physically see with your eyes could be dead, gone forever, and you wouldn't have a freaking clue.

You're probably getting a little worked up right now, and that's okay, but you should calm down. Everything's going to be okay. Everyone dies at some point. Some people are dead right now. Some people who are dead you thought were actually alive, but since you can't see them right now, you didn't know they're not alive and actually dead. It's okay. It's fine. You can't know. You just can't.

This axiom also applies to pets, grandparents, ex-girlfriends, and ex-presidents. *Anyone you don't see right now might be dead*. Especially Paul McCartney. I'm always afraid that he's dead.

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one that only a voracious pack of dogs can reliably inspire in a child.

"The strong will live, the weak will die, and power shall reign as absolute truth," First Lady Obama said. "We will sacrifice a ripe virgin to the hounds at the break of dawn, and we shall prosper in the coming cycles of the Moon!"

The Dealer attempted to interview the Let's Move chase dogs, but *Dealer* representatives were chased around the White House Lawn until our BMI hit 20.0.

Mrs. Obama plans to commit particularly severe cases to an intensive fitness session known as The Kennel. Information about The Kennel is classified, but children are said to "graduate" with thin waists and glassy eyes.

At press time, the First Lady and Presi-

dent Obama were seen sipping sparkling water on lawn chairs, watching the Let's Move! children run for their dear lives from a particularly large pack of raving hounds.

This space
was intentionally
left blank,
Brian



Why, I Think I'll Vote for Bernie Sanders

A Letter to Shareholders

by Jamie Dimon, CEO, JPMorgan Chase



I was speaking on the phone the other day with my good friend Hillary when she asked me one stumper of a question—"Jamie," she said to me, "Jamie, have you thought about who you're going to vote for in this upcoming election?"

"What upcoming election, Hil?" I asked, not being much for the political life.

"The presidential election, dummy," she said. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some covert emailing to do." And she hung up.

"Jamie," I said to myself, "Jamie, fella, who *are* you going to vote for?" Now, I've never worried so much about economic regulations, or taxes—I have guys down in D.C. who take care of that. But there's lots of policies I do think matter, so I got to poking through the Wikipedia and did my research, and that's why I'm voting for Bernie Sanders.

Bernie seems like a heck of a guy. I haven't had a chance to sit down with him one-on-one yet, and, even more unusually, I don't have his home, work, or mobile numbers. But, like me, he's a New Yorker, and us New Yorkers are tough, practical, rough-and-tumble characters. Like me, he didn't attend some highfalutin Ivy League institution. And above all, like me, Bernie cares about the regular guys.

It's not easy out here for us working stiff—the women and men who put in long hours to make sure there's food on the family table, expertly prepared by a cadre of professional chefs using only the finest ingredients. Bernie understands that whether you're a homemaker, like my wife, who oversees our staff, or a guy putting in long hours at the office who's had to substitute for his presence at family gatherings by buying increasingly lavish gifts for his wife and children, you need to be heard.

Bernie's perceptive, too. I've been following his speeches, and just a week ago, he told a gathered crowd, "This is a rigged economy, which works for the rich and the powerful . . . You know, this country does not just belong to a handful of billionaires." I think he's absolutely right. In fact, the United States is home to about 526 billionaires.

What America needs right now is someone with a head on his shoulders, someone who understands the importance of robust cash flow in our system of government, who knows what a job creator really is, and who cares about working guys like me. That someone, it seems to me, is Bernie Sanders.

This concludes the quarterly JPMorgan Chase report to stockholders.

Your pal,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Jamie Dimon".

Jamie

FOR FIRST TIME, MORE GRADUATES EXPECTED TO CRY AT GRADUATION THAN PARENTS

by Evan Bernstein

According to a study newly released by the Polsky Center for Entrepreneurship and Innovation at the University of Chicago, the bulk of the crying at this year's Spring Convocation, in a first, will be undertaken by those receiving their diplomas. Though in previous years most of the tears have been shed by proud friends and family, this year's graduation promises to tip that balance towards graduates.

The study puts forth numerous hypotheses regarding drivers of this phenomenon. *The Chicago Shady Dealer* has compiled a list of the most compelling:

1. This is the last time you will ever see any of your friends.
2. You still don't know what you're doing with your life.
3. Meeting people is so goddamn hard.
4. What the hell do you do with a degree in philosophy?
5. You're in so much fucking debt.
6. You don't have anywhere to live tomorrow.
7. It all happened so fast.
8. The future is a black cloud of dust suck-



ing you in, and you can't escape it no matter how hard you try.

