

The Chicago Shady Dealer

Oprah Not to Seek Second Term as President

by Charna Albert

Oprah Winfrey, the President of the United States for the past 25 years, shocked the world yesterday by announcing that she will not seek a 7th term in office. Addressing the country live on television with final words of wisdom, she reassured Americans that "everything happens for a reason" and advised the population to "partake in some of life's sweet, sweet pleasures and get comfortable with yourself."

Policy analysts are already discussing the direction the country will take under different leadership. There has been some concern over the future of several of Oprah's key programs and achievements, such as socialized free-cars-for-everyone, and the nationwide mandatory book club. Chief of staff Tyra Banks sought to downplay the effects of any major differences in the policies of the next presidency. "Nothing is going to change around here," she said in a soothing voice. "It's like that one time when I wore my natural hair and you guys didn't even notice!"

The rest of the nation, however, seems



The leader of the free world waves goodbye to her followers as she boards Air Force One on her way to L.A. for an eyebrow waxing.

more concerned. "Usually, during election time I know exactly what to do," said Joe Graves, 59. "If I haven't heard of any of the candidates, I just vote straight for Oprah. Without any Oprah on the ballot, I'm not even sure there's any point in voting."

The country is rife with speculation as to who will fill the void left by Oprah's retirement. Rumors have surfaced that Judge Judy and Dr. Phil are both planning on running, but perhaps the most favorable candidate is Ellen Degeneres. "Though Ellen certainly stands a chance, it won't be the same. I'm just not sure there can ever be another Oprah," said Laura Henkel,

professor of political science at Yale and author of *The Winfrey Administration: Let Me See Your O-Face*. "However, I think that as a country we're just going to have to make the most of it. It's either that or crowning her queen forever."

SOUL to Make World Better Place Through E-mails

by Carl Wheeler

Students Organized and United with Labor (SOUL), a progressive student group which promotes campus workers' rights, announced in an e-mail that their newest activism campaign would consist entirely of e-mails.

The message, with the subject line "PROTEST U OF C WORKER ABUSES," encouraged students to send SOUL e-mails, receive SOUL e-mails, write e-mails to SOUL, forward SOUL e-mails to friends, have friends forward SOUL e-mails to other friends, have friends' friends forward SOUL e-mails back to you, e-mail SOUL e-mails to University Administrators, and sign friends up for the SOUL e-mail listhost in order to make sure that they get all SOUL e-mails - all in the name of raising workers' wages by four cents per hour.

The pay raise, which would give the average campus worker nearly \$70 more per year, has long been a goal of SOUL's e-mails. "One lone e-mail isn't likely to change the world," said SOUL secretary Melanie Stevens. "But if we send out 50 e-mails, there is nothing on earth that will stand in the way of our getting justice for these workers."

The e-mail campaign follows last year's "virtual sit-in," where members of SOUL visited the Administration website and demanded health benefits for workers, as well as a text-message-based protest in 2006, in which 14 students demanded a union for campus workers. The text was intended for then-University president Don Randel, whose cellular phone was not set up to receive texts.

"We're really lucky on this campus to have a group like SOUL," Stevens said in her e-mail. "Lots of people talk about change, but few actually put in the grassroots effort to forward e-mails and be guerrilla activists like us."

When asked to comment on the campaign, University President Robert "Bobby" Zimmer responded by announcing a 50% cut in worker pay in a University-wide e-mail.

Inside:

- "I'll need your insurance info and a steak knife."** 2
- Is that the one with the falcon? Or is that *Hatchet*?** 3
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- Usually his proposals are met with groin kicks** 5
- Cancer? I hardly know her!** 6

It's a cookbook! The MCATs are a cookbook!

