



Admissions Office Releases Class of 2019 Dick Statistics

by John Wilson

In an unexpected turn, the University of Chicago Admissions Office has released the penis size statistics for the class of 2019. The information was released on the admissions office website between the GPA distribution and average ACT score.

"The Office of Admissions is pleased to welcome such talented young students to the University of Chicago," read the report. "Students this year arrived from all fifty states, 16 countries, and have an average erect penis length of 5.61 inches."

The penis statistics, never before released in an admissions office report, came as a shock to many students, many of whom had no memory of disclosing any information about their penises.

"I really don't remember putting anything about the girth of my erect penis on the common app," said first-year Will Blankenship. "But I kind of rushed through it at the last minute, so I guess I could have forgotten. I feel like I would have remembered, though."

The report went on to state, in detail, many aspects of the size, shape, and volume of the class of 2019's genitalia.

"The class of 2019 had an average GPA of 4.2, participated in numerous extracurricular activities, and has an average flaccid, pendulous penis length of 3.61 inches. Seventy-four percent of them have participated in community service, thirty percent conducted original research, and forty-five percent have uncircumcised penises. We are so proud to admit this group of impressive young scholars to our university."

"The degree of methodological rigor is honestly what's most alarming," said concerned first-year Eric Stanton. "Look, they have a whole section on how length

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OBAMA WEDS SHINZO ABE IN TRANS-PACIFIC PARTNER- SHIP



Photo by Willamina Groething

by Zachary Spitz

To finalize the Trans-Pacific Partnership, President Barack Obama married Prime Minister Shinzo Abe of Japan in a ceremony in Atlanta this week. The historic partnership is the culmination of five years of courtship by Mr. Obama. Family and friends from nations around the Pacific Rim came to celebrate the union. The ceremony was closed to press, but *The Shady Dealer* obtained a copy of the president's wedding vows.

"I, Barack, promise to be a loving husband, a committed partner, and a consumer base for East Asian electronics," read the vows.

Mr. Abe had some loving words in his vows as well.

"And I, Shinzo, will always be there for you till competition from China do us part," read the vows.

Sultan Hassanal Bolkiah of Brunei, who was in attendance at the wedding, remarked that the two world leaders looked thrilled to be together, but that their kiss

had too much tongue.

"Shinzo is the light of my life," said Mr. Obama at a press conference yesterday. "It was absolutely love at first joint military exercise."

Mr. Abe expressed similar sentiments upon his return to Tokyo.

"I'm so happy that I finally get to marry Barack," said Mr. Abe. "It's 2015, and a world leader should be able to marry another world leader no matter how wide the Pacific Ocean is."

Under the condition of anonymity, senior wedding planners disclosed that Mr. Obama and Mr. Abe had been ogling each other for years, but that their love affair took on a new sense of urgency when President Xi Jinping of China began trying to woo various Asian leaders with promises of financial stability.

"We just thought, now's the time," said

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3D PRINTER BIRTHS TINY PLEXIGLASS BABY

