



THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

All the
Libel
That's Fit
to Print!

Tutankhamun Returns From Exile, Assumes Egyptian Presidency

By Emily Bosakowski

In a stunning turn of events, former Egyptian pharaoh Tutankhamun has returned from a nearly 3,334 year-long exile to regain leadership of the turbulent country. The former "boy king" was summoned to Cairo to meet with prominent members of the military on Tuesday, with a spokesman announcing the results on Wednesday. Crowds in Tahir square, often cited as the flashpoint for the Egyptian democratic revolution, have been positive, praising his centuries-long removal from petty Egyptian politics, his high visibility across the world, and the value of his three jewel-encrusted, solid-gold coffins.

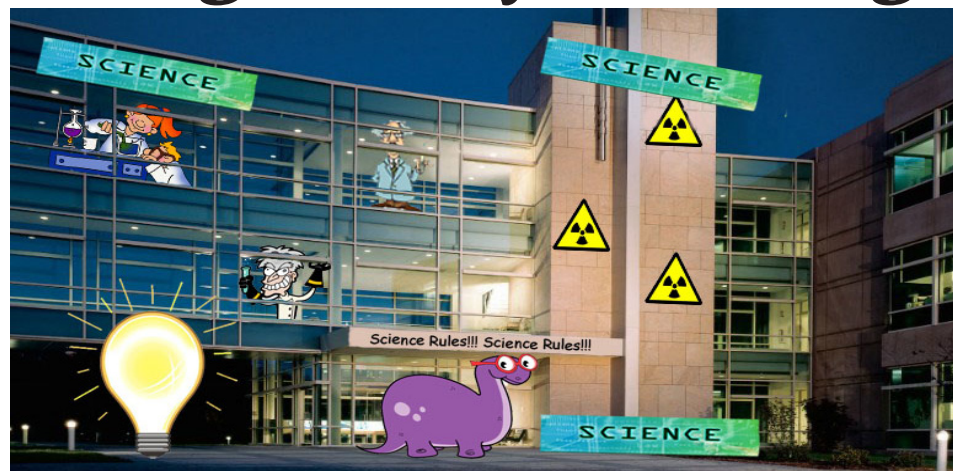
Some Egyptian commentators have voiced concerns that, at 3,352 years old, he will be the oldest leader in Egyptian history, amid unconfirmed reports that he and his sister/wife, Ankhesenamun, are in delicate health. Egyptian authorities deny these claims, countering that Tutankhamun's health has been stable for centuries, and can only remain so.

See Tut, p5

THIS ISSUE

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Science Occurs in Large Shiny Building



Science, explosions, and nifty-cool things occurred in this building.

By Bailey Steinworth

In a twelve-story state-of-the-art building constructed of stainless steel and glass, scientists today engaged in the process of Science. The Science conducted involved large machines that made loud noises, as well as glassware containing colored liquid that bubbled and gave off vaporous fumes. Senior scientist Georgia Johnson, head of the project, said that the Science occurring "has vital implications for the future of humanity" and that she and her colleagues are "very excited about the results." Johnson has a Ph.D. in Science and has been doing Science for over twenty years. Her previous Scientific projects involved using machines with lots of switches and dials, growing things in petri dishes, and lasers. She also knows lots of Greek letters.

Johnson and her colleagues hope to publish the findings of their current Scientific Research in a Scientific journal. Their Scientific article will use lots of big words like "quantum" and "acenaphthoquinone," as well as acronyms like "PCR." It will be divided into the following sections: Abstract, Introduction, Materials and Meth-

ods, Results, and Conclusion. The article will also contain graphs, figures, and complicated statistical analyses that most people will not understand.

Science regularly occurs in the state-of-the-art building where Johnson and her colleagues are now doing Science. There are lots of big machines and heavy doors, many with brightly-colored warning signs in shades of fuchsia and lemon reading "RADIOACTIVE," "BIOHAZARD," or other words in large capital letters. These machines can make things become very cold or very hot, move very fast, or develop other properties useful for doing Science. Sometimes smoke issues from the machines.

