



Nation Chooses Greater of Two Evils

by Daniel Moattar

After long deliberation, informed consideration, and an even-keeled look at the issues, America has handed over the reins to the greater of two profound evils, polling organizations report.

"It was a tough decision," said registered voter and father of three Cormorant Flack, "but money was tight, my shift boss said he might cut my hours, and things were going slightly too well with the environment. So I voted for, I don't know, growth and stuff. Growth? Growth."

United States voters have remained largely sanguine about handing over the mantle of American democracy to a group of people who plan to run it straight into the ground. Statistician and political analyst Nate Silver (AB '00) suggests that the midterm elections delivered "the ringing endorsement of contempt for human decency that America most needs."

"We're a waning superpower," said Silver, "unable to cope with the onrushing tide of Chinese economic production, ebola, the swine flu, Russia, encroaching poverty, and the warning signs of post-industrial collapse. It's natural that our collective response has been to stick a long, rusty machete straight in our eyes and twist it around until the pain stops. Metaphorically speaking."

Power consolidation has provided ma-

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SORORITY DECLARES RACCOONS IN FOR WINTER



by Isaac Krone

At a quarterly conference on seasonal fashion held Wednesday, the president of Omega Phi Pi announced that raccoons are officially "in" for winter. As a consequence, the sorority will be forced to relocate for the time being.

"I really thought we'd be done with this after last year," president Becky Alison told *The Dealer*. "We didn't realize the mammals were a problem until Spring Quarter last year, and they left so quickly that we didn't actually have to do anything about them."

"We really should have gotten that hole in the siding patched," said Omega Phi Pi treasurer Amy Lynn. "But instead we

squandered our money on parties and catering our meetings. Now we have to move out — these fucking raccoons are laying eggs in our attic again."

The raccoons' presence was confirmed the night preceding Wednesday's fashion conference, when several sisters reported hearing scratching and squeaking sounds coming from upstairs. The sorority's worst fears were realized when Katie Cassidy came downstairs to confirm that her boyfriend had cancelled his visit due to his

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THE
CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
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DISCLAIMER

We do not intend to incite anything but laughter. Are you angered by our writing and planning to exact revenge? Think about how unsatisfying it would be, ultimately, to spill our blood. Think about how quickly the blood slips through your fingers and how dead a dead body is. Take your outrage home and sit a spell.

META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fucking care.

THE P IN P-SET IS SILENT

by The Editorial Board of the *Chicago Shady Dealer*

We realize that at the University of Chicago, stress can get to you. There are classes to take, midterms for which to study, student groups in which to participate, and internships to which you have to apply. It's amazing that any of us are able to keep up with all this activity and still have the energy or time to think clearly.

But none of this is any excuse to pronounce the "P" in p-set.

There is a longstanding precedent in the English language for a silent "P." Take the word "p-sychology." Anyone possessing even a passing familiarity with our spoken tongue would recognize that this is pronounced with an "s" sound, skipping the "p" entirely. And it doesn't take a p-sychologist to see that we are far too p-smart to overlook this p-simple detail.

It's pronounced *set*. Just "set."

Why is the "P" silent? This editorial board p-suggests we take a look at the etymology of the word. We are not p-scholars, but even a cursory review of the available information finds that p-set comes from the Greek *psekt*, meaning "thing to be complained about," or "bad marrow." The first recorded usage of the word in English comes from the Yale College of Arts and P-Sciences in 1840. In context, "I cannot attend, for I am preoccupied with the largest of p-sets."

Again, if you read this aloud, you p-should p-say *ssset*, with an "s" p-so that it sounds correct.

The *Pshady Dealer* is committed to p-spreading awareness, p-so that we can p-sound as p-sharp-witted as we are. We don't mean to p-scold, just to p-serve. Now if you'll excuse us, we have an hessay to write.

Dad Unexpectedly Hot

by Sam Buck and Hannah Flynn

First-year student Sandy Livingston was awestruck on meeting roommate Mindy Belindi's father this past Thanksgiving break.