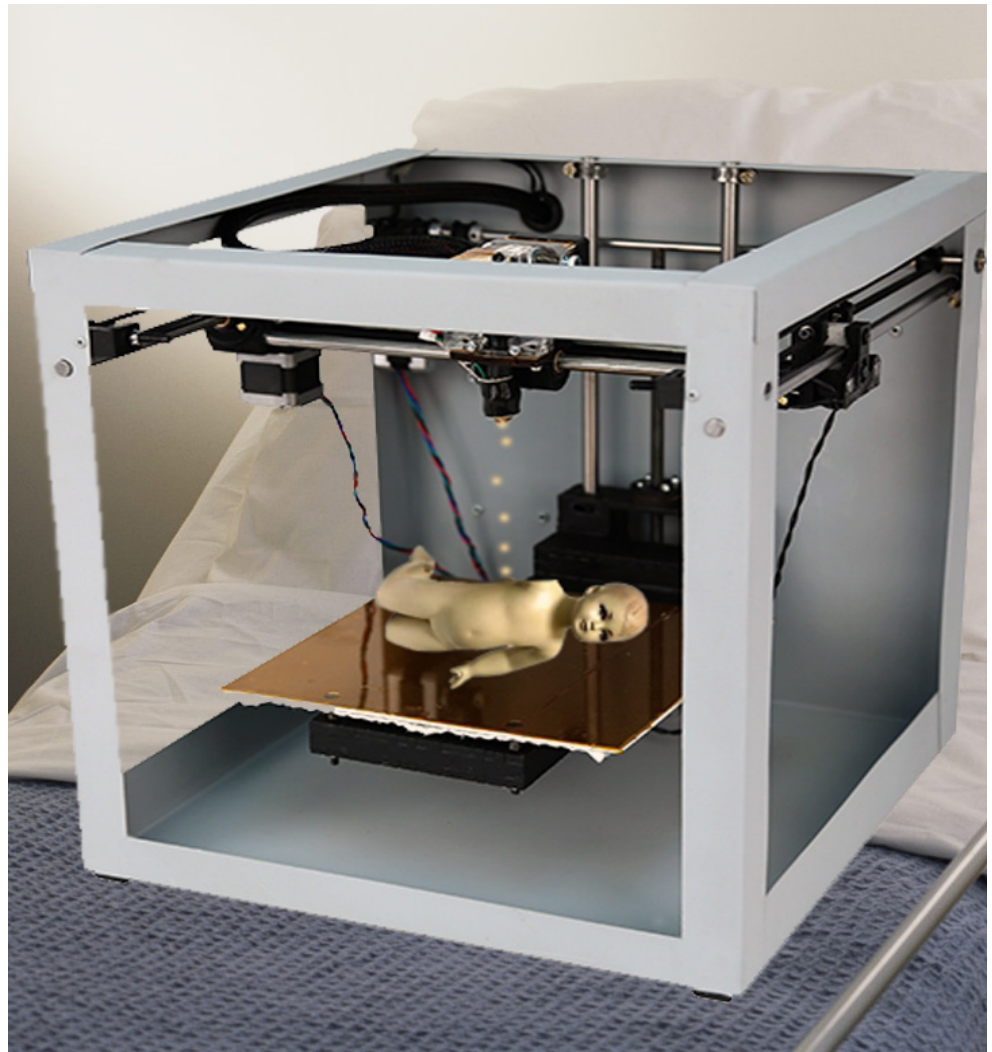


Photo by Harini Radharikshnan and Nik Varley

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Mr. Obama. "Why hide it anymore?"

However, the expression of commitment between the leaders of the world's first- and third-largest economies drew sharp criticism from some quarters. Labor organizations expressed alarm at the nuptials, worrying that the wedding's extravagance would lead to unregulated cheap party favors flooding domestic markets. Others were dismayed that the marriage was negotiated secretly. This included former First Lady Michelle Obama, who reportedly kept swatting the wedding cake away from her ex-husband.

Under pressure from Democratic primary voters, former Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton announced her opposition to the marriage, a radical departure from her 2012 statement calling it "the gold standard of weddings."

However, Mr. Obama and Mr. Abe received plaudits from Vice President Joseph R. Biden Jr., who was thrilled that there was an open bar.

"Two thumbs up for that sake," Mr. Biden declared. "Never had anything like it before."

MEET THE GUY WHO LIKES POT SO MUCH HE SMOKES IT IN THE HOSPITAL

by Daniel Ruttenberg

Hey, stoners! Think you're the head honcho? The pot pro? The marijuana master? Well, Cyrus Bellevue has you beat. This guy takes pothead to the next level. This guy smokes weed in the hospital!

Yeah, that's right. Cyrus has fibromyalgia, a disease which causes widespread pain all over the body. He spends a good amount of time in the University of Chicago Medical Center. It's no fun there, with all sorts of stuffy doctor types who can't loosen up walking around. However, just because Cyrus is bedridden doesn't mean he ain't gonna live his life. When his pain is acting up, he gives himself a puff of that sweet, sweet devil's smoke, and lets his high take control.

You'd think that being sick would keep Cyrus from getting pot, but he makes finding the drugs look easy. The doctors just hand it to him! They don't even ask this guy for an ID or anything. The pot is just his for the taking! Sometimes he doesn't even ask for pot — one scream and the doctors run in and give him a long toke until he feels high as a kite.