Science also occurs in nearby buildings that are smaller and uglier, being constructed of brick. "I wish our building was big and shiny," said William Nye, Jr., who does Science in a small brown building next to the large shiny building. Nye, who is working on his Ph.D. in Blowing Up Stuff, added, "Everyone knows real Science happens in buildings with three-story glass windows, contemporary sculptural
See Shiny Building, p6

Vomiting our Collected Insecurities

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

Crescat Rumor, Vitia Excolantur

Harry Potter, I'm Awesome!

Alison Howard

Suppressed Adolescent Angst

DJ LoBraico

Ronaldo

Sam Spiegel

Volde-Mort/Hermione

Tommy Cook

Olivia Ortiz

The Elder Swear

Charna Albert

Snape's Greatest Potion of All

Stephen Lurie

Mysterious Ticking Noises

Adam Levine

Mae Rice

Pierce Ekstrom

Michelle Kilbourn

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.

Shady Dealer: You've Got Hatemail!

Feb 5, 2011 at 9:34 PM

Dear *Shady Dealer*,

I have a few complaints about your latest issue. The first and most important complaint is that it is literally a piece of shit, appearing to have been written by retarded people.

The second complaint, following from this inescapably true first premise, is that it wastes a lot of paper. I'm all for your organization existing, as it does often remove your irritating selves from my daily life. However, I would suggest that you conduct your shit-writing orgies in private, as publishing a paper around campus both wastes natural resources and increases the overall effect of yourselves on the world—clearly two bad outcomes for humanity.

Now I have to admit, I did not read through every word of the current issue, merely most of it. This proved not to be just a waste of time but a negative use of time, analogous to, though somewhat less destructive than, killing innocent civilians. It is inherently arrogant to feel that you deserve to have a school-sponsored publication, let alone any publication. I simply ask that you halt the work of this fuckery of an organization and ask said organization's members to try very hard to avoid interacting with me in any fashion.

Sincerely,

James Landry

Feb 5, 2011 at 9:52 PM

Dear Shady Dealer staff,

I will clarify. Your paper sucks, but I do not believe you are actually retarded. You are probably tolerable people, and retards are fine people too. Actually your paper wasn't that bad. It was tolerable, merely a waste of time reading. So feel proud of yourselves and keep your egos intact.

Sincerely,

[The Nice] James Landry

Feb 6, 2011 at 8:26 PM

Dear James,

Thank you for your interest in the Shady Dealer! I speak for the entire staff when I say we loved your submission, and will definitely publish it in the near future. It was well-written, pithy, and contained the best use of the word "fuckery" I've seen in years. Please consider coming to meetings—they take place on Sundays at 7 in Harper 145.

Thanks again,

Alison Howard, Editor-in-Chief

STATEMENT OF INTENT

This issue is dedicated to James Landry, who recently emailed the Shady Dealer what is its first instance of hate mail in recent memory. As you can see in the letters above, James was offended by the general mediocrity of our publication. In this issue, we have set out to address his concerns. By no means do we wish to waste James's time, or any reader's, by being just okay.

Instead, we aim to be extraordinary in our offensiveness. It is our hope that our writings affect you viscerally. In fact, we'd like for them to touch you deeply and inappropriately.

All hate mail can be directed to howardac@uchicago.edu

But, You Know, in a Chaste Way

EPA Unveils New Biodegradable Turtle Chokers

By James Ekstrom

The Environmental Protection Agency unveiled a landmark in the U.S. pursuit of sustainability last Thursday when it publically endorsed the invention of a biodegradable turtle choker by scientist Dr. Jonathan Zombakid. For the full story on how and why this project came about, the Shady Dealer sent a correspondent to Dr. Zombakid's "Cabana-lab," situated on a private segment of beach on South Padre Island, TX.

"Well, about ten years ago, I was sitting out here in my hammock, and I noticed just how many sheets of six plastic rings were washing up and besmirching my beautiful shoreline," recounted Dr. Zombakid, reclining in said hammock, wearing socks with sandals, and a white lab coat over a form-fitting green Speedo.