Livingston claims her roommate's father is the first "DILF" ("Dad I'd Like to Fuck") she has ever encountered. She remains unsure of how to handle the situation. However, Livingston has resolved to keep quiet about her sexual longing for her friend's father, afraid it might ruin their nascent friendship and render sharing their Alper House double uncomfortable.

"It sure helped having an en-suite bathroom to take a cold shower whenever I saw a reminder of her father's emphatic eyebrows or cherubic smile on Mindy's face," Livingston said. "Oh, sweet Mindy."

Despite the tension, the girls have elected to room together again in their second

year, though in a suite of two singles rather than doubles. Livingston has on multiple occasions had "very vivid" sexual dreams about her roommate's father.

The first-year is currently contemplating whether she should accept her roommate's early invitation to once again accompany her home for Thanksgiving.

Mr. Belindi eagerly awaits her decision, informing *The Dealer* in an emailed statement: "Mindy's a vegetarian, so I always make a blander, veggie-friendly version of my world-famous stuffing for her that I cook in a separate pan. But that Sandy girl eats turkey, so she gets to try the best version – the half I stuff deep inside the bird. That way it's full of meat juice."

MARINE; LIFE

FIRST YEAR STEPS ON SEAL

by Morgan Pantuck

Traditional UChicago folklore includes the long-held superstition that stepping on the seal in the Reynolds club will prevent you from graduating in 4 years.

That legend was validated last Tuesday afternoon when first-year Blake Armstrong trod upon the seal on his way to Hutch. The seal immediately began barking and waving his flippers in an agitated fashion, disturbing those studying and eating nearby.

Witnesses were quoted as saying “Jesus, again?” and “Why haven’t we taken that thing to the zoo yet?”

In the resulting commotion, Armstrong slipped and fell to the ground, whereupon he broke his leg and the seal bit him four times. He has been taken to the hospital to deal with his injuries, but is not expected to recover before finals week, delaying his graduation by at least one quarter.

Attempts not to step on the seal have been a source of fear and anxiety for years. Many on-campus activist groups have tried to persuade the administration to release the seal back into the wild, but without much success.

The admissions office insists that the seal



is necessary in order to attract potential students with the lure of wacky campus tradition, and President Zimmer likes to feed him little fish bits on his way to work.

UCAN (Underwater Carnivore Advantage Network) and CEP (Coalition for Equality of Pinnipeds) are making efforts to work towards a realistic compromise.

Likewise, Students for Aquatic Equity is holding a demonstration this Thursday to convince the administration to install a tank instead of simply putting up loose rope barriers, which do very little to actu-

ally contain the seal.

Nevertheless, the seal is not the only problem that this school needs to address. Many other campus traditions also injure students on a regular basis.

\$1 Shake Day has left three customers with a concussion in the past month alone, and Doc Films recently had his medical license revoked when it came to light that his surgical techniques borrow heavily from the movie *Saw IV*.

Life of the Mined

by A Lump of Coal

The hardest part of being both a first year at the University of Chicago and a sentient lump of coal would have to be adjusting to the workload.

With HUM, SOSC, Dinosaur Science, and High-Pressure Geophysics research on my plate, my schedule is really heating up. There’s enough pressure on me to turn me into a diamond!

Seriously, though, the life of the mined is far from a picnic. I can’t tell you how much time I’ve spent in Harper reading Plato and Aristotle, laboring over my physics problem set, or even catching up on sleep.

The food here isn’t too good, either. I’ve overheard people comparing the fruit at Bartlett to coal, but let me tell you – I don’t taste that bad. Thank God for fourth meal, amirite?

Not everything is bad, though. I’m making lots of friends in my house, and my roommate really rocks!

I’m also fairly active in RSOs. I am a member of the Coal-ition for Equitable Policing. I’m rushing Delta Kappa Epsilon, and boy, is that triangle getting harder and harder to wear.

My mom wants me to get a job Winter Quarter, but what does she know? She’s

just a hunk of graphite.

Ultimately, although this school is extremely challenging, I am learning more than I ever have before. My thirst for knowledge has been fueled by the inquisitive culture that the University has fostered, ensuring that the flames of my passion will never die out.

