

The Chicago Shady Dealer

Massive Olive Oil Spill in Mediterranean Leads to Deadly Amounts of Deliciousness



Bruschetta-wielding volunteers could not stop this delicious spill from coming ashore

By Stephen Lurie

Just weeks after the ecologically catastrophic oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico came under control, Europe was in an uproar over a gigantic olive oil spill in the north Mediterranean. Unlike our American counterpart, this spill from a Colavita tanker was heralded by some as an utterly joyous affair. Others, though, see it as a real threat to the health of those on the continent.

Currently, the gigantic pool of olive oil seems to be spreading both east at west at the pace of 20 cubic BPM (bowls of pasta per minute). As a result of the gathering and increased use of the substance there has been a 7000% increase in calamari sales in Italy, and a subsequent 6000% increase in the rate of heart attacks.

Many average citizens and foodies alike hail the spill as a culinary bonanza. People of every shape and size, no longer just those with supreme beach bodies, are flocking out to the water to lap up some of the premium oil. Many entrepreneurs have set up on beach fronts selling gallon tanks of balsamic vinegar. The most entrepid among them have ventured to create and sell bread boats.

Francesca Marinetti, an Italian resident and beachfront property owner tells *The Dealer* that "I always watched those cooking shows on American TV, but I never thought Mario Batali would be offering half his wealth and all of his large hairy body to me in exchange for my beach cottage. It really is quite a trip."

Environmental activists, on the other hand, have expressed deep concern over
See Spill, p5

Student's Hometown Undergoes Irreversible Changes

By Pierce Ekstrom

Everton, Ohio, is a veritable beehive of activity this week, as local businesses, politicians, entrepreneurs, construction firms, volunteer organizations, and high school bands have come together in support of an ambitious development plan: the systematic erasure of every trace of the life once led there by University of Chicago first year Alvin Eckleby.

While rudimentary plans for the project have been in place for nearly two decades, the No Memories Left Behind Act was only formally approved this May, when it became clear that Eckleby would soon graduate and move on to Chicago. The act officially created OBLITERATE (Official Bureau for the Liquidation of Identifiable Traces of Everton Resident Alvin Turner Eckleby), which has since become a top priority in Everton, comprising 47% of the city's annual budget and progressing at a pace unheard of in public infrastructure.

Eckleby noted with dismay that "there seemed to be a lot of road work and stuff going on this summer, like, all over the place," as construction zones were cordoned off in preparation for the
See Town, p5

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Sounds Like an Embarrassing On-the-Job Injury Report to File

The Chicago Shady Dealer

Crescat Rumor, Vitia
Excolantur

Presenting . . . MacGyver!

Alison Howard

His Swiss Army Knife!

DJ LoBraico

His Paper Clip!

Sam Spiegel

His Mullet!

Tommy Cook

Representing his Perseverance, His Strike-Anywhere Matches!

Charna Albert

His Gum Wrapper!

DJ LoBraico

And His Extra Rolls of Duct Tape!

Adam Levine

Mae Rice

Pierce Ekstrom

Made-up Person

Meetings

Sundays, 7PM @Harper 145

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Disclaimer

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

Meta-Disclaimer

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

Meta-Meta-Disclaimer

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

And Now, 187 Words From our New Editor-In-Chief

Dear Reader,

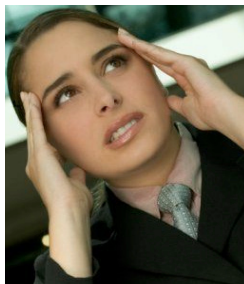
Do you mind if I call you Reader? I thought Mr. Sloan sounded too formal. I'm Alison Howard and I'm the Editor-in-Chief of *The Chicago Shady Dealer*. *The Dealer* is the University of Chicago's finest – and only – intentional humor publication. In these pages, you will find no reputable news coverage. Please contact me immediately at howardac@uchicago.edu if you come across any that has been included by mistake.

Also feel free to contact me if you have any questions, such as “wut r u doin rite now?” My answer to that question tends to change. But, if you want to know what I'm doing on any given Sunday at 7 PM, I'll be at the weekly *Dealer* meeting in Harper 145. You should come too, particularly if you want to get involved. If you're busy then, but you still want to write for us, send submissions directly to me. I love getting emails that aren't from the fifteen listhosts I misguidedly joined during my OWeek. You can join the *Dealer's* at shadydealer@lists.uchicago.edu.