"This guy takes pothead to another plane of existence," said his doctor, Karen Heino. "When he needs weed, I'm gonna give it to him, you know, because he's a living legend. And guess what? I talked to my boss, and I can give it to him 100% legally! Yeah, gfuess it's some sort of loophole."

Word of Cyrus' devotion to the drug has spread across campus. T-shirts reading "Smokin' with Cy" have been spreading throughout campus, selling like hotcakes.

Anthony Spud, a stoner and fourth-year, praised Cyrus' claim to the throne of stonderdom.

"As much weed as I smoke, I will always be the second best, forever in Cyrus' shadow," said Spud. "But you know? I'm not jealous. Whenever I see Cyrus in his wheelchair with a blunt in his hand, I'm in the company of royalty."



Photo by Breck Radulovic

Economics Major Enlightens Bernie Sanders

by Mary Vansuch

Yesterday, Bret Whitefish was just another second-year economics major. Today, however, he became a national American hero. Feeling sorry for Senator Bernie Sanders' economic ignorance, the second-year decided to give the presidential hopeful a call to explain basic economic principles.

"When I was watching the Democratic debate with my house," said Whitefish. "I couldn't help but notice that Senator Sanders didn't seem to understand simple economics. Even though he hasn't taken

Sanderson's class, I figured I could still enlighten him about the fundamental principles of economics that his rhetoric lacked. With a copy of the Wealth of Nations and an open heart cavity, anyone can understand economics."

Senator Sanders remained silent during the call, allowing Bret to explain his criticism at length from the point of view of a marginalized economics major. Shortly after, Senator Sanders held a joint press conference with the second-year to explain that he is now a capitalist.

"I don't know how I missed these ideas,"

said Sanders, "Of course increasing taxes on Wall Street bankers would harm the middle class. I wish I had taken introduction to micro- or macroeconomics while I was at the University of Chicago. Maybe then I wouldn't have made such blasphemous statements or forgotten that capitalism is this nation's true creator."

At press time, Bret could be seen entering a joint private meeting with Senator Sanders and the CEO of Goldman Sachs for the good of the American people.

7 WEIRDEST THINGS YOU'LL FIND IN THE BASEMENTS OF ACADEMIC BUILDINGS

by Chase Harrison

1. A Sex Dungeon: Thanks to generous funding from the Uncommon Fund, RACK, UChicago's BDSM Club, there is now a fully equipped sex dungeon in the basement of Levi Hall! Spots are going fast, so make your reservation for the space ASAP.

2. Wick House: Tired of schlepping all the way out to Broadview, all of Wick House currently resides in the basement of Culver Hall. House culture has never been more tightly knit!

3. One-Hundred Thousand Copies of Dean John Boyer's *The University of Chicago: A History*: Talk about embarrassing! Dean Boyer told his publisher to print thousands of copies of his new book, confident that it would be a best seller. You can find 100 thousand of those copies in the basement of Cobb Hall

4. A Bathroom: I know this one seems really crazy, but in the basement of the Classics Building, there's an actual, authentic bathroom. Bet you thought no academic buildings had these!

5. The Core: A gigantic iron-nickel alloy



Photo by David North

ball lies in the basement of Blake Hall. Be careful, it's known to be 10,800 degrees Fahrenheit!

6. A Giant Furnace: In the basement of Rosenwald Hall is a massive furnace that the Office of Admissions fuels with the files of rejected applicants. Now you know why the building always smells like

dying dreams... and burning paper!

7. The Tomb of William Rainey Harper: The weird smell of Harper Library is not due to old books, but rather the embalmed corpse of our first President, William Rainey Harper. Many students have been known to pray to Harper's lifeless body during finals week.

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was measured from the pubic bone to the tip of the penis glans. And they've fitted the mass of our testicles to a normal distribution! How on earth did they even get that information?"

The report concluded that the class of 2019 was well suited for the rigorous environment of the University of Chicago.

"We are confident that the class of 2019 will become valued members of our community here at UChicago," read the report. "We warmly welcome them and their statistically average penises to our campus!"

Number Without Units Consistently Hilarious

by Morgan Pantuck

Persons close to the situation report that the dimensionless number just spoken aloud by third-year Christina Wilkins was, indeed, hilarious. The figure was uttered when Wilkins' roommate Molly Parker asked her how excited she was for Taco Tuesday. While Molly was expecting Christina to answer with a qualitative expression, she instead replied, "Twelve."