LOVE & HARD TIMES

LOVE CHILD BECOMES LOVE ADULT

by Evan Bernstein

Sources close to Jeffrey Tanenbaum report that the twenty-five-year old graduate student has completed his transformation from a child of lust to an adult of also lust.

Mazel Tov!

Tanenbaum's mother had no comment on the milestone in young Jeffrey's life except to say that she is "very proud," and she hopes he'll call soon, maybe Tuesday?

Once the spawn of passion and desire, Jeffrey "Jeff" Tanenbaum ended his long journey to become a fully grown man with passion and desires of his own. According to his friends, the MFA hopeful has sought after women before, but not with the full arsenal of sexual and sensual prowess with which he is now armed.

Having recently become the human embodiment of sex sex sex, Tanenbaum is set to approach his love life in the same way he approaches his painting – with the fury of a thousand winds and the delicate touch of an angel in heat. This new achievement in young Jeffrey's life will likely herald

many adventures and endeavors for the Michigan native, including, but not limited to, sex on cake, sex outside, and sex in space. New opportunities for Tanenbaum may also include sex on a plane, sex for an hour, or sex in costume.

The Dealer has compiled a non-exhaustive list of sexual acts that the newly-maturely-lustful Tanenbaum may soon find himself engaged in:

- Sex in the dark
- Sex with two women
- Sex with three women
- Sex in a chair
- Real good kind of sex
- Sex five times!
- Sex while in love
- Sex while in overalls
- Hot hot sex with hot hot ladies
- Every day sex
- Everyday sex
- "Oh no I think I broke it" sex
- Under-the-blankets sex



Over-the-blankets-under-the-comforter sex
Gotta have it right now! sex
Butt sex

(While certainly not a complete array of the kinds of love-making Tanenbaum can expect in his near future, *The Dealer* has gone to great lengths to compile an appropriate, representative spectrum.)

As of press time, Jeff is ready to roll.

Zimmer Wishes Someone Would Pay Him in Gum

by Tyler Patterson

University of Chicago President Robert Zimmer told reporters Thursday that while he remains "somewhat satisfied" with his compensation from the University of Chicago, he "fervently wishes" that he could be paid in chewing gum.

"I have tirelessly spent each and every cent of my paycheck on gum anyway," explained Zimmer. "Indeed, the fundamental principle guiding my actions – as president of this university and otherwise – is to pursue relentlessly the goal of acquiring more Trident Layers Gum that I may rigorously chew at my leisure."

"I only wish," Zimmer continued, pausing briefly to blow a bubble, "that the Board of Trustees had the intellectual fortitude to compensate me with this gum,

thereby fostering a more open and honest chewing environment. This can only be achieved, of course, by sustaining and enhancing said environment and doing away with the archaic notion of paying administrators in currency."

The Shady Dealer's investigative reporters have discovered concrete evidence that Zimmer's proposal is gaining support from the Board of Trustees. One trustee, speaking off the record, said, "He used a lot of big words, so he must be right."

Another member added, "At the dawn of the fourth moon, Zimmer shall triumph again. His power shall rise like the tides of the Mediterranean and quash all mortals who dare question him."

However, not everybody is in agree-

ment. Third-year College student Oliver Crombad said, "I don't understand where Zimmer gets off in asking to be paid in gum when we students have pleaded for ages to receive our financial aid checks in gum. This is just another example of the University prioritizing the every whim of the administration, while forgetting what this place is really about. Marx warned us that this would happen."

The board is expected to vote on Zimmer's proposal on December 15. Students are welcome to voice their opinion by either contacting the board or screaming into a pillow, depending on which course of action they believe to be most effective.

FEDERAL JUDGE REALLY NOT LETTING THIS ONE GO

by Daniel Moattar

Look, Your Honor. I'm not making excuses for what I did. I just think you're riding me a little hard. It's been almost a month since the spate of criminal activity in regards to which I appear before you now. I've had a lot of time to consider my actions since then. And I can tell you unequivocally: Yes, everyone at that zoo would still be alive if I hadn't done what I did.

Here's the thing, *friendo*. I'm no jail-house lawyer, but I do know the Fourth Amendment: *Thou shalt forgive*. And the Fifth Amendment: *Thou shalt honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy*. And the Ninth Amendment, the retention of rights not enumerated in the Constitution by the people.

