

The Chicago Shady Dealer

Bush Using Globe From Circa 1914

By Ezra Deutsch-Feldman

Yesterday, researchers at the Center for American Progress announced a startling political and diplomatic discovery: every one of President George Bush's foreign policy decisions has been based on a 93 year-old, pre-WWI globe.

"This discovery explains much about President Bush's actions since taking office," explained CAP spokesman Bill Emerson. "Even before September 11th, President Bush seemed fixating on attacking the Ottoman Empire."

The discovery also helps explain Bush's mysterious reference in his State of the Union address to the threat posed by the "Pan-Slavic separatist movement in the Balkan Islands." His speech to a joint session of Congress also made vague allusions to Erich von Falkenhayn, Conrad von Hötzenndorf, and "Weapons of Moldovan Destruction."

While many Americans now have a negative view of the President and the war in Iraq, seeing his actions in this light may make them change their minds. Rick Maughan, who describes himself as a "former Bush supporter" commented that "I thought the War continued on page 7..."

was a mistake. But I mean, I guess if you look at it from this point of view, it

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Professor Emeritus' Senility Mistaken for Confused Genius

By Zachary Binney

Professor Emeritus Robert Macintosh's 18th Century Russian Feline Literature course is one of the hottest prospects for students every winter, but lately some people have accused the tenured professor of losing his intellectual edge.

It seems Macintosh's mental state has declined in recent months. Macintosh, 96, has reportedly spent large chunks of his class sessions either single-handedly reciting *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episodes to no one in particular, or else just simply napping. At other times the near-

centenarian has been seen wandering aimlessly across the quads, asking passersby if they've heard the latest about the war in Indochina.

"The guy's obviously either fucking with his students, or he's finally gone batshit insane. At least that's my professional estimate," said Susan Farley, a professor of psychology at the University.

But Macintosh's students are quick to defend the professor. "Just last week he played with a ball of string to illustrate the complexity of the questions of love and redemption in Leopard Tailstoy's classic *War and Fleas*," raved second-year Quentin Johnson. "What a great metaphor!"

But other students just aren't impressed. "Dude, face it. The guy's lost it," said Doug McIntyre, who sat in on one class but promptly dropped the course. "Cats don't write books, hasn't anybody thought about that?"



Professor Macintosh showcases Pierre Purrzucov's struggle during the Battle of Pink Yarnovich

"No," replied department chair Linda Johnson, 93 in an interview with the Dealer. "Frankly we hadn't considered the possibility that a professor of Robert's caliber could ever be wrong. I'm pretty sure I've seen some documented incidents of cats writing books. Or maybe that was a thousand monkeys...my eyesight isn't so good these days."

The University's leading expert on both Shakespeare and senility, Professor Emeritus David Bevington, is mildly concerned about Macintosh's erratic behavior. "Hey, I love a crazy old codger as much as anybody, but even I

think Robert has some serious problems. Professors acting this senile need to be committed," Bevington said. Shortly he curled up in his armchair for a nap.

For now, the University has no plans to remove Macintosh from his esteemed post. "I mean, he's got tenure. What can you do?" University President Robert Zimmer mused. Once administrators wise up and remove Macintosh, the octogenarian is expected to move to a teaching post at UIC; his colleagues say it is unlikely he'll even notice the difference.

In a brief interview with Macintosh the Dealer asked him about these allegations. "Next year I'm hoping to bring in some of those high-class *Aristocats* as guest lecturers. Ooooooh, I can't wait!" Macintosh replied.

Pad those Resumés

The Chicago Shady Dealer

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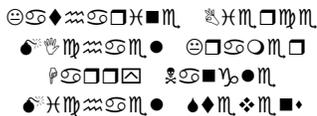
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If you object hunting down dogs please replace "dog" with another animal or inanimate object of choice.

Thank you.

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By:
Bill
Volk



From the Trash, or Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

Hello! I am a sophomore at Northwestern University, interested in news and broadcast journalism. As you know, The Shady Dealer is an important source of news and journalism for the Chicago area. That is why I want to be your intern for this summer.

I am a talented and creative individual, and I am very good at managing large amounts of commitments and responsibilities. Also, I am energetic, and willing to try just about anything that your offices might require of me! These are just a few of my many qualifications. I think that your organization would be a great match for my skills and talents.