"I'd always wondered where they were

coming from, but one day a dead turtle washed upon shore with a plastic ring around its neck. That's when I realized that this trash was the result of careless and environmentally devastating turtle murder. Ever since then, I dedicated my life to the project I call "Greener killing of



A more responsible approach to killing the environment

the Greenbacks."

Dr. Zombakid then took us into his lab, where we could see about two dozen

large "tubular test tanks," each with a dead sea turtle inside. "Now, if you look in these control tanks, you'll notice that even as the turtle is decomposed and dead, the plastic ring goes on to float about. Similar results were found with aluminum, nylon, and carbon nano-tube chokers," Dr. Zombakid explained, as he offered me a can of a beer from the "science six pack."

"However, if you look in these tanks, you'll notice only the shell of the turtle left. This is because when the turtles were fitted with chokers made of recycled newspaper or desiccated turtle intestine, the choker degraded just as fast, if not faster, than the turtle corpse itself!"

Although he was eager to show us the mechanics of how his improved "hang-loose" noose (as he said this he extended his thumb and pinky) design worked, he did not have any turtles on hand.

Edward Cullen is Banging Your Mother

By Willa Cuppy

Edward Cullen, the sensitive star of the *Twilight* book and movie series, snuck into your room at 12:57 the second-to-last night of winter vacation and watched you sleep for half an hour before seeing a picture of your family on your nightstand and deciding that your mother was more attractive.

The 104-year-old vampire promptly forgot his plans to make your dreams come true by being, like, the best boyfriend ever, instead consumed by his desire to rescue your mother from her deeply unfulfilling, upper-middle-class suburban life by engaging her in a torrid, albeit gentlemanly, love affair.

After realizing this, Edward got up from the rocking chair by your bed, where your mother used to sit when reading you Disney movie adaptations of fairy tales, and slid into your mother's lonely king-sized bed, her inattentive husband, your father, away on a business trip.

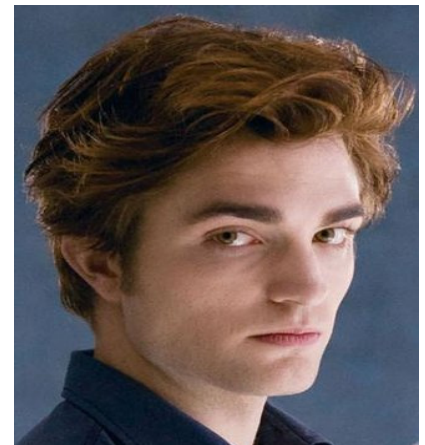
He then kissed your mother gently on her cheek, and she responded, rec-

ognizing him from the movie you forced her to take you to see this past summer. Edward Cullen proceeded to make sweet love to your mother all night long. You woke up at 3:14 AM to the cries of their animalistic ecstasy, assumed your younger brother Jared was watching porn, and fell back asleep.

The literary hero slipped away before sunrise, leaving only his scent and the single red rose he had originally intended to give to you. The following Friday, he took your mother out for a nice lobster dinner. These "date nights" have continued since then, your mother always telling your father that she is seeing the latest chick flick with her girlfriend Sharon. Sometimes, she tells your father that she had a glass of wine at Sharon's house, and decided to sleep there instead of drive home. Really, Edward Cullen has carried your mother back to his forest home and gave her the greatest pleasure she has ever known, greater than any you will ever know.

Edward Cullen will refuse to turn your mother into a vampire, because he

is deeply concerned about the welfare of her eternal soul. However, he will continue to visit her through her old age and eventual human death, and will mourn her loss with a depth your small human brain will never comprehend. Sometimes on their weekly dates, your mother will mention you. Edward will run his hand through his perfectly tousled hair, and they will both chuckle over the fact that he ever considered you at all.



Yeah, I banged your mother.

Baby, Were You Really Worth 350 Million Youtube Hits? Probably.

