



The Chicago Shady Dealer

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"SCIENCE" REVEALED TO BE ELABORATE HOAX

By Bailey Steinworth



An international coalition of scientists came forward yesterday to reveal that science, the systematic process of investigating the physical and natural world through the testing of hypotheses, is actually a centuries-old hoax.

"Yeah, we've pretty much been making this shit up for years," announced Harvard geneticist and molecular biologist Mark Richfield. "We were wondering when someone was going to notice."

At a press conference held at Cambridge University, the coalition of scientists

explained that the long-lasting deception had begun with Aristotle's *Physics* and *Metaphysics*, which had apparently been intended as satirical works but were later misinterpreted. Copernicus rekindled the tomfoolery circa 1500 A.D. by claiming that the earth and all other planets revolved around the sun. Said Stanford astrophysicist Elizabeth Yurevka, "Seriously, guys? The earth revolving around the sun? I literally can't think of anything more stupid than that. Copernicus thought people could take a joke, but I

guess they can't."

Over the centuries, the story of "science" grew ever more elaborate, with the development of peer-reviewed scientific journals that functioned to spread scientific ideas worldwide in hopes that one fucking person would get that this whole thing was an enormous farce.

In the twentieth century, a group of scientists known as "physicists," believing that the

*See SCIENCE on
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BIG PROBLEMS

^{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.

DANGER POSED BY MANNEQUINS “MINIMAL,” OFFICIALS SAY

By Pierce Ekstrom

The Department of Homeland Security issued an official statement this Monday in response to the increasing public anxiety concerning mannequins. Government officials assured a worried populace that the threat posed by these ubiquitous fixtures is in fact “minimal.”

Secretary of State Janet Napolitano spoke for the Department: “We are reasonably confident that mannequins pose a minimal threat to the security of the United States and its citizens. While they feel neither pain nor emotion and can never actually die, mannequins possess no sense of sight, hearing, or taste. In addition, it has yet to be conclusively demonstrated that any mannequin is capable of movement without human intervention.”

Mannequins, most commonly but by no means exclusively found in clothing stores, shoe stores, and shopping malls, are generally life-size replicas of human beings intended for display or decorative purposes. While no one knows where they come from or how they are made, mannequins most often consist of plaster, wood, or granite.

More information can be found in the DHS Informational Pamphlet on Mannequins, which, among other useful facts, clearly states that evidence of mannequin chemotaxis is “largely premature and inconsistent.”

UT CUTS 24-HOUR PLAY FESTIVAL TO 23 HOURS

By Noah Lemelson

All departments of the University of Chicago have been hit hard by the continued economic downturn. The most recent victim of these cutbacks is the twenty-four hour play festival. Normally the festival gets writers, directors, and actors together, and, in a span of twenty-four hours, creates and performs a series of short plays. However, next quarter, according to curator John Hugalgain, “We tallied up our funds and we simply fell short.”

Consequently, the twenty four-hour festival this spring will be cut back by one hour. “It's nothing that any of us wanted,” claims Hugalgain, “but it was the only way to balance the books; we all have to make cutbacks. Don't worry, the plays should still present the same high production values our festival is known for. There will just be a one twenty-fourth reduction in play quality.” Hugalgain added that his fellow curators have not yet decided which hour they would cut, but word on the street is that it will probably be 4 pm, which is generally agreed to be a fairly bullshit hour.



USING SPECIAL RELATIVITY, CATS OVERCOME TEMPORAL CONSTRAINTS ON NAPPING

By Ari Hakkarainen

Earlier today, leading Cat Scientist Albert Feline-stein announced that he and his team at Frisky Lab had discovered how to make catnaps longer. Per Feline-stein, “Humans have been discussing the Lorentz Transformations for years, but they never figured out an application for the knowledge. One of our greatest struggles as a species is to discover how to extend our daily nap beyond the 24-hour constraint.”

