

CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Volume 15 Issue 2

ALL PHOTOS BY AUBREY CHRISTOFERSON

November 6, 2018

Prospective Student Taken Hostage by Cadre of Hyde Park Squirrels

By Troy Sharp

A spokesperson for the University of Chicago Police Department (UCPD) announced that California Bay Area Resident Ben Miller was taken captive by a scurry of squirrels while participating in an undergraduate admissions tour this afternoon.

Miller, 16, was hoping to apply Early Decision to the College for the Class of 2023.

"All he ever wanted to do was thrive here and explore the life of the mind. Why did this have to happen to my son?" Miller's mother, Allison Miller, exclaimed while sobbing to reporters. The squirrels, which were reportedly fifty in number and above average in size, were seen by students hurrying across the Main Quad towards Miller's tour group. Third-year Jeff Wu was able to catch the action on cell phone footage, which has since been turned over to University Police. In an interview with the Dealer, Wu commented,



"It was amazing. Absolutely amazing. I was coming back from a long night at a friend's house, and honestly, I thought it was a hallucination. Like, this is the sort of thing you see in an acid trip. There were dozens of them running in unison!"

As of 3:00 p.m. local time, students reported that police had surrounded the bush where the radicalized squirrels were supposedly fortified. Eyewitnesses also reported that UCPD sent a hostage negotiator to negotiate the release of Miller.

UCPD blotters showed that the officer

offered the construction of a new Squirrel Residential Commons adjacent to the Burton-Judson Residential Commons, to which the squirrels replied, "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeek! Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa! Seeeqqqq! Eaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Taking a slightly more optimistic outlook on the situation, animal rights activist Max Hart told reporters, "It's about time the squirrels on-campus collectivized to take action against the exploitative human race. For too long, humans have subjected squirrels to a system of capitalist violence wherein acorns are traded for dehumanizing performances of cuteness and affection."

Dean Boyer was seen meeting with Miller's parents to discuss the terms of a full-tuition admissions and scholarship package to dissuade a potential lawsuit against the university. This story is still developing.

Satan Devises Business Fraternities, Only to Realize They Are Already a Thing

By Sam Stephenson

4:00PM Wednesday -- Satan, Prince of Darkness, was reportedly dismayed to find out that his newest creation, business fraternities, were already a thing. "I was sick of all my standard blights upon humanity: plague, famine, kids named Chad and the like. I needed some new horror to unleash upon the world, so I decided to merge the twin evils of fraternities and business into a chimeric monstrosity, the likes of which have never been seen. It was brilliant. We spent months perfecting it," commented Satan, flabbergasted that mankind had somehow created such an abomination independent of any demonic influence.

At UChicago, some AKPSI brothers immediately began to distance themselves from the fraternity after hearing the news. "Yeah, I just joined that frat because it seemed like something to do. I wasn't like a real part of it or anything," said Lou McCallister before repeatedly muttering "God save me" and switching majors from Economics to Religious Studies. Others were elated. "It's great to see someone as important as Satan endorse us. Maybe we'll add a few legions of hell to our chapter, expand the alumni network to the underworld," Gino D'Angelo told The Dealer. Astaroth, Great Duke of Hell, was disgusted by this offer. "I'd never join something so vile. Sure, I'm a demonic beast

spawned in the darkest pits of hell and my sole purpose is to sow sorrow and misery, but I still have standards."

Owen Parsons had already assumed that Satanic involved in the creation of business frats and was shocked to find out otherwise. "Wait. I thought this was secretly a Satanic cult? You're saying human beings just came up with this shit? Is this why no one came to my midnight rituals? What the hell?"

