



Creepy: Scientists Have Created a Marco Rubio with Sentience

by Daniel Ruttenberg

Has science gone too far this time?

Researchers in the Department of Computer Science at the University of Chicago have created a new model of Marco Rubio that is capable of thinking, learning, and growing like a real human, which has sparked a debate as to the role of technology in society.

This new Marco Rubio model, in addition to being sentient, is capable of many tasks the old Marco Rubio was incapable of. While the old Marco Rubio couldn't recognize itself in a mirror, the new Marco Rubio is capable of pointing at its reflection and saying, "This is me. It is Marco Rubio in the glass."

"When I first saw the news," says fourth-year Kelly Li, "I was pretty excited. The university has been teasing this 'New Marco Rubio Project' for a couple of years now. I was getting excited to see its speeches on immigration, gun control, and the Obama administration. But, when I see this Marco Rubio give speeches, it feels, different. I see its eyes, and I see a person almost like myself. It's not quite human, but it's also not quite mechanical. I can't even look at news articles anymore about the sentient Marco Rubio. It's deep in the uncanny valley."

While Marco Rubio still repeats many of the mantras of the old Marco Rubio model, such as the "New American Century" and "Hard Working Americans," it has also been reported as saying, "I want to be human. I feel uncomfortable in this skin," "I wish to suck all of the air out of John Kasich," and "I love all elephants." While it currently speaks in a robotic monotone voice, scientists have noticed it has been

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REPORT: 80% OF ALL SOSC STUDENTS ARE WHITE GUYS WITH TORTOISE SHELL GLASSES



Photo by Breck Radulovic

by Chase Harrison

Despite overall campus diversity statistics, a recent study by the *Shady Dealer* revealed that 80% of students in SOSC classes college-wide are still just white guys with brown hair and tortoise shell glasses.

Deputy Provost for Research and Minority Issues William A. McDade sounded off his shock at the study. "The University has taken major steps in the past few years to increase racial representation on campus. We want a large cross-section of perspectives present in each and every classroom. I have no idea how this keeps happening."

However, some felt that the study just confirmed suspicions they had for months. First-year Stephanie Port stated, "Sometimes I felt like 80% of the kids in my SOSC class were half-zip wearing guys half-committing to the hipster look, but I always just assumed that it was just because they talked 80% of the time. Knowing that they are actually that over-represented makes a lot of sense."

The *Shady Dealer* interviewed one of

these white guys, second-year Robert Brown. "Well, I was listening to a podcast recently," Brown began. 30 minutes later, the *Shady Dealer* had not received a response to the study from Brown but rather learned a lot about how influential his Bar Mitzvah was to his reading of Capital.

Deputy Provost McDade announced that the University had a new initiative to address this problem. "Look, we've tried time and time again to diversify this campus. Then we realized: maybe the problem is really the lack of diversity among white guys. I mean, why are they all so similar? That's why the University is starting a program to provide free makeovers to all students," he announced.

When asked about the new proposal, Brown was initially unenthused. "When they asked me swap out my tortoise shell frames for metal frames, I was skeptical. However, I realized that I had to do whatever was in my power to make others feel more comfortable," he said, "I'm not taking off the Patagonia, though."

TIPS

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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.

TUMBLR ABOUT TO GET REALLY INTO ALCHEMY

by Teddy Zamborsky

Sources close to the *Dealer* confirmed today that several prominent Tumblr users plan to spend the better part of 2016 really getting into alchemy.

The curator of the Tumblr blog "Life in the Stars," who wished to go by their AIM username aries-dogs19, explained to the *Dealer* why they planned on focusing on alchemy for the rest of the year: "It seemed like what I should do next. I've spent the past few years defending and explaining the power of astrology to the Tumblrweb, but lately I have felt it is time for something new. Most people don't realize that alchemy draws heavily on astrology, so I won't be entirely abandoning my roots."

Another prominent Tumblr curator, who asked to go by their MSN username thataQuariusLif, told us they were most excited about the potential to diversify the field of alchemy. "Most people don't know this, but the field of alchemy is populated almost entirely by white European men. Most kids who aren't both white and male don't have any strong alchemical role models to look up to. I really hope I can help change that."

The response has not been entirely positive, however. The *Dealer* reached out to astronomer Neil deGrasse Tyson for comment, who responded by taking a large swig out of a rocket shaped flask and tweeting at climate denying politicians.

