

# The Chicago Shady Dealer

## Iowa Legislature: “Pickin’ Sheep” to Determine Democratic Caucus Winner



By Connor O'Steen.

In a move heralded by pundits as ‘fair,’ ‘tough,’ and ‘really the only way for Iowa to choose anything correctly,’ the Iowa Legislature voted unanimously today to have the famous Des Moines pickin’ sheep determine the winner of the Democratic caucus.

“Ol’ Fluffy [the pickin’ sheep] will lead us right in this important decision, she always has, and she always will,” said Cletus McCoy, the pickin’ sheep’s personal handler and confidant. “She never could tell no lie, ever since day one she’s been a-walkin’ and a-standin’ by folks and lettin’ us know the right from the wrong... I love her with all my heart,” he concluded.

This is not the first time the pickin’ sheep has been used to aid Iowa’s fickle voters. In fact, records of the Iowa pickin’ sheep go back as far as 1865, where the first ‘Ol’ Fluffy’ was used to root out and kill both

Confederate sympathizers and former slaves. The very same sheep, as legend has it, also wrote the current Iowa state motto: “Our liberties we prize and our baa we will maintain.” Some experts have theorized that this could be true, as it explains just how terrible Iowa’s state motto actually is.

In 1914, the pickin’ sheep briefly gained international notoriety when it was reported that, a mere week before the outbreak of WWI, she obtained a photo of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and ‘baaed’ ominously over it for hours on end.

“No one ever did know how she got that picture,” McCoy said, recounting the event. “All I can say is the modern day Balkans might be a right different place today if they’d paid attention to a certain Iowan sheep. That’s right, the pickin’ sheep.”

Some have questioned the use of the pickin’ sheep following a debacle in the previous primary, where the pickin’ sheep chose Dennis Kucinich. “I knowed right then that nothing

was right,” said McCoy, “no living creature could ever pick Kucinich to be president.” After a few minutes, the confused Iowan authorities discovered the corn hidden in Kucinich’s pocket. To this day, Kucinich insists that it was a snack packed for him by his wife. “All I gots to say is no hon’rable man walks around a pickin’ sheep with a corn cob in his pocket. Shame on you, Mr. Kucinich, shame,” said McCoy.

Strategies for wooing the pickin’ sheep vary from candidate to candidate. Clinton has gone on record as saying she will attempt to persuade the animal with the merits of her health care program. O-baaa-ma’s camp has said that he will be focusing on ethanol and farming subsidies. Edwards’ press manager has said his candidate will attempt to persuade the sheep with a speech titled, “Here, sheep! Here sheep! Sheep! Sheep! Come here, sheep! Tik, tik, tik! C’mon sheep! C’mere sheep, and the American Dream.”

## Field Trip Turns into 25 Years of Enslavement in Coal Mine

By Fergus Conrad

Inspectors from the Mine Safety and Health Association announced the discovery of 18 slaves working in an Indiana coal mine, trapped there for nearly a quarter of a century. It appears that they were tricked into entering the mine as part of a field trip for their physci class, Geological History of the Earth (PHSC 13200).

MSHA spokesman John “Big Drill” Drillson told the press that it appeared that the students were essentially sold into slavery by their professor, John Smiley, in winter quarter of 1983: “It appears that the students were told that the trip was an important part of the course. Once they arrived, they were taken nearly two miles below the surface of the Earth and told by their professor that they would be able to see important things in the layers of the rock that far down. Smiley then took the only elevator back up to the surface, propped the door open with a chair and negotiated with the mine owner.”

It isn’t clear how the students reacted, but one student was almost immediately killed. Those remembering the incident more than two decades later recalled that the murdered student had been attempting to make a witty reference to Plato’s cave while in the mine, joking that people should try to “dig deeper into the text.” Without the the professor or TA, all the others acted on their collective instinct to kill.

The freed students, who had not left the mine since the day their bus took them on the three-hour ride, seemed somewhat glad to be freed: “Golly, look at all that sweet, sweet sunlight. How I’ve missed you!” said 26th-year Paul Karda, who says he hadn’t seen the electromagnetic radiation since “before I came to Chicago.” However, not all is well - Karda had to cut short his interview to work on an essay for his IR class, “America and the Soviet Union - The Permanence of the Cold War.”

Some students viewed the 25-year ordeal as more of a hassle than a help - Charlie Wright (AB ‘87) told us that “This really messes up my course schedule. I was supposed to be done with physci by 1983. Now I probably can’t take sosc till next year and won’t graduate until I’m 48 years old. Godammit.”