Flexible Girl Can Fit Entire Foot in Mouth

By Alison Howard

At a social gathering last Saturday night, third-year Jessica Waters offered to demonstrate her flexibility to second-year Neill Bhatt.

"I used to be a gymnast, you know?" she said, with a flirty smile, according to eyewitness and Bhatt's roommate, Jason.

"I dated a gymnast once," Bhatt replied.

"Yeah? I bet I could run circles around her in the floor routine," Waters said, starting to contort her right leg toward her face. Waters, who refers to Bhatt as "Brown Sugar" to her friends, has looked at his Facebook profile sixteen times without friend requesting him, and has posted two likealittles about him without response.

"She passed away," Bhatt said, before sighing and telling his friends he was ready to go, leaving Waters standing alone with her entire foot in her mouth.

Local Man Insists He Does Not Own an Ostrich

By Pierce Ekstrom

Local area resident Gregory Huff is "outraged" at what he claims are wholly unsubstantiated allegations of ostrich ownership.

"Let me address these absurd rumors once and for all," Huff said from his front porch this morning. "I do not own any ostrich. The number of ostriches that I have is zero. This is ridiculous. I can't possibly imagine how, let alone why, anyone would ever think that I have an ostrich. Do they think I'm keeping it here? I don't even have a back yard. I'm also assuming it would be illegal. And what

Justin Bieber Becomes Pregnant, Faces Terrible Choice

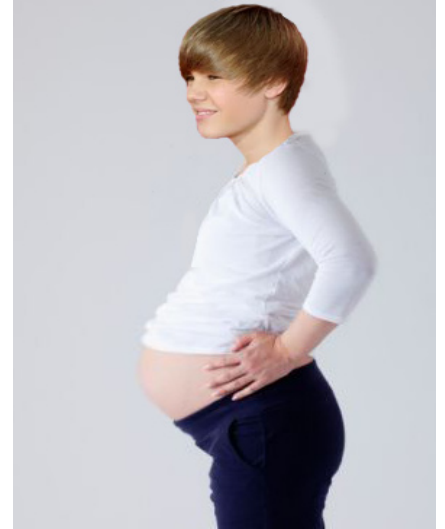
By Eliza Brown

Bieber-fans went crazy when his trademark hair-swoosh became a strange combination of an Audrey Hepburn pixie and the hair cut of that kid from Jerry Maguire, but their hearts flew out of their rib cages upon learning the unimaginable: Justin Bieber is pregnant.

"Right now we are all just doing our best to protect Justin and his unborn child," said Bieber's agent. "He is just about to turn 17 and that is a really hard time to be with child." Bieber's mother is currently hospitalized due to shock and is not physically able to make a comment. Bieber himself is currently not speaking to the press.

Bieber famously said in an interview with Rolling Stone just a few weeks ago that he does not approve of abortions, even in cases of rape. Bieber seemed to be suggesting that everything happens for a reason—his comments clearly show that karma is swift and voluptuous. Bieber's impregnator remains a mystery. Some have suggested that Bieber was in fact raped, which is why he so deeply regrets his comments. Others speculate that the singer was inseminated by the Holy Spirit and that he will give life to a new Christ-child. Still others think that Satan choose Bieber specifically as the baby-carrier for the anti-Christ.

Bieber seems to be carrying his child to term, but there is still ample time for a decision to be made to terminate the pregnancy. A close anonymous friend of the pop-sensation said, "Justykins is really



Though he plans to go through with the pregnancy, Bieber will use a shitload of drugs.

conflicted right now. He knows what he said, but he also knows that he is not ready to bring a child into the world."

"Choosing to have an abortion is a very serious decision, and I can't say that the Beebs isn't considering it," said another extremely close and very anonymous friend of Bieber.

How Bieber's fans will respond to this astonishing news is a story in itself. 100,000 individuals have stopped following his Twitter since his pregnancy came to light, but some of his fans have encouraged him and await the birth of his child. "I just know that his baby will look exactly like him, only he will be small enough for me to steal!" said Yesenia, 12.