The Lorentz Transformation refers to the fact that, if a moving frame moves at a very high speed, what it perceives as time will actually be shorter than what the rest frame perceives. In order to successfully extend catnaps, therefore, cats needed to figure out a way to accelerate the rest of the earth and find a place to stay stationary during that time.

The first test was a booming success. Thousands of cats clambered into a spaceship to nap while the earth was accelerated at .8 times the speed of light. The Lorentz Equation shows that 24 hours in earth time then became 40 hours in cat time.

We interviewed participants in the experiment to see what the popular consensus was on the experience. When asked how he was going to deal with longer naps, one Mr. Puss Pussington said, “This is just in the nick of time. I always try to get long naps in, but now I can do so without the guilt of missing too much of the day, when I could be hunting and, of course, napping outdoors.” Mr. Pussington then yawned widely and trotted off toward his favorite pillow.

Humans were also interviewed on their thoughts on going .8 times the speed of light during the test, but the only thing we could hear was “Whoosh!”

FROM RUNESCAPE TO POONSCAPE: A USER'S GUIDE TO TAKING THAT VIRTUAL ROMANCE “IRL”

By Jack Bliamptis and Becky Stoner

For many women, if a man plays Runescape, it's a signal to run for the hills. But this one goes out to all you fly gamer fellas. Are you sick of cruising for biddies in Lumbridge after 8 o'clock? Does Falador's red light district just not do it for you anymore? Do the gnomes at the Grand Tree no longer tickle your fancy? Are you simply done with lewd emoting when any (possibly) female avatar walks by?

Well then look no further! We, code-writers for Runescape who boast a total of THREE shared in-game girlfriends, have got the solutions for you.

1. INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH LEVEL. You know how girls love guys with nice abs and luscious deltoids? Well, in Runescape, you can avoid the sweaty, and often embarrassing, hassle of working out. What does it matter if you are a pale, pasty individual who has trained his acne to spell out “Level 99”? As long as your strength level is up to par, those gals will swoon at the sight of your swordplay.

2. TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH MONEY YOU HAVE. They'll never meet you, so how will they find out if you're lying? Besides, in-game money is basically just as good as cash to you, you pathetic, low-life video game addict. Women are attracted to strength, potency, and longevity—all of which are usurped by wealth. You should probably make your username moneymaker69—and maybe you will find yourself a nice lady to shake her \$maker at you. You see, what women really want, in-game and out, is enough money to buy themselves a nice new suit of rune armor. If you can guarantee your babe that, it's a one-way glider ticket to pwnscape.

3. IMPRESS THE BODACIOUS CHICKS WITH YOUR CONSPICUOUSLY LONG SWORD. Runescape isn't Chat Rou-

lette, but there's no reason not to subtly suggest to the babes what they're missing out on.

4. YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE REALLY IMPRESSES WOMEN? WHEN YOU SHOW THEM HOW MUCH MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT RUNESCAPE THAN THEIR NOOBISH LITTLE FEMALE MINDS COULD EVER HOPE TO COMPREHEND. Here's how you do it. Be sure to set your first date in the wilderness. You could tell her you're going to a fancy dinner or something; just make sure she dresses up in her best gear. Then, pull a Chris Brown and ambush her in the middle of the wild. There are two possible results of this: she could sleep with you, or she might write an angry song about you. Either way, you get to keep her stuff.

5. GO TO THE RESURRECTION CASTLE. Stand out among all those idiots saying “Hey bro, want 2 give me some free mithril?” Instead, ask any (possibly) female avatars, “Hey, wanna give me ur vcard?” Don't worry—“vcard” without a dash should be able penetrate the language filters.

6. USE THE EROTIC MAGIC OF SMITHING. We know nothing could possibly be more annoying than being attacked by scorpions while you're trying to snag that one coal rock before somebody else does, but this just might be worth it. Nothing gets the ladies off like watching you smelt all that adamantite into addy bars. To top it off, you could talk to the druids in Taverly about synthesizing a potion to make her give you all her love—she might even stay conscious after imbibing it!