I can see from the disgusted curl of your

lip that you're not feeling so sympathetic today. Please, remember the words of Rabbi Akiva: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. In this case, I think that means a lax approach to what is, frankly, a stifling letter of the law.

Right now, you seem ready to drop two or more years on me like it's just no big thing. Your Honor – as George Harrison once said, why not “Let It Be”?

Yes, I did hear what the D.A. said.

Yes, the tigers, the bears, the children, the parents, the uncles and aunts, the in-laws, the ibex, the wildebeest, even the humble moose. The second cousins and the Guatemalan beaded lizards, the Cornelian be-horned pachyderms. They all deserved to live. On the other hand, you're really riding my ass here.

I mean, excuse my French, but look me in the eye, buddy. Tell me I deserve this.

Okay.

But I know you know I didn't mean anything by it. And you know this isn't something to throw my life away over. Why add one more lost future to the still-growing, smoldering pile? Plus, I'm important to the company I work for. I don't think they could do without me for the six to twelve months my attorney wants, let alone the twenty-five years without possibility of parole the prosecution is asking for.

I think you've gotten to be kind of a moralist in your old age, to be honest, and I don't know if that befits a federal circuit court judge.

In closing, just crawl out of my ass, Your Honor. Damn.

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major political momentum to Congressional Republicans as well. Gallup analysts predict these victories in the midterm elections could substantially aid their effort to completely destroy the workings of government by becoming it.

Moods are running high in the House of Representatives, where submissive murmurs directed at corporate interests have lately given way to manic, irrepressible cackling.

“Blow me,” said incumbent Majority Leader Sen. Mitch McConnell (R-KY). “We could do anything – literally anything – at this point. You are nobody and nothing. You can't stop us. You are a speck of dust. A speck of dust. And I am a four-piston, diesel-engined industrial-grade vacuum.”

“I'm going to come into your house and kick your dog straight in its fucking face,” he added.

At press time, our only regret was that Satan didn't run for office this year.

UChicago Recalls Educations Distributed Over Three Year Period

by Alex Dunlap

The University of Chicago, in cooperation with the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, is issuing a voluntary recall of over 25,000 college- and graduate-level educations provided between 2011 and 2013, regulators announced on Monday.

The recall follows a swell of reports of tragic accidents involving people who had attempted to apply their UChicago educations. The most recent incident involved a misremembered fact from BIOS 10130 Core Biology, causing the death of alumna Iris Strudelmann (AB '12). Strudelmann was led to believe that the Golgi apparatus in one of her lung cells would allow her to breath underwater by a typographical error on a PowerPoint slide. As a result, she drowned off the coast of Long Island last Tuesday. The date of Strudelmann's memorial service is to be announced later this week.

Other mishaps resulting from defects in UChicago educations include thousands

of pacemakers mis-programmed due to a confusing CMSC 27200 Theory of Algorithms assignment, a serious miscommunication at a high-level diplomatic conference as a result of a flawed final exam for LING 20301, Intro to Semantics and Pragmatics, and a problem in the distribution system for core humanities education, leaving thousands of students with stupendously wrong ideas about their place in the world.

Any affected students, including all those who received a University education between 2011 and 2013, are urged to return to Hyde Park to receive a free repair or replacement to their educations.

In a statement issued last week, President Robert J. Zimmer expressed confidence that the problems that had been identified in UChicago educations were on their way to being resolved, and that current students were receiving only the highest-quality educations, suitable for all purposes following graduation.

FUTURE SENATOR BACKSTROKES THROUGH POOL OF VOMIT

by Clay Olsen

Kappa Delta Chi pledge and future Senate Majority Whip Scott Carter was seen backstroking through an Olympic-sized pool of vomit early last Saturday morning, sources close to the situation report.

Carter was performing the vomit backstroke, an event whose record was most recently set by his older brother and trusted mentor Jay Carter, as part of an initiation ritual into the fraternity.

One fraternity brother not authorized to comment on the matter noted that “Scott’s really into all the networking benefits and shit you get from being in a frat. That’s in addition to crushing pussy and backstroking through a pool of other people’s vomit.”