The Chicago Shady Dealer

Crescat Rumor, Vitia Excolantur

Rod Serling
Aaron Horton

Burgess Meredith
Katharine Bierce

Jack Klugman
Aash 'Grandmaster' Viswanathan
Anand

Tall Alien Who Wants to Be Our
Friend
Josh Nalven

Gremlin on the Plane's Wing
Alison Howard

Pig-Faced Doctors, Nurses
DJ LoBraico

HOLY SHIT IT WAS EARTH
THE WHOLE TIME
Carl Wheeler
Josh Nalven
Mae Rice and Leland Zhi

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Disclaimer:

If you are offended, shocked, or otherwise provoked to hunt us down like a maniac, please take a deep breath -- that's right, don't be shy -- and count to ten. Maybe think about some animals or something. Puppies always work for us.

Meta-Disclaimer:

We're real sorry about that last disclaimer. It came off as a little snarky, plus we called you a maniac. Who *does* that? It was in poor taste, and we're sorry.

Meta-Meta-Disclaimer:

Though don't get us wrong. That last disclaimer was just an apology for tone of the first, not a retraction. Please understand: we don't give a *fuck*.

I Promise I'm Not Just Taking Your Appendix Out to Eat It



by Roger Philips, MD

Alright Timmy, now calm down. I know hospitals are scary, but you don't have to cry! Everything is going to be alright. Surgery is a big deal, and I just want to make sure you have all the information so you won't be nervous when we cut you open! Oh, I mean, when we make you better.

Why are you all scrunched up on the other end of the bed? Why don't you come a little closer?

Now, I came here because your mother told me that you said some pretty crazy things about this procedure, and I wanted to set the record straight. She told me that you think the only reason that I'm taking out that mean old appendix out of yours is so that I can eat it. Just eat it up! Now, Timmy, who told you that? I'm sorry, I mean, where did you get an idea like that from? A doctor's job is to make you feel better when you're sick, not eat parts of your body. Not even the tastiest parts!

I know it can be frightening, but just because it's a part of your body, that doesn't mean it's always friendly. Your appendix is growing bigger and juicier in your body as we speak, Timmy! And if it gets too big, it's going to start to hurt you. It might even kill you. It just makes sense to take it out as soon as possible. What's that? What are we going to do with it after we're done? Don't

worry about that, Timmy! I'm going to bring it my office and dispose of it personally. I have all sorts of special chemicals and spices in my office. Oops! Sorry Timmy, I think I drooled on you a little bit. I should be more careful!

Did you know that the human body is full of organs that you don't even need to live? The appendix is one of them, sure, but you don't need your tonsils either! I'm sure there are lots of people who might enjoy those tonsils, and you're not even using them. Or your gall bladder! Actually, if I take that out now while I have a fresh appendix, then I can just go ahead and saute those with the... oh! I'm sorry Timmy! I guess I got a little distracted. Did you know you can also survive with just one lung? The human body is a wonderful thing.

Timmy, I hope that our little talk has made you a little more comfortable about our procedure. I promise you that I would never do anything to hurt you. You're still so young, Timmy, and you have so much potential, I would hate to see it go to waste just because you were afraid of your surgeon. If you died now, think of all the things you'd miss. Your kidneys haven't grown to their maximum outlet size, your brain is still pink on the inside, and your spinal fluid hasn't reached full vintage yet! Oh, sorry, is it too cold? I just ask because you're shaking uncontrollably. Anyway, the nurse will be in shortly to put you to sleep. Don't worry, Timmy, everything's going to be fine.

And once we're done, if you're well behaved, we'll both be having delicious treats!

Bye Polar Bear by Moira Cassidy



Letters to the Editor

Hey man,
Drop the goods off on the corner of 54th and Blackstone. I left my end of the deal in a brown paper bag next to the street light. I hear your shit is the shit.

Peace out

- Steven "Smuggie Deuce" Dugin has been featured on street corners such as 61st & Kenwood and the alley behind Leona's.

What about Pogs? Can we keep those?

Why Are You Still Wearing Those Fucking Bracelets?



by Lance Armstrong

Cancer is no joke, I should know. When I had to cryogenically freeze my sperm, that was a hard time in my life. When I had to go through two months of chemo, well that kind of sucked. And then when they told me they had to cut off a testicle, that was it. I created the Livestrong Foundation to raise awareness about the cancer of my balls. One day, it came to me - I'd make bracelets to raise money for my cause. I picked rubber because it's virtually indestructible and yellow because then people could be spotted a hundred feet away and remind everyone within eyesight: "Lance Armstrong had cancer and it is no joke. I support him."