Any closing but “Best.” (I hate it when people sign off “Best”),

Alison

I Worked My Ass off, and Now I Can't Even Sit Down



By Amelia Sanderson

I've really worked my ass off this fiscal quarter. I've always believed in no pain, no gain. But sometimes you've got to ask yourself, is it worth it? I know I don't have time to sit down if I wanted to, but having the option would be nice. You know, just for a second, to rest my feet and possibly even take off my work-appropriate stilettos. I don't want to sound too crazy here, but maybe I could relax at my desk for a quick power lunch, you know, casually go over some bar charts while I chow down on two granola bars and a Diet Coke.

But I can't. I must take my lunch standing up. In fact, I must take everything standing up. I refuse to be knocked down, because if I am, I'm honestly not sure if I would be able to get up again. Maybe I shouldn't be telling you about my greatest weaknesses here – this goes way against everything I learned from

Sun Tzu's *The Art of War* – but I feel so lost.

It's like I used to have this layer of cushion between myself and the outside world, like a buffer zone of padding and comfort that, if I do say so myself, looked magnificent in pencil skirts. And now? It's gone, like my social life and any semblance of a relationship I had with Terrence, the i-banker who hasn't called since he realized it would be anatomically impossible to have sex with me.

I can't even grab some Dunkin' Donuts, because I'm always on the run! And you can forget about taking the occasional bathroom break. It's been so busy here around the office. This is worse than the time I read documents until I couldn't see straight! It's worse than when I typed until my fingers fell off! And I know you might not believe me, but it's actually worse than when I gave presentations until I developed laryngitis.

But I understand that this – all of this – is a sacrifice I must make. This company would not survive for a minute without me. Believe me, I am the brains of this operation. And I'm the heart of it too. Plus, I'm the stomach, the arms and the legs, and the eyes, the ears – let's just say the whole face. I'm proud to have worked so hard, and I really think it shows.

TWIST AND . . . Enjoy the Intrinsic Mathematical Harmonies

Returning Student Resumes Feigned Interest in Obscure, “Good” Music

By Leland Zhi

Genevieve Taylor, a rising second-year who says she is from Brooklyn but is really from White Plains, is spending the last week before school becoming re-familiar with the elitist, so-called “better” music that she stopped listening to since the end of last school year. Having spent all of summer rocking out to Top-40 hits, she is hoping that this week-long cram session will leave her perfectly capable of arguing why, say, the newest LCD Soundsystem album wasn't quite as good as Murphy's older work (though still genius), by the time the first apartment party comes around.

“Damn, and just when the new Katy Perry single was about to come out,” Genevieve said to reporters in a behind-the-scenes interview, raising her voice over the sound of a Pandora Radio Sta-

tion that began with Animal Collective. “But it'll pay off once I get to school.” Among the reasons she's putting so much effort into this are the bragging rights over a hard-earned 3 AM slot on WHPK and the feeling of superiority she used to get when people would ask her for music recommendations and she would reply with three French house artists who are “cerebral, yet delightfully playful.”

Meanwhile, it is not merely musical knowledge that she has to update for school. “I have to swap all my summer t-shirts for vintage blouses, read a summary of *Infinite Jest*, and find a polaroid camera, all before Saturday. And there's still so much left to go over,” she sighed in an exasperated tone, as she sloughed yet again through the August content on Pitchfork.com.

As Genevieve recalls, things weren't always like this. There was a time when

she was perfectly comfortable admitting that she does, in fact, find some songs by The All-American Rejects to be pretty catchy.

“But at the U of C,” she points out, “it's just a different scene. And it doesn't hurt to try and know a little more than the next guy.” Whether knowing the top-fifty up-and-coming “authentic” hip-hop acts constitutes “a little more,” she would not say.

When asked if she actually likes the music she is studying, she notes that, while she finds a lot of good music through her research, it's really the safe, popular, Billboard-topping music she really enjoys. But she will have to wait until next summer before listening to that music again. “At least La Roux is still obscure enough to listen to, right?” she asked, attempting to console herself, though knowing full well that those days were past.