At press time, Satan was busy working on his newest project, "the most hideous building known to man." Members of the infernal pantheon did not have the heart to remind him of the existence of Max Palevsky Residential Commons.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY

THE CHICAGO SHADY

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Breck Radulovic
Nik Varley

MANAGING EDITOR

Ella Hester

LAYOUT EDITOR

Deblina Mukherjee

COPY EDITORS

Claire Holland
David North

PHOTO EDITOR

Aubrey Christofersen

SECRETARY

Sarah de Vegvar

FEATURED WRITERS

Sam Stephenson
Adam Lowinger
Rahul Gupta
Antonia Salisbury
Kelly Tsing Sum Lo
Kyle Oleksiuk
Olivia Reeves
Nico Aldape
Thomas Noreiga
Harry Weinstein
John Logan Buterbaugh

MEETINGS

Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

WEBSITE

chicagoshadydealer.com

SUBMISSIONS

chicagoshadydealer@gmail.com

DISCLAIMER

Did we hurt your feelings, or say something that "rings untrue" in your soft ears? Well you're paying too much attention to what we said, and not enough attention to what we meant. Any complaints can be emailed to colleageadmissions@uchicago.edu.

META-DISCLAIMER

Okay, but seriously, we're all just trying to cut to the core of what's wrong with society, and specifically, our weird school. We're genuinely sorry we spelled everything so terribly wrong.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we still stand by our original comments: God is God, the river is swift, and we don't give a fuck.

HVZ-Related Injuries at Record High After New Rule Allows Melee Weapons

By Adam Lowinger

Following a new rule permitting the use of melee weapons, a recent report has shown a rise in injuries among Humans vs. Zombies players. Humans Vs Zombies (HVZ) is a student hosted game that occurs twice a year. An initial "zombie" player tags a human player, converting them into a zombie. The game ends a week after the surviving humans complete an "extraction mission", or all humans are dead. Until now, the human defense against the zombies has been firing nerf dart guns or throwing socks that stun zombies on contact. However, a near consensus among the HVZ-planning staff has concluded that melee weapons should be allowed, since humans would improvise such tools in an actual post-apocalyptic setting. The guidelines are that each hand can only hold one weapon and that each weapon must be foam-tipped. Most players, overcome with zeal for the game and an inability to do basic physics, swung weapons with enough force to cause

light to injuries. The adrenaline rush made the decision immensely popular among players. One student, who chose to remain anonymous, said that the experience made him feel "like an anime protagonist". Such support was echoed among the zombie players: "I feel like it adds to the experience," Says Peter Smith, a long term HVZ player, "I mean my nose is broken, but I felt the passion of a man trapped on his last legs fighting of the undead". Other "zombie" students have been left with bruises, black eyes, and minor concussions. In total, about 80% of the players have lasting injury. Matt Roman, one of the students in charge of HVZ planning, says that they will ignore the criticisms and keep the rule for the spring quarter game. "What's a few bruises compared to a week of fun?" he said in a defiant tone, "HVZ is a time honored UChicago tradition." General students, when asked about the HVZ developments, said a resounding "What's HVZ?"

Into Bad Boys? Then Check out Todd: The Guy Who Throws Paper Towels All over the Fucking Ground in Harper

By Diego Mansplane

Tired of always making your friends and family proud? Does your love life need a little danger? Then allow us to introduce you to Todd: the guy who throws wet paper towels all over the fucking ground in the Harper bathrooms. You're probably familiar with some of Todd's work if you've ever walked into the Harper bathrooms and asked yourself, "What kind of asshole would do something like this?" Todd would. Todd is that kind of asshole, and he's exactly what you need right now.

Forget leather jackets, chain smoking, and those Velcro shoes that light up when you walk-- Todd is a real bad boy. There's nothing more rebellious than using 10 paper towels when you

just needed one, and there's nothing more mouth-wateringly dangerous than throwing all those paper towels all over the ground without even drying your hands. Wow.

But dating bad boys like Todd isn't always so easy. For one, your boring friends would never understand.

They'll start finding wet paper towels all over your own bathroom and tell you they're "concerned" about you, that it's becoming a "problem" and that you're a "bad person"--but they have no idea. They could never understand the thrill--the sheer ecstasy-- of throwing paper towels all over the fucking ground; because if it wasn't for the thrill, why else would anyone do it?

Bookstore Adds Hard Liquor to School Supply Section

By Olivia Reeves

Following numerous requests from students doing last-minute back-to-school shopping, the bookstore announced this week that it will add a selection of liquor to its already-expansive merchandise collection.

