



First Years to Skip One Year of Human Interaction with AP Credit

by Baunnee Martinez

After pressure from the student body for more credit from their AP examinations, the College is now offering Class of 2020 students the option to forego their first year of socialization. The year previously served as a prerequisite to many of the College’s core curriculum, but is now being waived as the College promotes the new program, “All Need A Little Time for Themselves, Ideally” shortened to simply “ANAL TFTI.” The program will feature a short three hour online course on the importance of minimizing contact with others and tactics one can take to avoid getting into situations where talking to others might be necessary.

Dean Dien explained the reason for this sudden decision, saying, “I wish I could, but I can’t. I really should, but I shan’t.”

When asked about the new measure, students seemed to disagree on whether “ANAL TFTI” is a strong enough replacement for the year of human interaction. One member of the Class of 2020, who asked to remain unidentified, said, “Please stop talking to me. I got a 5 on AP Chem. I don’t need this right now.” Others argue that one year of social interactions is “vital to the development of the young adult” and “it won’t be like this in the real world” and “we do not condone the creation of

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CRYING STUDENT RUINS VIBE OF CAMPUS TOUR



Photo by Katie Zellner

by Morgan Pantuck

According to insider reports, area undergraduate student Molly Green unintentionally ruined the vibe of a UChicago campus tour given by Ben Smith earlier this week by crying loudly in front of Regenstein library.

“UChicago is more than a school, it’s a home,” Smith described in a booming voice while walking backwards toward the visibly distressed Green. Onlookers appeared to experience cognitive dissonance while they listened to Smith’s enthusiastic praise of the university as well as Green’s simultaneous weeping.

“We were listening to the tour guide explain how loving and supportive the cam-

pus community is,” explains area mother Shelby Ruche. “But [Green’s] sobbing made it difficult to hear the specifics.”

Other participants offered similar sentiments. “I was trying to pay attention to Ben’s comments about the abundance of mental health resources on campus,” said noted prospective student Patrick Doughy, “but I couldn’t stop watching that one girl blowing her nose into her shirt. It was really gross and sad.”

Green, 20, is currently struggling to maintain a healthy life-work balance while she maintains her GPA, participates in multiple RSOs, and volunteers on the

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PUBIC TRANSIT

THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
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DISCLAIMER

Have the fangs of our prose pierced you? Does your blood boil with anger, or just the regular kind of boil? Are you plotting your revenge? Think of how little it would mean, to spill our blood, to chew our flesh. Think of how meaningless all our lives are, bottle the anger up, then go home and drink the bottle.

META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fucking care.

COMPLAINT: MY UPASS IS STUCK IN MY VAGINA

by Milena Pross

Last year, campus was torn apart by a divisive and polarizing referendum. Critics have referred to it as “Pre-Brexit Brexit” and “The War Between the States Between the Trains.” It was chaos. At the time of the online vote, I was proud to stand on the side that supported U-Pass. I figured one set payment that allowed me and all my fellow students to travel freely and without limits on Chicago public transportation was an excellent idea. At the start of this school year I was thrilled to receive a shiny blue card with my name and photo on it: a golden ticket to the magical world of the CTA. But all of that changed when that card got firmly lodged in my vagina.

Now don't get me wrong: I still really support U-Pass. I just think this is a kink in the system that needs to get fixed. Some first years didn't receive their cards for weeks after starting classes, some of

the cards didn't seem to activate or register for a while, and mine got embedded between the walls of my vaginal canal.

You might think, “surely this ‘inconvenience’ is really only adding to the pleasure of possessing a U-Pass.” Let me quickly assure you it is not. There's no polite way to say this: it hurts, and climbing on top of the little tap area at every turnstile and bus entry is starting to get annoying.

A lot of people have suggested this is my fault or that it couldn't possibly be an accident. All I have to say to you is “you are incorrect.” One minute I was on the 55 bus ready to take the Red Line to Molly's Cupcakes in Lincoln Park, the next thing I knew I was in sharp, rectangular, magnetic-strip agony. Neither I nor any other person moved my new U-Pass Card from my wallet to my coin purse—this was an

act of God.

Do I feel more eager to explore Chicago's seventy plus neighborhoods? Sure. Do I feel empowered knowing I can transfer buses as much as I want with no financial consequence? Absolutely. Am I seething and furious because this new and seemingly jammed addition to my body won't even work over winter break and summer? You bet.