Don't Cross the Midway— There's a Law Library Over There!



By Officer S. Katt, UCPD

Hey, kid, where do you think you're going? What's that? Harold's you say? Just turn around. You want to head north to 53rd Street, not south on—

Wait, you want the Harold's at 64th

and Cottage Grove? Who told you about that one? Some upperclassman? Well, isn't that the lousiest of pranks! I didn't think the students here could be so cruel—

Why shouldn't you go there? Well, kid, not many people like to talk about it. Frankly, I don't blame them. You know, this area's got its differences, but my job is to protect your safety, so I'll just lay it out straight:

Don't go south of the Midway—there's a Law Library over there!

Now, you're probably from Mainstream Suburb, USA, and you're thinking, “I've seen some lawyers and librarians in my town. Yeah, they stand out a bit, but they seem perfectly harmless.”

Well, kid, that's the 'burbs. Here, at UChicago, we've got a lot of them. And the biggest concentration of 'em's at the Law Library.

Oh, you've seen it? From Harper, right? It looks so pretty from there, but that's deceptive. The fountain? A sucker's watering hole that attracts unsuspecting litigious marks like you. All those wide-open areas for the little lawyer kids to play? If by kids you mean aspiring DA's and by play you mean snorting “subpoena

dust.”

And don't you ever think about going in there. You go in and immediately you feel like someone's watching you, waiting for the perfect moment to file an injunctive. I've personally had three law clerks corner me in the dark part of the stacks, telling me that I looked like someone with loose law briefs, and they tried to charge me \$300 an hour! And I'm a cop!

Wait, you think what? You think that because a lawyer's now president, the entire Law Library will forgive you and all non-lawyer-librarian types for the rotten jokes and stern stereotypes we've made up over the years?

I mean, maybe if you really got to know some of them, talked to them about their lives, asked about their fondest mergers and heartbreaking contract disputes—hell, you could give them some legitimate money and have them write up your will. What I'm trying to say is, you might try to get involved, and even break some boundaries. It's possible.

But it's damn near unlikely. So why push yourself when you can get chicken close to home? Just do as we do. Stay away from the Law Library.

Rape and Poverty You Can Just Reach Out and Touch!

First Year Attends Frat Party, Finds Love

By D.J. LoBraico

First Year Derek Smallwood didn't have high expectations as he suited up for his first fraternity party, hosted by Sigma Phi Epsilon. "I figured I'd wear a pair of plaid shorts and maybe a pink polo, because ladies love pink," Smallwood told *The Dealer*, reflecting fondly on the decisions that brought on that fateful night.

Smallwood first spotted her dancing across the room. "She must have some dancing experience, because she was doing this crazy dance move in which she kept appearing to trip and barely catching herself," Derek recalls. "She" was third year Lynn Meely, a Biology major in the College. Smallwood found himself drawn to her. Before long, he struck up a conversation with the mysterious Ms. Meely, who refused to reveal much about herself other than that she "wanted to lick [someone, anyone] up and down."

The night took a notable turn when Ms. Meely spilled her drink, reportedly her "seventh or eighth" of the night, on Smallwood. In attempts to reconcile her error, Lynn began patting Derek's shirt with her bare hands, as if to rub the stain away, saying "Ohhh mi goshhh I am soooo sorry. What are we gonna dooo?"

At that moment, Derek "knew she was as in love with [him] as [he] was with her." One thing led to another and eyewitnesses report Ms. Meely was seen leaving Max Palevsky around seven the following morning in the same clothing she had worn to the party. According to Smallwood, "she said she had to go feed her fish, but I'm sure she'll call me later. We're in love!"

At press time, Ms. Meely's only comments on the preceding events were "What?"

Precious to Be Made in 3-D

By Eliza Brown

The emotional drama of *Precious* will become even more poignant when you can see the hair on Monique's legs as if you were right there, when the film is re-released in 3D on October 3rd.

Roger Ebert referred to the re-release as a "cinematic triumph" and writes that theatergoers "will feel every punch, push and fall" as if they themselves were being abused and tormented.

