



Climate Change PSA: Reindeer Can Fly, But They Sure as Hell Can't Swim

By Breck Radulovic

Baby, it's cold outside! But not for much longer. Climate change is reaching the North Pole, and it's not looking good for Santa's reindeer. You've likely read about rising global temperatures melting the polar ice caps. While Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen

are total aces in the sky, they sure as hell can't swim. Looks like we better start re-writing that song: "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, you'll go drown in history! (Like the Lusitania!)"

Do you hear what I hear? It's the UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) calling, and they have this to say: "Donner better change his name



to 'Goner' unless humanity gets its act together. By our most conservative calculations, it looks like we have ten years to turn this all around, or Comet and Cupid should start looking at pool floaties and swimming lessons."

You can check your list, you can check it twice! But we already know who's been naughty, not nice. Perhaps Santa himself should share some of the blame. The

UN IPCC report estimates roughly one third of all greenhouse gases come from Santa-provided coal. And of course, the consumption-dependent culture of the global West is epitomized by the legend of Santa himself. All-in-all, the report estimates that approximately two degrees worth

of global temperature increase can be directly attributed to Ole Saint Nick.

Walking in a winter wonderland? More like slowly drowning in the melted remains of your arctic home! With sea levels expected to rise multiple feet by 2050, it ain't looking good for Santa's workshop. But hey kids, enjoy it while it lasts!

How to Spend the Winter Alone: A How-To Guide on Planning a Snowball Fight for One

By Audrey Fromson

Maybe you were late to cuffing season. Or maybe you've been banned from participating in your friend group's Secret Santa after spending \$0.07 over the limit for Janet last year. Pretty messed up that everyone flipped out over an extra piece of bubble gum, I know. If you're wondering why this scenario sounds oddly specific, take your hypotheses back to your lab reports where they belong.

For whatever reason, you've found yourself riding solo this winter, and you haven't found the Jason Derulo flow quite yet. I've created a list of the best solitary

winter activities so that you wouldn't have to create one alone.

1. Start a small business.

Two words: snow cones. People love flavored ice, and what makes no sense but works well for an entrepreneur like you is that they'll pay for it too. By next year, you could graduate to a snow cone truck, and you might even be able to join the big players out on South Ellis Avenue. Move over, Mediterranean Express.

2. Pamper yourself.

Lucky for you, a whole host of small kitchen appliance brands have created single-cup beverage brewers. This sea-

son might be friends-free, but nobody said anything about writing off Coffee-Mate.

3. Make a Tinder profile.

Then promptly delete it.

4. Move out.

If you've found yourself estranged from your roommates and really, truly alone, consider this a perfect opportunity to save on rent and move into an igloo. Tiny homes are sooooo in!

If you have any questions or feedback about this extensive guide, don't bother reaching out to me. My phone's been on "Do Not Disturb" since last week.

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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 collegeadmissions@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.

I’m Interested in Going, Maybe: A How-To Guide on Actually Attending the Facebook Events You Say You’re Interested In

By Audrey Fromson

It’s 11:00 a.m. on a Saturday. Do you know that about one million events are happening around the world and that you’ve said “interested” on Facebook to every single one?

Being flaky can be empowering, but playing hard-to-get with event hosts isn’t cool. Read this how-to guide to learn how you can actually start following through on your digital commitments.

1. Know Yourself

If you’ve said “interested” to 7:00 a.m. free yoga class for two weeks in a row but you know that before 9:00 a.m. you act like a Pilates instructor before she drinks her green juice, it might be time to reassess. I know the event is at a cool hotel in West Loop, but let’s be realistic.

2. Stay Organized

Google Calendar saved my life. Oxygen is neat, but nothing sustains me more than a color-coded, reminder-filled, holding-me-accountable digital planner. Plus, it’s paperless! We can stay on top of our events and end climate change! Awesome!

3. Go With a Friend

If walking into a Harper classroom where you don’t know anyone scares the

fuck out of you (I am NOT projecting), recruit a friend. If they’re reluctant to check out the “Interior Designers for a More Just America Collective,” pay them with guest meal swipes or trick them into thinking that the IOP got Justin Trudeau to come again.

