



The Chicago Shady Dealer

HISTORICAL ISSUE

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Inter-cave Tension Rises as Thog Weaponizes Stick

By James Ekstrom, 20,000 B.C.



Tensions soared last Thursday when rumors surfaced that Thog may be on the cusp of weaponizing the stick. Although formal confirmation is still pending, the Alliance of Caves and Cave-like Indentations (ACCI) dispatched a representative from its Committee on Inter-cave Military Affairs in order to investigate Thog's cave for signs of stick weaponization.

The representative, Gurk, is also the Committee's chair and only member and serves as co-vice president of ACCI alongside Thog. Both serve

under the current leadership of Secretary General Thak, the Alliance's third and final member and only other verified inhabitant of the world since the devastating Falling Tree Branch wiped out 25% of the world's population.

Initial reports filed with Alliance officials indicated a notable decrease in the amounts of twigs and branches on shrubbery and trees in the vicinity of Thog's cave and a corresponding increase in the number of these items inside the cave. The Committee's formal report indicated that there were

observable traces of broken sticks and stick pieces, which provided evidence of a "significant likelihood for the possibility of the alleged progress of Thog's potential weaponization." However, the Alliance's formal response is not expected for several weeks, as the report passes through formal review by the Oversight of Intra-Committee Affairs Committee (comprised of Grok) on its way to the Committee

*See STICK on
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The Chicago Shady Dealer

Crescat Rumor, Vita Excolatur

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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.

Editor's Epistle

Gather round, everybody, because it's that time of year again. Winter, as you all surely know, is a difficult time, and it never fails to infect our staff with a curmudgeonly nostalgia the like of which is typically reserved for middle-aged shark attack victims. Grumbling listlessly from one day to the next, we spend our time leafing through the hefty backlog of articles the **DEALER** has accumulated over the past several hundred thousand years and insisting that we could do better, if only we still had two working kidneys.

After several weeks of giving freezing delivery men stingy tips for stale takeout, though, our deadline's here. So, like any undergraduate with a few millennia of previously-written material, we thought the most efficient solution would be to self-plagiarize a little bit. Like those guys from Space Jam and Austin Powers in the second movie, we were just missing that special something, but, having neither Michael Jordan nor a functioning time machine at our disposal, we made the best of what we had.

Here, then, for your enjoyment, is our third annual Historical Issue, comprised of 110% true Grade AA History-Facts, from the Dawn of Man to the fall of Communism in Cuba. We dearly hope that it keeps you warm through the remainder of the winter and gives you that bittersweet satisfaction that only deliberately misremembering the past can bring.

Watch out for spores,
Pierce Ekstrom,
Editor-in-Chief

Dastardly Irish Attack Titanic With Iceberg

By Noah Lemelson, 1912

The world watched in horror today as the RMS Titanic was sunk in what could only be a despicable plot by the Irish. Over a thousand innocent non-Irish passengers died when the Unsinkable Ship sank, after hitting an iceberg no doubt placed by drunken Irishmen. While the details are still coming in, we have good reason to suppose that the iceberg was decorated with the flag of Ireland, which, having never seen one ourselves, we imagine is a picture of a drunk leprechaun beating his wife.

The deepest sympathies of this great newsletter go to the families of the victims of this atrocity. We can only hope that further action will be taken in the future to stop such hoodlums. In my modest opinion, we must be more vigilant, lest these papists assault more of our fine law-abiding citizens. Who knows what we may have to blame them for next! Soon these hooligans may be destroying our crops with tornadoes, or causing automobile accidents with folk music. Day after day, we get more and more reports of murders, thievery, fires, earthquakes, and pestilence — no doubt somehow caused by the Irish. If we cannot defend even our naval vessels, then how can we protect our homeland, our families?



Pigs Victorious in Bay of Pigs Invasion

By Ari Hakkarainen, 1961

After several days of battle, the Bay of Pigs Invasion has a decisive winner. The hogs of the 14th Battalion overtook the Cuban forces late last night. It was a long, hard battle with many lives lost. The pigs were down early in the fighting and their victory was proclaimed by several to be a long shot. Cuban forces originally appeared to have had it in the bag, but the tables turned when the pigs started to take parts of the beaches. After several days of slugging it out, Cuban forces were severely weakened, and it was only a matter of time before the pigs broke through the beach entirely. The Cubans have retreated to the mainland to regroup and prepare for more fighting.