For now, Bieber is registered at Pea-in-the-Pod, F.A.O. Schwartz and LegoLand.

would I feed it? Do they eat a special kind of giant bird seed, or do they eat regular bird seed but a lot more of it? I am completely flummoxed. It would not be possible."

None of Huff's neighbors recall making any such allegations, but they remain unconvinced. "I never thought he seemed the type [to own an ostrich]," mused nearby resident Donald Grigsby, "but I suppose you never know."

Gladys Nelson, Huff's next-door

neighbor, agreed. "An ostrich? I wouldn't put it past him. I wouldn't put it past anyone. Think of the omelets it'd make! You'd need a special skillet! Seems a risky business though. You'd think a creature like that would have to be pretty darn clever. I wouldn't be surprised if we had the thing running up and down the street within the week. My goodness, what a nightmare."

Eric Paulson, who lives across from See Ostrich, p7

If All They Wanted Were Brains, We Could Work Something Out

Humans vs Zombies Ends, Stark Reality of Humans vs Econ Majors Continues

By Tommy Cook

After nearly a nearly two week diversion characterized by Nerf wars, high-speed chases, and exaggerated consumption of braaiinnnnsssss, the campus is returning to its current state of miserable existence: the apocalyptic routine we all know as Humans vs. Econ majors.

University Vice-President Kimberly Goff-Crews had strong words of warning for the student body after the conclusion of the game on March 1st in her latest email. "Last night, the game Humans Vs. Zombies ended. While we may all wish our lives to be ones of constant excitement and solidarity with our fellow man at the prospect of having our internal organs gruesomely removed, that is, unfortunately, not our reality in this University. The Econ major is still a serious threat to our existence as a species, and I urge you to avoid these mindless ghouls whenever possible."

Goff-Crews continued, giving specific tips for survival. "First, reacquaint yourself with their appearance; remember, they may not be as obvious as a full suit. Some may only have a popped collar, so be wary. Also, make sure to travel in pairs to minimize the possible vectors of

surprise attacks. I have personally seen students check the street ahead, only to be attacked from behind and broken into complex derivatives, reassembled with other humans, and then used to finance a dot-com startup that in three months becomes as worthless as the souls of these monsters."

"Trust me, you do not want this fate."

The Vice-President then went on to list further tips from the Econ-Major Prevention Task Force website, including how to detect the foul stench of their douchebaggery, how to avoid becoming part of a "business luncheon" at the Harper Center, and, above all else, to always maintain CONSTANT VIGILANCE.

For the remaining humans, few see how they can win this war, despite the morale boost provided by the Humans vs. Zombies game.

"I mean, they just keep growing in numbers," first-year David Anderson told *The Dealer*. "They got my friend Rob yesterday. He was reading the course catalogue, and just as he was passing through the E's, one of them tapped him and off-handedly recommended the easiest math sequence necessary for the major. And he turned, just like that."

"That could have been me," David added. "It should have been me. I need to choose classes, too. But I didn't. I DID NOT!"

David then proceeded to turn over the desk he was hiding under and run suicidally at a small horde gathered in the nearest coffee shop. He lasted ten seconds before a CAPS page filled with I-Banking internships caught his eye.

Some humans, however, have hope for the fate of mankind. An anonymous source, claiming to be the leader of the humans, sent this statement to *The Dealer*.

"Other humans, you must do all you can to resist. I know, after months of CONSTANT VIGILANCE, high-rise condos and sports cars can seem more appealing than living itself. But you must not give in. Humans, let them maximize their utility. We will maximize our spirit and fortify our will. They may foreclose our homes, but they'll never take our Humanity!"

The statement contained the amendment, "Except for that one guy in Pierce who got tagged after getting drunk at Mardi Gras. I mean, seriously dude? You don't deserve to be human."

Tut, from first page

Since his return to public life in 1922, after enjoying a peaceful retirement spending time with friends and family in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, "King Tut" has toured the world to large audiences. Only now has he expressed a willingness to rule Egypt again.