In conclusion, I feel this was a major oversight on the part of Student Government. Public referendums on matters as important as U-Pass are irresponsible and potentially dangerous and painful. The student body should not be left to make decisions about physical objects that can then make their way into student bodies. Additionally, if anyone has any leads on how to get a Student Health appointment, please let me know.

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and “we do not condone the creation of intellectual safe spaces.

The year of credit only applies to these tests: AP Physics C, AP Computer Science, AP Calculus BC, and AP Chemistry.

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the weekends while sleeping approximately 5 hours per night. “I... can't... keep... doing... this,” Green explained to the Dealer during an exclusive, spluttering interview.

“Yeah, I was a little annoyed,” Smith confided to a Dealer representative about the encounter. “It's hard enough to maintain an air of excitement while mentioning the impressive 6:1

student-to-faculty ratio and 400+ recognized student organizations without competing with the sound of Molly moaning and thrashing around on the ground.”

At press time, Smith was describing his positive experience with UChicago dining in front of a student vomiting into a trashcan.

UBER POOL WITH FORTY CLOWNS SURPRISINGLY COMFORTABLE

by Jacob Johnson



Photo by Katie Zellner

I'll be honest with you guys -I didn't mean to request a Pool. My finger slipped, and I didn't notice until it was too late. But when I looked down at my phone and saw the smiling profile of Enrique, my 4.7-star driver, I decided to roll with it.

Five minutes later, Enrique arrived in his beige Toyota Corolla. I got in, exchanged the usual pleasantries, and expected an uneventful trip to Union Station. That's when we turned left. And left doesn't lead to Union Station.

Left is where the Circus is.

"We appear to be heading towards the Circus," I remarked as offhandedly as possible, pressing my sleeve to my already damp forehead.

"Yes," said Enrique. "We are going to

pick up a few dozen clowns."

I felt my stomach drop. My vision wavered. Not the clowns. Anything but the clowns.

I tried to hit the "request new driver" button, but my thumbs were too weak. This was it. This was how I was going to die. Death by clown, currently

ranked #9 on "Top 100 Worst Ways to Die", just under "Stubbing your toe on a nest of Japanese Hornets".

As the giant Circus Tent grew larger and larger in my vision, I decided to ask God to help me. I pictured Him as Baby Jesus, because that one is the easiest to deal with for me.

"Please, God." I begged. "I do not want to be killed by clowns. That is, like, such a lame way to go down."

"Ye who liveth like a clown shall dieth by the clown." He responded in His tiny Baby Jesus voice, which somehow managed to make it more insulting. "Shoulda thought about that before you wrote your stupid Moldy Banana article."

"Okay, you are being kind of unreasonable right now." I replied. But God was no

longer in the Uber with me. We were at the Circus. And the clowns were there, in all of their terrible, face-painted glory.

Enrique seemed incredibly calm about the whole thing. As the clowns lined up, I closed my eyes and prepared for the end. The first one opened the door and got inside.

Then another one did. And another clown. And yet another. I couldn't explain what was happening. Clowns were pouring into the back of the Uber, and yet my five-inch personal space bubble hadn't been violated a single time. As the 40th and final clown entered the vehicle and closed the door behind him, all I could do was break the silence with a single well-timed cough.

Surprisingly, none of the 40 clowns in the Uber attempted to kill me. I ended up having a very stimulating conversation with Mr. Honknose about how we should approach environmental policy, and Goo-bo had some very good points regarding the Military-Industrial Complex.

I arrived at Union Station and said goodbye to Enrique and the 40 clowns. I made my way to the waiting area. Then I found a seat, and looked around. I saw the passenger list, and nearly passed out from fear.

There were 40,000 clowns on the train ride home.

Op-Ed: We Need to Put a Woman on the Maroon Dollar

by Katie Zellner

It is high time that the University of Chicago features a woman on the front of the Maroon Dollar. The University of Chicago has been a premier institution since the 1900s, and yet they have never once featured a person of color or of vagina on their coinage.

Now, before you get your boxer shorts in a twist, I know what you're going to say: "We can't put a woman on the maroon dollar because maroon dollars aren't real". We all know this is not true. Nobody wants to admit it, but we all know that every time

you use maroon dollars, images of John D Rockefeller whispering "crescat scientia" flash before your eyes until you fail a class or make a donation to the University.

