

# CHICAGO SHADY DEALER



Volume XIV Issue 2

COMEDY THRIVES IN DARKNESS

All Souls' Day, 2017

## SATURN V ROCKET CARRYING SATELLITE DORM EXPLODES ON LAUNCHPAD

By Thomas Noriega

Early this morning, members of the university community were awoken by a loud explosion emanating from the Midway Plaisance. Upon looking out their respective windows and doorways, they were surprised to see a pillar of flame reaching hundreds of yards into the air and fragments of hot metal peppering campus, which damaged several buildings and shattered almost every window within a one-mile radius.

Soon after these events, an email was sent out by the university administration explaining the catastrophe. "Students and Faculty of the University of Chicago," the email began, "as part of a multiyear joint initiative between NASA and College Housing, the administration has been working to design a new satellite dorm optimized for sustaining student life and house culture in low earth orbit. Hubble



House, our most astrodynamical Gothic dormitory to date, was scheduled for launch this morning at 1 a.m. CST."

The email briefly recounted the history of the project, from the university's decision to purchase a 1.16 billion dollar Saturn V booster rocket, its plan to fabricate an aesthetically-pleasing and aerodynamic dorm that could be attached to the nose of said rocket, and of course, the construction of the Arley D. Cathey Mission Control Center and Launchpad. The megastruc-

ture housed the dorm assembly facility, resident training sites, and all mission-critical systems.

"100 brave first-years, upper-classmen, and Resident Assistants eagerly awaited the chance to foster their educational growth and formative social experiences in Earth's exosphere," read the email. "These fine students were going to study in space, get good grades beyond gravity, and

have really awkward O-mances in orbit. They were to exemplify the longstanding mission of this fine institution by spreading free and open discourse to the stars. We will miss them, all of them Maroons to the very end."

In unrelated news, the university is increasing tuition by 300% to cover some, as the email put it, "minor structural repairs" and "a groundskeeping debacle on the Midway."

## Six Animals the Div School Wouldn't Allow Me to Give DMT

By Nik Varley

Do animals have souls? Does God speak to them? What happens if you give them a ton of DMT? These are the questions I hoped to answer in my graduate thesis at the Divinity School, but the prudes in charge wouldn't approve any of my proposals or grant applications. Check out this list of every animal that the Div School wouldn't let me dose with hallucinogens and tell me that any one of these wouldn't make for a great thesis.

1. Fish -- I honestly thought that giving DMT to a fish was a no-brainer, but apparently nobody's really interested in what fish think about God and how that

may or may not be affected by DMT. This sucks because I'm actually really curious about what a fish would be like on hallucinogens, especially after I did DMT at the aquarium.

2. Dog -- I've already done DMT with my dog a couple of times and was hoping I could just write about that, but apparently drinking ayahuasca tea out of a dog bowl and watching The Holy Mountain "isn't rigorous enough" for the squares in the Divinity School.

3. Lab rat -- There's honestly NO good reason for me not to be able to give DMT to lab rats, but the narcs in the biology department shut me down. I tried to ex-

plain to them that tripping out with these rats would be way cooler than whatever "AIDS research" they bought the rats for originally, but they wouldn't budge. Nerds.

4. Gorilla -- So I honestly don't think this one would generate much useful data for my thesis but holy shit, don't you want to do DMT with a gorilla? That shit sounds so chill, he'd probably start shaking his big gorilla butt around! It'd be so awesome! I can't believe you religious studies guys don't think that sounds awesome.

5. Frog -- Do frogs know about God? Nobody knows, and now

**See DMT  
on Page 3**

# SEASON'S GREETINGS

## THE CHICAGO SHADY DEALER

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### MEETINGS

Sundays at 7 p.m. in Harper 145

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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](mailto: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.

## Letters From the Editors

Dear Dan,

How are you? My first few weeks of class have been good but stressful. At first I took four classes, but now I’m taking three. Have you seen the news lately? Crazy stuff. I’ve always thought running a newspaper sounded fun, but it also seemed like it would take a lot of work to maintain journalistic integrity. It must be so hard to always tell the truth and never lie. Have you read anything new about the news? Do you have a favorite newspaper? Who is your favorite character in the news? I hope to meet you in real life very soon.