4. The City is Your Classroom

Eager tour guides, shiny pamphlets, and your state’s UChicago rep have all said it. If you need a translation, it means: GTFO of Hyde Park, baby! There’s a rad author in town and she’s reading at a restored warehouse in Wicker Park? I know it’s a Tuesday and you’ve got a midterm next quarter that needs your attention yesterday, but this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! By the time you finally warm up to the idea of hitting up the Red Line on a weeknight beyond the Cermak stop, the warehouse will have become new residential lofts.

5. Find Social Currency Other Ways

Saying you’re “interested” in an intellectually-engaging event is the equivalent of reading New York Times headlines as your news intake. Ultimately, if all you know about the 61st Street Farmers Market is that it happens, you’re missing out on some really good baked goods.

Now click forth and see the world!

Help President Zimmer Navigate his way back to Brown University!

ZIMMER MAZE



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HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

How To Tell Your Parents You're a Philosophy Major Now

By Jean-Jacques Buterbaugh

You got home for winter break the other day but you can feel a lingering tension in the air. This winter break, you're finally going to tell your parents, "Mom, dad, I'm a philosophy major."

They may relentlessly question who you are: "Are you sure this isn't just a phase?" Or they may try to pressure you into returning to "the cave" by asking what dear old Granny would think. Luckily, the Shady Dealer is here to help you get through this difficult time with this short guide to coming out to your parents as a philosophy major.

1. Focus on how you feel: Generally speaking, it's better for you to focus on "I feel" statements to avoid sounding accusatory or overly emotional. Try "I feel like this is what I'm supposed to do" or "I feel like this is the only subject I don't suck at." It's no use talking in broad statements or bringing the outside world into the conversation, so focus on how you feel! Talking about your feelings is basically all your major is preparing you to do, so you better get started now.

2. Let them know you're still the same person: One of the biggest concerns

parents have when they find out their child is a philosophy major is that you're not the same person they raised oh-so-long ago. Try to dispel this notion by explaining how you've always been a philosophy major. Bring up how you pondered on the state of the half-full (or is it half-empty?) juice box in first grade. See? You were always cut out for philosophy since the beginning!

3. Be ready for the fire and brimstone argument: Sadly, this argument is a common one, and it's one that's difficult to counter, especially in the heat of the moment. When your dad starts yelling about such nebulous and insignificant concepts like "student loans," "paying for our retirement," or "bankrupting the family for a fucking useless degree," you just need to take it. You know those bigots are below your intellect and their ideas belong firmly in the past. Your first quarter living the "Life of the Mind"™ has taught you that philosophy doesn't care about material possessions. After all, it's not like Socrates or Aristotle were only able to philosophize because they were bougie as fuck. You'll be fine!

4. Tell them you're double majoring in Economics, even if it's a lie: This one is a

risky call, but it could help you get out of an especially sticky situation. Your dad will chuckle, "Oh, so this philosophy thing is just like a hobby then, thank God," and your mom will start telling her girlfriends all about how you're going to work for an investment bank one day. Just be sure that you mention "a clerical mix-up" which caused all your Economics credit to magically "vanish" right before graduation. That's too bad, but at least you still have your handy philosophy major!

5. Prepare yourself for rejection: In the end, no matter how much you prepare, there's no telling exactly what could happen when you tell your parents that you're a philosophy major. So treat this like you treat every Wednesday and Friday night of the year and prepare yourself for rejection.

Now you're ready to come out to your parents this holiday season! And we at the Shady Dealer would like to personally commend you for taking this difficult but extremely brave step towards being your authentic self. We, as comedy writers, would also like to inquire about any jobs you may know about.

I Look Bad in My Family's Holiday Card and Other Shit I Hate About Winter

By Audrey Fromson

Apple's portrait mode has made my mom into a monster. When my sisters and I are together, she whips out her phone and proceeds to take photos "for the holiday card." Every time, I so badly want to yell, "We're Jewish, so pick a side and just call it a Hanukkah card, and by the fucking way, your thumb is covering half of the lens!" and then faint into my sisters' arms.

In a few weeks, a photo of my sisters and me in front of blurred UChicago foliage will grace the mailboxes of sad suburban households and obscure relatives. I look objectively horrible in the photo, like I've just woken up from a nap but also haven't slept in four days, and I don't think the U.S. postal service

is prepared for the in flux of "return to sender" envelopes coming their way.

Not only will my family's visually-offensive cardstock photo be added to the National Banned Holiday Card Database (NBHCD), but that's just the tip of the climate-change-melted iceberg. Winter is the Mondays of seasons: dreaded and long.