For the past three summers, I have worked as an assistant fryer technician at a local restaurant. But my job encompasses much more than that. After I quickly make things in the fryer, I also sort out all the ice cream sprinkles by color.

Furthermore, I have a great deal of relevant experience that will help me excel in your company. For instance, I am on the school's crew team. I have achieved a leadership position, as I sit in the third seat of our skiff. This is an important leadership position, as it is the third seat which must coordinate with both the rowers in front of him

and behind him. Thus, I can work effectively with higher-ups at your company, but also with other interns and junior staffers.

Also, my maturity has been greatly commented upon. I believe strongly that a mature attitude is necessary for performing tasks responsibly. One cannot simply "joke his or her way through life" as so many believe is possible. My responsible performance in my many past activities comes strongly from my mature, responsible attitude.

Moving on, I know that your editor-in-chief, Ryan Uricks, is a dedicated and hardworking individual. He puts in long hours and must coordinate many complicated tasks. I am sure that he needs a talented and creative assistant, who is responsible and mature, and who knows how to manage the difficult hustle-and-bustle which crosses his desk daily. I can answer phones, take messages, and even make a great cup of coffee (how do you take it? Cream? Sugar?! All the while maintaining my responsible, respectful, mature performance. In the end, I know that you have a great deal of applicants for this position, but I hope you will make the right choice and choose me. I know that I won't let you down.

Thank you very much for your time,
Matt Dzlecky

Midseason TV Preview

Lika Ka-Lit Island to Present Next Generation of Reality TV

By Daniel Green.

NBC's newest reality television show *Lika Ka-Lit Island* will be the first reality show completely devoid of any footage of the contestants; in fact it is unlikely that any of them will be seen ever again by anyone.

The show's creator Patrick MacVelli explained "Basically, we were going for a *Survivor* knock-off. We had an island in the south pacific, we had our contestants, and we -oops-accidentally 'lost' all the clothing of one of our young female contestants. We were all ready to begin. But the ship with all of our cameras and crew had a

mutiny and is currently has political asylum in the Congo. So that's when we realized, why not just leave the people on the island and imagine what is happening to them?"

The pilot episode, which was shown at a private press screening (which, by the way, the Maroon wasn't invited to), consisted mostly of doctors, anthropologists, and sociologists guessing what the contestants were experiencing. John Puggleston, a professor at Yale University, predicted in the first episode that "the slutty blond chick is probably doing the best, subsisting mostly on the nutrition of all the semen she's probably

drinking. At least how I imagine it."

Network executives did admit that there was probably enough food and supplies to last the castaways for the first few days, but they will not risk sending more. "Quite frankly," said MacVelli "we decided that the American people like to watch suffering. They like it a lot, and I think that the combination of suffering and the class of a real Yale professor will make it the most popular show on television. In fact, part of the show is just going to be us and the experts laughing like maniacs."

Not everyone is excited about the show. Sunshine Flower-

child, a spokesperson for Amnesty International, said in a statement, "You're kidding, right? I mean, you have to be kidding. That's - that's not even funny. It's...it's disgusting. My god." The American Civil Liberties Union has sued Amnesty International over those comments, saying that "Voicing opinions against free speech is wrong. Also, the show is great!"

While no one knows the current state of the contestants, NBC remains optimistic: "If the show succeeds, we could have a spinoff involving a ship sent out to rescue them. Which would of course would have defective navigational equipment."

Al-Jazeera Launches Explosive "Pimp My Car Bomb"

By Carl Wheeler

Al-Jazeera's newest show, *Pimp My Car Bomb*, premiered last week to stellar ratings and has already been picked up for the full season. The show, which airs Mondays at 8pm Baghdad time/11am Central, takes an insurgent sectarian's old, banged-up vehicle and makes it, in the words of host Axa al-Hibiti, "the most pimped out instrument of death this side of the fertile crescent."

In the premiere episode, we are introduced to Hassan al Hassan bin Hassan al-Hussani, a regular terrorist who complains about his inability to get the attention of all the girls in the designer burkhas. He sends a grainy video full of vague threats to al-Hibiti.

Please help me, Axa. I want to destroy the infidels in fashionable flames of pain, and pierce their unholy skin with style. Please Axa

- pimp my car bomb. Also death to America and Israel.