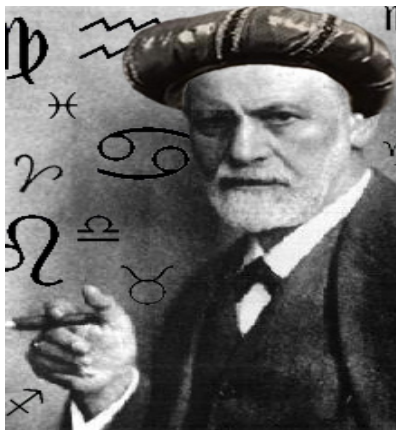
Today is a day of celebration for the pig armies. In this brief lull before their next offensive, pigs are celebrating with mud baths, mud pie eating, and mud-vodka shots. Pigs asked to comment simply declared in euphoria, "Snort, snort!"

Locals, however, seemed to have had subdued reactions to the event. One sugar farmer said, through a translator, "Oh well, this land is changing hands all the time. As long as my taxes don't go up, whatever..."

In a speech this morning, Cuban prime minister Fidel Castro vowed that the Cubans would retake their coastline and expel the pigs. "We will have Cuba for ourselves and maintain our status as the best country in the world."

Pig commander Hamlet Boarer expressed hope for the battle. In his extensive remarks this morning, he described the war as the beginning of an inevitable and glorious future. He also mentioned his excitement at the opportunity to move into a bigger mudpit. Boarer expressed confidence even in the face of the looming Cuban counter-attacks, saying, "Snort, snort!" in approval of his troops.

Dr. Sigmund Freud's Sure-Thing Horoscopes



VIRGO

Do not allow yourself to be overcome by the general malaise of civilization, Virgo. Yes, you must suppress your sexual inclinations in order to be part of a harmonious society, but you also cannot exist in a state with wild libidos! Be content.

LIBRA

That joke that you made yesterday about the blue horse was very important. Try to recall all of the details and write to me immediately. I will not cite you, but you will be honored.

SCORPIO

Give up going to synagogue, Scorpio. Religion is but a fickle thought of the feeble-minded and you are a great mind. Read Nietzsche and Shakespeare instead.

SAGITTARIUS

Today is a good day for the talking cure. Make an extra appointment with your analyst and make sure to pay him for all of those extra sessions last week after your sister's wedding.

CAPRICORN

Do not go to Switzerland for the weekend, Capricorn. That useless country is filled with miserable theorists with ridiculous ideas that threaten the scientific integrity of psychoanalysis. Visit beautiful Vienna instead.

AQUARIUS

Do not allow the surgeons to remove the upper part of your sinuses today. Maybe tomorrow. Try to enroll in university and marry in the next year or two.

PISCES

Keep your libido in check, Pisces. Your suppression of sexual feelings will allow you to accomplish a lot of important artwork today and fulfill your creative inclinations.

ARIES

You have issues with your father. You must overcome this serious case of Oedipus complex, Aries. You need to channel the feelings that you have for your mother toward a more suitable love object.

TAURUS

You have been having hysterical symptoms in your lower left leg for the last three months, Taurus. You need to stop playing nurse to your father and enjoy yourself in the countryside this weekend.

GEMINI

Continue snorting cocaine at least once a day for effective treatment. I assure you, Gemini, that your better twin will dominate after you have learned to clear your mind and tricky sinuses.

CANCER

Allow yourself to be hypnotized, Cancer. You will achieve a new understanding of your unconscious and possibly make some breakthroughs concerning your neuroses.

LEO

Today is a good day to begin the process of transference with your analyst. Love him as if he were your lover and you will return to a normal state.