Winter's only redeeming quality is that the holiday season allows society to embrace its materialistic side. The snowy months allow me to be my true self, a crazed consumer, without shame. However, Zuckerberg's algorithms have over-exposed me to mini documentaries about things like dumps in the middle of oceans, exploitation of labor, and shitty Black Friday sales. So this year,

the only thing I'll be shopping for are tissues, ChapStick, and a new sense of personal self-worth.

But now that I'm staying away from digital shopping carts, I'll finally have the time to heal my drying hands that crack and bleed after lightly brushing air! During the snowy season, my nose becomes an actual avalanche. Furthermore, by December, my skin will become snake-like and I will actually start to slither around to stay in character (I am a sucker for getting in acting practice whenever I can). I'll probably need a new coat for that though, and I feel like there's one from Patagonia that is just hissing my name. 'Tis the season of self care.

Campus Casualties Escalate in War on Christmas

By *Rahul Gupta*

Dozens of students were sent to the University of Chicago hospital after a heated debate over the holiday season exploded into yet another battle in the global War on Christmas. Twenty-three students suffered serious sword wounds and burns, while another twenty students received at least minor cuts and abrasions.

A spokesperson for the University of Chicago Police Department provided a statement to the Shady Dealer.

“Students were heard arguing about the designs on Starbucks cups at approximately 1:32 in the morning on the Midway. Loud shouting about ‘erasing Christian values,’ ‘political correctness,’ and ‘separation of church and state’ were reported to police by residents of fraternity houses, who complained that

they were being distracted from the serious work of their licentious debauchery. Police were dispatched and found several young men and women furiously swinging broadswords at each other. We are still investigating what caused the incident.”

We spoke to one student who was injured in the battle, Andrew Mannenheim, as he was walking out of the hospital with Christmas-colored bandages on his arms.

“I was prepared to engage in rational discourse,” said Mannenheim, “but when I heard someone wish me ‘Happy Holidays,’ I just couldn’t take it. A patriotic American patriot of patriotism like me shouldn’t have to tolerate this vile idolatry.”

Mannenheim then walked off down the street, caressing his Santa hat lovingly

as if it were a manifestation of godly power.

We spoke to another student involved in the melee, Tricia McMillan, who told us, “I don’t get why this happened at all. I just said that ‘Christmas didn’t start as a Christian holiday’ and suddenly these people try to pile-drive me? What on earth happened to me?”

Several minutes later, McMillan still didn’t have a coherent explanation, but then again, we don’t either.

The University administration has not commented on these developments, maintaining a studied silence. However, the Scav committee has offered extra Scav points to anyone who can cause a similar conflict as a result of the Latke-Hamantashen debate.

Administration Finally Addresses Dental Health Stigma With Dental Health Awareness Week

By *Harry Weinstein*

Last Thursday, Dean John Boyer unveiled a new wellness initiative: Dental Health Awareness Week. Dean Boyer said the campaign was put in place to ensure no student forgets the importance of dental hygiene amid the stress of Finals Week.

Posters are now up all over the Quad with helpful tips and resources, reminding students to brush their teeth four times daily. In extreme situations, students can now schedule one-on-one appointments with dental health counselors through my.uchicago.edu.

In an school-wide email, Boyer wrote: “We’ve all been there: camped out in the B-level in the dark from the hours of two to six in preparation for midterm exams and papers, waiting for a security guard to kick you out. While it can be tempting to wait to brush your teeth until you get home at 7:00 a.m., this schedule can actually be detrimental to your hygiene. Waiting so long and then vigorously brushing twice in a short pe-

riod of time can strip off years of enamel and, in fact, lead to more cavities down the line. Instead, for the sake of your dental health, the administration advises students to bring a toothbrush to the A-level so you can brush at midnight. Give your teeth the imagined feeling you actually are sleeping while you pummel cups of cold, but free, midnight Harper coffee and Clif Builder’s bars in your mouth to stay awake.”

Boyer recommends taking dvantage of their all-nighters for dental hygiene.

“If you’re going to be up all night in a decreased state of productivity working on a list of things no human being can ever accomplish, you can at least use it to the advantage of your dental health!” The administration now tells students to brush their teeth four times a day, on an evenly paced schedule every six hours, the first one at 10:00 a.m. and last at 4:00 a.m. with an iPhone flashlight on, as you hide in the pitch-black of the fourth-floor stacks.