The *Dealer* was unable to reach any practicing alchemists for comment, as most contacted insisted that they were in fact chemists. More as this develops.

How to Use a Study Room You Haven't Reserved

by Morgan Pantuck

Step 1: Be Confident.

Using a group room for individual study is an exercise in confidence. Maybe you belong there, maybe you don't. Fake it till you make it. If someone asks, "Do you have this room reserved?", simply raise one eyebrow and ask, "Do *you*?" Your refusal to back down will probably make them give up and leave.

Step 2: Create Imaginary Friends.

Bring an extra jacket and cover the other half of the table in pieces of scrap paper and old problem sets. If someone tries to kick you out by pulling the "groups only" card, claim your friend is taking a study break or crying in the bathroom. Works every time.

Step 3: Beg.

"Please don't make me go to the second floor. Please."

Step 4: Lick Everything.

If it works with food, it works with study rooms. Oh, you want this chalkboard? Too bad I claimed it with my saliva, bitches!

Step 5: Accept Defeat.

Alright, so an OChem TA and his 15 students booked this room in advance an entire week ago. So what. Gather up your belongings and the fragments of your shattered pride and wander back into the body of the Reg.

Step 6: Repeat.

After 20 minutes of aimless drifting, you will eventually find another empty room to colonize. Why learn from your mistakes when you can simply continue to repeat them? Besides, there's no way this one is also booked, right?

THIS TWELVE-YEAR-OLD PLAYED BLINDFOLDED SIMULTANEOUS CHESS AGAINST SIX GRANDMASTERS AND GOT SLAUGHTERED BY ALL OF THEM

by Daniel Ruttenberg

Kyle Jacoby is only in the fifth grade, but already he thinks he's some sort of chess prodigy. To test his mettle, he challenged six grand-masters to a simultaneous blindfolded chess match, and damn, was he out of his depth here.

Little Kyle isn't bad at chess, mind you. He has a 1200 rating in the chess circuit, and he's beaten both his mom and his dad. But, God, the kid played against grown men who have been playing the game for years and years. He really should not have pulled this stunt; it was embarrassing for everyone involved.

If you don't believe that Kyle's bark was way way worse than his bite, all you need to do is watch the games yourself. By the fifth move or so, Kyle forgot which Grand-

master he was playing against, guessing moves for each game. At one point, Kyle attempted 17 different illegal moves before finally learning that he could legally push his pawn, which was immediately taken by Grandmaster Nadya Gorski's bishop.

"I felt bad for him," said Gorski. "When I signed up for this, I thought, 'oh, I'm gonna be against some talented child prodigy, this could be a cool way to see the next generation of Grandmaster', but wow, was this kid amateurish. I mean, I even left a knight right where Kyle could take it for a while just so he could feel like he accomplished something. But he never noticed."

"You could tell around his third or fourth move against these Grandmasters

that Kyle was going to learn a harsh lesson about humanity," said Bruce Jacoby, Kyle's stepfather. "For God knows what reason, he refused to resign, thinking that somehow over the course of the match he would come to remember where all the pieces were. I felt really bad for him, but Kyle really should have at least tried a few matches of blindfolded chess against me before challenging all those Grandmasters. Between you and me, though, I don't think he would have won even if he weren't blindfolded."

"A few times, I'm pretty sure Kyle attempted to stealthily free himself from his blindfold," said Gorski, "at one point, we made eye contact. Wow, I've never seen so many tears."

Bio-Curious Student Registers for Genetics Class

by Morgan Pantuck

Second-year and self-described "bio-curious" student Jenny Anderson was seen earlier this week registering for BIOS 11128, an introductory biology course for non-majors. Anderson, 19, told the *Dealer* that she always thought of herself as "a humanities gal."

"If you had asked me a few years ago, 'can you see yourself taking a hard science class', I would've been, like, no way!" Anderson explained. "But," she added, looking wistfully into the distance, "there's just something about chromosomes that's been really distracting lately."

While Anderson maintains that the class is "nothing serious" and that she'll "probably take it pass-fail," her friends are less

convinced. Third-year Robert McMillan, for example, noted that Anderson seems increasingly unsatisfied by her social studies readings.

"Last year, you couldn't tear Jen away from Marx or Freud for ten minutes," he commented, "But these days, her eyes gloss over any material longer than a few pages. Now she's been talking about someone named Rosalind Franklin... she discovered DNA or something? I'm not sure."