Some elements of the film were shot a second time for the new medium. For example, when *Precious* (Gabourey Sidibe) learns that she is HIV positive, she now falls in such a way as though she is falling into the theater, signaling the gravity of the moment.

If *Precious*'s 3D re-release proves to be a success, audiences can expect other movies to try the format, such as *Winter's Bone*, *Things Behind the Sun*, and *Schindler's List*.



Poster for the re-release of *Precious*

Student Unconvinced by *Aims of Education* Address, Drops Out

By Charna Albert

Neil Fazzoli, a first year student, announced he was dropping out of UChicago after the one hour and forty-five minute *Aims of Education* Address failed to give him a concise definition of the aims of education. "I listened really closely, but not once did I ever hear the speaker mention the phrase 'Aims of Education,'" Fazzoli informed the press. "Forget the aims of education. It didn't even give us one aim!"

The speaker, classics professor John Glastonbury, began by waxing eloquently about the Medieval philosopher Al-Farabi, but then became unfocused halfway through the speech and began waxing ineloquently about how he had failed to become tenured for the tenth year in a row. He also touched upon the student loans for which he was still paying, his divorce, and the mud-slinging politics of the University.

Most of the student body received the speaker quite favorably. They put down their iPhones and Blackberries to cheer him on when he began cursing God for saddling him with the harsh realities of the "publish or perish" mentality of academia. And there was hardly a dry eye in the audience when he got down on one knee and begged his ex-wife, whom he appeared to think was in the front row, to "come back to papa."

As of press time, however, Fazzoli remained unconvinced. "Stay? No way," he commented. "I'm just striving for self-actualization, like every other Ivy League reject who chooses this school. I wanted poetry, to suck the sweet nectar of intellectualism. And he gave me student loans and divorces. Forget the *Aims of Education*. I'd rather stay ignorant." Fazzoli, who left campus almost immediately, is either going to join the military or marry his high school girlfriend and work at the local 7-11.

You Blew It All Up! Damn You All to Hell!

Town, from first page

demolition of the cornerstones of his past.

While these more tangible preparations have constituted the largest portion of the bureau's budget and captured the public eye, officials have reported that the most difficult steps were also the most subtle. In a press conference just yesterday, Chuck Barkley, OBLITERATE's chief director, asserted that "It takes a lot of finesse. We're not just tearing down a few playgrounds here or converting a couple parks to strip malls.

To get the job done right, we had to really work hard on the micro level too. Identifying which street signs to rename, for example, or which restaurants

need to be remodeled, if not demolished entirely. It's taken a lot of cooperation from former girlfriends, classmates, and family, but now it looks like we've got everything pinpointed. Now we can finally move on to eradication."

Another obstacle facing the bureau is finding new housing and, in many cases, new employment for Eckleby's acquaintances. The project has already addressed Eckleby's former teachers, scattering most to distant school districts, and encouraging others to retire. The gregarious, aging owner of Eckleby's favorite soda shoppe was executed last Thursday. As for Eckleby's peers, most have simply

Spill, from front page

the spill.

Jean Fronsch of the World Wildlife Federation explained to *The Dealer* that the main environmental concern to the wildlife is not the oil itself, but rather that the olive oil makes the animals irresistible to hunting. He said, "Everyone has suddenly realized that these animals

signed "George Bailey" contracts, agreeing to make no attempt at communication or eye contact with Eckleby, and, if pressed, to deny that they recognize him. However, given that Eckleby might attach some emotional value to the mere presence of his closest friends and family, it has been judged necessary that almost all of these Highly Emotionally Significant Individuals (HESIs), be relocated. While many HESIs have already left for out-of-state schools, OBLITERATE has been careful not to assume the issue will resolve itself.



Alvin's memories of home are systematically destroyed

Barkley confidently assured citizens that "We at the OBLITERATE are seeking out-of-state housing options for all HESIs, with the exception of Eckleby's parents. They will be provided with

a new home 19 miles northeast of their former residence, where they have agreed to house their son in the guest bedroom during breaks."

Given all of this activity in anticipation of the project, the atmosphere was electric this Monday when Mayor Adlerson broke ground at Everton Elementary's playground, where Eckleby had fractured his right arm falling from the monkey bars at age 6. "Truly," the mayor announced to the cheering crowd, "this is the dawn of a bright new day for all of Everton! Leave no memory behind!" And with that, Adlerson plunged his shovel into the ground.

come prepared in olive oil and sea salt, and now we are seeing catastrophic amounts of killing and eating of these fish and birds."