Whether or not it is ethical for the university to somehow brainwash all of us is obviously a separate issue entirely and distracts us from the major problem at hand: they choose to put a white man on the mental image of a maroon dollar. All genders, sexes, and races deserve representation in the university's strange brainwashing experiment on the student population.

The fact that the administration insists on inundating us with this image of Rockefeller shows that they have no respect for the accomplishments of female alumni and donors.

The University of Chicago has no business pretending that they respect women and people of color until they add some more representation to their subliminal patriarchal mental currency. If you are also passionate about this issue, please consider mentally signing my petition. We are planning to mentally project it to the administration next Tuesday afternoon.

SEASONAL AFFAIRS

SEXY STEVE IRWIN/ STING RAY COSTUME PULLED FROM SHELVES

by Breck Radulovic

Citing a brewing “outrage tornado”, Halloween Unlimited CEO Bart Robinson ordered his franchises to stop selling the popular “Sexy Australian Reptile Finder and Scary Pointed Sea Glider Couple’s Costume” immediately.

Robinson’s email to stores acknowledged the resemblance to the famed ‘Crocodile Hunter’ was unfortunate, but entirely unintentional. “Steve Irwin was a personal hero,” Robinson continued, “it was pretty much a stab in the heart when he died.” However, it seems unlikely that the company’s sales will suffer because of the hubbub, as many stores had sold out of the costume before Robinson’s nationwide email was even sent.

Halloween Unlimited employee Chet Filipowski seemed perplexed by the controversy. “I grew up with the Crocodile Hunter, man. He was a groovy dude. But you have to admit, it’s kinda funny.” Filipowski also said the costume was “pretty much stupid. Sexy Steve Irwin? That’s redundant. Normal Steve Irwin is 100% pure sex.”

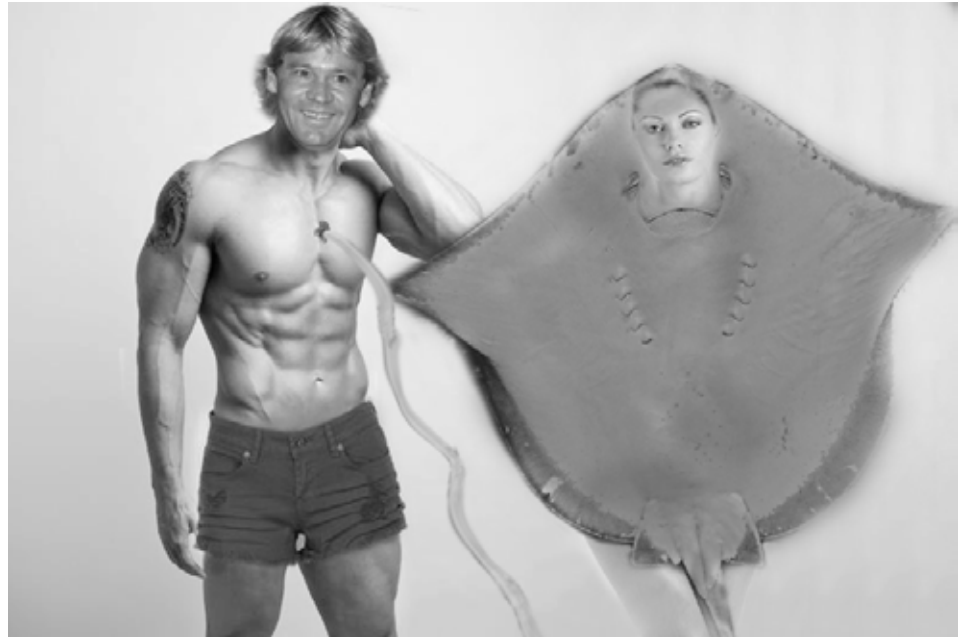


Photo by Jack Toole

When asked if he would wear the costume in question, Filipowski had this to say, “I don’t know dude, I’d have to find my lady stingray first. If you’re swimming out there, sexy sea glider, give me a call. I’m looking to be pierced in the heart... by your love.”

Reminiscent of last year’s embarrassing “George H.W. and Barbara Bush Matching Couple’s Pubic Wig” controversy, Halloween Unlimited has once again dominated news cycles and consumer’s pocketbooks with its bizarre brand of offensive and puerile humor.