I launched those bracelets over 5 years ago and they were a great way of spreading the word about my disease. It truly touched my heart when

I saw people from old women to little boys sporting them. I appreciated the support, I really did. But this needs to stop. Every sports team, cancer, charity organization and now Home Depot is now making those fucking bracelets. On the list of most annoying trends, it goes Uggs, beige Speedos and then my yellow bracelets. I know I started this monster, but it's your job to stop it.

The yellow, well, it really doesn't go with anything. It kind of gets in the way, it leaves an awkward tan-line and gets caught on stuff. Plus, it's weird if you have to wear a watch because then you put the watch on the other side and then it seems like you're trying to be symmetrical. Plus, everybody already knows about cancer, right?

Raising awareness about cancer was important, incredibly important, when I had cancer. But it's time to move on to bigger and better things. My ball is cancer free and those bracelets are reminders of a trend that has passed. Also, I heard Hitler might have had only one ball? That's awkward.

Problem Ignored by Everyone, Goes Away

by Chris Graf

Yesterday, that problem that everybody decided to ignore finally went away all on its own. Casual investigations suggest that the problem, which everyone figured was not that big of a deal, completely solved itself without any external influence.

The problem had been discussed briefly in November, when it was first discovered, but all potential solutions were deemed risky, impractical, or just too much work. All parties tacitly agreed to simply drop the subject entirely and to hope forgetting about the issue would be good enough.

"No one is surprised, really," said one woman who had participated in the single brainstorming session several weeks ago. "One day Bob came

up to me, and asked me if I had heard about this thing. The way he described it, it sounded pretty bad. We talked about possible fixes for a bit, but then decided that the best thing to do was just trust everything would work out in the absence of all intervention. and it has."

"This is exactly what we all expected would happen," said one man who would have been negatively affected by the problem if it hadn't completely disappeared while no one was thinking about it. "If this thing hadn't wrapped itself up so neatly without anyone bothering to take action, which it did, things could have gotten kind of hairy. Good thing we all forgot about it entirely."

Analysts predict a new problem might arise within the next two weeks, and agree the best solution is just to let nature take its course.

Outdoor Adventure Club Actually My Side of the Mountain Fanfiction Club

by Mae Rice

According to insiders at the Outdoor Adventure Club, the club does not actually facilitate outdoor adventures of any kind; instead, members spend meeting time writing fanfiction for Jean Craighead George's 1959 young adult novel, *My Side of the Mountain*. The novel follows Sam Gribble, a teen from New York who runs away from home to live in the Catskills with his pet falcon, Frightful.

When asked if the club name could be considered misleading, club president Avery Ryan explained, "Not really. We are all about outdoor adventures - they just happen to be the outdoor adventures of Sam Gribble. And we just happen to come in under-budget every year."

The club's fanfiction plotlines focus primarily on Sam's tree house, the acorn pancakes he makes by, as Ryan describes it, "grinding acorns into flour like a boss," and Frightful, the falcon. Ryan, a casual animal rights activist, doesn't allow members to write Sam-Frightful slash, but acknowledges that if they did it would be "huge."

Porn Bubble Reaches Climax

by Emily Bosakowski

In another sign of the nation's troubled economic times, the pornography industry, long noted as a bellwether of American virility, took a tumble into the red. Videos and pictures exhaustively documenting transactions of all sorts were released last month, shedding light on a troubled, startlingly flaccid industry. "If you look down there, it's totally bare," said performer and director Mona. "In the absence of resilience, the thrust of the industry is gone." Like other bubbles, rampant speculation in the industry is blamed, with many consumers buying up scores of troubled assets, only to bristle at how they could barely see anything. Some leftover porn magazine bonds, floated in an unsuccessful attempt to raise capital, have been dumped in the woods behind Jimmy's.

They better cite *The Wonder Years*

"I Sleep Naked," Reports Woman Desperate for Attention

by Aaron Horton

Anne Stevens, a 23 year-old office assistant and known attention seeker, gave an unsolicited report of her alternative sleeping habits to a captive audience at an apartment party last Saturday.