First-year dental-health advocate Rus-

sell Haneman says, “I think it’s really good they’re finally addressing it. Dental health has always carried stigma around campus. It’s really not something you see students willing to talk about, even with close friends.”

Student organization Active Mouths founder and president, third-year Rachel Wilson, says students often fail to demonstrate sensitivity towards dental health issues.

“Dental health has become a joke—even though it’s not at all something you joke about,” says Wilson. “A lot of times you’ll see students making jokes about their poor hygiene during finals, at the cost of students who actually have really shitty teeth they never brush. I hope for starters this will make students more aware of the harmful impact even self-deprecating, dental-health related jokes can have on the community.”

Boyer added that as a student body, we often overlook the implications of dental health on our overall well-being and academic performance.

TIPS FOR FIRSTIES

Every HUMA Class Ranked by How Badly You Have to Shit During it

By *Christian Villanueva*

8. Readings in World Literature

How can a class make you need to poop? You don't have to poop at all! You're having a blast reading *The Odyssey* and definitely won't have to shit for a while.

7. Greece and Rome: Texts, Traditions, Transformations

Admit it, you might be intrigued by Homer's *Iliad*, but you feel it. Barring the poor soul who got Stony their first year, you should be fine to make it back to your dorm before it's too late.

6. Philosophical Perspectives

You've been holding it in for a while, but if you keep clenching it shouldn't

be a problem.

5. Poetry and the Human

Let's face it. Poetry is kind of shitty and the only thing it makes you want to do is shit. You could risk it and wait for class to end, but you definitely aren't making it any further than that.

4. Media Aesthetics

Media Aesthetics? More like Media Athletics. Anyway, you'll probably have to poop soon because you're starting to fiddle and squirm in your chair.

3. Human Being and Citizen

You were into the great discussion your class had going, but you haven't participated in a few minutes be-

cause you have to poop pretty bad. You're almost sweating.

2. Language and the Human

Oh my God, did you have Taco Bell for lunch? It moved through you like the Germans through France, and now instead of debating Plato with your classmates, you're internally debating whether or not you'll shit yourself if you try to get up and run to the single-user down the hall.

1. Reading Cultures

You literally already shit yourself. You confidently shit yourself as soon as you walked into class and now everyone is too afraid to ask you to leave.

Clueless First-Year Finds Himself in Rural Kentucky After Wrong Boarding Shuttle Bus

By *Sammy Elmasri and Will Jaffe*

First-year Danny Fenton anticipated an expedited trip when he boarded the South Shuttle, but disaster struck as he mistakenly got off at its Kentucky Stop, which as every seasoned student knows, is the last stop before the shuttle returns to the Reynolds Club.

"I was wondering why it was taking me so long to get to Cathey," Danny told the Dealer. "After two hours of driving, I decided to get off and walk the rest of the way. Who knew the South Shuttle actually goes to Kentucky?"

We do. In fact, everybody knows, Danny. All UChicago shuttle routes were clearly outlined in Dean Boyer's O-Week Welcoming Speech. You should have listened, Danny. Everyone else did.

Danny continued, "Once a guy on the road introduced himself as Colonel Sanders, I knew something was wrong.

I tried to get back on the bus, but it had already veered away by the time I turned around. I tried to run after it, but the bus driver was

laughing maniacally, making unbroken eye contact with me as she disappeared over the horizon."

As every Transloc user knows, the South Shuttle makes regular stops at Goose Creek, Kentucky in four hour intervals. Danny, foolishly, did not have Transloc.

"I thought that if I walked back, maybe I could make it back in time for fourth meal," Danny admitted. "I made it back for lunch five days later."

Danny barely survived. UCPD found Danny limping back to campus covered in raccoon bites. He survived several gunshot wounds.

Unfortunately, Danny has made a full recovery. He is now struggling to make up for all the work he missed. "I wish

the raccoon had killed me," he whined. For lazy "people" like Danny, here is a list of stops on the South Shuttle Bus Route: Reynolds Club; North; Cathey; International House; Goose Creek, Kentucky; and then back to Reynolds Club.

Additionally, recent changes have been made to the North Campus Shuttle Route. The revised version is as follows: Reynolds Club; Max P; 54th and Greenwood; Lake Park; The Reg; Murry, Wisconsin; the Quadrangle; Lake Wales, Florida; and then back to Reynolds Club. But if you had Transloc, you would know that already.