Five Fun, Unique Places to Throw Up in Your Residence Hall

by Nik Varley

When you’re meeting people in college, it’s important to make a splash. O-Week is a time to show people who you really are and establish yourself as a presence on campus. One of the best ways to do this is to pick a creative place to vomit that showcases your fun, quirky personality. Don’t be some joe-schmo who comes back from a frat party and yarfs in a toilet; use this list to ensure that your throw ups make a great first impression!

1. Water Fountain – Throwing up in your floor’s water fountain is a strong, bold choice that demonstrates you’re not afraid to be yourself. You won’t let your hall mates’ expectations – or their need

to drink water – stop you from expressing yourself the way you want to. After a vomit this flashy, you can bet that everyone will be talking about it the next day.

2. Study Room – College academics can be competitive, and nothing says that you mean business like tossing your cookies all over your house’s study room. Don’t be afraid to show your brainpower and let everyone know that even when you’re piss-drunk, you can still think about studying.

3. Friend – Nothing brings people together like drunkenly covering each other with vomit. If you think you and your O-Week bestie are ready for that next level, try moving things forward by throwing

up on them. If you pass out right afterwards, you don’t even have to help them clean it up! Win-Win.

4. Washing Machine – Let your freak flag fly by letting loose directly into one of your building’s washing machines. While they might be shocked at first, your housemates will respect your creativity and come to envy your fearless attitude. Make sure that that the washer isn’t filled with your clothes, though; vomit can be a real trick to get out.

5. RH’s Child – It’s never too early to learn that if you’re not careful, you’re going to end up covered in vomit.

LOVE AFFAIRS

A NEW APPROACH TO LOVE: THIS NEW DATING APP ALLOWS YOU TO CONNECT WITH PEOPLE IN YOUR SOSC CLASS

by Daniel Ruttenberg

Well, dating just got a whole lot easier! Dating apps like Tinder and Coffee Meets Bagel have made it a lot easier to find your special someone using nothing more than a smartphone and a selfie, but the new dating app “Soshe” has officially one-upped them, allowing you to match with other students in your SOSC class.

“I was enjoying using dating sites, but so many of these dates went nowhere,” says Soshe user Claire Ferguson. “I started talking to a date about the eternal class struggle dictating human history, and he was like, ‘I don’t know much about Marx’ and I was like ‘Didn’t you take Power?’ and he was like ‘I took Mind’. Such a waste

of time. Soshe keeps those awkward dates from ever taking off.”

When users get a Soshe Profile, they write down the SOSC class they are taking, along with the professor and the writing TA. Then, they are connected with other students in their SOSC classes instantly. You can be on a date with that guy who brought up Freud in every single Self class within 15 minutes of getting the app!

Soshe also has fun new features that no other dating app on the market has yet. For instance, if someone is bugging you on chat, you can “That Kid” them, flagging them as a “That Kid” for the rest of Soshe to see. And if you’re not looking for

a relationship, don’t worry! Soshe can also be used to meet new friends or business contacts in your SOSC class.

People are falling in love with Soshe already! Kenan Yapp and Kim Opioka are one good example. Kenan recalls, “We were in the same ‘Classics’ class, but I didn’t know anything about Kim besides the fact that she read ahead in ‘The Republic’. Soshe changed that for us; we went to coffee, discussed the form of the good, and now we’re moving in together!”

And if you cannot find a match immediately; don’t worry! There’s plenty of fish in the SOSC class!

Four Things to Do When You’re Sexiled

by Sue Donim

We’ve all been there. You’re making your way back to your dorm after a long night of studying, only to find a sock sloppily cast upon your doorknob. You’ve just been sexiled. But what can you do to pass the time until your roommate finally busts a fat nutty buddy on that ass The Chicago Shady Dealer has compiled a list of our favorite things to do while your roommate empties the pipes.

1. Cheer them on: This tried-and-true method never fails! It is the quickest way to get back into your room. In order to further stimulate your roommate, you need to encourage their sexual promiscu-

ity with a little cheer. This will get them to climax and you into your bed faster. A personal favorite is: “fuck ‘em, suck ‘em, please go down, jerk it, twerk it, cum ‘til you drown!”

