



Everyone Deserves to Attend this School Except Todd

by Robert Zimmer

Hello, students! With finals looming just around the corner, I suspect many of you are beginning to feel anxious and overwhelmed. You may be wondering, "Am I really cut out for this school? Everyone seems so much smarter than me. Did Admissions accept me out of pity, or by mistake?" These fears are perfectly normal, but totally unsubstantiated. UChicago is famous for its distinctive intellectual culture and incredibly ambitious students. It's easy to feel like a little fish in a big pond when you attend a University of this caliber. Therefore, I am writing to reassure each and every one of you that we accepted you based on the strength of your academic record and personal accomplishments, and that you are definitely smart and creative enough to succeed here.

Except Todd.

Every year, our admissions officers spend vast amounts of time and energy sifting through applications from thousands of gifted and worthy students. We read applications from star athletes, valedictorians, and musical maestros. By mid-March, we've narrowed it down to you: The top dogs. The best of the best. The *crème de la crème*.

Well, except you, Todd. You're that

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RSO ANNOUNCES SHORTEST EVER "HUMANS VS. ATOMIC BOMB" GAME



by Jeremy Archer

Highlighting the lack of any sort of protection against an atomic blast, the managing board of the Atomic Bomb Defense Task Force announced today that this year's was the fastest game in the history of the club. Lacking the thirty-year post-incident 'leukemic' phase, this year's bomb had near-total casualties and resulted in the almost immediate capitulation of the human forces. "We were caught somewhat off guard by the success of this year's HVAB contest," First Commander Magister Mugit, the official Games Director and ABDTF Vice President, said in an interview. "It's left us a little shocked,

honestly. What are we going to do with all these ramen noodles?" Last year, two chemistry graduate students in Searle and one MacLean first-year managed to survive the initial neutron storm, initiating a prolonged quest to rebuild the university again from its embers. This year the addition of 'bunker-busting' warheads as well as a strategically timed midterm prevented the survival of any of the participating students.

Lana Alison, one of the participants in this year's games, was saddened that she

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THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
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DIR. SPECIAL PROJECTS

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STAFF WRITERS

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Matthew Montequin
Clay Olsen
Nora Helfand
Mark Boykin

MEETINGS

Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

WEBSITE

chicagoshadydealer.com

SUBMISSIONS

editor@chicagoshadydealer.com

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.

STUDENT FIRST-GENERATION MEMBER OF DA CLUB

by Kelly Keough

These days, getting into the club can be one of the most difficult achievements in a young person's life, and has been shown to have a significant and lasting impact on an individual's future success and happiness. But can you imagine being the very first in your family to do so? This is a reality many young Americans are faced with: having to overcome circumstantial and sometimes physical barriers to become first-generation clubbers.

These individuals have little or no family clubbing history, and may enter a club with limited knowledge of the jargon, traditions, and patterns of expected behavior. These factors may prevent first-generation clubbers from fully engaging in a club setting, and may contribute to early departure from the club before gaining access to VIP areas. No matter how capable or good-looking, first-generation club-goers can benefit from additional support as they adjust to a new environment. The Chicago Shady Dealer had an opportunity to sit down with one such individual, Amada Echeverria (expected BAC .015).

SD: How did you overcome the different obstacles you faced getting into the club? Did you take advantage of any special resources?

AE: I am the first in my family to earn 4-hour bottle service, and I can tell you, there are a lot of -isms that can keep the "wrong" people — like me — out. Lookism

is a big one. Before I got my nose job I couldn't get in anywhere. That, and I also started wearing tighter clothes. That's pretty much all it took. Oh, I also had a club promoter help me get in the "in" at many nightclubs. My older brother went



to high school with him. He's been like a mentor to me.

SD: How did your family react when they found out that you got into the club? Were they supportive of you?

AE: You could say my mom is well versed in the art of pretense. She acts proud, but I can tell she resents me. There's been a huge shift in the family dynamic ever since I started leaving home every night and going to the club. My sisters can't get into the club, and there's nothing I can do to help. Then there's the fact of feeling isolated from my community. I'm one of the only clubbers, and I try to avoid posting pictures of my nights. The other girls think I'm snobby because I pop bottles. They don't understand that I am trying to better

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TECH START-UP DONATES BEARDS

by Becky Stoner

"It's like you took Locks of Love and No Shave November, mashed them together in a blender on ICE setting, and came up with the charity Alopecians always wanted and women were afraid to ask for." So said dynamic student entrepreneur Kevin Klogowitz, who sat down with The Chicago Shady Dealer to discuss his new philanthropic endeavor, Fuzzly. Klogowitz, a dynamic, beanie-sporting third-year with a passion for body hair, was able to find inspiration for his charity in the most unexpected of places.