The school supply section currently features such necessities as sequined throw pillows, handmade wallets, and one of the five books you need for SOSC. Now, the campus staple plans to add another campus staple to its offerings: easy-access handles of the strongest alcohol Maroon Dollars can buy.

Those wishing to tackle the Language and the Human lecture with the same reckless and medically ill-advised verve with which they attacked first week bar night can now do so between the hours of 8:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m.

Stop in for a delicious iced coffee at the nearby Starbucks, show your school spirit by purchasing logo-ed attire, then find your school spirits upstairs next to the Emergency Medicine textbooks.

Store manager Kyle Johnson noted that requests for handles doubled between fall and winter quarters last year. The delay was only caused by in-store confusion.

"We thought the students were pushing for themed door handles," said Johnson in an email. "We already have a line of power tools, religious paraphernalia, and home medical supplies, all with the phoenix crest slapped on them, so we figured this was just the next logical step."

Now that the confusion is over, students can get to class with the Marx-Engels Reader in one hand

and enough Malibu to actually get through talking about it in the other. Administration supports this intoxicating venture, having already added a beginner's mixology course to the O-Week programming for next year. Dean of Students John "Jager Bomb" Ellison is particularly excited about the change, claiming, "Finally, I won't be the most problematic thing about this place!"

Suggestions have also been made to replace the iconic Doing Honest Work In College with a more relevant Drink, Drank, Drunk: The College Alcohol Guide. At press time, there was still no word on whether, like Honest Work, anyone would actually read it.

Dean Boyer Reads Plato's Republic, Announces Plan to Exile All Creative Writing Majors

By Sam Stephenson

Chicago, Illinois -- Dean Boyer, having recently read Plato's Republic, announced that all Creative Writing majors would be exiled from University premises effective immediately. In an official statement justifying the decision, Boyer wrote, "The University of Chicago has only exposed students to the great thinkers of antiquity. However, we have failed to demonstrate their continued relevance by putting their theories into practice; that ends now."

To prevent poetry from further corrupting students, he has considered setting up an inquisition to root out Creative Writing sympathizers and force them to repent. In addition, he has decided to make anyone who has read poetry in the past month take a ritualistic bath to cleanse them of their sins. Though English ma

jors have been spared from Boyer's purge, he plans to relegate them to a 'sort of leper colony' at Stony Island. Boyer sees this decision as the first of a new wave of policies designed to implement ancient philosophical theories into the university. "Why simply tell our students about the Hobbesian state of war when we can turn campus into an anarchic hellscape where life is nasty, brutish, and short?" stated Boyer, seemingly unaware that this situation was not far from the truth. Other proposed curriculum changes include teaching Aristotelian physics, replacing chemistry with alchemy, and adding a course on bloodletting to the pre-med track. In order to house the new facilities required for these changes, Boyer has suggested erecting a literal ivory tower in the center of campus.

The announcement was met with controversy amongst faculty and students alike. Many praised Boyer, calling him a champion of truth and justice. Dean Nondorf, however, led a coalition that strongly opposed Boyer's decision. "Plato was a hack. The philosophers, not the poets, are the true enemy," commented Nondorf before demanding that all philosophy professors be forced to drink hemlock for corrupting the youth. Boyer was last seen dressed as the Pied Piper, trying to lure Creative Writing majors off campus by playing a recording of Hamlet. Thus far six students have been spotted following him around, completely mesmerized.