"Twelve what? Units of excitedness? We'll never know!" Molly said. "Twelve seems like a lot, but without a physical dimension, it means both nothing and everything at the same time. It's funny, because twelve is a totally abstract concept."

According to *The Dealer's* sources, Wilkins has startled audiences with this type of comedy before. For example, when classmate Kevin Steinberg asked how many hours he should study for the midterm, Wilkins responded, "All of them."

This very much confused Steinberg.

"All of them - as in, all 24 hours in one day, or the entire duration of my life?" Steinberg thought while smirking in a bemused way. "Or does it that also include time in a cosmic sense, like, including the hours before I was born and after I die?"

At press time, Wilkins was telling her boyfriend that she loves him "so many."

SURPRISES

FIRST YEAR HIDES GIRLFRIEND FROM PARENTS

by David North

First-year Jack Bailey of Coulter House was seen trying to hide his girlfriend, first-year Amy Xuhao, from his parents when they visited last weekend. Bailey carefully avoided mentioning his O-Mance to his parents and spent the weekend keeping his girlfriend inside her double at Blackstone. The family toured campus and visited the historical buildings surrounding Hyde Park. What the Bailey parents didn't know was that Xuhao was only a few blocks away in her dorm room, thinking about her next date with their son. The last thing on their mind was the possibility of their son ever getting laid.

"She's not even my girlfriend, I swear," said Bailey. "We're just talking."

Xuhao, however, had a different point of view on the relationship.

"We've been dating ever since we matched on Tinder after a Chicago Life Meeting," said Xuhao. "He even took me to Bar Night. It was so romantic, and

the Alpha Delta Phi brothers are really poetic."

An investigative journalist followed the case all the way to an anonymous informant who is close to the couple.

"It's difficult for them to maintain a relationship like this, but they have such a connection," said the informant. "One time, he even texted her that she was 'UChicago Hot'. There aren't many people sweet enough to say that, you know? I don't think Jack would really hide Amy."

UCPD reports reveal that Bailey was seen looking sort of "squirrely" and "weird" during the weekend. These reports confirm initial speculation that Bailey was hiding something.

"It's obvious that this kid was hiding something," said Marlon C. Lynch, Associate Vice President for Safety, Security, and Civic Affairs. "We see this all the time, and it's important that we catch it sooner than later. Everyone must review commonsense.uchicago.edu so they

know what to do when this happens to again. Be aware of your surroundings."

Bailey and Xuhao are still dating, and can be found near and around Blackstone.

"It's the excitement that really keeps our love so fresh," said Xuhao. "It's like the roiling of a thunderstorm that will forcefully strike your ears with mighty claps, leaving you anticipating each hit with unbridled exhilaration."

Bailey offered his input into what makes his relationship with Xuhao so beautiful.

"What relationship? I barely know this person... really!" said Bailey.



Follow Xuhao and Bailey's romantic journey via the TrackJack app, designed by Amy, to get updates on their cutest couple activities and relationship milestones!

Panera to Stop Selling GMOs After Seeing Convincing Facebook Post

by Katie Zellner

After seeing a convincing Facebook post by his uncle, the Co-CEO of Panera Bread Sam Hockly has announced that his company will begin serving only 100% organic food by cutting out all genetically modified organisms (GMOs).

Hockly spoke to *The Shady Dealer* post-announcement.

"After Chipotle made a similar initiative, we were intrigued. We did some research and are now completely convinced by the mounds of evidence posted by my uncle on Facebook that GMOs are bad and scary," said Hockly. I have heard plenty of scientists say that GMOs are perfectly safe, but my ex-girlfriend, who said she would love me forever, was a scientist. I don't trust those people anymore."

Chipotle's original initiative was to find new sources for their products, specifically corn and soy plants, but Hockly believed Panera could do better than that. After discussions with farmers and Hockly's daughter, who is taking 6th grade biology, the company discovered that virtually all organic products have been genetically altered due to traditional farming techniques and natural selection. Therefore, the company decided to completely remove corn, beef, chicken, pork, wheat, rice, sugar, lettuce, tomatoes, herbs, and all other food items from the menu. Although victory is sweet, Hockly insists that this is an ethical issue as well.