9. You never got to hook up with Chelsea.
10. This is the worst day of your entire life.
11. You just keep repeating the words *This isn't happening* over and over again in your head.
12. You never thought it would end like this.
13. You're all out of bullshit, man. No

bullshit left.

14. There are so many things you wish you had done, and even more you wish you hadn't.

15. This is the last day you'll ever truly be happy.

The Chicago Shady Dealer congratulates the Class of 2015 on making it this far. Good luck in the future, and always remember: you can never go back. We will be here long after you're gone, long after you're gone, long after you're gone.

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"I feel consoled knowing that my brother's killer may become a poster child for the ethical conflicts of the death penalty," said Ryan Lee, brother of baritone Dennis "Tubs" Lee. "I'm especially comforted by the fact that the coming legal battle is sure to be widely publicized. It's just what Tubs would have wanted."

"That bad man is gonna get what he deserves. This isn't just about retribution or closure, this is about setting an example," said Mark Smith, son of alto Felix "Goldenthroat" Smith. "Anyone rationally considering a violent crime should think twice, because it may land them in a twenty-year wait for execution while the broken criminal justice system convinces itself beyond any doubt that he is both guilty and deserving of death."

Carson Putoxi, estranged cousin of tenor Shadwell "Lost In Your Eyes" Putoxi, said she was "certain" justice had been served. "Just as it has for 4000 years, the death penalty will serve to deter criminals from wrongdoing, and help put an end to senseless violence once and for all."

DATE RUINED BY DATE

by Evan Bernstein

According to sources who wish to remain anonymous, everything was set up perfectly for Julia Meyer's date last Saturday. There were candles on the table, she was wearing her favorite light blue dress, and she had brought two condoms in her purse, just in case. It was sure to be a wonderful evening—complete with romance, nervous giggling, and maybe even love. Nothing could have ruined Julia's night, except perhaps for her date, twenty-eight-year-old baseball enthusiast and lead bassist Danny Welker.

For a while, all was going just as Julia had imagined. She arrived at the restaurant—an authentic Italian eatery her cousin had recommended—six minutes early. She was seated at a small table near the back, quiet and out of the way of the main seating area. The waiter, an older woman who, while not wholly displeasing to look at, was far less attractive than Julia, brought a tray of freshly baked bruschetta, and a saucer of olive oil and balsamic vinaigrette.

The ambient music, a sampling of classical Italian arias, was soft and unobtrusive. The lighting was dim, but not dark. The room was not empty, but the closest people were three tables away, a couple in their thirties quietly discussing contemporary politics and the prospect of marriage.

Julia was calm, relaxed, and hopeful for the future. She wasn't sweaty or nervous, nor bored or apprehensive. She was enjoying her situation and the world around her, perfectly content to be herself in that exact place and time. For fourteen minutes, Julia was happy.

Then, late and underdressed, Welker entered. Although Julia had texted him her relative location inside the restaurant, Welker was for some reason compelled to look in every direction before finally spotting Julia in the corner. He proceeded to make his way over to the table, but not before texting Julia "on my way" in the same time it would have taken him to just walk over.

Julia remained seated as Welker greeted

her with a wet kiss on the cheek. "Sup, babe," Welker said, the first of many intolerable utterances that he would emit over the course of the meal from between his undoubtedly unbrushed teeth. His buttoned shirt was untucked. His greasy hair was uncombed.

The conversation ranged from movies Julia had not seen to sports about which Julia did not care. Welker's affectionate jabs at Julia's relative indifference to pop culture were less affectionate than jabby. He spoke with his mouth full. He ate all the bread.

Julia's date would have been perfect, sources report, were it not for her date. Perhaps, had Danny misread the calendar or been sidetracked by a fatal car accident, Julia's date would have gone differently. At press time, however, Julia had returned to her apartment alone, condoms unused, a pint of Ben and Jerry's waiting for her in the freezer.

Scientists Determine You Won't Finish This Article Because It About Science

by Dan Lastres

You won't finish this article because it's about science, a University of Chicago research group concluded in a study released this week. The combined unit of scientists, sociologists, and journalists determined that the average human attention span, already low, is reduced even further while attempting to read articles about climate change, behavioral studies, or pieces from *Mental Floss* magazine.