Take heart, my fearsome rune roamers, and heed our advice. One day you, like Zezima, could have your own in-game wedding in your souped-up player-owned house. Now that would be YouTube worthy.



APOCALYPSE

MAN FOUND IN BUNKER STILL HIDING FROM Y2K

By *Evan Robinson*

Leonard Jacobson, age 56, was found in his basement yesterday still hiding from the Y2K disaster. Jacobson had converted his average-looking basement into a fully-equipped bunker prepared for any disaster, ranging from computer blackouts to nuclear holocaust. He had not been seen by anyone in over 10 years until last Thursday, when neighbors spotted Mr. Jacobson walking down the street with a bag of groceries, looking surprisingly perky and well-kempt.

Ms. Jones, a neighbor, said, "I just thought the bank bought the house and never sold it because I never saw a car in the driveway. It turns out he was there the whole time." Jacobson had made sure that all his financials were squared away before locking himself into the bunker, apparently concerned that the bank might ruin his account if its computer system was not adequately prepared for the impending millennium.

When approached about his stay in his

bunker and why he emerged, he simply stated, "I thought I had enough food for fifty years, but it turned out it only lasted for twelve. Who knew that, without refrigeration, eggs go bad? Also, did you know that you need more than a glass of



water a day to survive? I found that out by day three, which was quite unfortunate." Mr. Jacobson also had much to say about his twelve years alone, including the remarkable discovery that if you sit in the same spot for days, "your butt gets tired."

He also had a few questions of his own including, "So does Ross actually end up with Rachel or not? That has been bugging me for years!"

When asked about his plans for employment, he mentioned that multiple government agencies have approached him with inquiries as to how he survived without human contact for so long. "People can't seem to understand that you really don't need other people to survive. Water, bread, and canned beans can sustain one for quite a while." NASA stated that they have approached him about training their astronauts for protracted isolation, since, according to Jacobson, "All of them complain about missing their spouses and stuff."

When questioned about what he plans on doing next, Mr. Jacobson responded, "Well, I hear that the world is going to end this December, so I might as well start preparing my bunker for that. Since last time's supplies only lasted about twelve years, I figure I need to double my supplies and empty my toilet bucket."

MAN CHALLENGES DEATH TO A GAME OF MARIO PARTY 5

By *Noah Lemelson*

Local man, Jeff Dewcousky, died of a Twinkie-binge-induced heart attack earlier today. Upon meeting Death, the genre-savvy male challenged the Reaper to a contest for his life. Death eventually assented to the challenge, remarking, "Goddamnit, I hate it when they do that." The contest of choice was Mario Party 5.

At the time of writing, the game is currently in its 16th round with no clear winner. Mr. Dewcousky is playing as Yoshi, Death as Waluigi. Death gained an early lead by purchasing the first star. However, Mr. Dewcousky was quickly able to regain his footing by purchasing another star from Toad the very next round, as the friendly little mushroom had reappeared two spaces in front of him.

Death said, "Okay, how the hell is that

fair? The first Star guy was like halfway across the board. I had to use my mega mushroom and everything to get to him. Now he just appears literally right in front of Yoshi? I call bullshit!"

Death regained the lead with a second star three rounds later, but then one of the computer characters landed on a "?" space and some snowman came out of the ground and started throwing characters around and stuff. Then Death lost all of his coins on a Bowser space.

"Oh yeah, that's totally fair! It's not like I can control where I land," he said. "It didn't even give me a choice or a minigame. The bastard just ate my coins!"

Mr. Dewcousky suggested Death's poor luck was due to Waluigi "being a shit character."

Death retorted, "That's not how the game works," and added, "Waluigi is actually a cool character if you understand

the Japanese etymology of his name!"

The game continued for many rounds in such fervor, with contestants fighting over lava pits, capturing butterflies and running away from swarms of squids in cowboy hats. It will be some time before the results of the game will be known, since Mr. Dewcousky set the contest to 40 rounds.