"Not only do we care deeply about winning and the, uh, environment, but we

also have to maintain our reputation as a premium fast food company," said Hockly. "Given our commitment to quickly serving our customers, we have decided that we cannot use genetically altered organisms because evolution takes a really long time. Did you know that our last common ancestor with the chimpanzee lived over six million years ago? That's crazy. That's just so many."

As a further measure, the fast food company has also invested in an intern's second cousin on Kickstarter who is trying to develop human photosynthesis.

"In the meantime," said Hockly, "you can still enjoy Panera's free Wi-Fi, restrooms, water, and comfy booths for only \$15 an hour."

LIFE: A RICH TAPESTRY

PRACTICAL GUIDE TO BEING A FUCK-BOY

by Juan Caicedo

Perhaps you first heard about fuckboys from a parent, coach, or pastor. You may have seen one passing by in the hallway, one hand secure on a vape pack and the other's thumb indiscriminately swiping right on Tinder until engorged from overuse. You might even know a fuckboy yourself. In any case, read the guide below if you have any serious interest in becoming one. If followed diligently and patiently, these six simple steps will make you a fuckboy within months:

1. Decorate appropriately. The fuckboy life is all about image, and you should project the right one. Suggested dorm posters include *Fight Club*, *Pulp Fiction*, Megan Fox bent over a car, and Bob Marley smoking a sick spliff.

2. Make aggressive eye contact with yourself in a mirror during masturbation. If possible, film this and masturbate to the video later. Repeat this to as many levels of self-love as necessary. Only in this way can you develop the level of narcissism conducive to the fuckboy lifestyle.

3. Dress the part. Clothing only matters in one respect: how much can it show off that body you've worked so hard on? Solid

color V-necks are a good option, but shirtless is an even better idea. Whenever possible, soak your clothes in Axe body spray to sculpt them against those well-earned muscles.

4. Take every woman in your life and ask yourself, "Would I fuck her?" If the answer is no, cut all contact; mothers are no exception. If the answer is yes, then you must make your intentions known as early and often as possible. Provide dick pics liberally so that women understand that you have a penis and are willing to employ it to their benefit. A dick pic can never hurt your odds. It can only improve them.

5. CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

6. On a spring morning when Jupiter is in the third house and Mars lies under the Sun's aspect, you must go out into the woods and slaughter a one-eyed dog. Bury this dog. Over its grave you must turn three times to the west and once toward the east. As the sun rises, strip naked. The light is flowing over you, transforming you into something beautiful. Reach out. Feel the moment. Listen to the sparrow trill its unrepentant song toward the virgin



Photo by Willamina Groething

day, and then take a dick pic. Congratulations, you are now a fuckboy.

Used Tissue Re-evaluated

by Morgan Pantuck

According to eyewitness reports, area flu-victim Walter Atkins was forced to re-evaluate the feasibility of continuing to blow his nose into a tissue that he had used previously. Atkins, 22, was sitting in the middle of lecture and attempting to write down the essential components of Marx's critique of capitalism when a small trickle of snot began to drip sensuously down the left side of his face. Atkins quickly realized that he was out of new tissues and scraps of toilet paper, and so reached down hesitatingly into the moist cavern of his jacket pocket in order to retrieve a soiled one. The tissue in question, while damp and folded, still retained some surface area that appeared reasonably absorbent for the

purposes of unclogging nasal passages.

"What are the pros and cons, here?" Atkins thought while straining noisily against the inevitable effects of gravity. "I can't keep snorffing mucus back into my nose, but this tissue is already fairly disgusting."

As class continued, so did Atkins' dilemma.

"What if I wipe the snot on my jacket sleeve?" he thought.

Atkins began to weigh the options while those sitting next to him continued to lean away in horror.

"If only Ajeya wasn't sitting so close by," Atkins thought, in reference to the girl he's been trying to flirt with for several weeks. "She already probably thinks its gross that

I only shower two or three times a week."

Sadly for Atkins, the embarrassment he feared came true.