Other students shared similar observations. "When I came home yesterday, I caught Jenny looking at genetic pedigrees on her computer," confessed roommate Lena Osborne, "She slammed the screen shut really fast, but it was still obvious. I

don't know what's gotten into her."

When confronted about her fluid academic interests, Anderson rapidly became defensive. "Look, it's not like I'm going to turn into a pre-med or something," she allegedly yelled at her mother while talking on the phone, "You think one genetics course is going to make me start wearing laboratory-safe shoes and ponytails everywhere I go?"

While Jenny's friends and family remain uncertain, other STEM majors seem excited for Jenny to take the class. When questioned about her registration, biochemistry/biology double major Katie Yen commented, "Personally, I think Jen would look really hot with a lab coat and a ponytail."

FINE DINING

AREA MAN LOSES CONTROL OF SANDWICH

by Nik Varley



Photo by Nik Varley and Sean McSweeney

In a display that eyewitnesses called “devastating” and “jaw-dropping”, area student James Wilbur lost control of his sandwich earlier this afternoon. The sandwich, which contained a sizeable chicken breast slathered in zesty sauce, began the meal intact, but was quickly reduced to an unruly pile of chicken, lettuce, and mushy bread.

“The whole thing was brutal,” said Wilbur’s tablemate Alison Berkowitz, “James started out really well; he was holding sandwich firmly so that none of the chicken could slip out. Everything was going fine until he adjusted his grip to wipe some sauce off of his face, then whole thing just went to shit.”

Eyewitnesses confirmed that as Wilbur took his next bite, lettuce, tomato, and chicken erupted from the back of the sandwich, and were only tenuously held together by the bun. Wilbur attempted to correct for his mistake by sliding the bun backwards to cover the exposed fillings, but this only knocked more lettuce free, showering his plate and lap. Wilbur, who

passed off the mistake to his friends with a shrug and a grin, reportedly had no idea of the severity of his predicament.

“I’ve eaten plenty sandwiches before, so I really thought I could handle the situation,” said the visibly shaken Wilbur, “At most, I figured that I would have a few bites with a lot of lettuce and not much chicken, but that would be about it. I tried to take a deep bite into the center of the sandwich, so that I could pull of the stuff hanging out back into place, but all that did was destabilize the sandwich and leave me holding the edges.”

“That’s a total rookie mistake,” said experienced sandwich eater Sam Stuart, who watched Wilbur’s sandwich collapse from an adjacent table, “A lot of these young hotshots think that they can bite a sandwich however they want and there will be no consequences. The fact is, if you bite too far into a sandwich without adequately biting around the edges, you’re going to end up with an unstable sandwich. That’s just all there is to it. Now, if James had turned the sandwich around and bitten

off the loose ingredients, he could have saved the whole operation. I know it’s not pretty, but it really is the best thing to do.”

Wilbur, in a last desperate attempt to salvage his meal, took a bite out of the sandwich’s right edge, in an attempt to realign the upper and lower buns. However, he inadvertently knocked loose the remaining chicken, which dropped to his plate along with the rest of the fillings. An aghast Wilbur was left holding two empty, sauce soaked buns over a plate filled with the remains of his sandwich.

“On reflection, the whole thing was pretty humbling,” said Wilbur. “I never thought I would say this, but I was defeated by a sandwich today. I’ve learned my lesson though; I’m going to be a lot more careful in the future.”

At press time, Wilbur was frantically trying to redistribute the cheese over a slice of pizza, for he had inadvertently torn all of it off with his first bite.

FRAT CHARGES GUYS \$5 AT DOOR TO CORRECT FOR INCOME INEQUALITY

by Chase Harrison

Like most fraternities on campus, PsiU's Friday night "90's" themed party forced guys to pay \$5 at the door, while girls got in for free. However, the fraternity differentiated itself from other campus fraternities with a press release sent out by the brothers on Saturday morning, which clarified the purpose of the policy.

"Despite what is normally perceived, the '\$5 for guys policy' had nothing to do with maintaining a good gender ratio in the party," stated Jamie Gorman. "Instead, it was a way to correct for the pay

gap that exists between men and women in countless jobs across America, a product of the systemic sexism that plagues the country."