Gandhi's Do-It-Yourself Diet Tips

It is easy to become lax when you are a travelling lawyer. I cannot tell you how many times in the past I had to settle on samosas. I've organized entire marches just to work that stuff off! Lucky for you, over the years I have developed the most wonderful diet imaginable, and the results are astounding! I regained my figure, and—most importantly—my wife noticed! It's time to bring my work to the people. I've organized my foolproof diet tricks into a handy acronym: **SATYAGRAHA.**

Salt March- I hate salt because it makes terrible food taste good. I also hate working out alone. So about ten years ago, I organized a march to the sea protesting the idea of salt in our food. Would you believe over a million people showed up? Losing all that weight was probably the greatest thing I've ever done.

Avoid Meat- Killing an animal does take some energy and is a great workout, but let us remember that they contain proteins, iron, and fat. That stuff goes **STRAIGHT** to the thighs.

Tanning- **GREAT** source of Vitamin

D. You need to tan for as long as possible, in order to maximize the amount of vitamin D that you get. You're going to be eating as little as possible and this will constitute around 90% of your diet.

Yarn- This is another 5%. No calories, and I'm no longer hungry during those long marches.



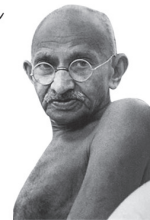
Before

"I lost weight, and you can too!"

SATYAGRAHA.

Because it WORKS.

Try it today!



After

Avoid Fruits- Did you realize that there are almost 65 calories in an apple? **STRAIGHT** to the thighs.

Go to jail- Start yelling anti-colonial chants in the street, start writing political editorials in newspapers, do **SOMETHING** to get arrested. If they do remember to feed you, the stuff they give you will make you wish you never ate again. Loses me several pounds every few weeks.

Run from the police (before you **Go** to jail). Run just past the point where you begin to feel light-headed, by about 30 seconds. It's your body telling you that your soul is renewed.

Avoid vegetables- They seem healthy, but I don't trust vegetables. If I'm eating it, I'm adding weight to my body, which is the opposite of what I'm trying to do.

Hardcover books- I am a strong advocate of education. But, once you read the books, they just sit on the shelf and gather dust. Now you can finish reading them, throw them into a boiling pot of water, and voila! Dinner is served. But treat this as a dessert, because it's still going straight to the thighs.

Avoid nutrition- Just to bring home my main point. Nutrition causes a domino effect where you **ACTUALLY** just want to eat again after like two hours. It is like cocaine, except worse; it makes you fat. Rid yourself of this, and it will bring you inner peace.

I urge you follow **SATYAGRAHA.** A new you is just a fast away.

Pluto "Super Stoked" to Be a Planet

By Marika Van Laan, 1930

As you all know, last Tuesday was an immensely important day in history and science due to the new addition of a ninth planet to our solar system, the one and only Pluto! This planet will undoubtedly be a permanent and indispensable figure for centuries to come, in everything from elementary school classrooms to major observatories to cartoon dog nomenclature. The **CHICAGO SHADY DEALER** gives you an exclusive look into the emotions surrounding this coveted honor. That's right folks, coming all the way from the Kuiper Belt, here's the planet himself to tell you all about his tear-jerking rise to fame.

CSD: Pluto, it's great to be talking to you in person. How does it feel to be dis-

covered?

PLUTO: Oh my goodness, I'M SO EXCITED. This has been a lifelong dream of mine. Yes, yes, the whole plutoid to planet story is sooo clichéd but can't a dwarf planet dream?

CSD: Tell us a bit about the early days; did you always aspire to become a planet?

PLUTO: Well, ever since I was a mere nebula, I always knew I wanted to be a, uh... a star... Geddit? Geddit?

CSD: ...

PLUTO: Ahem, uh, anyways, I've been trying to get noticed you know, just hanging around with a few big names like Neptune and Uranus, messing up their orbits, hoping to make a splash, and one day, whaddaya know! I wake up and some guy in Kansas says, "Hey Pluto, I discovered you!" This means so much,

especially since I've always been such a big fan of the other planets' work... especially Uranus. Heheh, geddit? UR-anus?

CSD: Uh, I think we're done here...