Neil DeGrasse Tyson and Bill Nye the Science Guy have been employed as attention-getters to lure you into this second paragraph. However, they are the only two notable celebrity scientists, and, let's be honest, they're burning through their fame pretty quickly. Scientists just don't have any good options left when it comes

to keeping you reading.

You will be shocked to hear that there is nothing that shocking about this study. In fact, "shock," "surprise," and "amazing" are words we tack on to study findings so people will click on them more readily. If you're still reading now, then you'll be amazed by the mind-blowing facts we're going to share with you in the next paragraph!

Oh. You're still here. I thought you'd have moved on to something else by now. Well, I'll be honest: I was lying through my teeth. There really isn't that much to it—science, I mean. Science is important, but it's not sexy, like fast cars or headlines about ambiguous racism that anyone can throw together. Those are the facts, and

those facts are boring as hell. God.

We can be one hundred percent sure that no one will read this far down in the article, so I'm just going to tell you a couple things about life as a scientist. I wake up every morning and put on my scientist pants one leg at a time, like everyone else. Who the fuck am I kidding? No one cares at all. Even if science can improve your life, reading an article about it won't do shit.

There's nothing scientific about my pants, either! Even if they were special science pants, you'd get tired of checking them out before you reached mid-thigh.

FORLORN OBAMA SPENDS WEEKEND GOING THROUGH HOPE CHEST

by Walker King

A nostalgic Barack Obama spent most of the previous weekend in his bedroom, White House sources informed *The Chicago Shady Dealer*, combing through items the President had at one point placed in the Presidential hope chest.

Reports indicate that shortly after President Obama awoke on Friday, he was overcome by wistfulness, which prevented him any undertaking save the reexamination of mementos preserved from his childhood. Sources speculate that this tide of Presidential nostalgia was at least partly driven by the drizzle and fog surrounding the White House.

"It was very unlike him. Barry is usually so get-up-and-go in the mornings," said First Lady Michelle Obama. "But when I woke up, I saw him staring out the window sipping a cup of tea. He must have stood there for fifteen minutes without

saying anything."

Obama went on to ask two agents on his Secret Service detail whether they could "get the old chest" from its place in the White House attic. After the agents set the chest down in Obama's bedroom, the President asked that everyone but Mrs. Obama leave the room. Sources reported that the chest was constructed from a handsome polished oak, weathered by age and the love of generations.

"The first thing he pulled out was an old, faded Hawaiian shirt," Mrs. Obama told *The Dealer*. "He said, 'When I was seven, this was my favorite shirt in the entire world. I put it in the chest so I could wear it at my wedding. We think such stupid things when we're young, but when we grow up we learn the truth.' Then he just stared at it for maybe five minutes. I thought he might cry," the First Lady said.

According to Mrs. Obama, her husband went on to withdraw an old fraying basketball and a deeply dented Frisbee, turning each over in his hands several times. Mrs. Obama then left the room to find her daughters.

"I told them, 'Dad is going through a pretty tough time right now. He's looking through a lot of things from a long time ago. But I just want you to know that whatever seems wrong with him has nothing to do with you. Your Dad and I both love you very much,'" the First Lady reported during a press conference.

Around one o'clock, the President was seen wandering through the White House kitchen in a bathrobe and slippers, refusing all requests for help. He collected a bowl, a box of Lucky Charms cereal, and a half-empty gallon of milk, and returned to his room.

She's Not My Girlfriend, Mom

by Walker King

Mom, I appreciate all you've done for me. Were it not for the fact that you feed and clothe me, and selflessly allow me to sleep in your warm house, I don't know how I would muster the strength to go to school every day—let alone serve as the treasurer of the state's second-highest-ranked thespian ensemble! But if our conflict-free cohabitation is to continue, I need to make one thing absolutely clear to you. Mom, Lauren is not my girlfriend.

I understand why you would misunderstand the nature of our relationship. Lauren and I have been spending a lot of time together after thespian meetings are over. Sometimes, we sit right next to each other on the couch when there's still a ton of couch we could be sitting on. I'll admit that that one time we were actually holding hands on the couch, but that was just so I could see what it's like to hold hands

with someone.

It frustrates me, however, that you continue to insist that Lauren is my girlfriend. You call her "your little girlfriend." You ask me, "Did you see your girlfriend today?" and you tell Dad that I was "necking with my girlfriend." It has to stop. Also, we weren't "necking." I had to tell her a secret by whispering it in her ear, *Mom*.