Professor Smiley, speaking by phone from a dank office in the C-Level of the Reg, said that he has no regrets about selling his students. “Consarnit, I got \$30 each for ‘em. That and I charged ‘em a \$60 ‘trip fee’ so I got more’n \$1,500! And with them down below in the mines, ya can’t hear’m screamin’ and what not, so I was sittin’ pretty for 25 years. I got me some tenure so I can’t git fired, too. Would I do it again? Hot damn but I would!”

## Professor Determined to be Social Construct, Fired

By Bill Volk

Angela Pottingstone, a professor of Gender Studies at the U of C, was abruptly terminated from her position on Tuesday. When questioned about the firing, President Robert Zimmer commented, “The decision was made in light of recent studies which suggest that Ms. Pottingstone does not, in an objective sense, exist. Since we have every reason to believe that she is only a social construct, we cannot in good conscience keep her on our payroll.”

This event marks the first time a professor has been terminated on the grounds of being a mere product of human customs

and preconceptions. The sudden, unprecedented decision has attracted controversy from the U of C community.

“I believe that this decision was made too quickly,” said Orville Pottingstone, a first-year student and son of the alleged professor. “We have yet to fully understand the matter, and there may well be a biological component to her existence. After all, cultures all over the world agree on such concrete details as Ms. Pottingstone’s height, weight, and home phone number. Even animals acknowledge her existence, usually either fleeing from her or pausing to smell her. The people who are dissatisfied with the theory that she exists are relatively few.”

Even students outside of Ms. Pottingstone’s purported “immediate family” have come together to question the decision.

Jonas Jones, a graduate student in Gender Studies, questioned the amount of scrutiny to which the alleged person has been subjected, claiming that other tenured faculty members at the U of C are much more likely to be culture-based illusions. “How have some of our other professors escaped this kind of suspicion, including [Political Science professor] Father Christmas, [English professor] Poppin’ Fresh, and [Economics professor] the Archangel Gabriel?”

The idea of Ms. Pottingstone could not be reached for comment.



Dude... these second-year chicks get shwasted so easy!

# Mysterious *Freakonomist* Astounds Hyde Park - But Who is He?

By Carl Wheeler

The deathly cold wind blows through a dark Hyde Park alleyway. It is 4:30 in the evening, and the sun has long since set. Two men emerge from the shadows, and it is clear that they are up to Shady Business. One pulls out a bag of what appears to be white rock candy, or something. They discuss quietly:

“Now you just bring me whatever you can get for this.”  
“Ok, man. You sure this is legal?”  
“Of course it’s not legal, you dumbass! We’re crack dealers!”

Suddenly! From the direction of Rosenwald Hall! There comes in a blinding flash, a man, nay! A hero! His classy business suit glistens in the flickering lamplight; his bland gray cape flutters behind him. But soon, he speaks:

“Say... don’t you know you’re actually making less money than you would be if you worked in a minimum wage job?”  
The crack dealers stare at him in disbelief.

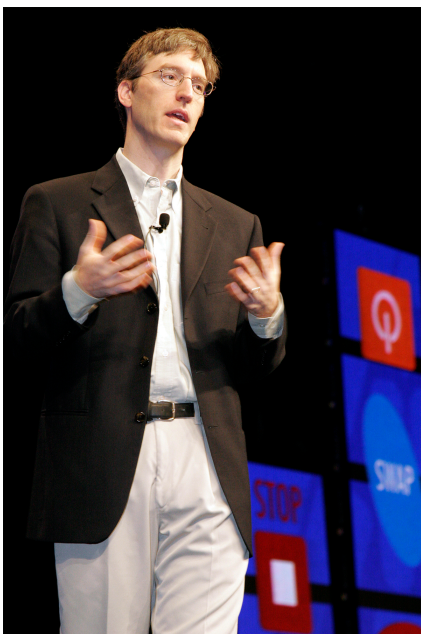
“Sure, the people at the top of the crack supply get a lot of money, as seen in the fascinating research of Sudhir Alladi Venkatesh. Now the question of whether having a ‘black name’ makes you more likely to be a crack dealer is an interesting one...” But the two men have run off into the night. After 15 minutes, the mysterious man notices, and runs awkwardly back into the shadows.

All across Hyde Park, and even in Kenwood and Woodlawn, this scene is enacted every night. Crack dealers everywhere are being told that their business structure is in many ways similar to that of a fast-food chain. But, a neighborhood wonders – who is this mysterious stranger, this... Freakonomist? Besides the bold green “F” on his suit, he is recognizable only by the insignia on his cape – a strange fruit with the body of an orange but the skin of an apple.