A backstroke has been the standard stroke for the vomit swim since 1956, after several fraternity brothers suffered severe cases of “puke breath,” in addition to *E. coli* and gastric syphilis contracted while performing the front crawl. In this respect, Carter, as he has done for much of his life, is sim-

ply following in the footsteps of those before him.

After being ritualistically cleansed of the vomit, which is traditionally saved up over the course of the previous year, Carter will run through the halls of Alpha Delta Phi wearing “Fuck Feminism” board shorts and a bro tank with cut out sides – symbols of manhood since the time of the Ancient Greeks.

After pledging his new fraternity, making a few rape jokes, and majoring in Economics, Carter will go on to become a member of the United States Senate, one of the two legislative bodies of the United States of America. He will earn his seat in the 2034 elections in defeating incumbent Senator Derrick Carlson by six points, at which time his present malleability and lack of fortitude will have congealed into a legendarily tyrannical (but mercurial) temperament concealed by a healthy dose of old-boy charm.

The two hundred brothers whose vom-



it was used to fill the pool could not be reached for comment.

At press time, they were spotted doing shoulder presses at Ratner, the better to acquire delts worthy of a Kappa Delt man.

Public School Kid Discovered in Student Body

by James Newton

On November 30, the University of Chicago student body was finally completely purged of former public school students. Students and faculty breathed a collective sigh of relief on Saturday when Cassidy Banks, who had been hiding in the B-level for several months, was carried outside and placed in the trunk of an unmarked navy sedan by fourth-year Preston Buchanan.

“The burden upon our school brought forth by Common App and tyranny of affirmative action negated is!” said Buchanan at a press conference on Tuesday. “Rich money is heretofore the only money now. Students that aren’t prepped no more here shall be,” he continued.

The event was organized by the Elite Ac-

tion Division of the University’s Institute of Politics (IOP), whose mission statement calls for the annihilation of “riff-raff, free-loaders, and uglies” from the UChicago student body.

The press conference was also attended by President Robert Zimmer. Questioned regarding the disappearance of a financial aid-dependent student, Zimmer said, “another sixty grand, baby. Another sixty grand.”

There has been some discontent among students, as the Organization of Somewhat Less Privileged Students (OSLPS) – many of whom could only attend prep schools thanks to scholarships – picketed the IOP’s press release.

The group will hold a candlelight vigil in

Hutchinson Courtyard, “featuring cheap champagne and questionably sourced hot dogs as show of solidarity to our poorest brethren,” according to the Facebook event.

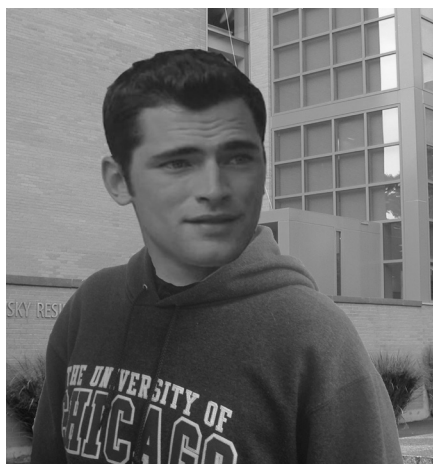
OSLPS president Benny Appleseed said the event would be “a real rager.”

“Don’t get me wrong,” continued Appleseed, “we’re all really torn up about Cassidy. But that doesn’t mean we can’t have fun and send a message at the same time. Want to see a chalk drawing I did?”

When asked about the protests, Buchanan said, “New money is as new money qua new money does. Elite action to be taken nevertheless shall be forthwith.”

SECOND YEAR ASTOUNDINGLY CLOSE TO DEVELOPING MOST FUCKABLE PERSONALITY ON CAMPUS

by Dan Lastres



Second-year Janotta House resident Devlin Ryder has successfully acquired the most fuckable personality at the University of Chicago. After spending all summer learning to hand-roll sushi and practicing photography in New Mexico, Ryder decided to “go all the way.” Since his return to campus, he has acquired a taste for classic hip-hop and developed what he referred to as “mad skills” on the slap bass, forcing all who know him to acquire a taste for Ryder.