"Oh, yeah, I sleep naked almost every night," she stated, scanning the group of five people to make sure that all of them were paying attention to her. "And sometimes I forget to put on underwear before I leave the house... like tonight! Silly me!"

Among the targets of this blatant attention grab was 25 year-old Travis Williams. "She came up to us—I guess her name was Ashley?—and she just started talking about how she had been feeling really sexually liberated lately. But when she would make eye contact, it seemed like she was really sad." Added Williams, "It was weird."

Other topics touched on by the vapid, pathologically insecure Stevens included her newfound interest in Eastern sexual practices, her concerns about the "slut-factor" of her current outfit, and the dissolution of her brief romance with her direct superior at the office.

"Yeah, he was getting to be a real creeper, calling me like three or four times a day and asking to meet me in the copy room," said Stevens, taking care to position herself between her audience at the exit. "I guess there was something about me that he couldn't get enough of."

Stevens then expressed surprise at the scope of her alcohol intake and asked if someone, anyone at the party could give her a ride home.

Experts disagree as to the origins of Stevens's habits. Some blame her psychotic episodes - what she calls "nights out" - on abandonment issues, others on a repressed childhood, and still others on the fact that she is a "pure, straight up attention whore." But all agree that this incident is the most severe since last weekend, when Stevens climbed on top of a table at a local bar and sang "Bad Romance" to a group of uncomfortable strangers.

Eventually, Stevens was taken home by a relatively unknown male partygoer. Said the man, "I mean, she was crazy as hell, but beggars can't be choosers."

114 Year Lab School Experiment Ends; Middle School Confirmed to be Awkward

by Sam H. Spiegel

The Chicago Lab School, founded by John Dewey in 1886, was intended to conduct experiments to investigate the effects of various types of education on unsuspecting grade-schoolers. One such experiment ended this year with several surprising results.

Catherine London, the current director of the project, said, "Our most significant finding is the confirmation that middle school is, in fact, awkward."

Several experiments were conducted as part of the study, and the results were then compiled and analyzed by a team of experts from around the world.

For example, one experiment, repeated many times during the 114-year span of the experiment, was to put a seventh-grade boy in a situation with a girl he had a crush on. Surprisingly enough, 50% of the time the boy would stammer

and not be able to speak in any comprehensible manner. In 25% of situations, the boy would act like he was, in the words of one researcher, "the fucking coolest man in the world, when he was in actuality just being a bit of a douche." Another 20% of the time, the boy would purposefully make fun of this girl to her face, presumably to mask his true feelings. In a rare 2.5% of trials, the boy would wet his pants and run away.

One of the lead researchers, William Chen, said, "These findings will revolutionize education as we know it. Previously, no one knew that middle school boys had trouble communicating with girls, or that nerds tended to be ostracized by their more athletic counterparts. Now we all do."

Other notable findings of the project were that no one really takes health class seriously; that lunch ladies are very irritable; and that conformity is the safest bet to surviving middle school.

Student Celebrates Alcohol Poisoning with More Alcohol

by Charna Albert

When first-year Davey Mitchells started vomiting uncontrollably right at the climax of a particularly excellent Saturday night, he knew one thing for certain - boy, was he going to celebrate it next weekend. "You know, it's not every day that you only breathe around 8 times per minute," he said, observing his bluish-tinged fingers in fascination. "I have such an impaired gag reflex, I might just choke on my own vomit. This is an important milestone in my life, so I'm thinking party in my room next weekend. You in?" Unfortunately, Davey was taken away by smiling emergency medical technicians before this reporter could accept the invitation.



These middle schoolers are popular because they attend binge drinking parties. This is both an unfortunate byproduct of American culture, and a very efficient use of space.

Intermission

Blah blah blah, tangent to your curves, etc etc etc.