Al-Hibiti then brings in the old, ugly, and inefficient car so that he and his team from Gulf Coast Customs can

outfit it with all the latest trends - updates that include a new lead-based paint job and 8" Plasma TV screens on every flat surface. In episodes to come, he plans on cleaning out old artillery shells and filling them with the new Explozo (c) plastic explosive or installing new sound systems that pack bigger punches. Al-

Habiti described a later episode in which he "put gallons of HIV-positive blood in the back seat. The official US reported that only 34 people were killed that day, but



I suspect that we really killed much more, if more slowly." Al-Hibiti declined to be interviewed in person or have photos taken of

him, as he is currently in hiding, possibly somewhere near Tikrit.

Currently, the show is more popular among Middle Eastern teens than flammable Israeli flags; said one fan, "I love 'Pimp My Car Bomb'! I loved it when they replaced windshield wiper fluid with sulfuric acid. I hope one day I can get my car-bomb pimped out. I really want all my friends who are helping the US forces to see it, right in downtown Baghdad. Then I want to blow it up and kill them."

How does al-Hibiti feel about his handiwork being blown up, time and again, by the people he helps? "I am just happy that I can send these fine martyrs to Allah in style. Let's just say that after I've helped them, it's nice to know that those 70 virgins will be all over some of these guys."

But Seriously...

The Force Behind Robert Zimmer: A Convoluted Conspiracy

By Daniel Green.

Robert Zimmer's recent decision to remove the uncommon application and lower academic standards at the University of Chicago has been recognized by many as an attempt by Brown University to sabotage one of the brightest beacons of academic excellence in the universe.

Zimmer has been unable to deny his post as provost at Brown for the past four years and has even had the gall to publicly mention his involvement, clearly flaunting his plans to drive this august institution into the ground. Obviously, his devotion to Brown is a cover for some even greater deceit, and we at the *Shady Dealer* have found it.

Zimmer's involvement in the conspiracy to bring down our school -- nay, our nation -- can be traced back to his high school days. He attended Stuyvesant High School in Manhattan, a magnet school that requires special entrance exams, so that his controllers in the FNORD AISB FNORD would have someone with knowledge of the building so they could monitor the temporary control center placed there on September 11. His next assignment was to delve into the arcane writings of the Necronomicon under the cover of studying theoretical mathematics at Brandeis.

In graduate school Zimmer made contact with George Mackey a devoted disciple of Marshall H. Stone, son of Harlan F. Stone who served as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Marshall Stone also had extensive contacts with the Office of Naval Operations and the Office of Chief of Staff of the War Department. Stone was then sent to monitor the University of Chicago from 1946 to 1952 while Zimmer made connections elsewhere to help bring about his master's evil plot.

When Zimmer finally reached Chicago, he became involved with Argonne National Laboratory, a position he used to consolidate the FAF's control over Jacobs Engineering Group and BWX Technologies Inc., companies that together gave his conspiracy access to pharmaceuticals, construction, petrochemicals, and nuclear energy.

Now some ignoramus may point out that the Argonne budget freeze shows that Zimmer's organization does not control the United States government. However any sane person can see that the FAF's plans are about to be realized. Zimmer will shut down the last remaining bastion of higher education not near an ocean, drain Lake Michigan with Jacobs Engineering Group and nuke both the north and south poles drowning all coastal institutions of higher education and plunging our country into a dark age. It's all so logical and straightforward!

Point - Counterpoint: President Zimmer

Point:

After reading the newest issue of *The Maroon* in Ex Libris, where I often go after an 8 hour study session in the Reg, I was filled with an overwhelming feeling of indignation. I have some serious issues with this new plan, which calls for a reduction of the workload as well as the scrapping of the legendary Uncommon Application in favor of the simpler Common Application in order to raise the number of applicants to the undergraduate program (what's next, athletic scholarships?).

First, the student body has always regarded the U of C as a sort of "Nerd Heaven" (or, for our Nietzschean friends, a Nerd Haven), a place where we could be ourselves, free from mockery. If all the jocks, bullies, and kids whose "shower" we were trying to escape in high school come here, what's the point?

Secondly, our admissions policy is what has always set us apart from the pretentious Ivy League -- in a

good way. I've always had a certain amount of pride in the fact that I pay just as much money for degree that is guaranteed to be unrecognized and is probably in a discipline like "Middle Eastern Languages and Civilizations."

And, finally, I ask you, Zimmer, how can our precious "Life of the Mind" exist in the presence of people who seek to bring down the intellectual level of those around them? I can almost feel my treasured 4 AM discussions of how Durkheim can be applied to the social dynamic between Snell House and Hitchcock House in the lounge slipping through my fingers. Please, Mr. Zimmer, consider the average U of C student, the nerd.