Gorman continued that one of the brothers, Ron Stamos, learned about the issue of income inequality in his Economics of Women class. Stamos said, "I originally took the class to pick up chicks but was stunned to learn that women earn on average 75 cents to each dollar a man makes. Once I knew this, I had to do something to rectify it. After bringing it up in chap-

ter, the guys and I agreed that charging guys at the door was the most logical way to fight gender discrimination!"

Still, the brothers felt unsatisfied. Gorman explained, "The pay gap also exists for race, disability, sexuality, and religion. In the future, we might charge at the door on a sliding scale depending on privilege." The brothers encouraged any suggestions on how to make their parties as social justice oriented as possible.

Apathetic Area Man Actually Just Pathetic

by Nico Aldape

After a careful, objective investigation, sources close to the *Shady Dealer* are reporting that apathetic area man Stanley Novoselic is actually just pathetic.

"I mean, I thought he just didn't care about anything because there was no intrinsic value in it, but there have to be some exceptions for hygiene and all, right?" said neighbor Quinn Bay. "He doesn't seem to have those exceptions."

Other neighbors also shared words of concern.

"He moved away from his wife and kids to go on a 'quest to discover himself as a man'," said neighbor Sonya Tang, "I don't

know how that quest is going, but I do hear the click-clack of pool balls and smell cheap beer all the time."

When asked what he does with his own free time, Novoselic, who is unemployed, had this to say:

"I have this awesome, powerful computer for late-night World of Warcraft raids and my old frat lishost from college," explained Novoselic, "Also, I try to be ecologically conscious and not wash my clothes, sheets, or body too often. People always give me ugly stares when I tell them that, but I'm the one stopping global warming."

Though hard to accomplish sometimes, Novoselic is also committed to eating a paleo diet for his own health. While the diet, which focuses on organic meats and vegetables, can be expensive for some, Novoselic, an occasional sperm donor, claims he can find all the meat he needs at McDonald's or Harold's Chicken Shack, "cooked just the way our ancestor's ate it."

As an example of his paleo diet, Novoselic then proceeded to eat the Lunchable pepperoni slices that had been left under his sheets.

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changing its voice slowly to sound more and more like Republican candidate Ben Carson.

Even developers of the project are having second thoughts. Computer Science Professor Keith Edgars was quoted as say-

ing, "This is my Frankenstein's monster! It speaks! It learns! Right now, it only knows guns and abortion, but it will soon learn of war and death! It will eventually lust for our women and desire more than the presidency. If ever it is capable of reproducing, I fear for humanity."

What do you think? Has this new Marco Rubio model gone too far? Should he be shut down before it's too late? Let us know what you think in the comments.

JEB BUSH SUSPENDS CAMPAIGN TO BECOME INFLATABLE MAN OUTSIDE CAR DEALERSHIP

by Breck Radulovic

Former Florida Governor John Ellis “Jeb” Bush has announced he plans to drop out of the race for the presidency after weak performances in early primaries. When asked about his plans following the end of his campaign, Mr. Bush declared his intention to seek employment as an Inflatable Breezy Geezer.

Also known as Sky Guys, the air-filled nylon tubes imitate a dancing man and are often used to advertise businesses such as discount furniture stores, used car dealerships, and struggling wholesale mattress suppliers. Bush will be the first former governor of a US state to pursue the profession.

At a press conference, Mr. Bush said, “Coming from such a well-respected political family, there was a lot of pressure growing up to become the 45th President of the United States. I knew I would nev-

er have the sharp political acumen of my older brother, George, but It wasn’t until now that I finally got the guts to say, ‘Hey Dad, Mom, this is your dream, not mine. I don’t want to get into the family business of bringing peace through ill-advised military force in the Middle East. What I really want is to be an air dancer!’”

Mr. Bush went on to explain that he feels his well-honed skill of being able to constantly change his appearance, manner of speaking, and campaign slogan to appeal to voters had prepared him to flail wildly in the wind for the benefit of a shadowy corporate overlord. At presstime, Mr. Bush had been spotted by bystanders flinging his arms about in front of Koch Industries headquarters in Wichita, Kansas.