"Shit," Atkins added, realizing that a tickling sensation in his schnoz had suddenly grown past the point of no return and that his immune system was quickly barreling towards a full-fledged sneeze. The undergraduate then grew wide-eyed, braced himself for impact, and sprayed viscous fluid all over the classroom.

At press time, Atkins was running to the restroom with his hand firmly clasped over his nose, and his viral particles were gleefully coming into contact with the mucous membranes of six of his fellow students.

A GUIDE TO FRAT PARTIES

by Alex Hall

Frat parties can be a very confusing muddle for a first year. From the nonsensical assortments of Greek letters which constitute their names to the sweaty mess that is the interior of their houses during a party, fraternities can sometimes feel just as stressful as school. *The Shady Dealer* knows that you aren't here at the University of Chicago to play school – you're here to have a good time. With that in mind, here are some tips to propel you to frat superstardom.

1. Nitpick the beer choices. Nothing makes you sound cooler than complaining about all the free beer you're receiving. Plus, if you grumble loudly and often enough, the people around you might not be able to tell that you've never had alcohol before!

2. Did you just buy a pair of shoes for over \$100? Are they brand new and sparkling white? Wear those to the party!

3. If you get the chance to actually talk to anybody, corner that person. Prevent them from walking away from you by shifting in front of them when they try. Regale them with tales of how awesome you were in

high school. Were you third string on the JV handball team? Perfect. Tell them about how you were an All-American and were offered a full ride to Duke to play on their handball team.

4. In a similar vein to number 3, always one-up people when telling stories. If someone mentions that one time that they hooked up with a girl in the broom closet at a house party, tell them about the time you had a threesome in broad daylight at a playground while all the moms and dads cheered you on. Remember: you are the coolest person there and, as such, the center of attention.

5. Let your roommate know exactly how much you drank in vivid detail when you get back. Be sure to include the "exact" number of shots you took (feel free to round the numbers up a bit) and the alcohol percentage of all those beers you drank. How else are they supposed to know that you're cool enough to drink if you don't wake them up to inform them about it at 2 in the morning on a Thursday?

Math Major Has Nothing Left to Prove

by Alek Binion

On October 1, 2015, it was confirmed that Todd Smith, a fourth-year Mathematics major at the University of Chicago, has nothing left to prove.

The University of Chicago student body reached a unanimous decision confirming that Todd was an all-around "great guy" after adding to his flawless track record by completing his homework in a timely manner, helping a prospective student locate Rosenwald Hall, and finding time to "chill with his amigos."

The confirmed "good egg" plans to celebrate his new accolade by playing a friendly game of Yahtzee, getting a minimum of 8 hours sleep, and tuning his acoustic guitar.

Financially Struggling Rainbow to Cut Indigo

by Ryan Fleishman

Last Friday, The Rainbow announced that its sixth color, indigo, has been officially removed from all future and current incarnations of itself due to budget constraints. While this announcement affirms a large amount of public speculation, many rainbow-viewers were immensely surprised when the news came. The Rainbow reached the decision to remove indigo after months of arduous discussion in response to financial difficulties.

Indigo, one of the original colors included in The Rainbow, has long been a subject of dispute among the rainbow community. Many consider indigo to be a superfluous shade between blue and violet, and cite its overly complicated name and comparatively obscure nature.

"You ask children their favorite color and they say red, green, or blue," said resident color speculator Joan Newport. "Only a true degenerate calls indigo his favorite color."

Others are highly offended by indigo's removal, and have started protests across the world in support of the color.

"Indigo is a sacred member of the seven colors of The Rainbow. Taking it away not only defiles rainbow tradition, but lowers the number of colors to six. Six is a stupid number," said protester Jaime Cauthorn. "Indigo is the shit. Why aren't people complaining about violet? Fuck violet. It's just a condescending rip-off of purple."

The Rainbow has been struggling finan-

cially over the last two years, 168 days, four hours, 15 minutes, and two seconds due to the recession. The first signs of its financial weakness included drops in quality and quantity of rainbows around the world. This was followed by serious debt, which forced the replacement of pots of gold at the end of rainbows with cardboard boxes filled with packing peanuts and low-quality quartz. These problems nearly peaked last January, when The Rainbow started outsourcing production to Cambodian sweatshops.