"I was sitting at my Seasonal Affective Disorder lamp one morning last December, eating a KIND bar, when my roommate — and now business partner — starts busting my chops. He wants me to clean up my beard hairs from around the sink, where I left them in my post-Movember shave. But I'm like, Konstaninos, you idiot, those beard hairs are for charity. I'm saving them for poor children who can't grow beards, and pussy guys and shit like that."

In true Phoenix spirit, Kevin rose from

the ashes of this nasty squabble to create something magnificent. He carefully gathered his stray beard hairs, now gluey with leftover soap scum. He posted an ad on Craigslist offering a beard to anyone who was interested.



Within moments, he had more than a hundred responses.

"Can I have the beard for dinner with my parents on Friday?" one woman asked. Another wanted it for parent-teacher conferences at her child's Catholic school.

"It's really cool that all these women wanted my beard hairs to be present at these important moments in their lives,

said Klogowitz. "I realized I had managed to create something really special, and I wanted that to be available to all women, children, alopecians, and pussy guys who can't grow beards."

Klogowitz is currently developing a partnership with Google and several other Silicon Valley tech firms, where facial hair is coming to be seen as an untapped philanthropic resource. He encourages any student whose interested in Fuzzly to contact him, or to send him their beard hairs enclosed in a manila envelope.

"Cuz we on our way up," Klogowitz crowed, stroking his bald chin.

What's Klogowitz's next step in this fairytale story of entrepreneurship and altruism? His coming endeavor will use the remnants of his manscaping to create a line of merkins.

"I'm hoping to hit a lot of neglected populations with this new project," Klogowitz said. "Like women who've gotten bad bikini waxes."

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weird hair stuck in the crème that grosses people out.

Remember, we only accept students capable of engaging in rigorous inquiry, cultivating an intense and open exchange of ideas, and wrangling with numerous, complex perspectives—so don't worry! If you got in, we know you're capable of all this, and so much more.

Oh, that is, except Todd. Obviously. Actually, Todd, we're pretty sure you were just a computer hiccup. That's the only explanation that makes sense. We defi-

nately meant to reject you and someone screwed up an Excel file or something.

You know what? It was probably Dolores. She's not really good with computers and can't see out of her right eye.

So, students: When your self-confidence begins to waver, just know that all of you add to the vital energy and constant flow of ideas that are quintessential to the University. We picked you because we know in our hearts that you have what it takes to succeed.

Even Todd can succeed. At sucking. Hey, Todd, maybe Dolores thought you were Todd Warren. Now, there's a stand-up guy. Real UChicago material. Unlike

you, Todd Darren. Yeah, if you've ever felt a strange, lingering sense that something elemental was out of place, or a creeping anxiety you couldn't explain that made you feel alienated from your peers, that's why. It's because you fundamentally do not belong here. Our bad.

In any case, I am truly grateful for all your hard work, your achievements, and for your contributions to the University's continued success. I wish you all an exciting, productive, and gratifying rest of the year. Let knowledge grow from more to more, and so be life enriched.

Except Todd's.

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myself so I can give back to the community, so I can help out. I know where I came from. Someday I'm gonna come back and help young girls prepare for the obstacles they're gonna face. You gotta start young. I can do that for them.

SD: Did you feel less prepared coming into the club than your peers?

AE: Of course. Some of these kids are fifth generation – it's in their blood. They've got the look, the apathy, the mannerisms. They can tell something's off about me. I have to make an effort. It doesn't come as naturally to me. Some of them tell me I look "thirsty." I still don't know what that means. I'll talk to one guy wearing a fedora or pour Grey Goose with the wrong mixer and it's like a red flag goes up: FIRST-GENERATION TRASH, COMING THROUGH. The condescension, it never stops. But I don't let it get to me. I know why I'm here.

SD: What are some common pitfalls to avoid in a club setting?

AE: Letting the wrong people buy you drinks, mostly. You can't let just anyone have your number, or follow you on Instagram. Most of these guys just post pictures of bottles anyway. They think they're lavish and they want you to know it. The trick, I think, is to seem unimpressed by money. That would definitely be the number one dead giveaway to these Purina purebreds. Take too many pictures of the party favors, and they'll know you're not in your native habitat. You also can't sleep with the promoter. That's a big one. A lot of girls make that mistake their first time around. Promoters act so cool, they kind of blend in sometimes. You forget they're working. But sleep with the help, and you're done. Oh, and don't fart.