MORE STUDENT LIFE

Ghosts of Friedman, Stigler Moan in 4th Circle of Hell as Ominous Trumpet Announces Entry of New Damned Soul

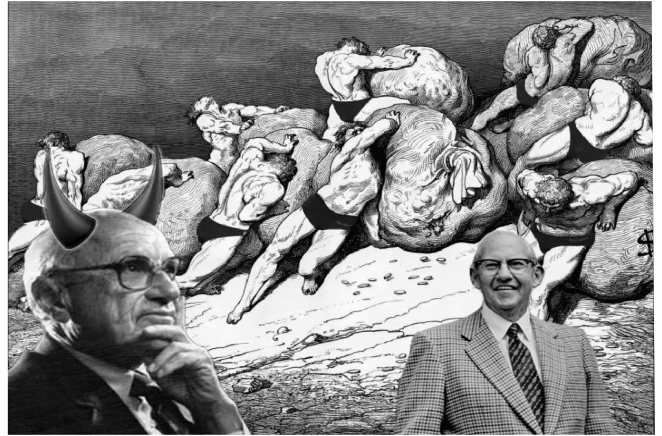
By Kelly Tsing Sum Lo

Infernal sources from the 4th Circle of Hell report that the spirits of George J. Stigler and Milton Friedman let out soul-splitting moans from their respective jousting rings yesterday. The howls reportedly came in response to the announcement that another University of Chicago first year had decided to declare an Economics major.

The two Nobel laureate economists, both former members of the UChicago community, started to let out coordinated whimpers at 1:00 a.m. Eastern Eternal Darkness Time (EEDT). Mammon, High Prince of Hell and personification of avarice, described Stigler and Friedman as looking “visibly tortured” as an ominous trumpet blared to indicate the condemnation of Paul Stanley, UChicago first year and newly de-

clared Economics major, to eternal punishment in the Circle of Greed.

“We get about four UChicago economists sent here per month, mostly undergrads who choke while doing keg stands at frats. There’s so many of them, we have a special bugle call for whenever we need to announce the reservation of a spot for one of them. Friedman and Stigler started howling yesterday just as the trumpet sounded. It’s a thing they’ve been doing for a while—every time we announce that another first year in the College has decided to declare an



Econ major, they start scream-howling.”

Friedman and Stigler reportedly chanted in coordinated fashion for 6 hours, at one point abandoning their jousting rings and parading around the Flaming Pits of Mortal Voracity.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6]

Security Alert and Other Musings

By Antonia Salisbury

Associate Vice President for Safety & Security, Eric M. Heath, and his lesser known, but equally influential twin brother, Erin N. Heath, are opponents within the world of crime management. For Hyde Park-ers without a CNetID, here’s a recent email from Erin N. to the neighborhood at large. To: Members of the University community From: Erin N. Heath, Associate Vice President of Committing Every Crime Date: November 1, 2018 What’s it like to be Momma’s favorite, Eric M.? What’s it like to cast a shadow over your younger twin brother, a little black sheep who can’t catch a break? I’m sad, Eric M., and it’s time to make a change. At approximately 7:20 a.m., Wednesday, October 25, 2018 – I awoke from an exquisite dream. I dreamt that you were a tiny

bug, Eric M., and I squashed you. But once you were all squashed and dead, I was still not fulfilled. And so, the time has come for me to realize my full potential. As of this week, I am promoting myself from Vice President of Committing Every Crime to President. I plan on stealing twice the number of bike tires in half the time. Or at least as many thefts as my sick, spiteful body can manage. That’s double the incident reports for your strong, athletic thumbs to type. Hope you can keep pace. You always were a beautiful dancer. “You should try to be more like your brother,” they said. “You should solve the crimes. It pays more,” they said. Well who’s laughing now? Not me. I’m a hardened criminal with a taste for danger and no annual salary. I’m the Mary Kate to

your Ashley, the fox to your hound, and the other person on your University healthcare plan. Equal and opposite forces attract Eric M., but I’m always one step ahead. What? They didn’t teach you to Viennese Waltz in the Police Academy? Maybe someday when I’m old and tired of this 9:00 p.m. to 5:00 a.m. grind, I’ll build a cabin out of the Androids I accidentally stole when I only wanted iPhones. Only then will I be able to play Clash of Clans from fifty different user accounts in peace. Watch me fly Momma, watch me fly. Sincerely,
Erin N. Heath, Vice-President of Committing Every Crime

THE DEALER'S ADVICE

New Doc Film Series: Dean Boyer's Home Movies

By Kyle Oleksiuk

Fridays – Filmes de la Deane

Since the first day he appeared on campus, a total ingénue, his mustache just budding on a downy and raised lip, John W. Boyer has proven himself to be the dean we'd dreamed of. A true dean is rare in the halls of academia, but every few centuries, the leather chair atop Harper Tower is depressed by the buttocks of an administrator as firm as Boyer.