Your pen pal,

Milena

Dear Milena,

I also had class today and it was good. It’s been getting pretty crazy out there, so I’m trying to find a way to follow the news without feeling dizzy. I want to believe we can find a good truth to share with our readers, but whenever I open my phone, window, or eyes, all I see is fear. There has to be a way to tell people what is going on without scaring them, but I’m at a loss. Also, I love Le Monde and Dan Rather. Can’t wait to see your face for the first time and hear if your voice is as gravelly and raspy as I hope.

New and Sincerely,

Dan

### Letter: Dean Ellison is Always Naked Under his Clothes and I Hate It

I wish to call your attention to a horrific fact. John “Jay” Ellison, Dean of Students at the University of Chicago is naked under his clothes. Let me reiterate that for you. He is always naked under his clothes. Always. Whenever he strides past you on the Quad, whenever he addresses the student body, whenever he is in public, he is naked under his clothes. It’s awful. Beneath his garments there is nothing but skin. Whenever you stand in a room with him there is nothing save a few millimeters of fabric separating your vision from his naked, middle aged body. It shocks and horrifies me that this man, with so much responsibility, whose job it is to serve the students of the school regardless of any color, race, affiliation or creed, walks around campus, before G-d and man in nothing save some threads and yarn woven together. Just remember that, between you and Dean Ellison’s skin—which is the texture and color of dried-out mayonnaise—are only a few atoms of cloth. His long, dangly, pendulous, old-man testicles are

separated from you by mere grams of material. For all intents and purposes his bare genitals are out there and ready to brush against you at all times. Just think about that when you see this disturbing man. Your speech might be free, but beneath that suit, so is his willy.

Sincerely,

*A Concerned Reader*

### DMT from Page 1

no one ever will because they wouldn’t let me purchase 50-100 live frogs for the express purpose of pumping them full of DMT. The frogs are probably going to live their whole froggy lives without ever taking a psychedelic journey of spiritual discovery which is a total bummer, but I guess it’s okay because they’re just frogs.

6. Divinity School Dean Laurie Zoloth -- No matter how much I talk to her about it, Laurie will NOT do DMT with me. I keep telling her that she’ll be way better at studying religion once her spirit guide shows her how every human soul converges into a single infinite point of beautiful light in the pulsing womb of the universe, but she never responds to my emails. Honestly, she’d be way less uptight if she would just trip with me.

## Five Fall Activities That Will Give You A UTI

By Ella Hester

The air is crisp, the leaves are falling, and you are definitely going to get a UTI. Urinary tract infections are incredibly common for people of all genitalia, so here are five things to look out for to avoid the painful feeling of your urethra falling out of your body.

### 1. Jumping in a Pile of Leaves

This one isn't as obvious as it seems. You may be tempted to jump into that pile of leaves in the Classics Quad this year, but it's no cleaner than the ball pit at Chuck E. Cheese's. Have you ever seen anyone at this school wash their hands? Aside from the people you've seen wash their hands? Yeah, I didn't think so.

### 2. Corn Maze

Be prepared for the worst on your house trip to an Indiana farm. Your day starts out with Insta-worthy cider and donuts, but then right around sundown you take

a wrong turn. You hear rustling in the corn stalks. You laugh. "Who's there? Stop messing with me!" The sound grows louder, and seems to be coming from every direction.

"THE 'TERIA'S COMIN' FOR YA!" you hear Ol' Farmer Pete hollering in the distance.

"Teria?" you think to yourself. "Oh, he means bact--" And then it gets you.

### 3. Riding a Broomstick

I think the sexual innuendo is clear here. And it's fun, because you're a witch! Just remember to pee after.