SD: Is there any other advice you'd like to offer to other first generation club-goers?

AE: Do. Not. Take your shoes off. I repeat, do not. It will be tempting, but this is literally the club equivalent of seppuku. You might as well ram your stiletto into your abdomen. That's it.

SECOND YEAR WINS IOP; CARESSES DAVID AXELROD'S CALF

by Alex Foster

Vyom Khan, a second-year in the College, was declared winner of the Institute of Politics on Tuesday when he successfully caressed David Axelrod's calf during that afternoon's Fellows Seminar, "At War Over the World."

In an exclusive interview with the Dealer following his victory, Kahn reflected, "It was a great contest out there, you know? Everyone wants to stand near David Axelrod. That's why we all come out to the IOP. I just don't let the competition faze me. I've gotta keep my eyes on the prize, and that's what I did today. When the line of first-years trying to get Snapchat selfies with Axelrod in the background got blocked by the event organizers and had to sit down, I saw my opening, and I went for it."

Kahn's main competitor heading into Tuesday's seminar was fellow College second-year Bobby "Celeb Hunter" Peterson. According to Peterson's parents' friends, "The Petersons never shut up about the big shots their kid is meeting at school. Yesterday, at brunch, they made us look at pictures of him with old, mustachioed white people for fifteen minutes!" Peterson is known among University faculty for his catchphrases: "I can't believe I'm meeting you in real life!" and "How about a picture with tongues out?"

With less than a minute remaining before Axelrod was scheduled to take the stage Tuesday afternoon to introduce the

program's featured speakers, it seemed the event would go without definitive victory. Peterson approached Axelrod from the left aisle, while Kahn pushed through first-years from the right, but at least seven IOP administrators surrounded Axelrod at the front of the room. Fortune turned in Kahn's favor, though, when Peterson – hoping to claim a picture of Axelrod



to add to his collection rather than attempting a rush past the IOP staff in order to stand directly next to him – took out his iPhone. Unaware that his camera

was in "selfie" orientation, Peterson hastily clicked the "photo capture" button, firing the camera's flash into his eyes and stun him.

"When I saw Bobby Peterson go down, I knew this was my shot," said Kahn. Witnesses say they saw Kahn dropkick his pen toward Axelrod's feet, perfectly clearing the legs of the other IOP admins. Kahn then crawled on his hands and knees between the IOP admins to "retrieve his pen," and when he got there, caressed Axelrod's leg.

Axelrod looked down and immediately declared Kahn winner of the IOP, canceling the rest of the seminar and all future IOP events. The IOP released a statement congratulating Kahn and praising all the competitors who participated.

Asked about his latest plans, Kahn said, "The way I see it, the height of my career is still ahead of me. Who knows what'll happen? Maybe in ten years I'll use a urinal

30 PERCENT OF UCHICAGO CRUSHES WRITTEN WHILE MASTURBATING

by Morgan Pantuck

Winter is coming, and so, apparently, are our students. New polling data reveals that as many as 30% of UChicago Crushes are actually written while masturbating.

UChicago Crushes is a popular Facebook page for lonely, vain and/or horny students, who use the site to anonymously confess their attraction to fellow classmates, or spot a flattering post about themselves. "We always knew that people were using the site to stroke their own egos," said Becky Greenberg, the site's owner. "I guess it's not an enormous leap to suggest they were stroking other things, too."

The study's documentation includes both survey data and representative instances of the phenomenon. "I hope this doesn't come across as creepy," wrote senior Andy Morrison, for example, typing with one hand and grasping his erect penis with the other. "But you brighten my day

like a ray of sunshine, Amy Duncan."

Researchers had previously predicted the number of posts written while jacking off would rest between two and five percent. "We figured there were one or two oddballs in there who got off on grandiose compliments and romantic clichés," explained Dr. Cohen, director of the Center for the Study of Gender and Sexuality. "I mean, it is hard to imagine someone pleasuring themselves while typing a post describing 'the most supremely blue eyes on campus,' but stranger things have happened."

"Unfortunately," Cohen continued, grimacing, "we put far too much faith in human decency, so our numbers proved grossly inaccurate."