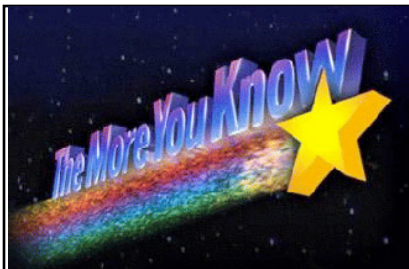
It appears that by day, he is a mild-mannered economist or researcher, but by night he becomes a mild-mannered crime analyzer. Some people have suggested that the superhero may be popular professor and author Steven Levitt – but recent Nobel Prize winner Roger Myerson doesn’t think it’s that simple: “Well sure Steve is a rogue economist, but the Freakonomist? I doubt it. Maybe if you see him bust one of those crooked sumo-wrestling rings, but if you ask me, I have my money on Stephen J. Dubner.”



*“An expert whose argument reeks of restraint or nuance often doesn’t get much attention. An expert must be bold if he hopes to alchemize his homespun theory into conventional wisdom. I am that rogue!” explained the Freakonomist.*



*“An expert whose argument reeks of restraint or nuance often doesn’t get much attention. An expert must be bold if he hopes to alchemize his homespun theory into conventional wisdom. I am that rogue!” explained Levitt.*



*Did you know that you can’t get in trouble for sleeping with your RA... but your RA can?*

*...Think about it.*

## Obituaries: TV-Links, 4

By Daniel Green

Beloved website [tv-links.co.uk](http://tv-links.co.uk) passed away this October after it was brutally gunned down by police. Tv-links, which had become many students prime source for viewing low quality illegal television shows and movies for free, will be sorely missed by the U of C community.

“Where will I find grainy episodes of *The A-Team* now?” sobbed Angela Korchovsky a teary-eyed second year. Many fear that the loss of the beloved website represents the end of an era. “Our parent’s generation fought against the man by burning draft cards and smoking weed. Watching *Superbad* with Korean subtitles on a 128 pixel divx window was our way of saying ‘Suck it, MPAA.’”

Dean of Admissions Ted O’Neill lamented that “the Reg only has three Turkish dubbed superhero movies. Where else can I watch videos that great?” O’Neill fondly remembered his first encounter with the website: “Well you don’t forget your first time. You know, thinking it was [www.tvlinks.com](http://www.tvlinks.com) and having to ask your friends what it was until you learned the real URL. I remember what I watched that day... it was *Return of the King*, parts one through nine, eleven, twelve and fourteen. Good times.”

Until a suitable replacement can be found, students will have to get by with [fanpop.com](http://fanpop.com), [stage6.divx.com](http://stage6.divx.com), [tudou.com](http://tudou.com) and [shadydealer.uchicago.edu](http://shadydealer.uchicago.edu).

By Needa Byline

The University of Chicago’s anthropology department has long been renowned as one of the greatest in the world, for the quality of its faculty, its innovative research, and for its rigorous undergraduate program which prepares students for careers at Starbucks. Yet its esteemed professors had long ignored an exotic and little-studied culture: the people of Fiji.

“The idea first came from President Zimmer, actually,” explained anthropology department chair Russ Tuttle. “As part of his campaign of violent de-nerdification of the University, he proposed to fund a study of Fiji, so that its rituals and customs could be learned and replicated across the U of C. Many years ago, we sent one of our own professors into the field to study the Fijians, but she never came back, so we thought that as long as we had the money, it was time to try again.”

The department selected leading anthropologist and professor emeritus Marshall Sahlins to conduct the fieldwork. Sahlins, a world-renowned expert on South Pacific cultures, was eager to learn firsthand about Fiji, and found that he

was welcomed into their tribe with open arms. “When I moved into their territory they seemed pleased to have me among them, especially given my old age. They referred to me as ‘Fiji’s Brad Sugarman,’ which I took to be a term of endearment in their tongue.”

Sahlins quickly became accustomed to the rituals of the Fijians. He learned to dress in their traditional garb of maroon and white sweatshirts and sweatpants, and participated in their rituals of sharing answers to past econ tests. He particularly enjoyed studying their ceremonial dances, where the men of Fiji would brew fire-water for the nubile women of neighboring tribes, who would then dance for the men frenetically for hours. “Then, they would literally fall at the feet of the men, who would accept them as a ceremonial offering,” Sahlins said. “I knew I had been accepted into their circle when they offered to share these women with me. However, I felt that would be a breach of anthropological ethics. Besides, most of those chicks were fat anyway.”