Econ Major Not Getting Optimal Quantity of Sex, Proposes Subsidies

by Chris Graf

Last Tuesday, speaking in his dorm room to an audience consisting of his roommate, two casual acquaintances, and members of the press, senior Economics major Martin Buehler presented a research paper demonstrating that his consumption of sexual goods has been well below the socially efficient level for the last 36 fiscal quarters.

In a paper, titled "A Classic Input-Output Dilemma," Buehler provided several graphs and spreadsheets supporting his thesis. "If we turn to Figure B, we see that the consumer's quantity of sex demanded, here, greatly exceeds the market's quantity of sex supplied, here," he said, pointing to two points labeled "A Lot" and "None," respectively.

Addressing what he called "a different kind of free rider problem," the senior acknowledged that his research focused on issues of equity as well as efficiency. "Just as there is enough food on the planet to feed every person worldwide, there is enough sexual capital on campus to meet the

needs of every awkward upperclassman in the social sciences," said Buehler. "The difficulty in both cases is how we, as a society, can distribute those goods most equitably to those in the greatest need."

Buehler noted that the production of inferior sexual goods by the domestic market has done little to reduce the deficiency. He claimed that the foreign markets, also referred to in his paper as "stuck-up skanks," continue to maintain a monopoly on the most sought-after products, despite his "openness to unionization."

In his conclusion, Buehler stated that the best method of shifting the market equilibrium to the optimal level lay in subsidies. "It has come to my attention that there exist in the metro area certain parties who may be more open to the exchange of liquid assets," he said. "Once trade relations have been established, I believe the way will be open to internalizing each other's externalities."

Buehler was last seen Friday night in downtown Chicago discussing hyperinflation with a pair of colorfully-dressed women.

Theologians Baffled as to Why Benevolent God Would Allow Alvin and the Chipmunks "Squeakquel"

by DJ LoBraico

Theologians at the Divinity School released a statement this week expressing serious concerns over the possibility that God may be feeling violent anger toward the human race, those beings that he molded of his own likeness. "Why would He do this if He is truly the loving and merciful Lord we once perceived him to be? Another hour and twenty eight minutes listening to those idiotic rodents? They're in high school now?! They're chipmunks" said Dr Richard Corbett, Div.D, the spokesman for the group of scholars.

When asked for a statement, God refuted these claims, saying "C'mon, they're cute! Didn't you see the preview? It looks like Alvin joins the football team in this one!"

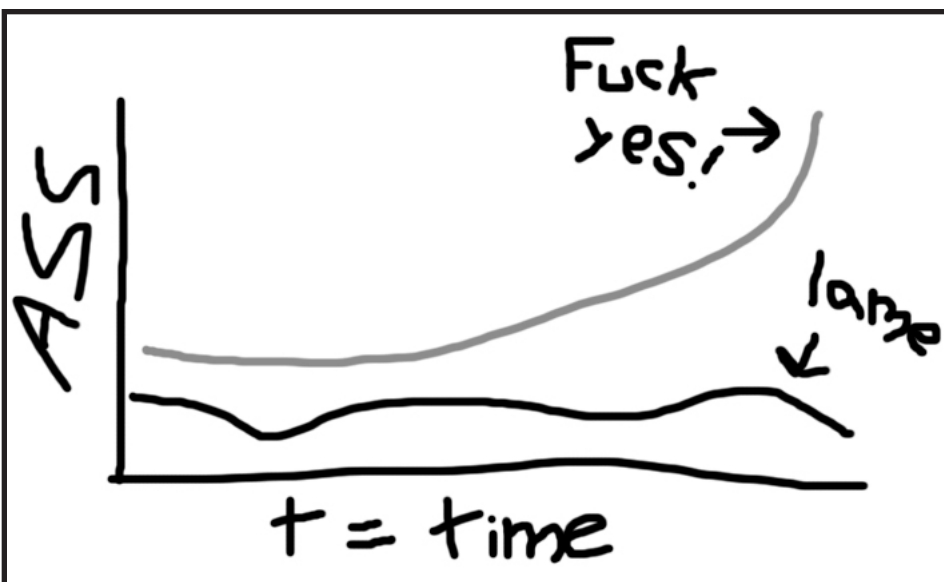
Man Offering to Jumpstart Your Car Just as Clueless as You Are

by Aaron Horton

According to eyewitnesses, Jason Clark, the man who approached you on the side of the road when you were showing signs of car trouble, has as little knowledge as you do about how to correctly jumpstart an automobile.