"I can't stop thinking about how nice it would be to grow old with you," submitted first-year Ian Fenster last Tuesday, as he furiously stimulated his own genitals. His post continues, "You are the love of

my life. I am inexorably attracted to your incessant pulchrituuuuuu," whereupon he finished.

According to researchers, it's difficult to determine whether these students become aroused during the process of writing their posts, or if they were masturbating to begin with and moved to the site *in medias rub*.

May House resident Jessica Mulberry confided: "I just get really turned on by the idea that Pete Freeman might see my post about his insanely squeezable ass and wonder, 'is that the weird chick who stares at me in HBC?'" She added, eyes glazing over, "That really puts me on edge."

As always, there remains more research to be done on the subject. Dr. Cohen will be able to present some new insights later this month, when he publishes his much-anticipated follow-up study, "How Many UChicago Students Masturbate While Writing Posts on Overheard?"

Final Exam More of a Beginning, Says Asshole Professor

by Evan Bernstein

"Don't think of it as a final," were College Professor Harry Neilson's first words to his class Tuesday morning. "The term 'final' characterizes tomorrow's exam as some kind of be-all-end-all-doomsday-apocalypse that it simply isn't," the unashamed professor said to his half-asleep class. "Approach your exams tomorrow with the optimism and hopefulness you would any new challenge. Dive into them with the spirit and joy you'd have for a, I don't know, football match."

Neilson's words went largely unappreciated by the sleepy class of forty-two, all eager to return to their rooms for a long-awaited afternoon nap. When asked about that part of the lecture, second-year Maggie Collins shrugged. "I don't know. I kinda thought I was prepared before. Now

I'm not so sure." Other reactions were lukewarm at best. Third-year Jonathan Alper, asked whether he was inspired by the professor's words, replied, "You know that head bob thing? Where your eyes start to close and then you suddenly jerk your head up and remember where you are and it happens over and over? So yeah, pretty much." Other students present for Neilson's pre-test lecture reported that he used the phrases "learning experience", "diagnostic opportunity", and "evaluative class-onomics" when describing the exam to be administered the next day.

Said an anonymous student who enrolled in Neilson's course last year, "He does that every quarter. He gets all Zen on you and he's like, 'It's not a test, it's a feeling,' or whatever, and then your grades come back and you get a B-minus."

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was not able to survive the initial onslaught but was happy with her ranking. "It's a good thing I was downtown at the time: that bought me a few precious milliseconds before my blood boiled and my corpse totally ionized. The lucky bastards in Broadview got almost ten times that." The Atomic Bomb Defense Task Force was founded during the late 1960s, when the University administration began training students against the Communist nuclear threat. Originally conceived as a joint training exercise, the game was designed to teach students all the ways a person can escape a total nuclear strike, and hearkens back to Chicago's days as an atomic research powerhouse.

For many students, the bleak fallout of nuclear winter represents an experience they regularly empathize with, so they are

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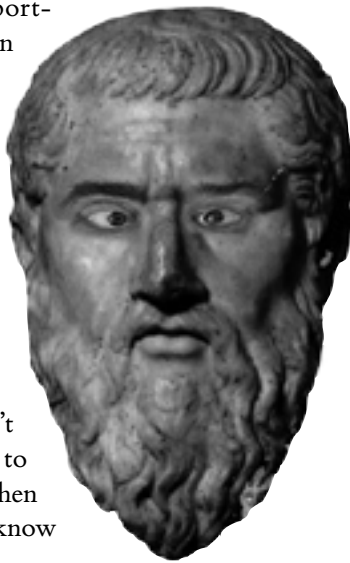
Phil. Per. Class Discussion Reaches Climax

by Zach Augustine

A quickie recap of last week's Hum class group project developed into a heated and extended session last Tuesday. Eyewitness reports indicate that Atticus Bloom and Richard Dewey's argument escalated to a standing confrontation that threatened to dissolve the dichotomy of epistemological contradictions itself. The very fabric of knowing rippled and stretched like the Bounce-softened red-and-white flannel strained by the bulge of swift-tongued Dewey's hardened pectorals. Sweat percolated on the thought-furrowed brow of Bloom—son of the esteemed translator of *The Republic*—as he thrust himself deeper and deeper into academic intercourse of the oral variety.

Sally Danderson, a first-year philosophy major last seen in public at the Reg

on Saturday night of O-Week, told the Dealer that she wasn't used to this type of heated display of intellectualism. "Now, I may be a Platonist, but there's something beautiful about watching two well-supported men take hard stances and vigorously rebuke each other's viewpoints. If this isn't the path to Beauty then I don't know



what is." Sally's eyes glossed over as she palmed the supple, worn wooden table, still warm from discussion.