But even in the midst of this furious struggle for Dewcousky's life, tensions have relaxed during a few touching moments of cooperation. As this reporter left the scene, Mr. Dewcousky and Death were teamed up in a 2v2 minigame against the computer. In a moving display of uneasy mutual trust, the two enemies were forced to work together to push the computer opponents into a vat of pudding. Because even when times are rough, you have to stick together, because it totally sucks to lose to the computer.



PROFESSOR SLEEPS WITH STUDENT TO BOOST SCORE ON END OF QUARTER EVALUATION

By Hunter Loveland

The integrity of the instructor evaluation system at the University of Chicago was called into question this week. An affair between 20-year-old student Lafawnda Jones and economics professor Robert Finklebottom, 87, was uncovered through an investigation of irregularities in Finklebottom's end-of-quarter evaluations this fall.

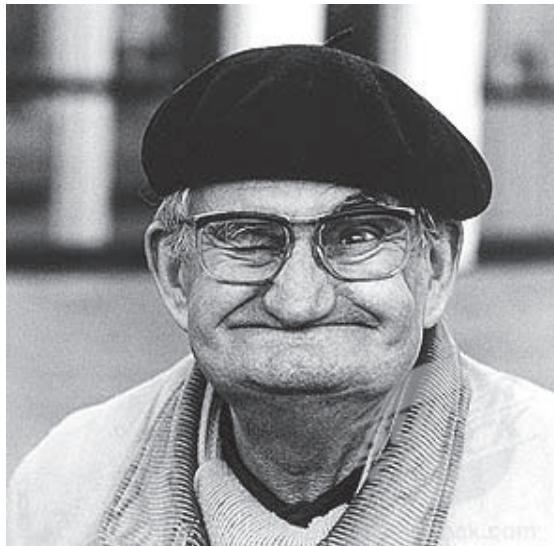
Finklebottom allegedly used his sexuality to persuade Jones into rating his class higher than was indicated by preliminary polling. Finklebottom's evaluations had been slipping consistently for the past several quarters, and there was growing concern in the economics department that soon his classes would be comprised exclusively of "die-hard econ nerds," sullyng the department's reputation for being "not entirely lame."

Records from an independent pre-evaluation poll revealed that Jones' responses to the evaluation questions tended from moderately disagree to neutral. However, on the actual evaluation, they tended from neutral to moderately agree. When confronted, Jones admitted to providing inaccurate responses in exchange for sexual favors from her professor.

"He was so 'helpful' during office hours, how could I not give him a good evaluation?" responded Jones. "There he was, with those puppy-dog eyes. Even through the cataracts, they made my heart melt. And those hands, wrinkled and spotted with age, those were the hands of a real man. Trust me, I wasn't lying when I wrote on the evaluation that he more than met expectations...if

you know what I mean. What really got me in the end, though, was his smooth talking. He sure knows how to pick up a lady."

A fellow classmate, who wishes to remain unnamed, witnessed one such in-



stance of Finklebottom's advances upon Jones: "He went up to her with this coy look on his face and asked, 'Baby, do you have the demand?' Before Lafawnda could say a word, Wrinkly Finkly pointed to his pants and said he 'had the supply.' I didn't think much of it at the time, since Lafawnda was an A student in that class and I knew she had no need to boost her grade by sexing the Finkster. The notion that she would participate in something even more outrageous, even more vile than that, never even crossed my mind."

"Generally, inconsistencies in the evaluation process are due to fairly minor and expected factors, such as unforeseeable response bias and processing errors," the

Office of the Registrar stated in a formal response to the scandal. "Ensuring that students accurately indicate the precise degree of their attitudes toward their classes is a top priority for us, and when one decides to agree strongly (a rating of 5) with something that they actually agree with moderately (a rating of 4), well, we might as well consider University of Chicago degrees as pieces of toilet paper fit only for the most rancid of defecations."