In this new series, we hope to shed light on the life of a remarkable campus figure, and to celebrate his reappointment to a sixth term as Dean of the College. We stole these films from his office. The first halves will be shown on odd numbered weeks, the second halves on even numbered weeks.

1) A Dean is Born.

The first visually recorded human birth. Dean Boyer emerges, not un

like Christ Jesus, in a barn in backwoods Kentucky. He has a caul over his face. It is the beginning of a folk hero.

2) A Dean's First Word.

The Dean, fifteen years old, says the first word worthy of his respect. "Videnna." The film also covers the Dean's first sentence ("I'd like a small black coffee.") and his first filibuster-length convocation speech.

3) A Dean's First Bike.

The most traditional of the Boyer home movies. A quest narrative that begins in Chicago, and ends on a resort beach in France. The plot centers on a secret unicycle stolen from the French biking master, Peéweé Hermand, which Boyer recovers using his astute powers of historical reasoning.

4) A Dean In Love.

She is beautiful. She is radiant. Her legs shine in the sun like the barrel

on an 1867 Austro-Hungarian Field Howitzer. He tells her this when they first meet. She cannot decide whether to kiss him on the spot, or slap him in the face. She does both, while they ride away on his custom 1975 Hot Wheels tricycle. All six hours technically classified as pornography.

5) A Dean is Made.

It's Zimmer on the phone: "I'm making a team."

Boyer deliberates. He's not sure about getting back into that old racket, University Administration. But what the hell... he says yes!

He says yes yes to life, yes to love, yes to yes bikes and yes mustaches and stupid yes articles in the yes yes campus comedy magazine, yes he says yes I will, Yes! Boyer now! Boyer tomorrow! Boyer forever!

Oops! I Thought Delta Epsilon was a Frat

By Kelly Tsing Sum Lo

When that cutie in my math class--Brad--asked if I was gonna do Delta Epsilon over the weekend, I got so excited that I screamed inside and also outside. I had been eyeing this guy for weeks, but I had no idea the attraction was reciprocal. We exchanged numbers and agreed to meet on Saturday night to look at Delta Epsilon together. I had a date! The rest of the week went by quickly--learning felt like an infinitesimal matter compared to my upcoming hot date, and my rest of my classes passed in a blurry haze.

I called Brad on Saturday afternoon as I was getting ready. The line kept breaking up, and there were some miscommunications, but we mostly managed to have a conversation. I told him how excited I was to see him, and he asked me something about the value of Absolut Vodka.

I told him that frat parties typically charged \$3 per shot; he sounded pretty perplexed. I just assumed it was because he was used to cheaper shots at parties back home. Then he asked if I was wearing a gel bra. A gel bra? Was this boy really asking about my bra before the first date? And what did he mean by "gel bra"? Did he mean gel inserts? I wasn't sure what he meant, but I pressed on. He asked if I wanted to meet in front of Harper. I thought that was an odd choice but reasoned to myself that he had probably chosen the location because it was close to the frat row.

A few hours later, I met Brad in front of the library in a crop top and booty shorts. He stared at me. "Won't you be cold in the reading room wearing that?" he asked me. I was baffled--why were we going to the reading room? Did he have a stash of Abso

lut hidden in the cubicles or something? I demanded an explanation, thoroughly confused at this point. It was only at this point that Brad clarified what he had meant when he had suggested doing Delta Epsilon together earlier that week.

"We're going to the reading room because we're meeting the math tutor there. To do the Delta Epsilon limit proofs? The ones we learned in calc? I told you I was having issues with the algebra and the absolute values aspects of the math."