2. Sexile everyone from the lounge: The best way to bring attention to your issue is to get other people involved. If you’re sexiled, go into the lounge and masturbate. Remember: it’s sex even when it’s with yourself! Chances are people will start paying attention to you and take you seriously!

3. Sample their climax and use it to create a hit song: What better way to get revenge

than to use your roommate’s soft grunting as the sample to this year’s next biggest hit? Not only will you become rich and famous, but they won’t be able to escape the constant reminders of their sexual escapade!

4. Install a glory hole: Why should your roommate get laid while you wait? Take the waiting out of it! Install a gloryhole either in your door or in your neighbor’s wall, so you can get some action without your roommate ever knowing! Genius!

I Don’t Know Whether I Want to Spend Family Weekend With My Parents or the Pope

by Sofia Garcia

Family Weekend is here, which means that students will get the opportunity to spend the weekend with their parents in what is sure to be an emotional and rewarding three days. My own parents will be driving to Chicago in order to see how I’ve been adjusting to the University, and are very excited to spend time with me. This is why I don’t know how to tell them I’m thinking of buying plane tickets to Rome to visit the Pope. Don’t get me wrong, I love my family and all, but they

aren’t exactly the highest authority in the Catholic church.

My mom is a great woman, with a charitable heart and ceaseless energy. She did bake cookies for the entire school baseball team, and she always donated my old clothes to the Salvation Army, but the Pope has that whole foot washing business that honestly seems more worthwhile. I know my mom won’t get too mad if I visit him.

Never mind that meeting the Bishop of

Rome would be a learning opportunity that one would be remiss to pass up! Not only have Popes, in general, always played a crucial role in European history, but Francis in particular has so many historic “firsts”! He’s the first Jesuit pope, the first Latin American pope, the first Pope named “Francis” ... the list goes on! I know my dad was the first left-handed lawyer in Pope County, Illinois, but, just between you and me, he is way more proud of that than he should be.

FIRST YEAR STRUGGLES TO HIDE CONDOMS BEFORE PARENTS WEEKEND

by Marlin Figgins

First year Jameson A. Delaney, who requested to be called by his stage name “Jay D-Lane”, is now releasing his first single, which is based on an experience during Family Weekend. When asked about this experience, Jay D-Lane would only respond in mumbles that I, the interviewing reporter, deciphered as the following:

“You know, I’m just doing this to rep the streets where I come from”, stated Jay D-Lane. “B’s be playing and sometimes you got to set them straight.”

After being asked where exactly he came from and how this song “repped” his hometown, Jay D-Lane responded, “I thought we were here to talk about the music. This is getting too personal, Dawg.”

He began to tell the story of O-Week, during which he “borrowed” 23 condoms from the Wallace House Lounge because he was going to be drowning in what he

called “that Kitty Patty Wack”. Problems began to arise when he discovered that “Kitty Patty Wack” was harder to come by than first imagined. By second week, he realized that he used exactly zero of the borrowed condoms, which still lay in a pile on his desk next to his bottle of lube, also unused.

Jay D-Lane continued his story, saying that the real dilemma began when he received a phone call from Dr. Timothy A. Delaney, Ph.D, and Dr. Jane C. Delaney, MD. The Delaney family had called to inform their son that they would be coming to visit him for Family Weekend.

“Yeah, this is where the song comes in. I’m rapping about getting rid of the condoms. Can’t have my momma know I’m doing the dirt out here, ya know? I start the song off with... Actually, you want me to perform it for you?”, asked Jay.

Despite my numerous refusals to hear the

song, Jay went on:

“One, two, I hid them in my shoe. What else can I do? Three, four, hid ‘em up under my door. You can’t find them no more... Five, six, I put them on my...”, rapped Jay D-Lane. These rhymes, which he claims were inspired by The Cat in the Hat, continued for another hour.

After finishing up his rap, Jay revealed that he did not succeed in hiding all the condoms because he left one on the dresser, just in case. This condom was later discovered by his mother, who then proceeded to ignore its existence.

Jay’s rhymes led to a very interesting interview, one unlike any other. His song “Hide That Silly Willy” will be released the Tuesday of 6th week on his Soundcloud. Be sure to pretend that you listened to it.

New in Literature: “Fifty Shades of Maroon”, A Glimpse Into the Secret Life of Dean John W. Boyer

by M.E.M.E.