The backlash to the scandal has extended beyond the sphere of the course evaluation community. Jones' boyfriend, retired chemistry professor Richard Head, left her upon learning of these events, demanding to know what "that slut has that I don't."

On the other side of the story, statistics Professor Hans Djokovic criticised Finklebottom's actions.

"I know it is tempting to go for the easy route, to take that shortcut and get that free pass. But there are dozens of other evaluations that are going to get averaged in with this one. You can't expect to get by in life by sleeping around."

Finklebottom responded to this criticism by telling Djokovic that Djokovic "doesn't know him" and "isn't his mom."

Finklebottom currently faces a nullification of the affected scores, while Jones is expected to be removed from the College. Finklebottom's evaluations this quarter were largely negative. While he was universally rated highly for being "stimulating," problem areas cited were sloppy handwriting, hard-to-follow lectures, and a tendency to masturbate too frequently at his desk during class.



DEALER CLASSIFIEDS

Lanky redhead seeks warm, moist orifice -- preferably attached to body.

Unconventionally attractive chemistry major seeks sensual brunette with whom to play Settlers of Catan by candlelight.

Middle school educated male seeking adult with cell phone willing to participate in elaborate hooky scheme. Reward: three packs of Gushers.

Smoldering, mustachioed, well-read ethnic man seeks cat-loving lady to bring a little TLC to him and his six cats.

Lithe vegan seeks uninhibited Hispanic male to seduce with an awkward striptease involving maracas.

Dimpled and Rubenesque female seeks feisty and virile partner with whom to share fleshly delights -- in the form of dinner, of course! Must bring own fondue pot.

Amputee seeks extra-limbed individual.

Rapper seeking bitch to become 100th problem.

Trio of dermatologists seeking sun-kissed/damaged/lesion-covered (s)kin for erotic biopsy.

Orange farmer looking for M or F with comprehensive rhyming dictionary.

Burgeoning pandemic looking to make landfall somewhere in the Pacific Northwest in time for Portland Arts Festival. Spare a couch?

Hat-wearing grizzly bear seeks forest-loving partner for long-term relationship. Fire crotches need not apply.

Sweet, loving, self-sacrificing mother seeking daughter who will actually call her.

UCPD TRIES TO GET THE PARTY STARTED, FAILS TO DO SO

By Eliza Brown

11:11 5485 Hyde Park Blvd

UCPD arrived on this location after several students called to complain about a party there. Apparently the party was not living up to its claims on Facebook -- the hosts had provided an "egregiously inadequate" quantity of booze, and "there were not that many people there," even at half an hour past party o'clock.

UCPD decided to investigate these claims upon receiving four different calls. Before leaving the station, the officers congregated to develop a plan. Officer Grady led the case. He assembled a task force of four officers with different levels of experience. "We figured that MacDonald's iPod had the best dance music and that no one is better than Morrison at getting a conga line going," said Grady. "Once we knew how to best utilize our talents, we got into our Dodge Charger and raced up 55th street with the sirens on," he explained.

Upon entering the residence, UCPD explained who they were and that they had arrived in response to student complaints. Most of the party attendants, however, remained on the porch and tended to their cigarettes, failing to acknowledge the police. "I turned on this rad mixture of DubStep and Trance,"

said MacDonald. "Not a single person moved from the kitchen to the dance floor," he lamented.

"I began to sway my hips seductively yet modestly to the beat of the music, yet I remained all alone," says Morrison. "Who wouldn't want to dance with this?" he said while gesturing to the mid-region of his body, gyrating emphatically.

Some students seemed bemused by the new parties. Samantha Hartman, second-year,



explains that she thought that the UCPD made a "valiant effort" to invigorate the party. "They definitely got an A for effort," said Hartman.

Other students, like first-year Georgia Banks, thought that the UCPD could not have been lamer. "When a party is dead, you cannot bring it to life. This is not Harry Potter VII," said Banks.