I did not know whether to feel ashamed or embarrassed. I apologized, explaining that I had thought he had been referring to something else. Then I immediately ran to my dorm room, which I have not left for the past three days. I'm going to fail my calc midterm, and I didn't even get a hot date out of it.

STARVING OFF-CAMPUS

Dairy Section at HPP in Strange Transition Between Pumpkin Spice Eggnog and Regular Eggnog

By Nico Aldape

Much like the weather alternating between highs of 70s and 40s each day, or my sleep schedule, the dairy section at seminal food market Hyde Park Produce (HPP) is in an awkward transition period, to say the least.

"Well, it's definitely fall food season for sure," said HPP worker Amanda Young. "Pumpkin spice stuff is everywhere, but considering the corporate Christmas season starts even before Halloween, stocking the dairy section's been a little challenging."

Halloween season and Christmas season starting at essentially the same time makes for awkward holiday conversations. Young added that this time of the year involves explaining to customers that brown

eggs are not, in fact, cinnamon or pumpkin-spice flavored. She also clarified that pumpkin spice latte milk does not come from orange cows. While fall-flavored eggnog is definitely better than Boar's Head Imported Pumpkin Spice Prosciutto or organic salads featuring real fallen tree leaves, not everyone seemed big on the idea. Area Divinity School student Jack Gnabry offered his point of view from the consumer perspective.

"Don't get me wrong - I love me some PSLs, and I love me some eggnog- but pumpkin spice eggnog? That's definitely not Flavortown, man," he said. Jack added that he felt regular eggnog was already "literally ambrosia." Others, however, felt a dif-

ferent way.

"Why am I even having eggnog? I'm lactose intolerant. Anyway, it's nice to mix with Fireball!" added second-year Cheryl Bunt. "I feel like the pumpkin spice flavors complement the cinnamon more and make it blend in! Also, I don't like thinking about the ingredients of Fireball," she added, before buying a gallon of pumpkin spice eggnog and nacho cheese she vehemently denied were for personal consumption and running out of the store.

"Definitely not having the runs! If I go into the CVS bathroom and don't leave for hours, no need for concern!" yelled Bunt as she dropped one of her eggnogs.

Blue Chips Disbands to Better Maintain Its Exclusivity

By Rahul Gupta

In the logical conclusion of a prolonged struggle over the core values of the University of Chicago, the Blue Chips announced their dissolution late last week. The heads of the official investment banking organization justified it as a means to maintain their prestige and exclusivity in the face of an increasing number of applicants.

"We had an application process, but it just wasn't rigorous enough," commented the head of the organization, Evan Glazer. He continued, "I mean like, seriously, we had people who were applying who hadn't managed a portfolio of at least \$10,000 for their high school.

Can you imagine what that would do

to us? The shame of having to admit people who might not be interested in economics? It would result in the destruction of the University as an institution."

Given the demise of the University's premier organization for economic pursuits, this year's applicants have reacted with great distress. We spoke to two first-years and rejected applicants, Mike Hawkins and Joyce McClintock, who still had a dim glow of green dollar bills in their eyes from before they arrived. Both of them described the demise of Blue Chips as "the end of the world as we know it." Mike lamented, "Now there's no way I will ever be able to learn the rigorous theory of business economics and

land a job at a comfy hedge fund!"

Joyce agreed. "It gets even worse- I won't be able to invest in morally questionable enterprises until after I graduate!" Distraught over the future disappearing in front of them, they broke down into sobs.

Despair is not the only emotion on campus, though. The administration, led by President Zimmer, is planning to re-constitute an investment group by next year to give Economics majors the training they need to succeed. As per university policy, the RSO will be named "The Kenneth C. Griffin Organization for Prudent Investments."

What secrets is Dean Ellison hiding under his moustache???

STARVING ON-CAMPUS

Bartlett Rats Strike, Citing Declining Quality of Food

By Cameron Edgington

As autumn descends upon us and temperatures lower across the nation, animals of all shapes and sizes seek warmth and cover, collecting enough food to last them through the winter. But one particular group, native to the University of Chicago's Bartlett Dining Hall, has gone on a hunger strike until their demands are met.