"So, you just connect positive to positive, right?" asked Clark, connecting the cables to seeming random parts of the battery, engine, and steering column of your 2003 Volkswagen Passat.

Further reports indicate that Clark will finally get your car started 3 minutes after you've given the tow truck company your credit card number.



Buehler's calculations presented in one of several exhaustive .bmp files

Hey, my car's a Taurus!

Dealer Horoscopes

by Madame Goyle

Aries (March 21 – April 20)

You will get everything you have ever wanted. Good luck finding a place to stable that pony.

Taurus (April 21 – May 21)

You will not get an A on your econ midterm, but you'll still pass. Don't worry, your parents will love you anyway. They just won't pay tuition.

Gemini (May 22 – June 21)

Just so you know, the people with you in the elevator can hear you listening to A*Teens on your iPod. Might as well sing it loud, sing it proud.

Cancer (June 22 – July 22)

You will get a Facebook notification unrelated to quizzes your friends have recently taken. Get excited.

Leo (July 23 – August 23)

FYI: Your New Year's Resolution to quit smoking was a lot cuter when you were 12 and it was a joke to get out of having a real New Year's Resolution.

Virgo (August 24 – September 22)

You should try wearing a sweater vest. I think it would really work for you.

Libra (September 23 – October 23)

If you live it up Saturday, you'll have to live it down Sunday ... and the rest of your life.

Scorpio (October 24 – November 23)

The haircut you're about to get will look really bad on you. But you're starting to look like a sheepdog at this point and you really ought to get it cut. I don't know, man, you decide.

Sagittarius (November 23 – December 21)

Beware: Your girlfriend reads Cosmo, and this month it's telling her to bite "just enough for a subtle mixture of pain and pleasure."

Capricorn (December 22 – January 20)

You will not finish your reading, but you will reach Level 19 on Tetris. Congratulations.

Aquarius (January 21 – February 18)

I know you said you were going to run twice a week. But it's not enough. Try four times.

Pisces (February 19 – March 20)

You're going to get a blank fortune cookie the next time you go to Noodles. Won't that suck?



Some whack shit that your weird single aunt is into now, apparently.

New "Blankoose" Combines Blanket, Noose

by Aaron Horton

The maker of the popular "Slanket," a blanket with built in sleeves, unveiled their newest line of products today. The item in the new line that grabbed attention first was a new blanket-derivative product called the "Blankoose," which combines the comfort and warmth of a blanket with the neck-snapping force of a well made noose.

"We were sitting around the office and it just hit us," explains Donald Carvey, the creative mind behind the Blankoose. "The blanket and the noose go hand-in-hand. Who doesn't want to be warm during their finals days in a world that has been so cold to them? Also, the firm, yet pliable nylon gives the Blankoose an extra hint of style, as well as an extra load-bearing element for our heavier customers."

"I never go to sleep without a Blankoose near me, just in case."

The Blankoose was not the only new blanket-based item to be shown at the convention. Other notable additions to the Slanket line include the Calculanket, a blanket/calculator; the Bottlanket, a blanket/water bottle; and the Cariblanket, a blanket/caribou.



An outdated mode of hanging that provides almost no comfort to the user while letting valuable body heat escape.

He's always been known to ham it up

U.S. Mint: Afghanistan State Quarter in Production

by Stephen Lurie

US Mint representative Patty Listerny confirmed rumors on Monday that an Afghanistan state quarter, much like the ones recently issued to Guam and the US Virgin Islands, are already in the later stages of production. The controversial announcement has sprung serious socio-political and philosophical cleavages between Washington's most influential commentators. Most notably, the landscape featured on the "tails side" of the 25-cent piece, featuring a spider nest on an endless series of sand dunes, has borne the brunt of controversy.