### 4. Using an Autumnal Lush Bath Bomb, You Capitalist Pig

You're definitely saving animals lives while commodifying your self-care with this anti-animal testing, all-natural brand. Bravo. You know it, and you are flaunting it. You get on your knees and scrub your dingy off-campus apartment

bathtub so you can enjoy the patchouli bath bomb with the sultry name, and you feel like a Pinterest Princess for five minutes. And the next day you aren't able to leave the house without peeing yourself and you call student health in tears. Just remember that you spent money to make this happen.

### 5. Wearing a Sweater

No judgement here; we've all been there, done that. You feel all cozy in the sweater you just got out of the dryer. You feel warm. You feel grounded. You feel safe. You feel loved. We all know what that's like. (Do we?) But you know what else we all do? Pee after. Disgusting. You're supposed to be an adult. You have to pee after literally everything you do now. That's just how adult life is; get used to it, and stock up on cranberry juice

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## Opinion: Call Me a Millennial Again, and I Will Summon the Pumpkin Lord

By Jacob Johnson

As a twenty-year-old living in this country, I am so fed up with being labeled as a "millennial." We're seen as lazy (even though we work harder than any generation before us), entitled (even though we've learned to survive in one of the worst periods for economic opportunity in American history), and obsessed with avocados (okay, maybe that's fair). Nonetheless, I am sick of the generations before us, who, by the way, are entirely responsible for putting us in such a hopeless position in the first place, constantly ragging on us for our lack of a work ethic. That's why I've decided that if someone calls me a millennial one more time, I will summon the Pumpkin Lord, and they will feel the spice of his wrath.

Growing up, we all learned about

the Pumpkin Lord (how he draws his strength from coffee beans, how he must only be summoned in a time of great crisis, etc). But what does the Pumpkin Prophecy that we all had to memorize in school really say about when he should appear? "In times of strife when help ye seek, when life seems a broken snapchat streak, when poor achievement seems bad luck, take thine Timbs and Starbucks cup. Place them on the Autumn ground. Clap thine hands, and dance around. Call out his name. Call it thrice! Your enemies will feel his spice." The way I interpret the Prophecy, we should have summoned the Pumpkin Lord a long time ago. "When poor achievement seems bad luck"? I know for a fact that none of the problems in my life came about through any fault of my own. Our generation knows all too well what this

means. There's no use in pretending we don't understand the Pumpkin Prophecy any longer. It's time.

When I come home for Thanksgiving break and I'm forced to speak to some elderly, opinionated relatives, or if I'm walking on campus and find myself face-to-face with a Fox News guy with a microphone who's eager to spin some bullshit story to a captive Boomer audience about how "millennials are ruining this country" by asking me why I don't get a summer job to pay for my tuition, this is what I'm going to do. I'm going to take off my Timbs, and I'm going to let my latte fall to the ground like a yellow leaf. I will clap my hands and dance frenetically in a circle around them, my voice rising in intensity as I cry out, "Pumpkin Lord! Pumpkin Lord! PUMPKIN LORD!!"

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### SPONSORED CONTENT- PACKED: DUMPLINGS REIMAGINED

Listen: Forget everything you thought you knew about dumplings until now. Coming this month to rock the foodie scene in Hyde Park is PACKED, a new kind of restaurant with an artisanal-fusion take on dumpling cuisine that will have you coming back for years to come. Order as many dumplings as you'd like, from as many different flavors as you can imagine! You never thought contemporary dining could be both this cool, and this delicious. Become a fan now, before there's a new copycat dumplings joint on every street corner. Packed is sure to become a permanent and beloved Hyde Park fixture.



# CAMPUS HOOK-UP CULTURE

## Campus Hottest new Hookup Spot? Dean Boyer's Bike

By Sarah de Vegvar

While UChicago lays claim to the nickname “where fun comes to die,” it could easily and realistically be shortened to “where fun cums.” As we all know, UChicago has a thriving hookup culture full of curious, open-minded individuals. In a recent poll of top hookup spots, UChicago’s eclectic student body has chosen as the hot, new hookup spot on campus the one and only back of Dean Boyer’s bike. The *Dealer* has received reports that its busiest hours are from early evening to just after dark. The act is usually achieved by having both participating members perched in the basket and with the Dean pedaling from the bicycle seat. Dean Boyer’s bike has replaced UChicago students’—and friends ;)—previous favorite hook up spot, the Rockefeller Bell Tower, which has experienced a respectable eight months in the number



Photo By Breck Radulovic

plaints about the squeakiness of the wheels, Dean Boyer has gotten his gears oiled, and the bike’s popularity is on the rise again.