After approximately half an hour of attempting to get students to do kegstands, dance, and be merry, the UCPD squad left totally demoralized. "There was nothing we could do in this situation to overcome the obstacles in front of us," said MacDonald. "Everyone has work, duh. That does not mean you need to do it 24 hours a day. I know that you are really just on Facebook anyway," said Grady. "For the love of god, can't they just party every once in a while like good kids?"



SNAKE ADVOCACY GROUP PROTESTS ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE, RELEASES 100 BABY COBRAS ON MICHIGAN AVENUE

By *Eliza O'Brown*

At first, the baby cobras went unnoticed as they made their way down the Magnificent Mile. Soon, Saint Patrick's Day revelers felt the little demons squirming around their ankles. An uproar was heard as far away as Evanston when Mayor Emanuel felt one of snakes bite down on his pinkie toe, severing the little nugget.

A snake advocacy group is claiming credit for the release of the estimated 100 cobras in protest of the annual Saint Patrick's Day celebration. The group complained that Saint Patrick, who, according to legend, drove the snakes of Ireland into the sea, was "an avowed snake-hater" and that the celebration in his name is insensitive if not dangerous. The leader of the group, Hans Zingler, was taken into custody yesterday afternoon. "I would

do it again, and this time with full grown boa constrictors," said Zingler. "Snakes are people, too," he added.

Snake theorist at Northern Illinois University, Dr. Marisa Thomson-Peters, explains the origins and purpose of the advocacy group. "They believe that a) snakes are humans without legs, b) there has been a long history of discrimination against snakes, and c) this discrimination must be stopped, through radical means if necessary," said Thomson-Peters. "I find the claims of the group well-argued, even if they are not at all practical," she added. Thomson-Peters received her BA, MA, and PhD from The University of Chicago.

Molly O'Brian, a ten-year-old Irish step dancer was near Grant Park when the cobras were released. "I felt something slide into my poodle socks and assumed

that someone watching the parade had thrown beer on me again," said O'Brian. "I looked around for my mommy so that I could clean myself off, when I realized that what I thought was booze or vomit was actually alive," added O'Brian.

Molly's mother, Kathleen O'Brian, saved her daughter from the snake that had latched onto her festive footwear. "Sometimes my maternal instinct just takes over," said O'Brian. "If a snake ever dares to try to get into my daughter's clothes again, I'm coming at it with a gun," she added.

Doctors at Northwestern Hospital confirmed that the Mayor lost the toe but is in every other way healthy. He is now the only known public official to have lost two digits due to freak accidents. Mayor Emanuel was unavailable to comment on his welfare at press release.

I AM THE GATEKEEPER BETWEEN ORDER AND CHAOS

By *The Reg Desk Worker*

All shall bow before me, the ultimate arbiter of law on this most hallowed ground, the Regenstein Library.

Halt! You think you can bring that uncovered cup of coffee into my dominion? Poor fool. You cannot outwit me simply by holding it on the other side of your body! I see all! Your paltry tricks amount to nothing. Cover that cup or you shall feel my wrath!

What? You forgot your ID and want me to use my awesome powers to buzz you through the gate? Do you not realize that me, this plastic automatic gate, and this old copy of the RedEye are all that stands between this holy house of study and the utter chaos of the outside world? I cannot subject this sacred

threshold to the whims of any forgetful student! You must receive a day-pass if you wish to enter.

Where do you get such a day-pass? From me! HAHA. Don't you see? I have all of the power! The cards are all in my hand. But just this once, to show you what a benevolent overlord I can be, I will grant you permission to enter these lands.

You there, pathetic buffoon! Are you trying to smuggle a book out of the library? Do you think you can so easily bamboozle me? These omnipotent sensors will detect any and everything, even books that don't even belong to the library! Come here so that I may search your bag.

What's this? You stupid, weak little freshman, you wish to check out a book

here? DO NOT WASTE MY TIME WITH SUCH TRIVIALITIES! You must take yourself and your book to the circulation desk! I do not stoop to such a level. Common books are beneath my attention. Now be gone!