Sources confirm that the slow cadence and rhythm of focused rhetoric built to a fever pitch as Bloom made his final push. Danderson had much to say about the near-climax. "I mean, of course Dick is going to fundamentally agree with the rigidity of the categorical imperative, but you have to give Bloom credit, his refutation was as smooth and pointed as his father's prose in Book X of *The Republic*. There was no questioning his dominant position. At that point, Dewey was finished."

Approached in the Cobb Hall men's bathroom, both Bloom and Dewey declined to comment.

SCHOOL DECLARES PENILE DEFICIENCY SYNDROME AWARENESS WEEK

by Michaela Cross

Dean of Students Susan Art has announced in a press release that the College plans to enact an annual "PDS Awareness Week."

"The University of Chicago cares about its student body," said Art in the document. "That's why we're starting PDS Awareness Week – in order to make PDS awareness a top priority on campus."

Penile Deficiency Syndrome, also known as nodicktosis, is a chronic disease resulting from a mutation in a fetus' Y chromosome. Individuals with the condition are born with concave rather than convex genitalia, and fail to develop externalized gonads at the age of puberty. Sufferers are characterized by generally being shorter and weaker than their healthy counterparts, and possessing pectoral abscesses. Forty-seven percent of the incoming freshmen class claim to suffer from the

condition.

"We've been hearing from a lot of our students that the administration doesn't really understand the challenges this genetic condition presents for its victims each day," said Art. "PDS Awareness Week, or 'PAW,' is our answer for those students."

PDS Awareness Week will be held during Eighth Week in Ida Noyes, and will present a number of educational events and information sessions designed to help sufferers find means of mitigating side effects. "Heightened emotion, blood loss, depression, even pregnancy," said John Manipants, student coordinator for the event. "The side effects are truly astonishing. I think it's humbling to know that people fight and live with this disease every day of their lives."

"Of course, there's stigma attached to the condition," said Charles Witherington IV, member of the Board of Trustees. "But I, for one, admire PDS survivors, and sym-

pathize with their difficulties. I can't even imagine trying to read *The Republic* while simultaneously not having a penis. Truly unbelievable."

There is hope on the horizon. "We at the University of Chicago Medical Hospital are working on a drug that will not only halt but entirely reverse the effects of PDS," said Dr. Shawn Burgerberg. "We've engaged in a few tests on grad students and have seen a lot of positive results."

Art concedes that the research is promising, but said it doesn't change the present. "That's why in addition to PAW we're working on long-term projects," said Art. "We are going to have weekly meetings for those with the disease, to talk about their feelings and about their condition."

The weekly meetings will be held in the Student Health building, conveniently located next to the Alpha Delta Pi fraternity house.

FIRST SNOW IS A CREDIT WHORE



by Second Snow

Every year, when November rears its head, all us snows gather in the Snow-zone Layer to catch up and chew the slush. Uncle Frost-Eyes took the summer off in Buckingham Fountain. Frigid Bridget went to Alaska and stormed over a hockey game. My old friend Snowen Wilson migrated to the Andes to chill out over a ski resort. Of course, precious First Snow volunteered at a food bank, probably no more than a half-hour per week. That's the kind of girl she is – always boosting her résumé.

Anyway, after making small talk, we met up at Snow Command to coordinate our descent on the Midwest, and we'd got a doozy planned, the biggest in years. Gold Team was briefed for a pinpoint landing in St. Louis. Red Team would flank the Michigan weather radars and bring the kids a surprise snow day. Then, just when we thought everything was "sleet, snow, and ready-to-go," we looked down and saw that First Snow totally jumped the gun! She was fluttering on down in the limelight while the rest of us Snows sat up here like assholes.

And everyone celebrated her! Kids ran outside in their snowpants and danced

around. Parents embraced each other in sweaters and watched from the window playing songs on their like stereos like "Let it Snow," "White Christmas," and "Snow (Hey Oh)." First Snow was immortalized in photos of snowmen and igloos. And by the time the rest of us rushed down, we were greeted with curses. "Ugh, more snow!" "Damn this cold!" "Woof Woof, let's pee in it!" they shout at us. Well, it's not our fault that we have to land in First Snow's old slush, without a chance of sustaining the pure white blanket these kids demand!