Lauren has always been a great friend to me, maybe even a best friend, and I would never want anyone to think we were something more than that. Our friendship has been forged in trials, like the time we were at thespian regional competition and she realized she forgot her pitch pipe in the car and wouldn't be able to begin the a capella section of our performance by playing B sharp with her perfect lips. Did Dylan M. run out to the car in his tuxedo to get it? No, he did not. He probably didn't want

to mess up his perfect hair. Only I make those sacrifices for Lauren, as a true best friend would.

I'll admit that sometimes I've thought about asking Lauren if she would want to be something more than just a best friend—perhaps even a girlfriend. Many a late night, I've rolled around in bed thinking about her perfectly crimped hair, the way her wrist glows when the sunlight hits her charm bracelet, or how she looked the day she wore a tight-fitting t-shirt to the thespian meeting. But I always return to one true fact: friendship is better than love with the most beautiful woman in the world because friends never break up. Besides, she's totally dating Dylan M. So please, Mom, listen to me: she is not, and let's face it, probably will never be, my girlfriend.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH MY LEAST FAVORITE NEIGHBOR

by Milena Pross

You waited months and months, and The Chicago Shady Dealer finally got hold of him. I sat down with none other than Bennett—by far my worst neighbor, and the reason I avoid ever checking the mail. He collects toy horses and won't shut up about his one trip to Spain.

Interviewer: Milena Pross, Chicago Shady Dealer

Interviewee: Bennett, the human compost bin who lives down the street from me

Setting: A driveway equidistant from both of our homes

CSD: Hey, Bennett, how are you?

B: Pretty good. You? You're back from college? How's that going?

CSD: None of your business, Bennett. What do you think of the weather?

B: It's a little gloomy. Not a whole lot of sunshine today.

CSD: And whose fault is that?

B: I don't know if we can really blame the clouds on anyone.

CSD: It's your fault, Bennett. You did this to us.

B: Okay.

CSD: Okay. So I hate to break it to you, but word on the street is that everyone wants you evicted. Just thinking about you makes me clench my fists.

B: What? But I'm the president of the neighborhood watch!

CSD: Not for long. Not once we expose the truth. Are the rumors true? Do you have sex with Pop-Tarts® for sport?

B: Absolutely not! You always ask me that and every time I swear to you the answer is no!

CSD: There you have it, folks, right from

the mouth of the Tartfucker himself. Tell me more about your hobbies, Bennett.

B: Well, I'm glad you asked. I have a price-less collection of toy horses that I spend hours restoring each day—

CSD: You are the king of all that is awful and I spit on your lawn in my dreams.

B: These don't seem like standard interview questions for your school paper.

CSD: When I think of your name and ancestry I experience a primal urge to throw things at you, your toy horses, and your many bird baths.

B: I don't think there's any need to get violent.

CSD: Well, it was great talking with you today. It's been a real pleasure, and I hope to see you again soon. Take care.

MIT Scientists Unsure What You Did in OChem Lab

by Morgan Pantuck

Citing your product's unusual color, texture, and melting point, a panel of MIT's top scientists confirmed today that they have absolutely no clue what you've created in the laboratory portion of your organic chemistry class, nor do they understand how you managed to screw up the procedure so badly.

"This was supposed to be a simple lab," reports Institute Professor of Chemical Engineering Dr. Olivia Mulligan. "Sophomores regularly synthesize hexaphenylbenzene with little to no difficulty. Yet, this product, which is supposed to be an odorless white powder, looks more like a pile of melted Starburst, and smells like the last cough of a dying man."

Researchers originally tried to solve the

puzzle by checking your reflux set-up, and asking if you added all the reagents in the correct volume and order. After rolling their eyes at your claim to have followed the procedure exactly, the panel glanced over your laboratory notebook, but surprisingly failed to find any written errors. "Huh," the scientists remarked, looking back and forth between your anxiety-ridden face and the sticky, bubbling goop you created.

"Maybe I didn't clean my glassware well enough?" you offered, hesitatingly, while three tenured professors gawked at your apparent incompetence. "It's almost impressive, frankly," commented Nobel Laureate Dr. Kenneth Wu. "I don't think I could've done this even if I wanted to. I

mean, seriously, why is it *red*?"

Eventually, after rubbing their temples and questioning the nature of causality for quite some time, the researchers offered, "Try adding some acetone, I guess?"

According to reports, you will be docked several points for your mistakes, especially for your melting point, which is 50 degrees above the accepted literature value. This assessment of your lab work represents the latest in a series of unfair grading decisions, given that you tried your hardest and didn't even break anything this week.