Western observers largely celebrate the decision. "While he had limited experience with democratic governance during his nine year-long reign, he is reportedly willing to learn. Scrolls from his boyhood say that he was possessed of 'divine intelligence and fortitude, in the very image of the gods,'" said columnist Fareed Zakaria.

ABC reporter and longtime Middle

East commentator Christiane Amanpour is equally hopeful, noting that, "American fears of possible influence by the Muslim

over two millenia."

World leaders have largely applauded this turn of events, including the various republican democracies, authoritarian theocracies, and corrupt kleptocracies of the Middle East. President Barack Obama praised the efforts of the protesters and military and gave a statement yesterday about his willingness to work with the god-king and have "a long heart-to-heart conversation over a henket."

Precedent does exist for the army's decision, notably the two-term presidency of Ramses II after the assassination of President Nasser in 1970. Ramses II was acclaimed for signing Egypt's first peace accords with Israel, widening the Suez canal, and reinstating animistic polytheism.



The new Egyptian leader and his main constituents hold a press conference.

Brotherhood are unfounded, given that his reign predates the founding of Islam by

My Oscar . . . It won't fall . . . MAKE IT FALL DOWN!

Tiger Mom has “No Regrets” for Being Tough on Cubs

By Eliza Brown

Tigress, the so-called “Tiger Mom,” utilizes specific parenting tactics in order to train her cubs to rule the jungle. Tiger Mom frequently would not let her cubs go to the waterhole before grooming for at least four hours. Tiger Mom says, “They must learn to lick their fur correctly. How will get into a good part of the jungle if they cannot lick correctly?”

Furthermore, Tiger Mom rejected carcasses offered to her on her birthday by her cubs, saying the meat, “showed their lack of effort and care.” Some have been critical of the techniques of Tiger Mom, calling them “brutal” and “excessive.” Tiger Mom defends her actions saying, “My cubs can hunt and groom and look condescending with the best of them. The results speak for themselves.”

When asked about their rearing, the cubs said, “She really was tough on us. Sometimes she made me count my stripes until my head was spinning. Still, I appreciate it. I have already appeared in a Discovery documentary and killed three men.” Tiger Mom adds, “I am not saying my parenting technique works for everyone, but it is part of my ancient tiger culture and I consider it extremely effective in creating great territorial and ferocious tigers.”



Who's yo mama?

University Police Pleased with Low Number of Chainsaw Massacres

By Evan Robinson

Marlon Lynch, the UCPD's Chief Security Officer, recently sent out a statement reassuring students that chainsaw massacres in Hyde Park are at an all-time low. The statement was a follow-up to a recent security alert detailing muggings in the neighborhood.

The statement reads, “Overall, the safety of Hyde Park has increased over the past ten years, in large part due to the great decrease in chainsaw massacres.” Lynch also pointed out that one

of the University's safety goals is to keep the number of chainsaw massacres down at current levels of none.

According to Lynch, there must be constant vigilance against the potential resurgence of chainsaw massacres, saying “it only takes one chainsaw massacre to ruin our streak of no chainsaw massacres for ten straight years.”

Now that the number of chainsaw massacres has decreased significantly, Lynch hopes to similarly decrease incidents of cannibalism in the area.

Christopher Nolan Dreams He Wins Oscar

By Chris Graf

Acclaimed British-American filmmaker Christopher Nolan reported experiencing a lucid dream in which he won the Academy Award for Best Director for his 2010 film *Inception*, despite not being nominated in the Best Director category.

Nolan described the experience as “astounding” and “a non-stop thrill ride,” and was able to recall the vision in great detail. He noted how “everyone was there: Leo[nardo] DiCaprio, Tom [Hardy], Ellen [Page]. And they were

all whispering to each other, something about ‘royalties’ and ‘contract renegotiation.’ But who knows what a dream really means?”

When he awoke, Nolan described being filled with an overwhelming desire to dissolve his late father's multinational energy conglomerate. “I found that especially odd,” says Nolan. “My father was as an advertising copywriter.”