PLUTO: No wait, wait! I just want to do a shout out to my homegirl Charon. Hey Charon! What's up? ILY! And Nix and Hydra, I love you guys sooo much, I couldn't have made it here without you, you guys are seriously like—

CSD: Well, there you have it folks: the drama, the emotion, the glory. On behalf of all of us at the **CHICAGO SHADY DEALER**, we welcome our new planet to our humble solar system and sincerely hope that in June 2008 the International Astronomical Union does not decide to strip it of its planetary status due to its failure to fulfill all three criteria required to be a planet.



Man Claiming to be From Future Tells Professor Friedman to “Cut It Out”

By Emmett Rensin, 1950

Witnesses report that at approximately 3 p.m. Friday afternoon, following several moments of ground tremors and a sudden billowing of white smoke, a strangely dressed man appeared in the middle of the University of Chicago quadrangles.

After spending several moments asking what year it was, shouting “Fuck yeah!” after being told that it was 1950, and mumbling that he “didn’t have much time,” the man demanded an audience with new economics professor Milton Friedman. “I have to see Friedman right away,” he told those on the scene. “I need to tell him to cut it out.”

However, the man’s request was met with skepticism, with many witnesses telling the **CHICAGO SHADY DEALER** that everything about him — from his denim worker’s pants to unkempt facial hair — made them suspicious. “I figured he was a Communist spy,” said third year Robert Bork, “Why else would he be wearing the apparel of the laboring classes?”

Unaided by bystanders, the man stormed off, insisting he would find Professor Friedman on his own. However, after inexplicably heading into the Walker Museum for Oriental Artifacts, he became lost, allowing **DEALER** reporters to catch up with him.

Despite the evidence, the man denied being a Soviet spy. “I’m a physics professor at this University,” he told the **DEALER**. “I’m from the year 2012. I’ve been experimenting with — look, never mind, I haven’t got much time before I have to go back to the future. I need to find

Professor Friedman.”

Delighted by the possibility of a good scoop, **DEALER** reporters guided the man to Friedman’s office in Pick Hall. After his strange story to a startled Friedman, the man told the professor that he must “stop his economic work and retire immediately.”



Professor Friedman was initially unreceptive, telling the future physicist that he felt his research was vital to the development of a new school of economics. Undeterred, the man continued to insist Friedman tender his resignation before “I just have to kill you myself.”

“Look,” the physicist continued, “I know you won’t believe me but you’re wrong about everything. Your theories, applied by future presidents, will usher in the worst economic climate since the, uh, recent Depression. The money flow just doesn’t work the way you think it does. Please, please stop before it’s too late.”

The man continued on for several minutes, claiming that Professor Friedman would lay the intellectual groundwork for the reversal

of many New Deal safeguards, the weakening of the social safety net, deregulation of banks, a mortgage and lending crisis that would tank the economy, and “this major league asshole named Grover Norquist.”

“Professor Friedman, your theories are going to lead to the election of the first black President,” the man concluded. “He’ll be elected to clean up the mess you made. I mean — I’m stoked about him. I’m not a racist or anything, I think it’s awesome that we have a black President. But you — uh, you don’t seem like the kind of guy who would be cool with that. So, you know, you wouldn’t want to be responsible for that, would you?”

But despite his pleas, Professor Friedman refused, eventually having the physicist — along with the assembled **DEALER** staff — expelled from his office. Dejected, the man returned to the main quad, saying that he needed to “catch the temporal rift before it closes.”

As a final act of spite, the physicist distributed sandwiches free of charge to the student body, claiming that Friedman could not prove that he or anyone else had ever paid for them “in the future.”

At 5 p.m., the billow of white smoke returned to the quad, and the man told those gathered that it was “time for him to go.” As he stepped inside the time rift, one student shouted out “Hey Mister — wait! When will the Cubs win the World Series?” The man from the future did not reply and only shook his head sadly as he disappeared into the void.



Paul Declares Jews “Too Mainstream”

By Clay Olsen, 31 A.D.

Paul of Tarsus accepted Jesus of Nazareth as his Lord and Savior yesterday after declaring Jews to be “too mainstream.” He cited increased persecution of Jesus’ followers and his personal revelation of God’s word as the primary motivators for his decision. “Honestly dude,” Paul said in his speech, “Jesus is like, so much better live than all these rabbis. We were just talking and I thought, like, ‘Wow, Jews are so over-rated.’”