We hope our coverage of the well-deserved fate of Danny Fenton has taught any directionally-challenged students to pay more attention to the great shuttles that serve our own University of Chicago.

You didn't hear it from us, but Dean Ellison washes his socks by hand!

DC & NYC to Restrict Immigration of Public Policy Majors

By Nico Aldape

“Y’all young, broke twenty-somethings are coming into our town and stealing the jobs from all us older broke twenty-somethings,” said District of Columbia resident Sydney Pulisic. “Fuck all of you.”

Pulisic added that she has “been here long enough that all the marble statues and museums got old, which took all of 10 days.”

Pulisic was among many citizens against the influx of University of Chicago Public Policy majors. As Washington, D.C. and New York City each prepare to enact measures specifically targeting them, tensions have run high.

“It’s like those ex-econ major cop-outs and poli sci people who don’t like theory

only come to one of these two cities. It’s a little ridiculous,” continued Pulisic. “D.C. is as controlled by UChi pubpol grads as Seattle is by Booth grads working at Amazon. A Silicon Forest to compliment the Silicon Valley, right?”

Recent public policy grads and current majors, however, had a different opinion.

“Telling a pubpol major to avoid D.C. or NYC is like telling an English major to go to Cheyenne, Wyoming,” chimed in third-year Amelia Mond. “It’s not that other cities don’t have political machines (or publishing houses), other cities just have, you know, bigger and better ones.”

Mond added that she is unsure where

the pubpol-as-econ-sellout reputation of the major came from.

“We’re not all econ sellouts! Some of us try to change things, but then run into the numerous obstacles intentionally in place to stop that change and sell out later,” Mond added. “I mean, I wish the major spent as much time on how to fix broken politics from outside the system as it did on random irrelevant game theory bullshit, but hey, that’s just me. I lowkey hate this major!”

Mond later emailed the Shady Dealer saying that, despite her objections, she would apply to the Harris School of Public Policy before moving with her girlfriend to the Upper East Side to be a political consultant.

Is He Flirting with You or Just Promoting an IOP Event?

By Emily Feigenbaum

Dating at UChicago can be difficult. Sometimes it’s not so clear whether that special person is demonstrating an interest in you or if he’s drumming up attention for an event at the Institute of Politics in order to ignite a passion for public service amongst college students. Ugh, don’t you just hate mixed signals?

If you’re having trouble navigating the uncertainty of campus romance, here are some easy ways to determine that he’s flirting with you and not just promoting an upcoming IOP event.

1. You haven’t spoken to him in at least a year, but he messages out of the blue to inform you that former Washington Post columnist and veteran political operative Francesco Myers-Jones will be hosting a 7-week-long seminar series about the importance of campaign finance reform in a post-Trump era at the Institute of Politics.

Well, well, well. All great love stories have great beginnings, and so begins yours! Falling in love is never easy, but neither is a round-table discussion about the implications and legacy of the McCain-Feingold Act. This 2002 amendment to the Federal Election

Campaign Act of 1971 limited the ability of political parties to use soft-money to fund advertisements, but you know what’s limitless? Love. Will you take his hand and embark on the great odyssey of romance?

2. After forwarding you links to sign up for seminars and office hours, he adds that this Thursday’s seminar will have pizza.

If Domino’s be the food of love, play on! In adherence with the University’s commitment to diversity of thought and free speech, the IOP is hosting this event to allow students to learn about politics and policy from different perspectives. You should go to this pizza-catered event. By reaching across the aisle in sizzling political debate, you’ll soon enough be walking down the aisle to marry the Fellows Ambassador on whom you were brave enough to take a chance. Please remember, however, that this event is off the record.

3. He posts the same message verbatim on the Facebook pages for the Classes of 2019, 2020, 2021, and 2022.

All of these posts about the influence of super PACs in recent presidential elections just goes to show how “super” into you he is! And the fact that next

week’s seminar is about the controversial nature of *Citizens United v. FEC*? Uh, it’s obvious he’s trying to unite with YOU! This dashing IOP Casanova is positively spellbound and “lobbying” for your affection. Be sure to RSVP using the Eventbrite link and to arrive approximately 10 minutes early to claim a good seat.