This is a position that requires constant vigilance. I cannot deign to attend to matters of this corporeal realm. I am required to sit in this very spot and inspect each and every mortal who wishes to enter this library. I have been entrusted with this honorable position by my predecessor, and he by his, and so on back to the dawn of man. Like the Knights Templar guarding the Holy Grail, we sacred line of gatekeepers are the protectors of the Regenstein. None shall pass without my consent. I am the gatekeeper between order and chaos!



PLUCKY MISFITS BAND TOGETHER, TAKE ON THE WHITE HOUSE

By James Ekstrom

After months of bickering with each other over who could beat out Ole Man Barack and restore family values to the White House, plucky misfits Rick “Sandman” Santorum, Ron “Ronnie-boy” Paul, Newt “Bubba” Gingrich and Mitt “Chompers” Romney finally realized that if they band together and use the power of friendship, there’s nothing that can stop them from achieving their dreams. While Crotchety Barachtey has been plotting the demise of all USAville, Chompers has had a devil of a time getting his whole gang into top shape ever since they got together a few months back. ‘Course Chompers has been ‘round the block and knows that the only way to take down a bird is if everyone is shooting the same slingshot at it. As luck would have it, everyone wanted to be the one to “sling the string,” so to speak.

Now when the gang first started hanging out, they didn’t have much in common: they loved themselves and didn’t have much care for those that weren’t themselves, which as everybody knows means that they got along with each other ‘bout as well as a ‘coon and a barrel of stale bread. Well anyway, the gang’s had their scuffles and scrapes, sometimes with each other—like when Bubba sat on Sandman’s back for the better part of a hot Sunday afternoon—and sometimes with some of the other kids around, like Oblammo’s lackey Harry “Slimehands” Reid, but you can bet your biggest packet of

tobacc-et that they’ve come out of each one having learned a little bit more about life than they knew before.

But it was only recently, while they were trying to nab rutabagas out of Grampa O’Reiley’s yard, that they realized just how important the power of teamwork was. See, Ronnie-boy

first decided the heist needed doing, so he could whip up some of his granny’s famous Rutabaga Stew-tabaga, which is the only fool-proof handout to win over voters in a general election. Well, first thing you know Chompers came up with the plan fast as pudding into Bubba’s gullet. They had Sandyman start a ruckus by letting loose his own chickens next door, and of course once there are hens that

need a-catching everyone on the whole block’s gotta drop what they’re doing and pitch in. Then Ronnie-boy tunneled under the fence lickety-split, as only his quick little hands can, and Chompers slipped through the hole with him, having the best nose for choice turnips. Bubba stayed back to stand guard, and hide the hole from the outside. Cool as you please, he sat there like he was just enjoying the sun in a shallow ditch, as he often had a mind to do. Well, that day they made off with near a quarter of O’Reiley’s rutabagas. After they tucked into Ronnie-boy’s tasty fixings that night, they took out their pocket knives and swore to be blood brothers ‘til they were living in the Grand White House themselves.



joke had gone on long enough, began publishing scientific theories so patently ludicrous that they assumed everyone would finally get it. When even these wacko ideas were widely accepted by an increasingly gullible public, the scientific community concluded that the prank wasn’t even fun anymore and decided to come clean.

“Quantum mechanics was really the last straw,” explained University of Chicago physicist Lorencio Gomez. “If people believed that shit, we knew they were never going to get it. We decided it was time to drop the whole thing and let people finally return to gain-

SCIENCE *from
front page*

ful employment. Oh, but that string theory stuff—that’s dead on.”

When asked how modern scientific technologies actually worked, Dr. Richfield explained that antibiotics “harness the power of space crystals,” and that “magic and the black arts” are “the ultimate causative principles” behind television, X-ray and MRI imaging, computers, electricity, airplanes, radios, telephones, plastics, space travel, and Hostess snack cakes.

Religious conservatives and beleaguered schoolchildren alike have welcomed this move by the scientific community as long overdue.