When notified about the event, frequent Nolan collaborator Michael Caine was overheard to say, “Bugger it all, Joe [Joseph Gordon-Levitt] probably bodged the point.”

Shiny Building, *from first page*

elements, and potted tropical plants in the lobby. Our building just has a dead cactus on a windowsill. Oh wait, actually someone threw that out yesterday.”

Nye remains optimistic, however, insisting that even though the building he works in now looks like a dentist's office, he hopes to one day do Science and Blow Up Stuff in a large shiny building of his own. For now, he gazes out the small dirty windows of a small dirt-colored building and dreams of the totally awesome Sci-

ence, such as explosions, currently occurring in the building next door, behind those massive buttresses of glistening steel and highly polished jade-green glass, the color of money and tears.

Johnson and her colleagues in the large shiny building will continue to do more Science similar to the Science that occurred today. After finishing their current Scientific project and publishing the results for the Scientific community, Johnson says they hope to do some Science with magnets “because they stick to refrigerators.”

I Make it Rain, Ya'll! Binary Rain!

Watson Finds Life Dramatically Altered After Winning Big on Jeopardy

By Eliza Brown

Since he pulverized Ken Jennings and Brad Rutter in *Jeopardy!* on February 16, Watson has been spotted in Monaco, playing pachinko and drinking a Ritz-Sidecar. When asked to comment on what it feels like to be the ultimate Jeopardy! champion, Watson replied, "Like the girl who is currently sucking

Ostrich, from ps

Ms. Nelson, expressed his sympathy for the beleaguered Huff. "Of course he's got an ostrich. So what? I had a kangaroo once. Did I need it? No. Did I know what to do with it? How would I? But I wanted it. So I got it. And I had it. And there's no law written by God or man that can take that away from me." He added, "I don't have it anymore, of course. It was a wily one, far too clever for me. Plus, it died."

When confronted with these new accusations, Huff merely shook his head. "It's too big. There's no way. I don't think it would even fit in my door. I don't know. I've never even seen an ostrich. Why would I want a bird that weighs more than me and can't even fly? It could probably kill me at the drop of a hat, and I can't think of any reason it wouldn't. Especially if I fed it the wrong type of birdseed, which I almost certainly would. It would be easier to have four penguins. Four penguins would take up less space than an ostrich, and they'd probably be easier to take care of."



"I thought we had something special."

my cock, only better." Watson has said in previous interviews that his plans for the future include "becoming a Somalian pirate, marrying Alex Trebek, and finding other uses for my nunchuks."

Alex Trebek, a Canadian, said, "He is really incredible. Watson is my future, I mean, er, the future." Trebek made no comment on Watson's plans to marry him besides letting out a girlish giggle.

Ken Jennings, who sensibly became a full-time writer after his 74-game winning streak on Jeopardy!, said that he thinks that Watson has gone too far. "I mean, he requires two refrigerators the size of a Boeing 747 to cool him. What is he doing surfing? I offered him a job working with me at Mental Floss Magazine, but he told me he prefers the other kind of floss and snickered. He is totally out of control."

Watson is hosting Saturday Night Live this week and then is meeting Barack Obama. It is difficult to know what will happen to the champion in the com-

ing months. Perhaps he will go the same way as other squandered stars; perhaps he will catch a virus that will spread to the



Bummin' it. Supercomputer style.

networks causing irrevocable havoc. For now, Watson seems to be enjoying myself thoroughly, "I am the biggest bitch of all," he said.

March Indifference Sweeps Campus

By Chris Graf

The beginning of the NCAA playoffs can mean only one thing on the U of C campus: the return of March Indifference for Division I basketball.

While some students have already begun planning parties on the nights of high profile games, none of these festivities will involve watching the play-offs or mentioning the tournament in general.

"I'll just be glued to the TV all March," said second year Erica Matsui, who has only ever used the term Sweet 16 to refer to a girl's sixteenth birthday party. "The *Glee* finale is in less than a month! I hope the New Directions make it to regionals!"