As economist Paul Krugman stated in a New York Times article: "This is a strategic sham and a political quagmire for the Federal Government. The supposed "arid" landscape obviously looks like a landscape of icebergs and tundra to most citizens. I thought this quarter was for Alaska!"

Other criticism arrived from Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi in a post-it note left on the US Mint Buildings front door. It said: "The Afghan people deserve a half dollar piece," followed by a tongue face emoticon.

While these critics have been widely discussed and re-tweeted, the general consensus coming out of the center of political debate is in favor of the Afghanistan Quarter. Senator Robert Byrd, now 92 years old, revealed that this new opportunity for coin collection gives him a "new reason to live." The overwhelming logic of proponents hinges on the fact that the length of Afghani occupation and ties to the Federal Government basically makes Afghanistan a state. Others have called for Afghanistan to replace Wyoming or Alabama. For now, however, it seems the homage to the war torn nation will remain only in the form of a shiny copper-nickel alloy.

Dealer Corrections

Steve, we both know that stuff you said in class about *The Tempest* and postcolonialism was total bullshit. Sycorax is just a witch. Fuck you and your ass kissing.

An Emergency Bellow From Harry Lester A Column

This Week: Meat Madness



The Sullivan family reunion was off to a chipper, blood-thickening start. The Moxy Twins had come all the way from Californiato inject their own particular brand of flute-orientated child-frightening into the festivities and Cousin Josephine Sullivan had risen from the table to make the announcement that she and her husband Cory were pregnant. Hilarious Uncle Mort had jokingly asked, "You mean you're both pregnant?" which caused everybody to laugh hysterically for a full three hours until Cory had solemnly looked Uncle Mort dead in the eye and said "yes," before rushing to the bathroom to deal with his morning sickness. Uncle Jimmy "No-Face" Sullivan had finally quit the prize-fighting business and Young Cousin Carlos had recently spent enough time with his tongue on the scrapheap to earn his "Intermediate Rust-Licker" Badge in the Scouts.

But it wasn't all warm hello's and how's-your-glandular-disorder-dear's. Hidden beneath the jocular façade of smiling faces and delusional belches of affectionate pleasantries, there lurked a dark and foreboding shadow in the form of Grandpa Toby Sullivan. This wrinkled and unpleasant fucker had shown up an hour and a half late without even telling anybody and, under the false impression that nobody could see him, had made his slow, wobbly way toward the platter of assorted deli meats

that Aunt Sandra had brought all the way from Bar Harbor, mumbling under his breath that "it [looked] to contain some seaworthy pastrami." Grandpa Toby reportedly bent slowly down towards the plate of meats, his flimsy bones strained and gnarled under the weight of the memories of a thousand forgotten epochs, and picked up the platter.

Grandpa Toby's daughter Bridgette was reported to have informed her father that the meat was, in fact, "for everybody," to which Grandpa Toby was heard to reply, "who the fuck are you? The King of Ham? I know my rights," and make his way toward the door.

Many kicks, bites, and claims that he was MGM's first choice for the role of Fu Manchu in the 1932 film *The Mask of Fu Manchu* later, Grandpa Toby was finally wrestled to the ground and the Sullivan family had re-secured control of the meat platter. According to witnesses, Grandpa Toby was relegated to the kids' table, where he regaled the Sullivan children with the story of how he "smacked that shit-eating grin straight off of Tom Carvel's face and ate nothing but frozen custard for a month." All, for the time being, seemed to be well.

Unfortunately, the day was to end in tragedy.

The Sullivan family lost themselves in a glee-induced stupor and Grandpa Toby—and the meat platter—were all but forgotten. By the time Curious Cousin Siegfried thought to check on the platter, both it and Grandpa

Toby were gone. In the platter's place was a note which read, "I don't know who took this."

According to reports, the Sullivan family was just barely able to catch a glimpse of Grandpa Toby as he hobbled the pruned celebration of misery and squandered decades that he called his body down the avenue, his arms brimming with stolen meat and the scent of victory wafting, thick and vile, in his wake.