When a third year Shady Dealer reporter goes to interview American historian and Dean of the College at the University of Chicago John W. Boyer, he encounters a man who is dashing, debonair, and disarming. The callow, wholesome student is shocked to realize he desires the Dean, and despite the Professor’s dedication to freedom of expression, finds himself at a loss for words. Rendered powerless by the pupil’s feigned quirkiness, crushed spirits, and below average GPA, Boyer admits he too has yearnings but refuses to act on them until the undergraduate finishes reading *The University of Chicago: A History*.

Taken aback, yet enthralled by Boyer’s singular academic tastes, the third year student is hesitant. For all his outward values of forward thinking—his emphasis

on rigorous debate, academic enlightenment, and open discourse—Boyer is a man shrouded by secrets. When the pair sets off on their roller coaster ride of an affair, the boy uncovers Dean Boyer’s hidden life and learns the true reason there are no safe spaces at the University of Chicago.

This book is intended for mature audiences (but this is not a trigger warning).

SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE BOOK

“When he first removes his pants, I am in awe.

‘Your endowment,’ I whisper, ‘it’s so... large.’

‘\$7.5 billion, babe,’ he says smugly, ‘but who’s counting?’” (p. 69)

“He pushes me down onto the bed and looks at me with those sexy eyes. He looks

so distinguished with those big, round glasses.

‘Ride me,’ I say, ‘ride me like you ride your bicycle.’” (p. 269)

“I’m quiet for a while as he fondles me. Then, he says it. Those words I’ve been waiting to hear since we started seeing each other.

‘You made the Dean’s List this quarter.’

My rod rises faster than our US News & World Report Ranking.” (p. 369)

“He pulls me close and whispers in my ear.

‘Now, I warned you things at this school were gonna cause great discomfort.’

I gulp.

‘My dick is one of them.’” (p.669)

YOUR FAVORITE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES REIMAGINED AS DISNEY PRINCESSES

by Jacob Johnson

Gary Johnson (Sleepy Gary): Originally born in the far-away land of Aleppo, Sleepy Gary was cursed as a child by an evil witch to fall into a deep slumber. When he awoke, he could not remember his own homeland's name and was secreted away to the U.S. Now, he needs the presidency to lead his newfound country and take back what is rightfully his.

Jill Stein (Snow Green): Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most environmentally-conscious of them all? Snow Green, of course! Together with her band of magical woodland creatures and debt-ridden college students, Snow Green must win the presidency. Or at least, she'll try.

Hillary Clinton (Chillary): A frost princess from the Northern Realms, Chillary's empowering story, proves that you don't need a man, dozens of wealthy wall-street executives, or the entire DNC to win the Democratic Nomination.

Donald Trump (Trumperella): Trumperella was devastated he didn't have anything to wear to the ball, but thanks to a small loan of a million dollars from his



Photo by Willamina Groething

fairy godfather, he could buy the exact dress he wanted! Trumperella danced with charming Prince Putin, until the clock struck midnight. Running away, he left

one token behind: the teensiest little glove in all the kingdom that could only fit his small, shriveled, baby-like hand.

University Administration Announces Exciting Series of Publicity Stunts

by Nico Aldape

In a move that has caught students, professors, and society by complete surprise, the University of Chicago Administration has announced an exciting series of publicity stunts.

"These publicity stunts will be as world class as the University of Chicago itself," said Dean of Students Jay Ellison. "Why wouldn't students want more of a media focus on the school they attend? There's no such thing as bad publicity for the University of Chicago."

Dean Ellison pointed out that announcing publicity stunts was, in fact, its own publicity stunt, "a metaphysical rhetorical exercise only a University of Chicago student would be capable of, after complet-

ing the core."

Student reactions to Dean Ellison's statement varied. "I agree with Dean Ellison," said first-year Maximillian Hazard. "We need money to pull off these publicity stunts, and if we're in the papers, it must be good, right? Why would nefarious people ever try to donate and influence the administration for their agenda? Who would donate to a school that they know does problematic things? No one. This is awesome."

Other students saw these publicity stunts as mere distractions. "The University's under investigation and scrutiny on multiple fronts," said fourth-year Megan Hamm. "I wish people could see how this is dis-

tracting from real, socially relevant issues on campus."