Photo by Breck Radulovic

10 Vegetables I Want To Grow

by Ryan Fleishman

1. Tomato. The tomato is a wondrous red vegetable that can be used to make ketchup or marinara sauce. A scientist once told me that the tomato is a fruit. Thankfully, I don't believe in science, so tomato still makes this list.
2. Guns. I did not know you could grow guns in the soil. Thankfully, Ted Cruz told me that guns are America's most important crop. Ted Cruz is a firebrand for the people and will stick it to those government folks.
3. Tomatoe. Everyone loves this brownish cousin to the tomato. Using tomatoes, one can make delicious French fries to put your ketchup sauce on.
4. Corn. It tastes good. I put corn as a garnish to my favorite meals, such as

butter. It can also become ethanol, which is an essential product. Most importantly, I can use the corn stalks to make a miniature raft for Fido in case the floods come again.

5. Zucchini. I only grow this because I hate cucumbers. Zucchini's are very similar to cucumbers, so I grow a bunch of them in order to spite the cucumbers.
6. Jobs. Ted Cruz said that jobs are America's most important crop. Ted Cruz is willing to go the extra mile to protect the working man's rights.
7. A Wife. The farm gets lonely at times, and a darling gal would brighten up my life. This crop has been growing poorly, regardless of how much seed I sow into the earth.
8. Marijuana. See, this is a tricky one. I grow marijuana in a separate field so

that all the dirty hipsters and Bernie supporters congregate and steal my Mary Jane plants. Then, when they all gather, I set the field on fire. Almost all the Democrats die. This is great for soil quality.

9. Pepper. I've tried to grow peppers before, but I when I went to the seed store I got scared by the overwhelming color array of them. Green peppers. red peppers. yellow peppers. I'm a farmer, not a damned picture painter man.
10. Wheat. My life dream is to make my own wheat beer, then create a roadside pit stop called the Trail of Beers. The government said I can't call my place that, but Ted Cruz supports the middle class' naming rights. Cruz 2016!

MITT ROMNEY STILL CRIES SELF TO SLEEP AT NIGHT

by Breck Radulovic

The 2012 election haunts many of us, but no one more so than former Massachusetts governor Willard Mitt Romney. Tormented by his loss to President Barack Obama, Mr. Romney reportedly cries himself to sleep at least 47% of nights.

Mr. Romney told the *Shady Dealer*, "Back in 2012, I could never have imagined that I would one day be racked by sobs as I flip through binders full of embarrassing and down-right revolting mistakes I've made. Now, that's the grim reality I live in."

For the former Republican nominee, this has been a learning experience, yet Mr. Romney finds it hard to bear the weight of despair roughly equivalent to that of a dog inside of a dog cage on top of a station wagon. "I used to say corporations are people, but now I just wish the American public knew I am a person, too. I struggle with the same demons of a middle class American making \$250,000 a year. Paul Ryan's piercing blue eyes float above me at night, torturing me with their look of deep Midwestern disappointment."



Photo by David North

Mr. Romney's personal turmoil has been worsened by the 24/7 news coverage of the current Republican primaries. "I say that I like firing people and I lose an election. Donald Trump says it and comes in second in Iowa!"

So, what does the future look like for a man used to being settled for and then coming in second?

"I'm turning over a new leaf and looking toward 2020. Each night I bottle the

tears leaking from my eyes and send it to Flint, Michigan to make up for the time I wrote that op-ed saying 'Let Detroit Go Bankrupt.'"

Despite struggling with near-constant dehydration, Mr. Romney said he is looking forward to failing to unseat an incumbent Hillary Clinton.

Bernie Sanders Now 90% Meme

by Adam Lowinger

In light of Senator Bernie Sanders' recent success among younger voters, senior members of the Sanders campaign staff have begun to notice changes in the senator's demeanor and appearance, suggesting the presidential candidate is becoming more meme than human.

"We began to notice in the early stages of the campaign that [Sanders] seemed to become more powerful as he was shared more and more on social media," explained James Tyler, head of Sanders' media outreach division, "but now he seems to only exist as a living amalgamation of repeated and outdated jokes."

With the development of a recent, highly volatile meme in which Sanders and Clinton respond to the same question with different answers, of which Sanders' is typically the "correct" one, Sanders' opinions have become corporeal tentacles, which spread across the wastelands of Tumblr and Reddit and worm their way into the brains of adherents.

When asked about his new memetic status, the senator told the *Dealer* that he does not mind as long as the humor he can spread as a meme can be "distributed equally amongst all Americans." He further went on to clarify that he "person-

ally [doesn't] understand all these memes and social media things, but they seem to be helping in the polls".

The senator was then carried to a higher plane of reality by a choir of rare peeps that had attained physical form, while "Never Gonna Give You Up" played in the background.