Paul admitted that he had played a large role in the persecution of Jesus’ followers, but also disavowed his past. “Old-time God is for squares, dude. Jesus is like, the Son of God. So basically like a thousand times better. I doubt you’d understand. Okay, so you know how you have the Ten Commandments, right? Well, get this, dudes: that’s basically just ‘love your neighbor as yourself.’” Paul paused to drink a piss-colored beverage before adding, “Just one commandment, man. So deck.”

The Pharisee acknowledged the cult-like nature of Jesus and his followers, but maintained that this was, in fact, a benefit to the integrity of the religion. “We’re calling it ‘the New Testament,’” he said. “It’s pretty obscure. Hopefully Jesus won’t sell out like Moses did. That guy was such a try-hard.”

“The Jews back in the Babylonian Captivity were alright,” Paul continued, “They were totally underground. Now, though...it’s like everyone knows about Jews. Jesus being the King of Jews, that’s totally the ultimate irony.”

Paul then yelled “Fuck yeah, let’s go Jesus!” and walked away into the sunset.

Count Dracula: “The ladies love me because I sparkle”

By Mina Harker, 1890

It is with great pleasure that your correspondent for the **CHICAGO SHADY DEALER** records here the words of the venerable Count Dracula, the vampire for whom crowds of tweenage girls now swoon and sway, lining the streets before moving-picture theatres, awaiting midnight showings of his latest film.

Said correspondent has traveled to meet with the noble Count in the Gothic splendour of his Transylvanian castle, a looming spectre outlined by moonlight on the craggy face of the Carpathian mountains. Having traveled by coach through the dark and wolf-ridden forests of the surrounding countryside, said correspondent was greeted with the warmest hospitality, including a hot supper, and now sits with the Count himself before a roaring fire, prepared to regale you with his tales of horror.

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER: Dearest Count Dracula, it is with great honor that I thank you for your graciousness in agreeing to an interview with our humble publication.

COUNT DRACULA: You are most welcome.

SD: Please, good sir, tell us, to what do you attribute your recent popularity?

CD: It is quite clear to me that my appeal is attributable to the sparkling diamond hue of my skin when kissed by the sunlight. Also, vatch my smolder. See? Look at these brooding eyes.

SD: Oh, my. Might I beg of you a vial of smelling salts? I am afraid I may faint and need to revive my spirits. Your manly countenance has proven far too potent for my virginal eyes.

CD: Of course. The fairer sex reacts this way to my visage often, so I am always prepared.

[Smelling salts were here administered.]

SD: Now that I am returned to my senses—insofar as any female may be, when presented with your marble brow, Grecian nose, and chiseled jaw—I wish to ask: is it true, dear Count, that you have given up the taste of human blood?

CD: Yes, it is true. After reading Michael Pollan’s *Food Rules*, I have transformed my diet so that I only suck the life-blood from plants.

SD: Such a diet must be terribly difficult for a vampire to maintain, is it not?

CD: Indeed. My thirst for human blood is a constant torment, a hunger that must remain eternally unfulfilled in order to adhere to the dictates of morality, so much so that it may serve as a metaphor for the unfulfilled sexual appetites of both Victorian-era Englishmen and twenty-first century repressed religious conservatives preaching abstinence to teenagers.

SD: Most excellent. Before I am lost completely in your soulful eyes, describe for our readers a typical night for the dread vampire Dracula.

CD: Vell, I usually climb silently into the bedroom of my teenage girlfriend in order to vatch her sleep. Ve met in high school, which I have attended 421 times.

SD: I have forgotten my next inquiry, due to the mesmerizing nature of your tangled and mysterious hair.

CD: This often occurs when humans speak with me.

SD: Lovely. Like your lips.



Olde Tyme Ailments

Local Woman Survives Childbirth, Dies of Surprise

By Eliza Brown, 1680

Wynefreede Bowie, 20, gave birth to a healthy, seven-pound baby boy this morning. Although exhausted from 6 hours of labor, Bowie was not bleeding extensively, had no infection, and had not torn any skin at all. In fact, she was in perfect health. Her husband held the baby and did not drop it. No doctor or midwife was called for at any point in the delivery or recovery. The baby survived the night and seemed to be growing stronger by the hour.