Although the immediate future seems bleak, Basmato D'Italia (a Balsamic Vinegar company) has been having shipping issues recently, and many can only hope for a conveniently placed spill yet again.

UChicago Glossary of Campus Abbreviations

Need some help with UofC abbreviations? The *Shady Dealer* is here to help!

B-J: Not to be confused with the dorm. But let's just say they're both south of the Midway, if you know what I'm saying. Bring cash.

BSLC: Where lost doctors go to sleep for the last time.

C: Concise Way of Expressing at Least a Year of Your Life Lost to People Who Use "Epistemology" in Polite Speech.

CORE: A movie starring suspiciously attractive U of C students.

C-Shop: C-Shop run. C-Shop run up the prices on everything because students have an inelastic demand curve.

ENG: Ha-Ha! Like we'd have a department for making things. Nice joke! Yeah, that's just English.

HEP: Short for what you end up with after B-J.

HM: Famous psychiatry subject known for short-term memory loss, like the fact that we already had a coffee shop in Classics

HUM: Hungry Umpires Molting. Please don't touch them, they're molting.

KPTC: Kitchen Patrol: Total Recall!

LBQ: Being the law quad, it of course must be one letter short of fabulous copyright infringement.

SCC: Sorry, Cry in Corner

SM-Level: Subterranean Mole level.

In the darkest depths of the Reg. Please don't go there. The last person who went there, Jimmy—well, we can't honestly say he's in a better place.

SS: Shake Stake. Staking out the C-Shop until that white whale of milkshakes, Cookies and Cream, comes up

ZDC: Zombie Dissection Center

Determining the Synthesis of Sub-Prime Mortgages

Goldman Sachs Seeks Well-Qualified Graduates with Degrees in Philosophy or English

By Sam Spiegel

The Goldman Sachs Group, the global investment banking firm, has been actively recruiting recent graduates over the past few months who have degrees in philosophy or English.

Jennifer Sipman, a spokeswoman for the company, said, "We at Goldman Sachs feel like people with liberal arts degrees tend to have particularly strong backgrounds suitable for investment banking."

Alex Powers, a recent graduate from the University of Chicago with a degree in Fundamentals, was recently hired by Goldman Sachs to the position of Vice President in Charge of Asian Operations, with a salary in the seven-digits.

"I'm glad all the time and effort I put into researching Franz Kafka is finally paying off," Powers said. "I feel like my knowledge of the existential and modernist movements will really help me in negotiations with East Asian energy companies over drilling rights in Western China."

Other companies are following suit. J. P. Morgan Chase has created a department comprised of eight full-time employees whose only function is to scour different campus creative writing journals in search of new hires.

Universities across the nation have responded to this movement in the financial sector by re-classifying philosophy and English as pre-professional degrees, similar to pre-med or pre-law programs.

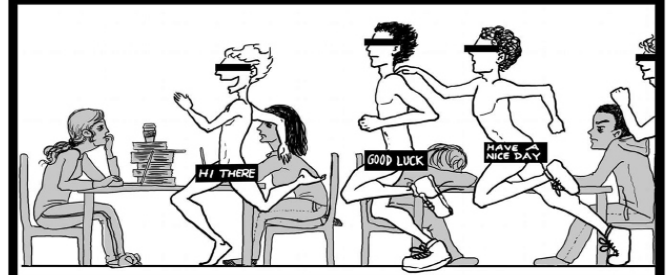
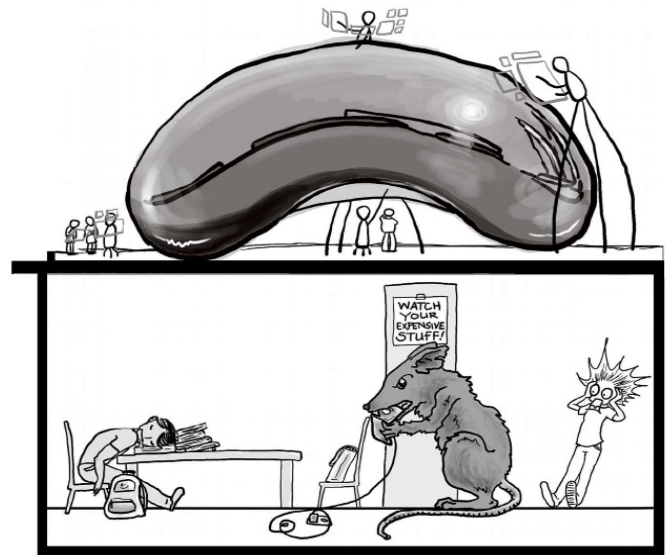
Maya Stone, a first-year at the University of Chicago, said in an interview, "My parents want me to study philosophy so I'll be guaranteed a good job when I graduate from college. But I just really want to pursue my passions and double-major in economics and bio-chem, even if that means I'll wind up working at a Barnes & Noble."