The *Chicago Shady Dealer* reached out to The Rainbow for an interview, but received no response. This is likely because The Rainbow is a natural phenomenon and cannot talk.

Introvert Redefines Meaning of “Solo” Cup

by Dan Lastres

On Friday night, local introvert Tim Jericho took a major step forward for introverts everywhere when he poured himself a rum and lemonade in the comfort of his own dorm.

“I just want to have a good time like everybody else... but without everybody else around,” said Jericho.

Jericho’s night started off mellow with several episodes of Parks and Recreation on Netflix. Like any party, things started to get out of hand as the night went on. Jericho’s rum to lemonade ratio climbed with every drink he poured. By 11 o’clock the party was in full swing, according to Jericho. His neighbor Julia McCambridge reported that around this time, she could hear “Shots” by LMFAO through their shared wall.

“I was worried that the party in his room was getting out of hand, so I knocked on his door to ask him to turn down the music or break up the party,” McCambridge said.

Cambridge’s concerns, however, proved unnecessary when she discovered that the music and party sounds were coming from a YouTube video while the Lone Rager smiled wistfully at the screen. Hearing that there was free alcohol and no cover charge, several first years arrived at his door around midnight, only to leave immediately when they discovered there were no cups, mixers, ice, seats, or people to talk to.

In a statement posted to his Facebook wall late the next day, Jericho confirmed rumors that the previous night’s party had been a success and that he would treasure the solo cup he had saved as a memory of the thrilling and fulfilling night he had.

Rattling Radiator Actually Maintenance Worker Trapped in Wall

by Grace Quigley

The search for Leo Fox ended late Thursday evening when the 43-year-old was found inside the wall of Maclean residence hall behind what was previously thought to be a rattling radiator. Fox was reported missing by his family when he failed to return from his job as a plumber at Boersma Plumbing & Heating in Hyde Park. The report was filed October 2, shortly after the central heating systems went on in several University of Chicago buildings. For those with radiators, this was accompanied by the familiar rattling noises associated with the old-fashioned systems. The missing man was found in the outer wall of the dorm room of Sophie Brooks, a first-year in the College.

“We thought it was just the heater,” said first-year Yvette Reyer, a friend of Brooks. “They warned us about the banging . . . when the heat goes on.”

Known as “a funny guy” among his friends, Fox was apparently discovered when he laughed at a joke told by Brooks.

“That was fuckin’ hilarious,” Fox said. “also I thought I was going to die.” Fortunately, he sustained no lasting injuries.

Brooks has since transferred schools and was unavailable for comment.

Pearson Institute Established to Resolve Global Conflict Between Econ Majors, Rest of World

by Breck Radulovic

News of a \$100 million donation was well received, with both Economics majors and human beings with souls agreeing that the new Pearson Institute for the

Study and Resolution of Global Conflicts would help ease tensions between future millionaires and future happy, but otherwise unsuccessful and entirely unremarkable people.

Second-year Philosophy major Tatum Adams and third-year Economics major Chet Johnson were excited to hear about the Institute at the RSO fair.

“There’s been a bit of ill-will between people like me and people like Chet, but the announcement of the Pearson Institute has already begun to bring us closer together” said Adams, who described himself as “not a saint or anything, but someone who thinks about other people once in a while.”

In a remarkable departure from usual heated discourse, Johnson agreed with Adams.

“I mean, I still think Tatum is pretty misguided for thinking that a humanities degree will contribute anything positive to society, but now I realize that she’s just trying her best, you know?” said Johnson.

The Institutes’ booth at the RSO fair included informational brochures and pamphlets, including guides such as “How to Talk to People Who Still Think Communism is a Good Idea Without Being Condescending” and “Not Everyone Wearing Salmon Shorts is a Total Douche, But if You Want to Avoid Them at a Party, It’s Probably for the Best.”

Both Adams and Johnson plan to attend the Institute’s first peer mediation session in October. Johnson expressed his desire to learn what it’s like to put another person’s needs before his own.

“As an Econ major, it’s important to understand why human beings tick so that you can exploit them for monetary gain,” said Johnson. Besides, I’m not a wholly terrible person. I’ll probably donate to the Red Cross every couple years so I can claim the tax deduction.”