"My mum, she had 6 kids, didn't she, and all of 'em died before I was born to her and my dad. I was her last little kiddie and she died when she had me, she did," explained Bowie. Wiping away tears, she added, "I always felt guilty, I did, for taking her away from my dad, but I always figured she was in a better place than Shetfield."

Bowie's husband, William, could not believe his good fortune. "I knew that it was going to be a good year when our pig had a babe. I knew it was going to be a

doubly good year when Lord John granted us extra rations of wheat. But a baby of me own? I am just overwhelmed with all of me emotions, I am," he said.

Bowie and her husband decided to christen their child Nicholas Matthew Francis Michael Christopher, in honor of some of their most treasured religious figures. They promised to devote his soul to Christ to thank him for allowing them to have such a miraculous child — a live one, that is.

Shortly before the official baptizing ceremony, however, Bowie fell down and never got back up. She died promptly and without considerable pain. Neighbors suspect that she could not handle the pressure of having received such unusual good fortune.

The local baker, Agnes Howard, offered some insight on the situation. "She was in shock, she was. Who survives childbirth with such a healthy child? It is the devil's work, I say. It is unnatural for a mortal woman to survive something like that. Might have been some witchery, I say. Probably better off dead," said Howard.

STICK from
page 1

on Establishing Definite Stances on Ambiguous Words (comprised of Grok) before finally creating a definite decision on whether or not to make a decision in the near future by the Committee of Maybe, Maybe Not (comprised of Grok). There is additionally the ever present concern that the goat which bears the report will be snatched by an eagle.

Meanwhile, Secretary General Thak has issued a formal statement affirming the position of the Alliance on the potential stick weaponization: "Thak once step on stick. Stick hurt Thak. Therefore the potential for the destructive capability of the stick to be harnessed by man and turned against his fellow men poses a direct risk to our way of life in caves, and could very well result in a proliferation of weapons throughout the visible area and even a potential for further destructive capacity as the competition for increased security results in the attempt to turn rocks, fire, uranium, and even goats into tools for the eradication of our race."

When approached for comment on the matter, Thog denied allegations of his harnessing the stick for military purposes, claiming that his intentions lay purely in developing infrastructure. "Thog no want hurt. Thog just like sticks. Thog collects sticks and put in cave. Lots of sticks. Sticks from outside. For Thog's cave has recently begun to feel increasingly urbanized, and the oppressive ennui of the middle class laborer and the pointlessness of existence in this society has begun to wear at the fabric of Thog's very soul. Without these hints of nature's beauty and the simpler time that they evoke, Thog believes he would simply collapse under the pressure of modern society."

Boxer Rebellion Protests Briefs

By Ludmilla Haverford, 1899

Chinese nationalists have rallied in Beijing to protest foreign imperialism and restrictive underclothes. The movement, which identifies itself as the "Righteous Harmony Society for Hanging Loose," opposes the incursions of foreign opium traders, evangelical Christian missionaries, and tighty-whities. Leaders of the movement assert that these forces have robbed the Chinese government and people of their economic, political, and personal potency.

Violent clashes have broken out between those who advocate outright war against offending nations, those who favor peaceful resolution of the conflict, and those whose family jewels are squeezed so tightly

by elasticized cotton that they just need to punch someone in the face, dammit. Numerous sources speculate that Empress Dowager Cixi may soon declare war on the foreign powers in question, though some doubt she has the balls to do so, especially in light of the fact that she is female. "She just doesn't understand what we're going through," said one Beijing resident, displaying the pained expression and uneasy waddle of one long-oppressed by years of unfair economic policies and Fruit of the Loom.

Civilian militia have assembled in the countryside, mostly consisting of young men who train vigorously in martial arts and calisthenics, despite the imminent risk of chafing inherent in these activities.