Indeed, the famed Bartlett Rats have unionized, inspired by the protest held earlier this month by Chicago grad students.

"We're really just looking for more variety," said a brown-furred rodent who declined to give his name. "Not just that Kraft Singles crap, but some Muenster, maybe some Stilton every once in a while."

"We're not picky," chimed in another, identifying herself as a member of The Swiss Army, a far-left group popular among small rodents. "But after years of hard work, seasoning

the food with our feces, we feel like the so-called 'chefs' of the dining hall need to step it up."

Since the hunger strike, student complaints about the dining hall's quality of food have skyrocketed. "Everyone always joked that the Bartlett cuisine tasted like crap, but now it tastes even worse," remarked Saffron Van Hout, amateur food critic and Medieval Studies major. "I really hope that the Bartlett Rats reach an agreement with the dining staff-- I'm not sure how long I'll be able to function on this pathetic excuse of a Cordon Bleu." After declining an offer to interview for the Dealer, the dining hall put out an official statement, stating that "While the dining hall is devoted to the university's message of diversity and inclusion, along with an encouragement of public discourse, we ask that the protestors end their hunger strike immediately. To insinuate that our dining hall provides nothing short of culinary excellence is heresy,

and until these rats start paying tuition, we refuse to uphold their single demand of serving better food."

Despite being hospitalized for malnourishment, the leader of the strike had plenty to say in response. "Fuck 'em," said Alistair Cheesely, a lifetime Civil Rats activist and senior citizen from the South Side. "In my day, discrimination was as common as an undercooked omelette, but we at least had a decent food supply," rasped Cheesely, as the nurse put in a fresh line of half and half in his IV. "Until our demands are met, our protestors will continue our strike until we receive collective bargaining rights, benefits, and perhaps a dental plan."

At the time of publication, the Bartlett Rats were last seen on the Quad picketing as an angry janitor chased the group around with a broom.

Ghosts of Friedman, Stigler Moan in 4th Circle of Hell as Ominous Trumpet Announces Entry of New Damned Soul (Cont.)

By Kelly Tsing Sum Lo

Mammon recalled the groans as being "vaguely capitalistic," with repeated allusions to the nature of the free market.

"At one point they floated up into the air and just started repeating the phrase, 'ANOTHER DESCENDS. A SCHOOL OF GREED. THE MARKET WILL REGULATE ITSELF.' The chant changes from time to time, but it's usually something about material want and the futility of government control. More and more people have been declaring Econ majors, and recently they've been doing this chant at least once a week. To be honest, we're all a little tired of it."

The High Prince of Hell went on to criticize Friedman and Stigler's behavior for being predictable and unnecessary. "There's, like, 50,000 people in here affiliated with the University of Chicago, and that's just for this circle. The next circle over has over 6000 UChicago kids. Getting sent to Hell is nothing special. You don't have to yell about it every time someone from your school gets damned to an eternity of repentance," said Mammon, picking at his blood-stained diamond fingernails and polishing his gold whip.

Sources report that Stanley will join the exclusive VIP section adjacent

to the screaming pit of lava once he perishes. The section, where Friedman and Stigler permanently reside, is reserved for worst of the greedy; the population includes several corrupt World Bank officials and all economists affiliated with the University of Chicago. The residents, Ayn Rand and John D. Rockefeller among them, take turns fighting Andrew Carnegie with half-ton bars of gold.

At press time, the residents of the neighboring circle started collectively scream-crying as they began preparations for their midterms.

"WAIT, THAT'S WHERE UCHICAGO IS?" EXCLAIMS GLEACHER CENTER STUDENT

By Thomas Noriega

Economics M.A. Mathis Birman collapsed this week upon hearing that UChicago is actually on the South Side of Chicago, not nestled in the gleaming utopia of the Loop.