-James Kennedy, Fourth-Year

Counter-point:

So, this dude Zimmer like totally has me here. He's like a genius, man. A REAL one. Not like these pretentious asswipes who think they're smart because they passed calc 153 and wear shirts that say "I

am uncommon". It is time to lay the fuckin smackdown on these fuckin nerds who think they're the shit 'cause they came in second in the quiz bowl. What the fuck is a quiz bowl? Who the fuck cares? Zimmer knows what this campus needs: hot ASS. We need sexy ladies. LOTS of them. That's why this academic rigor mortis bullshit or whatever the hell it's called needs to go the fuck DOWN. Hot women don't go where there's rigor mortis, that's like dead people. Who the fuck wants to go to a school with dead people? Hot women want to go to schools where they can fuckin party, got it? They don't need Marx or Adam Smitty or whoever the fuck they talk about in soc, they need to get the fuck DOWN. Fuck the 'Life of the Mind', man, what the fuck does that mean anyway? Zimmer is so dead on, man. When he says we gotta catch up with our east coast rivals, he knows his shit, man. Penn State, Florida State, UGA, they are fuckin' leavin' us in the dust. Half their asses landed on playboy's top ten party schools.

We've got goddamn T-shirts that say "The only thing that goes down on you is your GPA." We got a lot of fuckin catchin up to do and my man Zimmer knows where it's at. They say they don't want this place to change, they can fuckin leave cause it's fuckin' changin'. Zimmer is da PRESIDENT, dig? You can't fuckin overrule the PRESIDENT. End of the goddamn story. Stop tryin. You so uncommon you can go back to the uncommon cave you come from and get your uncommon quiz bowl medals. I'm staying here to PARTY!

-Donny Kennison, First-Year

Rebuttal against Counterpoint:

You, sir, are an imbecile.

Rebuttal against Rebuttal:

Yeah well your MOM is an Imbecili--... what the fuck does that word MEAN?

Part One of our 468 Part Series

Letters Unearthed from Front-lines of Regenstein Crosswalk

By Josh Nalven.

Excitement swept across campus last week as University archaeologists discovered the remains of a missing Union army company that was said to have vanished in the area during the Civil War.

The remnants of the encampment were found at the crosswalk in front of the Regenstein library. Found alongside the equipment and skeletons of the soldiers were many of the letters that they wrote. The Dealer was lucky enough to acquire the transcripts of some of these letters, which give an in-depth look at what life was like while waiting at the Stop sign in front of the Reg.

Oct. 17th.

My Dearest Annabelle Sue,

Our progress across the Northwestern territories was proceeding swimmingly until two days and one night prior to my penning the very correspondence that you, God willing, hold before your very eyes. Following a westward tack from the shores of a great potable sea, we were halted by a phenomenon of a most curious nature. Traversing the gully between a rather Gothic edifice and what appears by all accounts to be some cubical stronghold, there flowed a never-ending stream of academics.

After waiting quite some time for an abeyance in the procession, the men grew restless, and an attempt to ford the river of scholars and neophytes was endeavored, only to result in failure. The draft animals, being most dis-

inclined to near the pockmarked, malodorous disciples, abstained from any additional locomotion, despite being subjected to the harshest of flagellations. Thus we have decided to wait further, though we do not know if we shall ever witness a respite from this mighty deluge.

On to less pressing matters. I do recall that you were in the later stages of a most parturient condition upon my departure, and as of late I have been cudgeling my brains as to whether or not you have delivered any progeny. In the event that the cherub is of the masculine sex, my only request is that he be named after my late Uncle Tiberius.

Yours Always,
Sgt. Eustice Reginald McClintock

Jan. 13th.

Annabelle,

I fear that this may be my ultimate epistle. Verily, recent events conspired to join my unit with a most untimely demise, and it appears that I may never again enjoy your society.

I mentioned previously that our untoward circumstances have resulted in a most grievous dearth. Recently we were fortunate enough to perceive the movements of an Oriental gentleman delivering a parcel of foodstuffs. Availing ourselves of the opportunity, we quickly fell upon him and won for ourselves a most toothsome repast. I cannot for the life of me recall the title of that noodley dish, for it is of an alien nomenclature. Nonetheless, this satisfaction was

ephemeral, and our spirits were again worsted all the more.