4. You receive the same message again, this time in an email forwarded by an RSO list host from which you meant to unsubscribe.

Many advocates of campaign finance reform are saying no to money in the political system, but will you say yes to love? This lovesick Fellows Ambassador is not just promoting an IOP event through various avenues—he’s clearly flirting with you! Now that you know he’s into you, the ball is in your court. Just always remember that it all began at a nonpartisan institution where you had the opportunity to engage with a diverse cohort of elected political officials, diplomats, policymakers, activists, and journalists who come to campus each academic quarter to engage with students through weekly seminars and office hours.

Review: Eating an Entire Jar of Nutella in One Sitting

By Calpernia Higginbotham

You've done it. Everyone's gone for the day—for classes, whatever that means. No one around, no one to bother you. You've got the apartment all to yourself. Your eyes lock on the cupboard door, a once unremarkable object turned titillating at the thought of what lies behind it. You pull on the handle, swing it open, and there, sitting on the shelf, it is: a 13-ounce jar of Nutella. Unopened, and almost glowing with allure.

You reach out for the jar, body full of awe. A tingle rushes down your arm as you make contact with the cold glass. It's so... hard. You shudder, as the thrill of what you're about to do courses through you.

You turn from the cupboard, mind so absorbed with what's in your hand that you forget to close the door behind you. It's weighty, oh so weighty in your clammy palm. Your mouth waters, and you lick your lips without blinking. No need to rush. With slow, deliberate movements, you clasp the pure white lid: the perfect size, like you were meant to be together. At the store, when you were just checking it out, it seemed a little too big, but now, you're surprised at how ready you are for what's about to come.

You apply the gentlest pressure to the lid, pushing slowly, teasing the jar to

release. You hear and feel a pop at the same time, and the tiniest rush of endorphins washes over you. You feel the urge to yank off the lid and shove your fist through the seal to the sweet nectar beneath, but you resist—only the best for those who wait. You give the lid a few turns and carefully lift it off so as not to disturb the gold foil beneath it. You take a moment to admire the virgin surface, the undisturbed mirror that you wouldn't dare to mar with your own visage, hideous in comparison to the beauty in your hand. With a fingernail, you scrape along the edges, the slight grating vibrating deep within your core. The edges of the foil now lifted, you begin to remove it, going slowly so as to keep it intact. For now, you want to keep it clean—the mess will come later.

As the foil peels off bone-achingly slowly, you experience a slight shudder as the last bit of it lifts off. There's nothing now between you and the Nutella, and you take a moment to breathe. No need to rush, no need to rush, you repeat to yourself as a mantra as you slowly, agonizingly slowly, lower your grubby human finger into the food of the gods. A big scoop, a smear on your tongue, and you are in ecstasy. No one has ever made you feel this way—not when you lost your virginity, not after a long relationship built on love and trust. This is something else. A soft moan escapes your

lips, and you lose control. The world narrows down to the jar in front of you, and you are only conscious of movement, back and forth, back and forth, as your hand repeatedly, seemingly endlessly transports the orgasmic flavor to your mouth, both becoming coated in sticky brown goo. As you reach the bottom, you swipe up as much as you can at once, one last hurrah, and shove the whole affair deep in your throat, your tongue swirling around your finger in mindless bliss.

As you scrape the sides of the jar for any remaining traces, you start to come down from your high, and you become conscious of the delightfully filthy smile splitting your face in two. You lick what you can out of the jar, off your hand, off your own face, before giving the jar one last glance before casting it away in the recycling bin. You can't bear to look again, not wanting to be reminded of what you once had, gone too soon.

You wash your face, hands, and body in the kitchen sink, flipping on the light switch as you head back to your bedroom. You collapse on your bed, sated and wistful, reflecting on your day, on life, on youth and pleasure. And then, as the feeling of what you have just done really hits you, you literally have no other choice but run to the bathroom and vomit.

Trump Dodges Battle for House, Blames Bone Spur

By John Buterbaugh

Donald Trump managed to dodge responsibility for yet another conflict: this time, the battle for the U.S. House of Representatives. At a press conference held Saturday, the President called the midterm elections which swept Democrats into control of the House “a tremendous, Vietnam-level victory.”

When questioned by the press about the loss of a projected 40 seats, Trump shifted blame for “any setbacks or errors”

to others within his party and CNN. Trump said he hoped he could've been more active during the midterm election season, which he claims is “totally, 100% not my fault, believe me,” but that a “bad bone spur” sidelined him from action.