Cure-alls

Medieval Cures for Modern Ailments

By Plutarche Boll-Weevil Plutarchinus, Alchemyste and Physicke, 1770

Q: To mine dearest Plutarche, whose talents as a Physican bring hope to my poor soul. I have been using mine spinning Jenny too many hours, for I am enraptured by this queer, newfangled technologie which allows me to spin cotton, and how quickly! I am suffering greatlee from eye-strain and thumb-strain. Wherefore may I bring relief upon my poor eyeball and mine thumbs, of which I am so needful in mine occupation as a thumbscrew (envie is 2/3 of all successful torture).

*Fondlee,
Your fondleeree, Doradinus Dedalus*

A: Thine problem is dastardly common amongst the fickle and foul youths of this queer day and age. Ah, silly youngsters! In mine daye, we went blinde and suffered from thumb-strain frome entirely more pleasurable activities. The poor youths today hasten their owne injuree by means of exhaustive and repetitive thumb-motions which have nothing to do with ecstasy. Yet I wille advise yew an audacious remediee: take the bark of 14 willows and mix it in a cauldron over medium-high heat for 20 minutes. When it is fully squansheled, imbibe it with a smattering of newt eyes and pork pies. This should cure all that ails ye, my fonderleeree.

Q: To Mine Precious Boll-Weevil, as small and powerful as the insect for whom he was named,

Mine problem is one whose name I dares not speak. Tis a problem which carries the lick of shame upon mine deeds, the prick of scorn amongst mine fellows—they regard mine soul sick, which I daresay cuts me to the quick, their harsh judgements a tick in mine groin when really the problem is all the shtick of mine most foul bodie part, mine ...brain. As Fiftie Centimus said, a lack a day, if you bee a nympho, then Zeus helpe youre pathetic soul! Forsooth! Tis

my enduring curse-I cannot espy a saporous woman, voluptuous as a bottle of mead, without wanting to cry, "Fie, hussy!" — without wanting to play her some Debussy and take a look-see, in a word without wanting to get some...conversation. Prithee, helpeth me with mine saddest of addictions.

*Yours in the Joust,
Lysatrainous von Karonov*

A: Affix leeches to thine delicate areas, whereat there are many glands and ganglia, and so purify thine thought, action and deed.

Q: Regarding mine concern primary: no matter how I hem and haw, no matter how many miles I run round the cow fields or the barrow I still have it. Though I be a sprightlee lass, I still have it! I have tried many postules and pills to no avail-the dread cellulite persists, wrapping its dimpled tendrils round my tender thighs. Tis my fond desire to have it gone mine wedding nexte Mayday. Oh me oh my, what shall I doeth?

*Yours,
Shermana Huxtable-Forsynthia.*

A: Cellulite bee a dastardly problem, afflicting the young! The old! The fat! The slim! The blind! The warty! The poxy! All one and the same. Thine onlee remedee I find tried and true is to make a poultice of the venom of horne-toads, into which three fat strumpets have spat without their knowledge. Expose it and your poor thighs to the moonlight during the Cycle of Demeter. Apply the poultice during the conjunction of the Retrograde of Orion and the week you've been most committed to your diet. If this remedee shall fail you, I can prescribe only leeches.

Play-Doh Releases Its Republic

By Sam Spiegel, 370 BC

Play-Doh[®], the preeminent philosophical toy manufacturer, has just released its long-awaited "Republic" series. Child philosophers everywhere lined up before dawn to get their hands on the toy.

The series is the first of its kind. The idea behind it is that children will take the Play-Doh and construct their ideal city out of it. The best-selling set in the series seems to be the "Cave Box" which contains twelve 2-oz cans of pitch black Play-Doh, emphasizing the fact that they are merely shadows on the wall.

To help children construct their Republics, Play-Doh has provided a "divided line" with each box, only a fraction of which is visible.

An additional set that children can buy is the "Three Metal Myth" expansion pack, allowing children to add people to their cities. This set includes gold, silver, and bronze Play-Doh, as well as a child's very own smelting furnace with which to shape it.

To help advertise its release, Play-Doh has created a contest for whoever can produce the best city. It has drawn criticism for this, however, because some have argued that an "ideal form" cannot exist in this world.

Rival toy manufacturer Aristoytle has just released a competing product, the K'Nexian Ethics, which consists of a jumble of toy pieces from which children are supposed to organize a classification system. Sales are not as high as Aristoytle had hoped.