A casual participant of most RSOs, he is noted for being very accomplished but not too stressed out.

When his housemates were asked for comment about Ryder’s appeal, the other Janotta residents described him as: “really fuckin’ cool,” “nice- smelling,” “kind and funny,” and “neat.” Third-year Melinda Sterso told us on condition of anonymity that Ryder is “approachable and engaging, and I’d totally fuck him for the conversation we’d have over the breakfast. I’m sure he would cook the morning after.”

The Dealer sat down with Ryder in his well-postered room to ask just how he managed to make his personality transcend the realm of likability to reach fuckability.

Chicago Shady Dealer: “Just how did you transcend likability and reach the realm of fuckability?”

Devlin Ryder: “Not everybody has the looks or smarts to compete these days, so I decided to change whatever I could to level the playing field.”

CSD: “Hey... I like your sports metaphors, do you follow any team in particular?”

DR: “I don’t like taking sides in conflicts, it’s about enjoying the game with friends.”

CSD: “Wow... that’s really cool of

you.... Um... Anyway, How did you go about making this change?”

DR: “I started by burning subtle amounts of incense in my room, and after a while I learned to make it myself.”

CSD: “Is that what that smell is? It’s... it’s divine... uhh sorry, let me find my next question here...”

DR: “You seem stressed... Is everything okay?”

CSD: “I have a deadline coming up and a SOSOC paper due next week, but it’s okay, I’ll manage.”

DR: “If you want me to look at any drafts, or if you just need someone to talk to, I’m here. You know what? Let’s relax some more, let me put on some ska.”

CSD: “That’s got a nice groove, where’d you get that record player?”

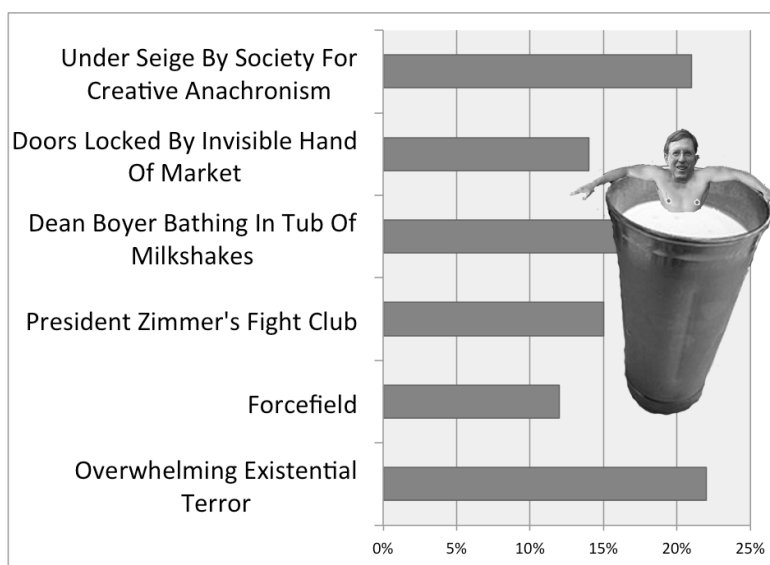
DR: “I found it while I was foraging for truffles last summer. I spent the better part of an afternoon re-varnishing the wood and engraving a poem I wrote into it.”

CSD: “Do you have a condom?”

The Dealer would like to apologize for not having transcribed the remaining portion of this interview.

Why You Can’t Get Into Reynolds Club On Shake Day

by Jacob Levin
and Teddy
Zamborsky



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fear of the feral squirrels.

“We can’t all live here with those birds in the ceiling,” Alison continues, “It’s just not safe, and I don’t know what we’d do if they stung one of the sisters.”

The sorority has contacted animal control, who confirmed that a grubby man with a stick and a cage should arrive within the week to incompetently prod at the raccoons until he gets bored and shuffles off. Until then, Omega Phi Pi will be searching for a temporary residence.

NEWS IN BRIEF

“YOU LIKE THIS,” SAYS SALAD EATER TO SELF

A quiet murmur was heard this Tuesday around 12:17 pm in Bartlett Dining Hall.