Why should First Snow get to flutter around like a butterfly in the breeze while the rest of us are slandered? It's not like we're God's kidney stones, the hail. We're snow, too! And doesn't anyone think it's unbecoming that people haven't even put on gloves yet and she's already going down on them? First Snow isn't any flakier or colder than the rest of us! Where does she get off? And when did it become okay for one storm to steal the glory from everybody? Because that's not what Chicago is about! WE SHOULD TOTALLY JUST STAB FIRST SNOW!

Poll Results: Half of All First Years Still Anxious About Pooping at School

by Kelly Keough

A poll conducted by University of Chicago Campus and Student Life has revealed that 50 percent of the incoming Class of 2017 still experiences anxiety over pooping at school, a shocking fifteen percent of whom say they refuse to poop at all. "Honestly, we're very concerned," said Karen Warren Coleman, Vice President for Campus Life and Student Services. "These numbers should have come way down by this point in the school year. I mean, it's been seven weeks!" Initial jitters about relieving one's self so far from the safety and comfort of home are to be expected, but this year's statistics have come as a surprise. "This is not a sustainable situation. We don't have all the information yet, but we can assume these fears are wreaking havoc on the social, sexual, and academic lives of these students. All of us here at Campus and Student Life are doing our very best to tackle this problem," Coleman added.

Administrators claim they plan to introduce workshops to help address this concern, and even to bring speakers to campus to facilitate open discussion and dialogue. "Right now, we're actually talking to Taro Gomi, author of the critically-acclaimed Everyone Poops, about coming to campus in December," Coleman said. The Vice President also mentioned the possibility of outfitting public restrooms on campus with "a soothing jungle cricket soundtrack, you know, to create a pleasant ambiance, one that's more conducive to pooping." Campus and Student Life also plans to host peer support groups. "We really want students to accept that pooping at school is a crucial and necessary element of life in the UChicago community. And we want them to know, more than anything, that we're there for them."

POINT/COUNTERPOINT

POINT: THE WEATHER OUTSIDE IS FRIGHTFUL



by Evan Bernstein and Sammy Cahn

Oh, the weather outside is frightful – but the fire is so delightful. And since we've no place to go, let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow! It doesn't show signs of stopping, and I've bought some corn for popping. The lights are turned way down low. Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow! When we finally kiss good night, how I'll hate going out in the storm. But, if you'll really hold me tight, all the way home I'll be warm! The fire is slowly dying and, my dear, we're still goodbying. But, as long as you love me so, let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!

COUNTERPOINT: BUT DEATH WILL COME SOON



by Lucifer, Lord of the Underworld

As the dark sets in and the clouds loom overhead, the coldness of the day begets the frigidity of night, and insignificant flakes of snow crash to the ground in a flurry of madness as if part of the blizzard of empty consciousness. Away with the warmth of the day! Bring forth the bleak kiss of death that is the gray sky! Lie back, embrace your weariness, and prepare for the reaper to ascend and drag you to his fiery home. Only there, surrounded by screams of torment and columns of flame, will the grip of cold be released and eternal nothingness begin. Submit to me, your master and bringer of doom!

99 percent of first-years who took up exercise at the start of college now done with it

by Mary Vansuch

"My exercise goal was to be able to run a ten-minute mile and lift twenty pounds. I actually ran 9:50 and lifted thirty yesterday, so I'm more than good," said first-year Michael Sanchez. Michael isn't alone. According to a recent study by Student Health Services, approximately 95 percent of first-years who began exercising at the start of O-Week are now done with it. Of this 95 percent, thirty percent, like Michael, cite having successfully reached their exercise goals as their motivation to cease exercising. The remaining 70 percent felt justifying their choices to the *Dealer* violated their Fifth Amendment rights. "You don't know my life!" an anonymous source remarked, "You don't understand how much work I have."

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glad to express their frustration in a way that allows them to continue attending lecture. "I'm just glad to imagine a future in which there are no problem sets," said Stephenie Meyer, a third-year in the College, said. "Regardless of how it goes for me, I'm glad of that brief moment of total procrastination for the rest of my life." ABDTF's zeal to perform has become increasingly controversial in recent years, however, and city health inspectors balked at their 'iodine-only' meal plan sponsored as a part of College Dining last year, closing Cathey Dining Commons for several days. Professors are frustrated by the momentary disruption in discussion classes, and many, like professor of sociology John Hampton, wish the desks rendered a "safe zone" for students to temporarily shield their bodies from the blast. To date, however, the ABDTF has refused to implement this policy, citing the standard desk's "lack of any shielding whatsoever."