Driven to irrationality by starvation and the bitter squalls that assail us from the west, we underwent a seventh attempt to end the stalemate to which we have been so harshly conscripted. After affixing our bayonets and assuming the proper formation, we directed our Gatling cannons toward the scholastic millipede and opened fire, unleashing a conflagration heretofore unseen by Christian eyes. After many a soul had been claimed by the ensuing volley, the bugle was sounded, signaling the charge. Skirmishing face to face (our rifle ammunition being spent from hunting the local squirrels), it became evident that we were engaged with primarily Classics majors, for a lecture had just let out. They proved easily felled, as their corduroy blazers offered little resistance to our steel beyond the patches of hide sewn to their elbows. Nevertheless, their strategy was largely derivative of their area of expertise, for their full beards and sheer numbers brought to mind the Persian invasion of Hellas. Indeed, much like the Spartans at Thermopylae, we were routed despite the most valiant of efforts.

I was fortunate enough to make it back to our entrenchments, though the remaining survivors were quickly taken prisoner by the local constabulary. Should you receive this missive, I implore you to forward a sum of five hundred dollars bail to the UCPD so as to free me from this internment.

Your Loving Husband,
Eustice

Divestment Movements through U of C History

1900: Divest from the Belgian Congo:
"The Horror. The Horror!"



1929: Divest from the Stock Market



1939: Divest from Nazi Germany*



1968: Divest from my Chest



*Although dissolved in 1945, the University still contributes 3.5 million dollars annually to the Nazi Party

Do it in the Dark... With Protection

Burton-Judson Student Sexiled from Own Single Room

By Bill Volk

Brad Morrison, a second-year student residing in BJ, was surprised last Friday night to be prevented from entering his single dormitory room by the sexual escapades of his previous roommate, Thomas "T-bone" Walters.

"I had been out late, studying at Crerar, so I was really counting on getting some sleep," Morrison said. "Last year I lived in Pierce, so I was used to Tom using the room, but this was just unfair." Morrison then unpacked his backpack and continued drafting his midterm essay for Classics of Sociopolitical Thought.

In an interview conducted through the locked dorm-room door, Walters told the Dealer to "shut the fuck up," but he considered his presence in Morrison's room "hilarious, right?" Walters's guest, Cynthia Meyers, added, "Ooh baby, I'll let that asshole hear how good you are."

"I thought that if I moved to BJ I'd have a



Myers, a third-year in the College, is a vocal in her support and participation in this year's Battle of the Bulbs: "Everyone can do their part... I know I can!"

little more privacy." Morrison said. "I was really glad to finally get away from T-Bone. He did some weird stuff last year."

Residents of nearby rooms were complaining about "loud, rude noises" coming from the room that night, including sounds that "could only have been some kind of chimpanzee" and "a couple of those Mongolian throat singers." Morrison checked his room again at about 5:00 AM to find it vacant.

"Before I could finally go to bed, I had to launder my sheets and clear out some of the White Castle boxes and broken bottles all over the floor. I'm gonna have to call the maintenance people about the Masonic imagery smeared on the walls in some kind of animal fat. And there's now a swing installed in my room. I use it for studying."

Stars Shine for State of the Union

Continued from page 1...

makes sense. I mean, the Ottoman Empire was pretty weak, but I guess it makes sense to view them as a threat."

The discovery of the incredibly outdated globe, which is so old that it has Russia labeled correctly, means that historians will need to assess Bush's seemingly heavy handed foreign policy in the context in which President thought he was acting. Historian Alan Brinkley, in an interview with the Dealer, said, "For the first six years of his presidency, people have accused President Bush of abusing the U.S.'s role as the world's last superpower. But if he was operating under the belief that there were, in fact, many superpowers across the world, well, then maybe some imperialist action was a good idea."

In a live broadcast before the war began in 2003, President Bush spoke from the White House: "The threat comes from Persia. It arises directly from the Persian regime's own actions — its history of aggression, and its drive toward an arsenal of terror. We asked that Persia destroy its arsenal of Browning automatic rifles and Gatling guns. We did not ask for this war — we did not seek this War to End All Wars, but the Black Hand has brought it to us. We will vow to fight the Hapsburgs, and we will not stop until we have won, even if it means fighting well into the second half of the twentieth century."