At press time, you've decided to start cheating in your organic chemistry class.

GAY MARRIAGE STANCE ADDED TO OFFICIAL LIST OF YOGA POSES

Yoga practitioners faced an expanded repertoire last week, as new asanas were added by the Yoga Council to the official list of yoga poses. Most discussed among the additions was the “Gay Marriage Stance,” with several variations popularized largely by candidates in the 2016 presidential election.

“The Gay Marriage Stance is a demanding pose, appropriate only for the most experienced students of yoga,” said Dwayne Prasad, director of Chicago’s Yoga4U studio. “Properly executed, the Gay Marriage Stance involves many twists and turns. It requires great flexibility and control. It cannot be completely taught—rather, an individual must arrive at their own, unique Gay Marriage Stance through constant practice and meditation. And in its truest form, the Gay Marriage Stance is completely opaque to onlookers and observers.”

Despite the warnings of experts that the Gay Marriage Stance should only be attempted in a controlled environment, and then only after proper training, several would-be practitioners faced severe embarrassment on their first public attempt of the pose. Oswald Ishigura of Lake Placid, New York, who was raised in a conservative family, but has two openly gay sons, collapsed dramatically as he tried to assume the pose in his local studio. Omar Petersen, of Forest Park, Illinois, similarly lost his balance, apparently because he entered the pose distracted by his duties as a busboy at the Manhandler Saloon.

Safety experts advised that those seeking to practice the full Gay Marriage Stance

should first consult with their local polling company, to best assess the risks and benefits of working towards the asana. Senator Ted Cruz, among the politicians who initially promoted the Gay Marriage Stance, reported that he was “continuing to innovate” in the stance, and in particular was developing best practices to maintain the stance in “extreme” environments, such as on rugged campaign trails, in evangelical churches, and at gay weddings.

STUDY: FEAR OF SNAKES “TOTALLY REASONABLE”

The fear of snakes is a completely sensible reaction to several environmental factors, including extreme fucking deadliness and terrifying goddamn slithery noises, a herpetology research team at Johns Hopkins University reported in a study released today.

“Snakes are petrifying,” said herpetologist Sandeep Krishnamurthy, Hopkins’ Distinguished Professor of Herpetology and head of its newly established Department of Snake Defense. “Snakes can bite you to death, squeeze you to death, envenom you, poison you, swallow you whole, swallow your friends and family—it’s like motherfucking Jurassic Park, only with snakes, and in real life. If you see a snake, run away, or don’t, because it’ll catch up to you anyway.”

Citing a recent incident in which large groups of snakes swam upstream from Florida as far north as Washington, D.C., Krishnamurthy suggested snakes were growing more intelligent, perhaps with an eye to world conquest.

“What’s next?” Krishnamurthy asked. “Snakes driving cars, snakes flying planes. Snakes taking our jobs. Snakes managing our economy. Snakes in the sewers,

coming up through the pipes in your house while you’re enjoying a little quiet time with *Newsweek* or the Sears catalog. Snakes biting you to death. You’ll be bitten to death by a snake, on the butt. They have special butt venom. Snake Butt Death is slow and painful.”

“Snakes,” he concluded in a tone of subdued hysteria.

AREA YOUTH WASTES FIRST WET DREAM ON MRS. MACNEILSON

Area pre-teenager Alex Sanderson had been anticipating his first unconscious orgasm since he first heard his older brother, Jacob Sanderson, soil the sheets of his bottom bunk almost two and a half years ago. Sanderson awoke yesterday morning to discover that his day had come.

Sanderson blew his first nocturnal emission on his least favorite pre-calculus instructor, Janelle MacNeilson, 45. In addition to the shame and guilt that accompanies most orgasms, Sanderson must now cope with the discomfort of having climaxed to a vivid mental image of MacNeilson running a yardstick between her buttocks while reciting a rhyme about the order of operations.

“I’m not all that ashamed,” Sanderson informed *The Dealer*. “Mrs. MacNeilson has a decent figure for forty-five, and at least now I don’t feel like I owe her anything for taking up all her office hours the last couple weeks. She’s a nice lady, and she puts so much time and effort into teaching her students with no thanks in return.”

MacNeilson, known throughout Sanderson’s campus as a firm disciplinarian, is single, but jaded with regard to mingling. At press time, Sanderson has committed to hanging back after class in hopes of something, anything.

Additional reporting by **Alexander Dunlap**, **Daniel Moattar**, and **Dan Lastres**.