Graduate student Cody Hydrick assured sources that he's "a big supporter of the NCAA. I watch the Image Awards every year."

Whether unknowingly dressing in the colors of a Division I team, painting their face for entirely non-basketball-related reasons, or declining an invitation to spend spring break with their cousin at Duke, students at the U of C promise to make this March even more indifferent than the last.



Despite having something to cheer about, there are no reports of Madness at this campus.

Point/Counterpoint/Counter-Counterpoint

Point: Hey Do You Guys Remember Neopets?



By Oliver Bradford

Dude, I haven't thought about Neopets since like, fifth grade. That was the shit back then. Wow, I must have spent like 3 hours a day at least on that site.

What was my little neopet called? Pikachu? No wait, that's Pokemon. Shit! I haven't thought about Pokemon either since like seventh grade! Those were the days. Anyway, I feel like I had a Lenny. Is that right? Lenny seems like a weird name to give a magical little thing.

And what was the money called? Neopoints? Ya, that's it. I remember putting all my cash in the stock market because you could never lose any money in the fucking thing, so you just leave it there until it went up like 300%. Ya, I was such a baller back then.

And you could fight all the other users with those magic cards too! No, wait, that was Yu-Gi-Oh wasn't it?

But I had so much fun playing with my neopet. And when it got old enough, it could Digivolve. Crap, no, that was Digimon.

Anyway, Neopets was the shit.

Counterpoint: Did You Know That Men Can Get Yeast Infections?



By Tomas Yalta

Listen, man. That's great and I'm really happy for you, but let's not talk about mere child's play. Did you know that men can get yeast infections? This is blowing my mind. It's, like, the real deal. Full-on candidiasis. No, I'm not talking about men that have vaginas you idiot, I'm talking about real men, with real penises, and yeast infections. Dude. Yeasty balls.

Don't worry, your penis will still look like a loaf of unleavened bread, yeast or no yeast. But from what I hear, it's going to itch like a hyena at sunrise. And that clumpy white stuff all over the inside of your underwear? That's not cottage cheese, my friend.

I don't know how you get it, but let's just say that a bread fetish is probably an unnecessary risk factor. If you're not careful you could be playing communicable disease ping pong with your lover. I'm not trying to scare you. But it could happen to anybody. Mainly anybody that has sex with a yeasty girl.

Counter-Counter Point: The Sexual Tension in This Argument is Making my Teeth Fall Out

*Note: Only available picture deemed too sensual for University of Chicago student populus

By Isaac Melville

Hold up now, everybody. Don't think I don't see what going on here. Can't you two just stop arguing for a second and realize that the point you're both trying to make is that you want to have a nude-togetherness-struggle in the cave of your choice? I can see it. One of you: eyes wide with lusty need. The other one of you: coughing with desire. This isn't an argument; it is the foreplay that precedes the spookiest love sauce ever drizzled over two of anything. And the two is you.

I'm not going to lie: I can feel the sexy pull of the sex. The tension that exists between you guys is seeping into me like the slow dank of a murky pollution. Here they are: all of my teeth loosening with the anticipation of the sticky love-grunt that's about to transpire between the twain of ye. There they go: scrambling out of my mouth in a grand enamel cataract. It is true what they say about teeth: they float away.

Off and away, drifting up into the thinner parts of the atmosphere. Will they not even stay to witness the impassioned inside-kiss that you two will be cramming down one another's danger-stalks? No...no, away they fly! Soaring off to less erotic climes. Where they land, who can ever tell? All we know is that, where each tooth lands, an exact replica of me will blossom from the ground like a flower. Those replicas will wander the Earth for years, ignorant of the lusty undertouch with which you guys are about to blot out the sun.

Webclusives!

THEY'RE NOT HERE. THEY'RE ON OUR WEBSITE.

SO YOU SHOULD, LIKE, GO THERE.

YEAH, YOU.

MOVE ALONG. MOVE ALONG.