According to Sahlins, like most of the societies in the South Pacific, Fiji has a “Big Man” culture, in which the adult males compete for

power through influence and skill. Sahlins remarked that, “The Fijians competed with each other in contests of drinking prowess, burping prowess and Madden ’07 prowess. If a tribesman became the Big Man, he could have the sacred funnel, while the others had to content themselves with the common red plastic cups. I know anthropologists aren’t supposed to pass judgment on the cultures they study, but they were acting like idiots.”

Sahlins hopes that by publishing his study of this mysterious people, he will help preserve their culture for the future, for he fears they are dying out. “They are astoundingly unsuccessful in warfare. I witnessed many battles against tribes from far away, and even though the Fijians clothed themselves in armor and ran down the battlefield, crashing into their opponents, they couldn’t score a single victory against them. Each time, they lost many of their sacred leather bundles, which they believe give them their power as a tribe. I fear they are headed for extinction, unless their benevolent supreme god Weingartner hears their prayers and showers them with more sacred leather bundles, as well as copious amounts of cash.”



Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate.

# CTA Doomsday Scenario Takes Effect; World Crashes to Ruin

By Josh Nalven

Chicagoland was destroyed last week following the launch of the CTA's long-anticipated Doomsday scenario.

After months of pleading for emergency funding proved useless, the CTA was forced to cut 82 bus routes and fire 2,420 employees, effectively ending the world.

Chicago's citizens were generally displeased to learn of the sudden onset of the End Times. "Man, these guys weren't kidding," remarked the bakeware and couch cushion-clad militia leader Paul Kozwolski from within

his ad-hoc basement stronghold. "When we heard that the CTA would be forced to make all those cuts, we all balked; we thought it was just theatrics. Imagine everyone's surprise when Jim from next door was impaled on the obsidian horns of a flaming hellbeast. Worst. Block party. Ever."

The government itself has had trouble responding to the crisis, as most of the state legislature has been disemboweled by centaurs. Mayor Daley's whereabouts are largely unknown, but it is rumored that he has become the

thrall to the ancient Irish Sea Demon Brynceeosteen.

Chicago's terrified masses looked to the CPD for help, though they quickly found that they were barking up the wrong smoldering



File photo of the Garfield Green Line Station, circa 2005.

obelisk. "At first we tried to fight the snarling hordes with the only form of defense we know: shameless brutality," explained former police Capt. William Davis. "But once we saw firsthand how the orcs, ogres and cyclopes went about pummeling the general citizenry, we really grew to respect them. Anyway, one thing led to another and now we're fighting for the Legions of Chaos. We get paid in gold coins and hell-mead, along with all this cool stuff!" he exclaimed in reference to his blazing mantle of dark iron and bone.

At the heart of these municipal and literal nightmares is Deinostomos, the formless, tentacled horror that hovers above the Sears Tower every midnight, rallying its demonic host of efrits, goblins, trolls, basilisks, brimstone golems, hellboars, necrobears, and werewhores on a nightly basis.

When reached for comment on his dark siege, the abomination's thousand wailing mouths released the following statement before dissolving into a murder of crows:

*T'was forewarned: the funding dearth  
A careless state, a foolish Mayor  
The coffers emptied; the gov'ner's mirth  
Hark now Death's trumpet, may all despair  
'Cross strange eons, Chaos' seas  
I come to bear this omen's fruit.  
Mankind shall rue old Mammon's disease  
When the South Shore Express must  
end its route*

Corax the Raven King, spokesperson to the abyssal lord, issued a follow-up. "Listen, I know things look grim. And they are. Grim is kinda what we do. But there's no reason for anybody to be panicking. Granted, if a goblin broke through the ceiling and decapitated the rabbi during my daughter's bat mitzvah, I'd be pretty freaked too. But this can all end if the CTA just reopens the bus routes, rehires its employees, lowers the bus and train fares back to their normal rates, and sacrifices any and all virgins. Actually, it's mostly the virgin thing. That part's pretty important."

Polls indicate that the waves of eldritch horrors that descend nightly from the blood-red demon moon hanging ominously in the ash-choked sky is the number one cause of public concern, though many also note the transit cuts themselves as a cause of discontent.