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- Full names and SSN's of our staff!

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PENALTYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!

Advice for a New Year From Bella Swan



Dear Bella,

I am coming to the University of Chicago having never been away from home for more than a few nights at a time. While the independence that the college experience has to offer is exciting, I'm a little bit worried that I won't be able to make the necessary adjustments to being away from home. What if I can't solve certain problems by myself because I'm so used to relying on my parents to help me solve them? Any advice?

Sincerely yours,
Little Fish

Dear Little,

What you're feeling is perfectly normal. Lots of kids worry about being away from home for the first time when they come to college. However, there is one solution that I think will help you solve your problem. Have you ever considered giving hideous, unspeakably bloody birth to a vampire baby? Sometimes I'll be standing around thinking, "how am I going to make it without my daddy?" Then I'll hear the bone-chilling crack of a diamond-hard placenta splintering from the frenzied clawing of demon spawn. I'll

look down and I'll see torrents and torrents of blood exploding out of myself and I'll think "I'm the daddy now. I can solve each thing." Hope that helps.

Dear Bella,

I'm coming from a high school where I used to get pretty good grades. However, I'm feeling a bit intimidated coming to the University of Chicago, where I know I'll encounter kids who are way smarter than anybody I've met in my life. Yeah, I did well in high school, but what right do I have to sit in the same classroom as the geniuses who I'll be meeting here? I wish there was some way to be sure that I'm in the right place. What should I do?

Best Regards,
Average Joe

Dear Average,

I completely understand your problem. I just want you to know that you have nothing to worry about. Whenever you start to feel intimidated by the other students in your class, why not just soldier through 72 hours of unthinkably graphic labor as you give horrendous birth to a vampire baby? What you've got to do is, head on down to your local Bundles & Plus and pick up a vial of VampyroSperm (it's 100% soy, so it's good for the environment). Next, inject the VampyroSperm directly into any vein in your head. Within five hours, you'll be ready to give the worst kind of births to a vampire baby. Then, while all your classmates stare in fascination as your offspring's jagged fangs cause you to deposit one and a half pints of blood onto the floor of the lecture hall, you can shriek "If the midterm was on 'wanting to pass out,' I'd be set-

ting the curve!" Nobody can argue with that. Now you're top of the class. Hope that helps.

Dear Bella,

I don't know anybody at the University. What should I do if I have trouble finding people who share my interests? I'm concerned that making friends at college might be a long and difficult process.

Sincerely,

David, A Stranger in a Strange Land

Dear David,

The trick to finding friends is to just be yourself and you'll find people who will love you for who you are. However, if you can't make people love you for who you are, you can at least make them fear you for what you're giving birth to, which should ideally be a miserable vampire baby. Just take a quick trip down to your local Bundles & Plus convenience outlet and pick up a vial of 100% soy VampyroSperm. Find a toddler or a friend with small hands to hold your uvula in place while you inject all four liters of VampyroSperm into it with an authentic Bundles & Plus All-Purpose Fertility Syringe. Within five hours, your he-womb should be swollen with hellblossom. Get yourself onto a bus and sit yourself down next to a friendly looking stranger. Turn that stranger and say, "this will take three days." Then go into labor for 72 hours. The mere proximity to the ensuing horrors of vampire birth will make your new best friend bleed from the pores almost as much as you will. That's the kind of experience that can make a friendship last forever. Hope that helps.