He's Just Not That Into You(r Collection of Catnip-Stuffed Mice)

Woman Unable to Find Perfect Cat; Fills Home with 37 Stray Men

by Carolanne Fried

After 40 years of trying and failing to find the perfect feline, local woman Muriel Dratch, 57, decided it was time to give up her fruitless search and seek companionship elsewhere, sources say.

"You know, it gets tiresome, searching for 'The One,'" said Dratch, who got over the loss by welcoming 37 stray men into the studio apartment she currently lives in, above Yitzzy's Deli. "I've been with a lot of cats – Tabbies, Balinese, pretty, ugly, well-bred, orphaned – trust me, I've tried everything. But it just never ended well."

In her desperation to put an end to her all-consuming loneliness and despair, Dratch looked to her other catless friends for help. Some had turned to men as an alternative form of company, and Dratch decided to give it a try.

"She was skeptical at first," said Blanche Steinhorn, who has four men of her own, "but once she let the first one into her home, she realized that they were really not very different from cats. It's a different sort of companionship, but it works."

It appears that once Dratch made this realization, she began taking in stray men in greater and greater quantities. Last week alone, Dratch rescued three from a local shelter. Unable to sit all 37 men at her folding table for meals, she has begun leaving out bowls of water and food and feeding them in shifts.

"We were going to evict her when we found out about the men," said Yitzy Goldberg, who is Dratch's landlord. According to Goldberg, business has suffered in the months since Dratch has begun sheltering men in such large quantities, due to the smell and noise. "People just don't understand men, and so many of them in the same place seems almost cruel, not to mention unsanitary. But she's old, and she has nowhere else to go, so we can't turn her out. Hopefully this is just a phase," said Goldberg.

"They're really very nice," said Dratch. "Of course there are times when I wish I had that stable one-to-one relationship that so many women have, but my men are good to me. Even if it does take 37 of them to give me what one cat could."

Thief Passes On Unlocked Fixed Gear Bicycle

by Aaron Horton

Kendall Ford, and Hyde Park resident and career thief, passed on a tantalizingly unlocked bicycle outside of the Reynolds Club last Thursday when, upon further examination he found the bike to have fixed gears, a style popular with bicycle enthusiasts.

"First of all, I couldn't even ride the damn thing," exclaimed an exasperated Ford, who has been taking things that don't belong to him for "as long as [he] can remember." When Ford finally figured the unique gear system of the bike, his frustration only grew.

"Wait, so, you have to pedal all the time? Even going downhill? What is this bullshit?" said Ford, as he tossed the bike into the middle of the street before departing.

Ford then reportedly snuck into the Regenstien Library to prowl for unattended laptop computers, but was frustrated to find only small netbooks.

Explained Ford, "If it can't run World of Warcraft, then fuck it."

Model United Nations Starts Model World War III

by Bailey Steinworth

Violence erupted Sunday during a Model United Nations of the University of Chicago (MUNUC) meeting when the delegation representing Germany declared model war on everybody. Immediately following the declaration, Heidi Klum led troops of highly trained German supermodels in attacks on other delegations.

Eyewitnesses described the scene of model warfare as "horrific" and "appalling." Said Norwegian delegate member Ming Li, "I didn't even know we could declare regular war."

Each country quickly called in its own troops of models. From there, atrocities escalated. "It was shocking," said Hannah Larson, a member of the Nigerian delegation. "One minute we were discussing the United States' policy toward North Korea's nuclear program, and the next, chaos reigned."

International supermodels clashed for several hours of hair-pulling, shrieking, and face-slapping. Brazil, led by a pregnant but fierce Gisele Bündchen, had a clear advantage in the fighting. Andorra was quickly obliterated.

Sources indicate that casualties of 917 broken nails were sustained, and the number continues to grow.

The battle was only the first confrontation in what promises to be a long and arduous worldwide model war. Tyra Banks has indicated that she will come out of retirement to lead the American model troops. According to a press release, she has plans underway for a new reality television series, America's Next Top Model Navy Seal.

MUNUC is still reeling from the unprecedented outbreak of model violence. Said one eyewitness, "It was seriously the most exciting thing that's happened since Dana Horwitz's epic fail at trying to say 'Azerbaijan.'"

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