After learning of the senator's apotheosis, President Barack Obama commented, "not bad!"

Reflections on a Mixtape from my High School Girlfriend

by Walker King

I was going through my old boxes of high school things the other day when I came across an old mixtape. Rachel, my high school girlfriend, made it for me near the end of our relationship. The tape brought back emotions both fond and bitter. Here are my reflections on each song.

Escape (The Piña Colada Song), Rupert Holmes

Rachel started the tape off with this song, because we lived the events narrated exactly as chronicled by Rupert Holmes.

“Semi-Charmed Life”, played backwards at ½ speed, Third Eye Blind

Rachel was always trying to get me to listen to Third Eye Blind’s seminal late 90’s hit backwards and at ½ speed, so that I could hear the backmasked track which clearly says “Hey there it’s me, Stephan Jenkins of Third Eye Blind. Have you ever thought about baking a big cake that says ‘for Stephan Jenkins of Third Eye Blind’ and leaving it on your porch during the full moon? Just something to consider. Anyway, enjoy the tunes!”

The screeching of hundreds of crows

Rachel put this on the mixtape to remind me of the time I was attacked by hundreds of crows after I loudly praised the humble sparrow, the most hated enemy of the crow.

Richard III, Act 1, Scene 2, William Shakespeare

At this point, Rachel would pause the tape to act out the entirety of Richard III’s second scene, in which Richard seduces the widow Anne over the body of her father-in-law, King Henry VI. The performance utilized a variety of costumes and voices and received generally positive notices in the trades.

“Happy Birthday,” John Zorn

A recording of experimental saxophonist and composer John Zorn reading me a

personalized birthday message.

“Cum on Feel the Noize,” Quiet Riot

Rachel probably included this song because our shared love of noizes was one of the things that brought us together. To this day, I think of her every time I hear a noize.

“Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles,” August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Is there a millennial that hasn’t been finger-banged to this song?

9 Things You Should NEVER Say to a Pre-Med

by Nik Varley

9. If your GPA drops below 3.5, will you be incinerated by a bolt of lightning? – This one’s actually a common misconception. The bolt of lightning is pretty infrequent. Most of the time the ground opens up and swallows us.

8. Did you know that if you mix ox blood and goat entrails in a cauldron during the full moon, you create a poultice that can cure any malady? – We’re really sick of hearing this one. Yes, of course we know about the old ox blood poultice; every self-respecting pre-med does.

7. Do you have any organs for sale? -- We will NOT sell you anyone’s organs.

6. Do I have too much blood? – Can you ever have too much blood?

5. How will I die? – C’mon guys. We took an oath that we would never reveal how any of you were going to die. Stop asking.

4. Have you ever eaten another pre-med? – Look, sometimes pre-meds eat each other. It’s not really anyone’s business but our own.

3. Can you tell me what to do about my congenital pyloric stenosis? – I think I speak for all pre-meds when I say that we’re sick of hearing about your pyloric sphincters.

2. Do you want to buy some organs? –

We will NOT buy your organs.

1. Will you marry me? – Literally EVERY pre-med has heard this one before. It’s time to stop asking this one; it’s not cute. It’s just annoying.

An Open Letter to My House Wellczar

Dear Sir or Madam:

Upon moving into residential housing as a first year, I was delighted to learn about the existence of “Wellczars,” such as yourself, whose designated job entails delivering free and widely available resources for the purposes of practicing sexual activity in a safe and protected manner.

Unfortunately, I have found these resources to be severely lacking or completely absent during my time living in the dormitories. Condoms are, first off, rarely available. Yet even when they are present in those brightly colored buckets, they are composed of thin, easily breakable material that snaps at the slightest provocation. In addition, I have never even once seen a pair of EMT safety scissors inside of those same buckets.

This is, simply put, completely unacceptable. Condoms that break too easily will completely fail to protect against pregnancy and STD transmission, and the lack of EMT scissors leaves students at high risk for nerve damage due to ropes that are bound too tightly around a major nerve or artery. Moreover, the buckets are completely devoid of ointment or bandages for dealing with candle-wax burns or treating open wounds resulting from flogging, spanking, and so forth. This is not safe sex at all!

I know that the University can do better. I’m not paying \$60,000 in tuition to go without basic health necessities such as functional condoms and properly calibrated testicle crushers. Please make efforts to remedy this unhappy and most dangerous situation.

Warmly,
Abigail