World Cup Commentator Still Yelling 'GOOOOALL!'

By Leland Zhi

According to sources at Spanish-language television company Univision, Fernando Fiore, an enthusiastic sports commentator for the network, has been prolongedly shouting "Goal!" ever since Andres Iniesta's World Cup-winning goal back in July.

His boss, network president Ray Rodriguez, reports that each of Fiore's workdays consists of the announcer performing his celebratory shouting to

replays, from various angles, of the shot that won Spain its first World Cup final ever. "I mean, sure, the game's been over for a while, and he has other things to report on, but come on, it was a hell of a moment!" Fiore's comments on this effort have so far been reduced to a long "o" sound.

Meanwhile, one of Fiore's colleagues is still yelling about Italy's victory in 2006.

Point/Counter-Point

Oh, How I Love the Autumn!



By Maurice

Excuse me if that introduction seemed rather theatrical, but I consider it well-deserved. You see, autumn is unequivocally my very favorite time of year. No other season is so enchanting, so cordial, so intimate as those last few months gathered at December's doorstep, like a huddle of old friends sharing one last chuckle before parting ways into the night. I can't imagine a more pleasant, warm sensation than what I feel when that first autumn chill enters the evening air.

My favorite thing about the autumn, I think, is the walks. I am literally powerless—not to mention unwilling—to resist wandering for hours through the woods outside our home. Occasionally these walks present a tangible reward, such as a fallen apple, or some other ripe gift of the season. But mostly the pleasure they present is more abstract. Like the satisfaction of watching my breath rise in steamy wisps from my snout. I confess, without shame, that at these moments I pretend to be Uncle Lester, smoking his pipe in tacit disapproval, grizzled and wise beyond our estimation (though perhaps short of his own).

I love the cool breeze, the gentle sunlight, the soft, whispering crack and rustle of leaves crumpling under my hooves. And oh, what leaves! Sometimes, I look up at that beautiful mosaic of fading gold and crimson and imagine that all the year has just been one wonderfully, terribly long day, and that now we're basking in its long, slow, sunset.

Perhaps it's that same dusky ambience—that permanent feeling of growing twilight—that makes autumn such a nostalgic time for me. Just one breath of that crisp October air, and I feel as though I'm back home on the farm. I can almost see Jacy bullying Travis away from the trough, Uncle Lester talking politics with Pops under the old shed, and Ma just lounging in the corner, telling us kids to simmer down.

It's a bittersweet feeling, like most sunsets I suppose. I think the sweet wins out in the end though.

Your Porcine Ramblings Make Me Puke



By Edwin Heath, M.D.

Quiet! Be quiet! That's enough! Enough out of your horrible pig-mouth! Is there no end to the misery that spouts out of your snout-peaked face, you vermin? Every simpering utterance that dribbles out of your pestilential maw makes me wretch. Do you listen to yourself? Do you ever censor these verbal hallucinations? They're barely lucid. They're downright feverish. I hope you choke to death in your trough.

Do you know what happens to children who listen to pigs? They suck. I hate them. Stop filling the world up with people I hate. Do you ever think about the damage your existence causes society? The damage it causes me? To my wife? To my dentist, Donáld, who lives within us all and whose light is Divine Grace? You terrible porkman! You sickening beast! The mere thought of you sends me into a convulsion of violent sneezing. Go deposit your jabbering head into a plastic bag.

I doze off often and without warning. Sometimes when I'm driving or operating a crane. It's not narcolepsy, it's a gentleman's exhaustion. Do you think your inane stammering is any help? I recall a happier time. Sausage was a long-forgotten nightmare. Bacon was the scourge of a savage and distant past. Geese! Now that's livestock. None of this pig nonsense. You make my stomach turn. Take whatever else you have to say and cram it back down your throat. You swine!

Even now, a foul and ancient wyrm stirs at the bottom of a forgotten loch, turns its sightless eyes to the east, and stalks silently toward Jerusalem.

So help me, if I hear one more word out of you, about any season, I will clean you out, and don't think I won't. This is a civil place, and I will have civility. And no pigs. So shut it. Be quiet. You make me want to spit up. Be quiet.