

The Northwestern Flipside

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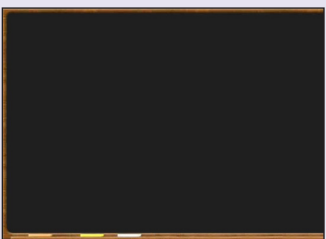
UChicago Eliminates Swim Test, As If Their Campus Wasn't Dry Enough Already



Cafeteria Dwelling Freshman Wants to Know if "You Guys Mind if I Sit Here?"



With Welcome Week Over, Students Are Shocked At Steep Price Rise of Free Shit



To Improve Sensitivity, Blackboard Renames Itself African-Americanboard

Freshman Uncomfortable to Find Condom in Care Package

By Tyler Daswick
The Sassy One

EVANSTON—When Hank Crowley, a McCormick freshman, tore open the first care package sent from his parents, he was surprised to find that, under the bags of candy and boxes of pastries that he had requested, lay a single, individually-wrapped Trojan condom.

When pushed for comment on whether he was expecting the rubber contraceptive to be present among his Reese's Pieces and Blueberry Pop Tarts, Crowley said, "It was a little weird, because you think if Mom and Dad were going to put something like that in there it'd be sort of up front, but it was all, like, shoved in the bottom under all the bubble-wrap." Crowley paused and turned the package over in his hands. "It was almost like it wasn't supposed to be there."

The condom, which is a Trojan Sensitivity BareSkin Lubricated Latex, was in pristine condition. It was attached with a letter that concluded "Stay safe!" followed by a heart and a signature from both of the boys' parents.

Crowley's roommate, Medill freshman Nick Buckholtz, shared, "It's pretty hilarious, actually. I mean, I've seen a lot of jimmy hats in my day, but that one Hank has is, like, a nice-ass condom."

Sources have since confirmed that Nick Buckholtz is a huge fucking douchebag.

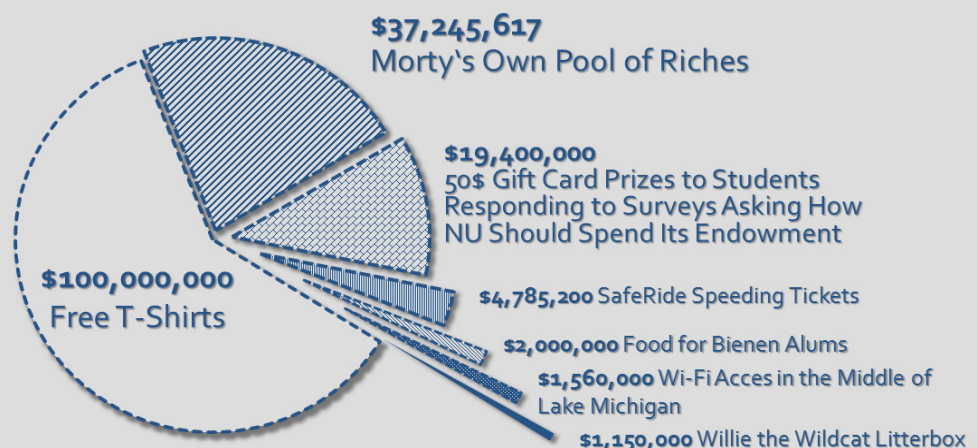
Investigators have gathered that the condom never actually found its way to Crowley's wallet, and instead still resides in his sweaty, fidgeting hands. "It had to have been a mistake by Mom and Dad, don't you think?" The boy paced back and forth, turning the wrapper



over so he could read the label for the fifteenth time. "They—they wouldn't expect me to be, like, using this thing. No, it fell in there by accident." Crowley then nodded affirmatively, and tossed the contraceptive onto his desk.

In the days since the care package was delivered, the condom remains unused. However, three more packages have been delivered to Hank Crowley, containing canned pineapple, a massaging neck pillow, and a tube of Astroglide.