Birman was exiting the Starbucks in the Gleacher Center, a University building sitting on the banks of the Chicago River, when he overheard business professor Josh Warburton joke about the commute to campus from Gleacher. Birman froze, a chill creeping up his spine as the professor mentioned parking off of 55th street. Upon hearing that the business school was even further south than that, his hand, clutching a caramel latte, instinctively crushed the coffee. Even as the scalding liquid splashed against his skin, Birman was insensate, his now-pale frame shaking uncontrollably as his eyes rolled back into his head. The professor mentioned grabbing lunch on 63rd street, and Birman collapsed into unconsciousness.

Two hours later, Birman awoke in the hospital, dazed, but unhurt, attended by a few close friends. He immediately burst into tears, too stunned by the revelation that sent him into treatment. He then inquired where he was. Upon hearing he was in the general ward of the UChicago Hospital on 57th, he promptly fell into a coma.

AREA MAN "BASICALLY" OFF THE GRID

By Harry Weinstein

Claiming he now lives independently of social media these days, 39 year-old local resident Matt Dewey said it's been "pretty freeing to just be here, in the now—and not have deal with all this stuff from a fake 'virtual' world." Dewey now never changes any profile-pictures and admits to spending only six hours scrolling through Face-

book photos and articles a day.

Whenever relatives and friends ask him why he never updates his status or photos, which "believe me, happens all the time," he says, he has to explain that he's just given up that vacuous part of his life.

"Like, for instance, last week it was my little cousin's birthday. And she called the next day and said she was really hurt I didn't post anything for her birthday, even though she saw a green light was next to my name from 6PM till about midnight. I told her I'm off the grid, but it seemed like that wasn't enough for her. I mean, people just don't get it these days. They're all so glued to their screens, as if it's reality or something."

As the reporter left his home, Matt was answering the door to someone from Post-mates carrying a huge bag of Arby's. His new charcoal-grey MacBook Pro was open to an album of his high-school ex-girlfriend's trip to Florence. He said if he scrolled hard enough he could get to the pictures of his estranged brother's wedding, which he wasn't invited to.

"It's pretty fun," he said, as he walked me out his log-cabin to a long dark wooden pathway. "That's how I spend most of my Saturday nights."

Wow. Truly a man of the past.

MOTHER NATURE DIVORCES MANKIND, SEEKS CUSTODY OF THE MOON

By John Logan Buterbaugh

In a move right out of your childhood, Mother Nature ended her 300,000 year old relationship with Mankind following the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change's shocking announcement earlier this month. As it turns out, what we always knew would happen has actually happened.

Stuck in the middle of the two is the Moon, for whom Mother Nature seeks complete custody, claiming that Mankind hasn't visited their son in "nearly

50 years." A nasty custody battle seems imminent, and, according to the latest reports, the Moon has been cratered with guilt over the pair's separation.

The last 100 years have been rough on the Month Nature - Mankind power couple. Despite her insistence that "he could change," Mother Nature and Mankind have been drifting further and further apart. As recently as last year, Mother Nature slammed Mankind: "He's always out chaing his next high. Last month I caught him hot-boxing the atmosphere with carbon dioxide. It's really putting a strain on our relationship.

The two had previously sought to save their relationship with a weekend getaway to Paris, but Mankind cancelled at the last minute, citing the need to "make coal great again," leaving Mother Nature to slowly decompose on the polluted banks of the Seine.

The Shady Dealer managed to catch Mother Nature as she was leaving her beautician on Monday. Wearing sweatpants, a torn "I <3 Paris" hoodie, and sporting a "Can I speak to your manager?" haircut, she initially refused to comment, but yelled, "That cheating, lying, smoking sonuvabitch is going to get his in 20 years, I can promise you that!" to reporters as she was ushered into her Nissan Leaf.

Mankind seems unconcerned. When the Shady Dealer reached out for comment, Mankind was found vaping on his porch, cat-calling other planets. When asked about the possibility of divorce, he replied, "It's just that time of the eon, bro. She'll cool down soon." Despite Mankind's confidence, sources close to Mother Nature say she is "really fired up" and it's likely that the divorce proceedings will heat up soon. An associate of Mother Nature told the Shady Dealer that she is "not playing around," and she'll be prepared to "raise the bar a few degrees" in the coming years.