Trump managed to dodge the battle for control of Congress, but assured the press that if he were there “it would've been the biggest win you'd have ever seen, trust me, even bigger than Saigon.

It would've been tremendous.”

Following the press conference, Mr. Trump was seen running (as best he can, at least) into the arms of an unknown shirtless man on a horse. The President's “noble gait” seemed to be in peak form, raising doubts about his claimed bone spur. The Shady Dealer has yet to confirm or deny the validity of Mr. Trump's injuries, but we have received word that campus health services can see him in five weeks.

KIM AND KANYE MOVE TO HYDE PARK

By Sylvia Ebenbach

Kim Kardashian and Kanye West have already begun their move to the cold, dreary city of Chicago and have chosen an optimal location that fully embodies the weather: the University of Chicago. They decided to trade the internalized sadness of Californians for the outward displeasure of UChicago students.

The power couple has been spotted around campus, but it's hard to tell the difference between them and the other students because they never smile either. After Kanye dropped President Trump as his best friend (maybe long distance was too hard after all), it's a waiting game to see which old white male he will ally with next. Dean Boyer is always a strong choice, but President Zimmer is supposedly on the short list.

West is allegedly a huge fan of the "free expression" message from the administration but doesn't seem to fully understand it in practice. He keeps interrupting people in the middle of their argument with his go-to "Imma let you finish, but" and ranting long enough that they forget their point anyway.

It is also rumored that a new album is in the works. Possible album names include "(I Can't Wait Until) Graduation," "The Life of Boyer," and "College Dropout 2: the Remix."

West also plans to replace all the UChicago gear in the bookstore with Yeezy merch. However, there are concerns that the holes in many of the collection's pieces might cause problems for students during the winter.

Additionally, West says he will even perform at the Summer Breeze con-

cert later this year if the school will let him rename North Campus after his daughter North West.

Speaking of the kids, North and Saint have been seen running around the dining hall and crawling under tables with the other children. Do not be surprised when you see them playing hide and seek under the chairs! As for their baby, Chicago, we will have to wait on her opinion of living at a university named after herself.

Echoing the feelings of many first-years, the transition has been hard for Kardashian. She has no clue what to wear as the weather gets colder, and after having exhausted the photo shoot opportunities provided by a pile of fall leaves, she has been lacking ideas for her Instagram feed. She tried to go out to bar night on a Wednesday but left confused about why instead of being paid to be there, the only money exchanged was to pay for the drinks.

Kardashian was heard saying, "Is this how frat parties are supposed to work?"

However, she was proud to hear her husband's latest hit "I Love It" played at least 43 times over the course of an hour.

Needless to say, Kim misses her sisters greatly. For that reason, she plans to rush a sorority next fall. It is predicted she will join Kappa Alpha Theta - that way she can continue with the "K" theme. Stay tuned to see the drama unfold on a future episode of Keeping up with the Kappa.

"I DON'T LIVE IN A BUBBLE!" STUDENT TWEETS FROM MANSUETO

By Sam Nitkin

At 12:38 p.m. on Wednesday, November 27, first-year student Katherine Blake tweeted to her 891 followers, "I don't live in a bubble!" from the interior of the Joe and Rika Mansueto Library Reading Room. Katherine, originally from Los Angeles, California, was using Twitter to procrastinate on doing her "Earth as a Planet" problem set. Katherine had chosen Mansueto because the glass dome provided warmth and protection from the thirty-five-degree weather outside.

Katherine, who has never been south of 61st Street, followed up by tweeting, "Things get real on the south side of Chicago. Don't @ me."

When asked to clarify, Katherine told the Shady Dealer, "I saw a homeless man walking along the Midway yesterday. I just feel that I'm getting an experience that my friends who go to UCLA don't. I'm growing as a person by being here."

Katherine then asked the Dealer if the interview could be continued indoors, as she had lost her Canada Goose jacket at a frat party the night before and had never experienced this kind of cold.

Upon further investigation, the Dealer can confidently report that the homeless man Katherine reported seeing was actually a Cobb Coffee shop employee. The employee, who wishes to remain anonymous, told the Dealer he was "honored by the ambiguity in his outfit."

Katherine describes herself as a "woke bae" in her Twitter bio. The tweet currently has four likes and one retweet.