WHERE IS NU SPENDING ITS MONEY NOW



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NU Chemistry Department Loses Accreditation for Serving Ethanol to Minors

By Andrew Schneider
Badass Muckraker

EVANSTON — Following NU Student Affairs's decision to disassociate with Chabad House due to clashes over university alcohol policy, Northwestern's Chemistry department has been stripped of accreditation following reports that ethanol was served to minors during a recent lab.

Department chair Elizabeth Locke protested the decision, claiming that providing disciples with ethanol has been a "central tenet" of chemistry for centuries.

Although Locke does not deny the charges levied against her department, she has attempted to assure administrators and parents that ethanol was provided solely in

a "respectful, somber environment."

"It would be unthinkable to imagine a chemistry department unable to provide its students with ethanol," Locke wrote in a *Daily Northwestern* editorial pleading for a more sensible ethanol policy.

"Like, literally. Unthinkable. You can't get even half-way through Gen Chem 101 without it."

Chabad House's Rabbi Dov Hillel Klein has likewise written several editorials for campus periodicals, but most have been rejected for publication.

Critics claim that the Rabbi's manifestos are "rambling, incoherent, and in many cases consist entirely of the phrases 'Arthur Butz' and 'Northwestern is Hitler.'"

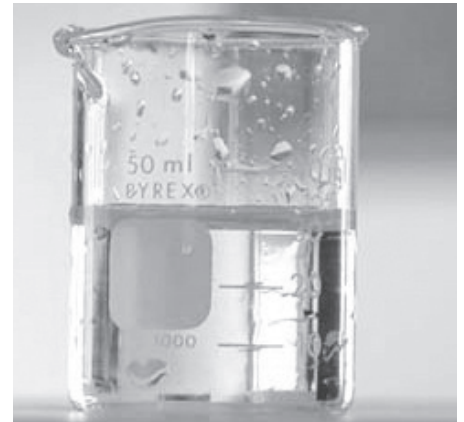
When reached for comment, Rabbi Klein accused *The Flipside* of anti-

Semitism and suggested that "whoever ratted [him] out to Student Affairs [was] a pussy who [couldn't] handle a bit of fucking Manischewitz."

Student support has remained strong for both Chabad House and the Chemistry department, but a recent rally faced sparse attendance after organizers opted to attend a rager at the Sheil Catholic Center instead.

Whoever ratted [him] out to Student Affairs [was] a pussy who [couldn't] handle a bit of fucking Manischewitz.

RABBI DOV HILLEL KLEIN



Lisa's Café Falls to Savagery Minutes Before Equivalency Points Renew

By Eric Vanchieri
Punk New Guy

EVANSTON — On Saturday evening, excitement turned to panic as students realized that their unused equivalency points for the week simply would disappear at midnight. Fueled by the promise of "free" food, the "Weekly 14" students quickly began to funnel into Lisa's Café.

"I was in a state of shock more than anything. Seeing that wall of items ranging from chocolate Teddy Grahams to diet lemonade powder felt like seeing 40 of your children drowning, and only being able to save three, possibly four if you save the slightly expired children," said Jayden Morrison, a Weinberg freshman.

As one could imagine, such drastic decisions led to long lines. Frustrated

linegoers fearing a steadily approaching midnight began to shout and push their way to the front of the line.

An RTVF major even suggested "Titanicking it" and using a bench as a battering ram. These actions quickly evolved into riot-like behavior as the mob began to grab whatever foodstuffs they could while Lisa's staff fled due to safety concerns.

"It shadily was like the scene in



War of the Worlds where Dakota Fanning and Tom Cruise try and get on that boat thing to avoid the aliens and everyone is pushing and stuff. Except instead of Dakota Fanning this hot girl who is randomly in McCormick was beating the crap out of this Comm. major over a diet coke 12-pack," commented Tamara Suchan, a transfer student.

"As a part of the mob, I felt a compulsory need to grab as many boxes of wheat pasta as I could. I have Celiac Disease and all I could think to do was stuff boxes of pasta under my shirt before I was jumped," said Slivka resident Sarah Smithe.

After ten minutes of pure chaos, the mob began to dissipate as rumors of a PIKE pregame began to swirl. Lunchables in hand, the mob was gone, leaving only shattered dreams and Spaghettios.