By Lauren Levine

As I watched the State of the Union address, I only had one question on my mind: Oh my God Condi, what were you thinking?! An all black Versace number? So dowdy, as if you were in mourning! At least have the decency to accessorize! You are the face of American foreign policy, girl! Oh wait... never mind. I guess looking like a corpse in that situation is quite appropriate. My apologies, Madame Secretary.

As the rest of the members of Congress made their grand entrance, all eyes were on Olympia Snowe. Clad in a stunning red number the lady Senator never looked better. In fact, Ms. Snowe was so well dressed, that Mark Foley reportedly stepped away from the young page he was fondling long enough to take a peek.

Meanwhile, Senator Clinton was pretty in pink, but her lovely outfit was marred by an unsightly white stain. The belle of the ball was Ms. Nancy Pelosi in her beautiful outfit from Gucci, which emphasized the lady speaker's feminine assets quite well. An anonymous source told the dealer that 50 of the 417 outbreaks of applause during the speech were for Pelosi's appearance as "The best Congressional eye candy since Betty Ford." I also noticed that Senator Byrd's fiery outfit crossed the minds of many of the representatives that evening. Personally, I loved that opal robe he wore, and the white conical hood set it off beautifully! Oh yeah, and the President made some random speech. Who really cares about that stuff anyway?

Obama Schmobama

Porn Star Heats Up Presidential Race

By Sandra Conrad

The 2008 Presidential race took a decidedly comical turn last Tuesday when the already crowded field was joined by Coco Muff, a self-described “independent.” A video posted on her personal website, www.xxxsloppythirds.com, showed the Virginia resident relaxing in her hot tub, eagerly inviting every man, woman, and child in the country to “Cum [sic] On In!” and join her in a thrilling discussion about our nation’s future.

“This is a very gutsy, but potentially rewarding move for Ms. Muff,” said Dr. Erwin Brown of the political consulting firm Presidential Progress. “She definitely has a lot of energy, initiative, and creativity. With even less political experience than Barack Obama, she is completely untainted. . . by the corruption of Washington, that is. She has had far more exposure in the media than any other candidate, and is already an expert on fundraising over the Internet. Plus, let’s face it, she has the best ass of any President since Eisenhower.”

Muff’s campaign platform reflects her willingness to consider a wide variety of positions, an open-mindedness she attributes to her time spent in the ‘private sector.’ At one of her many campaign stops this weekend, she invited her audience to share their ideas: “if you have any opinions on the issues we confront today, give it to me good and hard. Give it to me!” Coco did take a stand on the key election issue of Iraq, however, vowing “to not pull out until we and the Iraqis are satisfied.”



People are wondering where Muff stands on the issues, but they must be willing to pay the monthly 29.95 fee.

The other candidates had mixed feelings about Muff’s entry into the race.

“I welcome the chance to have an open and honest discussion with Ms. Muff,” Democratic front-runner Hillary Clinton said. “My husband is a huge fan of her accomplishments and has assured me that she is very interested in solving many of the problems facing our country.”

Another opponent, who asked not to be identified, was less enthusiastic. “This woman is a disgrace to our values. I registered for a free membership, and it was mostly links to other sites. And now I get spam. We can’t trust this woman with America.”

But momentum is building. A scientific poll conducted by Penthouse magazine found that 23% of subscribers would vote for Coco Muff, placing her behind only John Kerry. In the key state of Iowa, which holds the first Presidential caucus, Muff’s door-to-door campaign staff has already raised more than \$250,000 and contracted only 7 STDs.

To be sure, serious obstacles remain for the star’s candidacy. For example, Article II of the United States Constitution declares “neither shall any person be eligible to that Office [of the Presidency] who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years”; meanwhile, Ms. Muff’s website clearly describes her as “hot teen pussy.” When confronted with these facts, Coco Muff cleverly condemned the Constitution as “pre-9/11 thinking.”

Knock...Knock

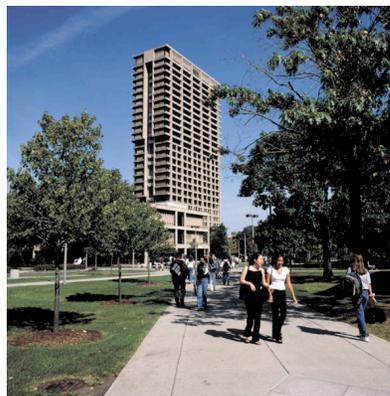
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