Dominic (Dom) Khan explains the lure of the bike: “The advantage of Dean Boyer’s bike is that you really get to see the campus in a whole new way. It brings the experience of sucking on another person’s face lips to a

whole new level.” His partner Hannah (Han) Jawb added, “Personally, my favorite part is when he mutters ‘number 3, number 3, number 3’ under his breath continuously. Nothing helps like a good rhythm.”

Professionals recommend that curious young people should try it out before the winter sets in, as last year the Health and Wellness Center had more penis-stuck-to-bike incidents than could be meditated away.

one spot. “Sure, the bell tower is great, but after a while it feels like you can’t even hear people hooking up anymore,” said Dill Doh before yelling, “WHAT?!” in response to every other follow-up question. Rockefeller Bell Tower has been reporting a steady decline in activity since a flock of thirty pigeons decided to roost in the bell.

Dean Boyer’s bike has reportedly seen a 160% increase in young couples engaging in intimate intercourse within the past three months. While there was a slight drop in late June due to com-

## Five O-mances That Should Have Ended By Now

By Deb Mukherjee

**Justin and Amanda:** Justin and Amanda. Justin and Amanda. She’s four foot eight, he’s five foot ten, could we make it any more obvious that they’re incompatible? But seriously, they’re from opposite coasts (Chicago and New York, respectively) and they started dating four days into O-Week. The Admissions Office isn’t Match.com and they cannot handle the pressure; they barely know each other! They are strangers that started making out in one of North’s elevators and they just don’t seem to be stopping.

**First years and expectations of high grades:** When Jesse came to The University of Chicago she was all set to become a Rhodes Scholar. After being the Secretary General of the greater-Rhode Island Model United Nations Conference and the treasurer of the two-time Rhode Island State Champi-

on Cross Country Skiing team, she was all set! Work ethic, sharp. Pencils, also sharp. Then she landed in Professor McStuffkins’s Philosophical Perspectives class. She got a C+ on the first paper, but she refuses to drop the class. Complaining about it is slowly becoming her dominant personality trait, and it’s only downhill from here.

**Scooter and Chad:** We were surprised when this one started, but I think we can all agree it’s been too long. As happy as we are to see these two crossing frat rivalry lines for love (Scooter’s Delta Kap and Chad’s Epsilon Chi), if these two stay together any longer the city is going to plunge into a protein powder famine. And no protein powder means all the bros will just fade away. Break up for the bros, fellas.

**Dorm Room Wall and First Year’s Ugly Decorative Tapestry:** The poster only lasted a week before falling on

Lindy’s face while she was asleep. The collection of alcohol on her shelf is getting gross - that’ll have to be recycled soon. But that damn tapestry just won’t fall! down! It repels guests, invades her nightmares, and keeps the room from being too tied together, yet it’s the one piece of decor she refuses to rethink.

**You and Your Sense of Self:** What? You haven’t heard? The self is a story we tell ourselves that only exists in our memories of the past and hopes for the future. We’re all having a great time on the plane of dissociated experience so why are you still identifying as an agent force in your own life? You’ll be so glad you ditched that stuffy old notion of who you are once you get to unknow yourself. So get with it and get detached from your earthly moorings, you’ll be oh so glad you did.

## I'm Still Trapped in the Tornado Exhibit at the MSI

*By Jacob Johnson*

Greetings, fellow first-years! My name is Jacob Johnson, and while you don't remember me by name, you probably remember me as the awkward blond kid whose sweaty hand you reluctantly shook at the Museum of Science and Industry during O-Week. Haha! Yeah, remember MSI night? With classes and all, I'm sure that all feels like it was a long, long time ago. Not for me though! Because I'm still there, and I am still trapped inside the fucking tornado exhibit.