Anticipating some negative pushback from students like Hamm, other administrative officials repeatedly and fervently denied that the publicity stunt had anything to do with a string of negative headlines regarding the administration.

"It has nothing to do with those investigations and headlines... wait, I mean, what investigations and headlines? Who said anything about those? I have to go to a meeting," explained an anonymous high-ranking administrative source close to the Shady Dealer.

NEWS IN BRIEF

HANDY RATIONALIZATIONS FOR NOT FILLING OUT A WORK ORDER

by Jack Toole

Winter, the season of indiscriminate central heating, is almost upon us. A stuck window can make this unfortunate period immeasurably worse, heating your room to within a sliver of the Planck temperature. That said, filling out a work order for a stuck window can be a harrowing process, fraught with effort and possible human interaction. Here are some helpful rationalizations for those too bound up in laziness or social anxiety to fill one out.

1. Suffering is good. It is why you came here.
2. The life of the mind is the only thing that matters. Corporeal needs are unimportant.
3. Saunas are healthful. Embrace your inner Swede.
4. Coffee stays warm for longer.
5. You'll sweat off the freshman fifteen. The sophomore twenty is too optimistic though.
6. You will be able to milk sympathy from your housemates by telling them that you are sweating due to stress.
7. Crossing the midway during the winter months will be a pleasurable experience.
8. You will be able to make lame puns about your hotness or warm personality when people stop in.
9. They won't stop in for long. Your bottled body odor will serve as a declaration of territory.
10. If it were truly unbearable, your roommate would have filled out the work order by now.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T LIKE MY INDIAN CHIEF COSTUME?

by Dean Ellison

Ok, you Millennials make NO sense. After the whole kerfuffle with the letter this summer, the College Advisors

told me I had to improve my approval rating with undergraduates. They needed to love me like they once did. So, I decided to dress up for Halloween! A whimsical and non-controversial holiday! But what was I going to be? I thought about it forever. A ballerina? An octopus? Maybe even a vampire! But then it hit me. Millennials love two things: one, diversity and two, feathers. I knew in that moment what I was going to be: an Indian Chief! So, I went to Party City and got everything I needed: a head-dress, a beaded necklace, and a leather shirt. I looked like the Land 'O' Lakes Butter Man. Trigger warning: my costume was the best! I walked on to campus that day fully confident. This is the Dean Ellison everyone knows and loves! I was ready to smoke a peace pipe with those Social Justice Warriors. Suddenly, students started coming up to me and telling me I was 'culturally appropriating.' Me? A cultural appropriator? I retreated to the safe space of my office, in tears. How could this be? Well, students, I just wanted to let you know that I'll be taking a two week vacation after this incident and I won't be checking my email! And I just want to let you know that my friends at on the Board of Trustees thought it was a great costume!

HOW TO MAKE YOUR COUPLE'S COSTUME WORK POST-BREAKUP

by Adam Lowinger

Does the following apply to you? You've just had a tragic breakup with the person you thought would be the one, and now you're stuck with your half of the planned couple's costume. You have no time to return and buy/make something new. Worry not dear friend, be-

cause the Shady Dealer has some quick tips to at least salvage the costume since, let's face it, the relationship is over.

1. Fake blood the shit out of that costume: So you lost the Reagan to your Nancy, but fake blood is pretty cheap and/or easy to make. Just pour a little of that stuff, rough up the clothes and you have zombie or "finally snapped and killed that bastard" Nancy Reagan. They deserve it for leaving you.

2. Inanimate objects still work as a stand-alone: If the plan was to be something non-human, you can still dress up without them. Being a single jar of Peanut Butter is no reason to be jelly of all the couples that are having fun around you. This is especially useful if you were the salt to their pepper, as you will have an easy time staying in character.

3. Less is more: Cut as much of that costume as you can because no one is going to judge the length of your attire on Halloween. Make sure you to keep your "edits" in sight of your ex at all times in order to remind them that they chose to miss out on all this.

4. Just don't talk about it: If anyone comes up to you and ask where your other half is, immediately change the subject. Should they persist, drop your drink on them. As you go to get a napkin, leave the party. Repeat his process as needed throughout the night.

5. Acceptance: You can just embrace the idea that the smile you maintain at the party is nothing more than a façade to hide your inner, un-ending misery; therefore, it is already a perfect costume.