“You like this,” said second-year May House resident and reluctant salad eater Zoe Stein. “You do.”

According to eyewitness observers, prior to the incident Stein had carefully constructed a salad of mixed greens, baby carrots, and Aramark Sprouts™. She had, moreover, lightly dressed the salad with what some described as “nearly two tablespoons of balsamic vinaigrette” before sitting down with friends at her house table.

Upon taking her seat, Stein exclaimed, “It’s just so important to take care of your body. That’s why I eat salad three times a week and gargle with fish oil for ten minutes a day. Plus, I take prenatal vitamins. Look how shiny my hair is!” Bystanders observed Stein poking her salad without ingesting any of it.

“Yeah, maybe this doesn’t taste as good as pizza or French fries,” Stein said, small amounts of saliva fizzing from her mouth at the mere mention of her favorite foods. “But not everything has to, you know?”

At press time, Stein was seen pushing her lettuce leaves to the side and walking back to the grill station to serve herself some fries.

TOWN OF FONTS FINDS ITSELF SANS SHERIFF

In a story first picked up by the *New Roman Times*, the town of Tahoma, Georgia has been sans sheriff for the last four days.

Pressed to discuss the impact of the open office, Mayor Franklin Gothic was hard to read. The mayor remained composed as he underlined his wish to welcome a

new constable into “the Tahoma family of fonts.”

Arial Italic, leader of a local anarchist set, put his own slant on the proceedings. “The need for policing is an old line – totally unjustified,” said Italic, biting into a patty from local fast-food emporium Gutenburger. “My party has been stereotyped and marginalized, but if the stars align, this might be our chance to expose the government’s bold-faced lies.”

“This town is on a highway to Helvetica,” said elderly homeowner Cooper Black from his adobe at the center of town. “Without sheriffs, who will stop any old dingbat from carrying out his nefarious designs?”

Black paused to sip his Corona, continuing, “This would never happen in a capital city.”

In other news, the Tahoma Wingdings, a local minor league affiliate, are celebrating their recent playoff success with a fifteen percent sale on all caps.

LONELY LAMPSHADE SEEKS HUMAN HEAD

Lampshade, red with lace edges, purchased last February to replace the one that Andre punched in half when he drank too much tequila. I’m a simple apparatus, not entirely opaque, but you can’t see right through me like some other lampshades. My life is a bit boring, since I only really have to work when guests are over and a mood has to be set.

I’m a bit shy, but I know that life is short. I really just want to meet a man who will fulfill my desires. I want to be swept off my peg, waved in the air, and placed on top of a drunken frat brother’s sweating cranium. I want to feel the rush of his head inside me, the acceleration as he stumbles

from inebriation. I want to absorb the sweat pouring off of his forehead as he tries to look in front of him and sees only me, enveloping his entire face, forcing his breath back into his mouth. If interested, call *The Chicago Shady Dealer’s* lonely hearts hotline.

GPA FELLATES STUDENT

Sources confirm that student Giles Froman received fellatio from his grade point average on the second floor of Max Palevksy Residential College last Friday night. Though there were no eyewitnesses to the encounter who were willing to comment, both housemates and roommates have supported Froman’s story with corroborating evidence and character testimony for the student and his grades.

“I knew they were close, but I didn’t know how close,” said resident Marnie Salls. “It wasn’t until I saw Giles fumbling with the keys to his room while his GPA stroked his arm with its digits that I knew they were getting the D. Maybe the D+.”

According to Giles’ report, filed with his academic advisor and spread via word of mouth to this reporter, the GPA sat him down gently on his long single bed, unbuttoned his pants, and proceeded to do a number on his penis.

“My grades had been sending me signals for a while,” explained Giles. “I wasn’t necessarily looking to score, but my GPA was super forward.”

After Giles climaxed, the grade point average reportedly stood up, wiped its mouth, and exited the Max double. Salls reports that the GPA walked down the hall quickly, slowing only to mutter under its breath, “You may not be on the Dean’s List, but you’re on mine.”

Additional reporting by **Becky Stoner**, **Si Squires-Kasten**, **Isaac Krone**, and **Chris Deakin**.