How did I end up in this wacky situation? Well, I'll tell you, with one hand typing all of this out on my phone, and the other holding my shirt over my mouth and nose as a filter so I don't suffocate from the fatal amount of water vapor inside this thing. Near the end of the event, two museum employees were in charge of the large tornado exhibit in the weather section, and they let people

come and stand in the center of the tornado while the machine was on. I guess it was closing time by the point I decided to try. I was slightly tipsy from all of the free lemonade, and thought it would be a great idea to just stay in there, concealed in by the whirling winds, and see if the staff forgot about me, which of course they soon did. After about an hour of waiting, the lights dimmed. They had locked up the museum! Now I had the whole place to myself! Who knew what kind of awesome hijinks I'd be able to get up to in here. Still in the tornado, I took a big, deep lungful of air. Then I promptly passed out on the floor, completely dead to the world.

Turns out that breathing in all of that water vapor was slowly but surely making it impossible for my lungs to transfer oxygen to my bloodstream, which made me hit the floor faster than a ten-year-old getting punched in the head by Muhammad Ali, or a first-year after two

beers. I awoke a substantial amount of time later (the next afternoon, judging by my phone) to find that they had increased the intensity on this thing from "Educational Vortex" to "Legitimate Category-3 Tornado." My frail first-year body had been picked up by the storm and was being flung around and around like it was on a merry-go-round from hell. If I wanted anyone nearby to hear me over the noise of the tornado, I was going to have to yell as loud as I could. Preparing myself, I took a deep breath, and immediately passed out again.

If anyone has a moment of their time to call the police or the fire department or the Weather Channel and get me out of this goddamn thing, that would be great. If you're too busy with work and extracurriculars, though, I totally understand! I'll just be here. Chilling and trying not to pass out again.

## An Examination Of The University's Newest Alternate Reality Game: B.S.

*By Milena Pross*

Upon arriving on campus this O-Week, first-year students were thrust into a magical fantasyland without their knowledge. Following years of planning, buckets of money, and countless tests from the Center for Decision Research, the TAPS, English, and Sociology departments teamed up to pull the ultimate prank: getting college students to talk to each other and work on a collaborative project.

Throughout O-Week, and even before, incoming students were faced with a mystical secret society, cryptic codes and puzzles, costumed red monks, and a search for a portal to another dimension. While it may seem like something out of a fantasy novel, it also doesn't veer too far from the kind of activities one can expect UChicago students to conceive of on their own.

"Oh yeah that weird game thing? I just

thought it was something a bunch of students here had decided to do. It never occurred to me that a group of professors would have fostered and encouraged it," said first-year Violet Ricola. When told that the university spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on the project, funding dozens of Metcalf internships, she added "That's neat, I guess."

"Even though there were clues about it as far back as my acceptance letter, I first caught on to the fact that something was up when I noticed several students in sweatshirts and backpacks with a logo that I can only describe as an anatomically correct anus. I was intrigued, learned it was a LARP thing, and lost interest," added first-year Benny Cepacol.

The game, known only as "B.S.", was revealed to stand for "Bull Shit" at the culmination of the hoax, which took place at the Museum of Science and Industry on the last night of O-Week.

There, the three students who were somehow committed enough to follow the game to its completion were met with an MFA in creative thinking. We were told it had something to do with magic mushrooms or myco-futurism, we're not really sure.

The Dealer would like to apologize for abandoning its reporting on this matter without getting to the bottom of it; our reporter for this story dropped it after throwing up her hands and saying, "After I saw these people scrabble around the quad in gasmasks I was disturbed and puzzled, and not in a way that made me want to solve the puzzle."

**WISH O-WEEK  
NEVER ENDED? JOIN US  
IN HARPER 145 AT 7PM  
ON SUNDAYS!**



# SURPRISES INSIDE

## Bean Hatches to Reveal Larger, Angrier Rahm Emanuel



*By Breck Radulovic*

Terror struck the city of Chicago when the Cloud Gate sculpture shattered to reveal a massive, irate Rahm Emanuel last Tuesday. Chicagoans and tourists alike scattered through the Loop as a fearsome creature resembling the city's mayor emerged from the piece of public art colloquially known as Bean.