"Usually I like to hang out with my friends up in Belmont on the weekends, but now that it costs like 6 bucks to get both ways, we don't do it as often," said IIT sophomore Dennis Whitney. "The roving bands of feral children don't help, either."

Vito Bianchi, a Brooklyn native, commented on the recent occurrences in Chicago by saying, "What the fuck are they complainin' about? This kinda shit happens in Brooklyn all the fuckin' time. We were overwhelmed by the demons, we called it the 70's. Corax the Raven King is my niece's godfather. Not get outta my fuckin' face."

## The Chicago Shady Dealer

Crescat Rumor Vitia Excolantur

### Bill

Connor O'Steen

### Elle Driver

Sarah Pickman

### Bud

Kathryn Burger  
Adam Petterson

### Vernita Green

Patrick Lange

### O-Ren Ishii

Priya Dugad

### Gogo Yubari

Josh Nalven

### The Crazy 88s

Katharine Bierce Zachary Binney  
Matt Doiron Bill Volk  
Ryan Uricks Michael Kramer

### Meetings

Sundays @ 7pm Harper 141

### Website

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### Submissions

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## Disclaimer

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## Meta-Disclaimer

If you think our articles are terribly written, uninteresting and riddled with inaccuracies, you should check out the Maroon!

### Meta-Meta Disclaimer

On a personal note, I want to say what beautiful eyes you have. Yes you. They look like they were crafted by candy canes and rainbows. I don't care if this creeps you out. You have to know this. Call me.

# Mysterious 'Bart Martyr' Sacrifices Flex Dollars for Hungry U Chicago Students

By Bill Volk

Late last Tuesday night, visitors to the Maroon Market, or Bart Mart, were moved by an uncommon display of compassion in the convenience store's degrading, soul-trying conditions.

"Tempers were running high," said a woman in pajamas. "There was a huge line, and the girl in front had just ordered a cappuccino or something. Those of us who were back by the sample tray started shouting and throwing stuff, but then this guy in gym shorts and a white hoodie stepped in front of us and said, 'Let he who never needs caffeine cast the first stale pretzel.'"

The unknown patron then strode to the front of the line, offering up the Flex Dollars from his own meal plan to assist their purchases. He continued paying for the students' desperately-needed pick-&-mix candy and soy-based snack crisps until his account was completely exhausted.

Corey Tarquinius, a FIJI brother who was shopping for refreshing beverages after a "hot date," reported, "This dude totally paid for my SoBe. If I'd known before I got in line that he was gonna show up, I would've got some Lunchables. Aw, man. Remember Lunchables? Bart Mart has fucking Lunchables!"

Bystanders report how the kind stranger stood strong as he was

repeatedly gouged, enduring such humiliations as the 20% soda markup and the \$5 Cheesy Bread. Some report that the Bart Martyr performed miracles, laying his hands on a personal spinach pizza and transforming it to pepperoni.

Bart Mart's security cameras offered no clues concerning the identity of the mysterious Bart Martyr, having recorded only a glaring mass of white light in his place.

At 2:00 AM, as the crowd dispersed, the mysterious martyr fell to the floor, utterly drained of Flex, and collapsed into an empty pile of clothing. A departing student overheard the sales clerk on duty whisper to herself, "God, what have I done?"



I Love You, Dr. Zaius!

New Pritzker Policy Sees Rise in Study-Related Fatalities

By Needa Byline

Since the medical school approved a one year test period for their innovative Bring Your Own Body (BYOB) corpse-retention program (an effort to stem rising tuition prices), medical school students have been sharp on the lookout for fresh cadavers. One of the most popular areas for harvesting these cadavers is of course the John Crerar Medical Library, where students who have fallen asleep during all night study cram session fall easy prey to these marauding scavengers.

“We’re used to trying out a few practice operations on sleeping students, such as removal of a kidney to sell on e-Bay or a student boning up on their hysterectomy skills, but I’ve never seen anything like the recent kidnapping spree,” commented

Agatha G. Foosterbum, a graveyard-shift librarian.

Other popular targets are sex-iles who are found sleeping in the hall. Graduate students are generally not sought after as their starved and shriveled bodies make dissection more difficult. Although a few naysayers have decried the wave of kidnappings, murders and defacements as having a negative affect on overall student life, most students agree that it adds much needed excitement to the otherwise boring library experience. John Martins, a first-year in the College praised the program: “I don’t know how I would have read 300 pages of *The Iliad* for Hume if I didn’t have the constant threat of death and mutilation to keep me awake.” BYOB may very well become a cornerstone of the life and death of students here.