The monstrous giant made its through downtown, where its path of destruction included the Harold Washington Library. The beast arrived at Daley Plaza, roaring, "Who's the greatest mayor Chicago has ever seen?"

Zoobiologists from Northwestern University rushed to the scene to examine the organic remains of the egg. The

*Photo By Aubrey Christofersen*

scientists declared the enraged being had been incubating inside the sculpture since it debuted in 2006, but that recent disarray in the Democratic primary for governor induced the beast to finally spawn.

## ISIS Apologizes For Terrorism With Gigantic Wooden Horse

*By Ryan Fleishman*

After years of wreaking havoc throughout the Western world with unbridled violence and hatred, the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS) has finally announced that they realize the error of their ways and intend to apologize by giving the United States a massive wooden horse statue. According to ISIS, the gigantic horse structure is hollow and made entirely of Turkish pine wood, to symbolize how hollow and wooden ISIS feels for committing various crimes against humanity. While hollow, the horse statue is surprisingly heavy; ISIS elaborated that they used especially heavy wood to symbolize how

heavy their hearts are with regret.

"We are so sorry for all those crazed bombers and violent armed extremists we convinced to wreak havoc in your great nation," said ISIS leader and self-proclaimed caliph Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, who only stopped sobbing in sorrow when he reapplied methylated chest rub under his eyes. "By the way, our religion requires that you offer halal meals and bottled water to the horse statue every night. If you hear munching noises near the statue, that means the offering worked." Baghdadi further clarified that the colossal horse idol must be brought as close to Capitol Hill as possible, so that America's most essential

government officials can see how apologetic ISIS is.

At press time, President Donald Trump himself immediately accepted the horse statue with open arms, saying, "This beautiful horse statue, and big, a big horse statue too. The biggest, I'd say. This big bold horse statue proves that the Middle East loves me and I finally defeated Al-Qaeda. President Obama made millions and millions and millions of mistakes, but oh boy, let me tell you, I made the best decision here. The best! Now if only the statue was of Ivanka." Trump's caretaker John Kelly elaborated, "It's a really nice-looking horse statue."

# APPLY HEAD ON DIRECTLY TO THE FOREHEAD

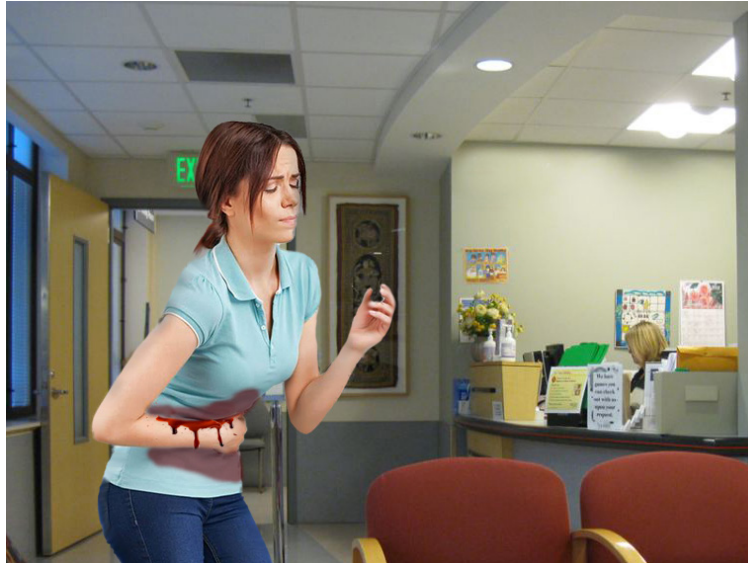
## Student Health Recommends Mindfulness to Visibly Bleeding Third Year

By Nik Varley

At approximately 5:56 p.m., third-year student Anne Crawford reported to the University of Chicago's Student Health Services seeking treatment for a sizable abdominal wound. Upon examining the grotesque injury, Student Health Services recommended that the visibly bleeding Crawford "give mindfulness a try."

"Mindfulness is a wonderful method of stress and anxiety reduction that has done wonders for so many students experiencing the negative emotions Anne is experiencing," said Student Health Services representative Jasmine Cunningham. "I gave Anne some literature on focused awareness and a few of my favorite guided meditation tapes. I think that in a few weeks, she could really start to see some results." Counselors also provided Anne with a Moleskine journal and recommended that she record the points throughout her day during which she found herself thinking about her gaping abdominal laceration.

"This is a fairly basic negative thought blocking exercise that can help with clear thinking in stressful situations like deal-



ing with a life-threatening personal injury,"

continued Cunningham. "In Anne's case, we told her to replace thoughts like 'I think I'm losing too much blood' with a positive personal mantra that she can use to calm herself." The counselors concluded their treatment by giving Crawford an anxiety workbook and a challenge to spend the time between sessions "trying to understand her pain and in doing so better control it."

"I don't really know how I feel about this all this," confessed a still-bleeding Crawford. "I mean, I feel like I have a pretty good handle on my pain, most of it is coming from this huge gash in

my torso. But who knows, maybe this meditation stuff will work. It sure is a bummer that they don't have any availability to meet with me for the next three weeks, though."

"If we feel that Anne's situation is serious enough that four sessions with student health won't be enough to treat it adequately, we will absolutely refer her to a professional," added Cunningham. "But to be honest, we have great faith in the power of mindfulness. I've prescribed it for migraines, cracked ribs,

mumps and just about everything in between."

She continued, "Anne is already off to a great start. She told us that she 'couldn't feel anything,' which means he's making real progress on letting go of her anxious fixations and attachments."

When pressed by our correspondent as to whether mindfulness was an appropriate treatment for physical trauma, Cunningham called the accusation "a classic example of worst-case-scenario anxiety" and retreated to her office for twenty minutes of silent meditation.

## 10 Reasons I Can't Go Back to Miami (The Deliciously Forbidden City)

By Antonia Salisbury

Home of the day-ger, land of the neon bikini: Miami, my Garden of Eden, I can never return to you.

"Settled in the valley of two breasts, a virgin to behold." Lady 305, I miss you dearly, but they don't want to see me because I have a terrible sunburn. I have peeled ten pounds in skin weight, and when I faxed the mayor about it (305-854-4001) he sent my fax back to me covered in lamb's blood and Cuban Mojo sauce. Of course, you may ask:

why can I not go back to Miami?

1. Habanero, meet tall glass of milk.
2. Jason Derulo wants to give me a wedgie.
3. Bounty hunters
4. Crippling math anxiety
5. I have been running an illegal tubing company for months and all I can say is that it did not go unnoticed.
6. I can't read "a map" or really at all.
7. New Orleans is the new Miami and was the old Miami and knew the word Miami before you even knew how to sit

upright.

8. A bird not in Miami is worth more than two in Miami. Say that five times fast.
9. I told a bunch of my friends in Miami that I was fluent in Portuguese when I actually only took a year of it in high school and it turns out that they have this new friend Darren who studied abroad in Portugal and picked it up real quick, so you see my situation.
10. I have never had the pleasure of visiting.



## Tragedy Strikes! Area Woman Only has Enough Batteries to Power Remote Control, Vibrator, or Fire Alarm!

By Breck Radulovic

Area woman Tricia Meyers became the unfortunate victim of a resource shortage when her supply of AA batteries fell below three. Meyers, 27, had just sat down to a relaxing evening of reality television, microwave popcorn, and masturbation when the crisis occurred.

Meyers was visibly distraught when asked for comment. "I reached for the remote to watch *Real Housewives* on DVR and the television just wouldn't turn on! I realized the batteries must have died. At first, I thought it was no biggie, I could just swap the dead batteries out for the ones in my vibrator." When Meyers retrieved the vibrator from her bedside table, however, she remembered she had already removed those batteries for use in her fire alarm.