Several sexiled students, like this member of Linn house pictured late last Wednesday in Crerar, have had to seek alternative lodgings after Bar Night.

Student Returns Home to Ape Rule

By Sarah Pickman

First-year University of Chicago student Eric Mueller was shocked to discover that, upon arriving home for Thanksgiving weekend break, his hometown of Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania had been taken over by apes - damn dirty apes.

“After three months at school, I was really looking forward to getting back to L-ville and seeing people from high school,” Mueller said, referring to the town in the Philadelphia suburbs where he was raised. “But when I got there, it was totally unrecognizable. The place was run by apes!” Instead of his old childhood friends, he found hairy beasts who mocked his very humanness; who poked and prodded him with their stinking paws.

Mueller said that the primates seemed to exhibit human-like traits: they stood upright, spoke something resembling English, and possessed a basic level of intelligence. However, Mueller initially found himself unable to communicate with them. His words and gestures were met with cries of derision. “I tried to talk to them about neuroscience, the Napoleonic Wars, you know, just basic stuff that I talked about all the time with people at Chicago. I asked them if they’d seen the Scav videos on YouTube or knew that Facebook group about the Oxford comma. They looked at me like I was crazy.” According to Mueller, the primates didn’t even comprehend simple words like hum, sosc, and fifth-week. When he finally learned enough of their tongue to have conversations with them, his comments were met with derision. “I realized that while I was vastly intelligent to them, they thought I was some kind of freak.”

This state of affairs naturally made Mueller’s Thanksgiving break extremely unpleasant. Mueller had been considered attractive at Chicago, as evidenced by the vast number of his female housemates in Hitchcock who had expressed interest in him. In Lawrenceville, he was regarded as hideous. “I think ‘damn ugly’ was the phrase this one girl I tried to talk to used,” he recounted sadly. He was also dismayed at his old classmate’s primitive pastimes, including encircling and throwing rocks at humans like him.

Lawrenceville itself had also changed in Mueller’s absence. Compared to the grand architecture of downtown Chicago and the attractive residential buildings of Hyde Park, the structures of Lawrenceville were primitive, each one almost identical in appearance. Though the apes had tools, they were simpler than those Mueller was used to; Chalk, for example, was non-existent.

Now safely returned to Chicago, Mueller has been transformed by his recent experience. He has come to believe while this new Lawrenceville is still the one he spent his first eighteen years in, the people he once knew were destroyed by a catastrophic event, which allowed the simple-minded creatures to take over. “I finally realized that it was the same town, but something terrible happened to change it. I was standing in Wal-Mart, looking at the display of past seasons of *American Idol* on DVD, and it hit me. I thought, ‘Oh my God. I’m back. I’m home. All the time, it was... We finally really did it.’ I was so overwhelmed, I dropped to my knees and screamed. And then they gathered around and threw dung at me.”

The Dealer Asks, You Answer!

This Week: Least Popular RSOs

Elders of Zion (U of C Chapter)

Chicago Whaling Society

Teen Pregnancy Club

Midwest Culture Show

Chicago Maroons Division III Football Team

Heterosexuals and Associates (H&A)

The John Dillinger Died for You Society

Future Proctologists Of Latin America

Chicago Weekly

McDonald’s: ‘You’re Lovin’ It?’ Well, then ‘Eat it, Whore!’

By Zachary Binney

As McDonald’s winds up its long-running “I’m Lovin’ It” ad campaign, the American burger giant has a new plan in the works. On Saturday it will unveil a new sexually suggestive slogan.

“We thought ‘Eat It, Whore’ would really help us target our primary demographic: people without gag reflexes,” said McDonald’s VP for Marketing Chet King. “Plus it really captures the essence of the fast food industry. What are you gonna do, eat at Burger King? Wendy’s? White Castle?...Oh, crap.”

The new ad campaign will feature TV spots with celebrities Britney Spears, Senator David Vitter (R-LA), and former evangelical leader

Ted Haggard.

Market experts expect the campaign to be a rousing success. “This is a rock solid plan by McDonald’s,” said University economics professor Frederick Beckman. “This company is simply at the climax of its marketing prowess.”

But some are in opposition to the new campaign. “I’m not swallowing this load from McDonald’s,” said noted feminist Geraldine Cardigan. “This is so degrading to women. The fast food philandering must stop!”

Cardigan is demanding that at the very least McDonald’s alter its slogan to be more politically correct: “Eat without Feeling Pressured About Your Body Image, Ambitious Businesswoman!”