"At first I thought I could just get some batteries from Amazon Prime Now," Meyers explained. When she realized she was seven minutes outside the delivery window, panic set in. "I thought about ordering a pizza and begging the delivery guy to pick up some Duracells at the CVS down the street. But then I remembered I didn't have enough in my bank account for pizza, tip, and batteries. UGH!"

For Meyers, going to the CVS herself was unthinkable. "First of all, I had no clue where I threw my bra after getting home from work. Secondly, I'd just applied a super painful Korean facemask and it needed to dry for twenty minutes." Meyers was trapped, and most importantly, her evening was ruined. "What was I supposed to do? Get up to change the television and use my hands get the job done like a fucking fifties housewife?"

As of press time, Meyers still had not bought replacement batteries and was switching her remaining three AAs between the remote and vibrator at fifteen-minute intervals.

## Growing Student Movement Demands University Divest from John D. Rockefeller's Oil-Suffused Corpse

By Thomas Noriega

The previous week saw the first major demonstration by student action group, "Maroons Against Oil Corpse," a new movement demanding that the university invest in renewable power rather than continue to use the petroleum-filled body of Standard Oil Company founder John D. Rockefeller as fuel. Members of the student body and faculty gathered on the Quad last Tuesday to demand that the administration stop relying on the hundreds of barrels of crude oil the former robber baron exudes from his tomb beneath Rockefeller Chapel.

After his death in 1937, Rockefeller pledged his body to the university, citing the ceaseless flow of crude oil from his every orifice as a fitting contribution to the lasting health of the university. He was famously interred beneath the chapel bearing his name, his body placed within an ornate golden coffin connected to a massive combustion engine. This engine processed and burned the flow of oil, producing electricity for both the university and the surrounding neighborhoods. Upon the hulking contraption of metal and flame—renamed the Arley D. Cathey Memorial Corpse Engine in 2005—was placed a dedicatory plaque, bearing the famous inscription: "That the candle of knowledge be never snuffed out, Rockefeller's oil-blood shall forever spout."

But despite this inspiring legacy, environmentally and existentially conscious students are calling the 80-year-old Corpse Engine's efficacy into question. "The environmental impact is unprecedented," said fourth-year chemistry major Erika Lacy. "It's bad enough that nonrenewable energy sources are contributing to climate change, but university policy employs an infinitely renewable nonrenewable energy source, producing unlimited greenhouse gases. Rockefeller's secretions are the single most dangerous threat to our climate

imaginable."

"Honestly, UChicago can power itself however it wants," said second year global studies major Sven Ottsborn. "Coal, oil, solar, packs of horses on a treadmill, whatever. If I can understand the metaphysical basis of my electricity, I'm OK with it, but a dead body tapping into an extradimensional supply of petroleum? That's not okay."

The university released a statement yesterday asserting that violating the law of conservation of matter and all ethical standards surrounding the respectful treatment of the deceased was in keeping with the vision of the University of Chicago. "We bow before neither God nor man," the statement concluded, "and we shall rebuild the edifice of understanding piece by piece until God and man alike bow before us."

Despite the administration's defiance, members of the physics department have expressed interest in replacing Rockefeller's death engine with the much cleaner and safer Enrico Fermi Nuclear Corpse-Reactor.

## Student Health Advisory Notice: Please Remember to Get Your Feels Vaccine

From Student Health Services

Don't catch feels this quarter! Autumn has officially arrived, which means it's time for everyone to get their annual feels vaccine. The CDC estimates that on average, feels causes approximately 100,000 to 200,000 hospitalizations per year and up to 6,000 deaths. Anyone can catch feels, but vaccination significantly decreases your chances of infection. Plus, getting vaccinated also helps protect people around you who may be more vulnerable to feels, such as pregnant women and boys who are really into J. Cole. Remember, feels are constantly evolving, so you still need a new vaccine this year even if you swear you got over Jessica last summer.

While you're at it, make sure the rest of your vaccinations are also up to date so that you can avoid catching these hands, or someone's eye, or 22.