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Northwestern Says It's Only Fair To Have More Fairs

BY ADAM PECENA

EVANSTON—Northwestern University administrators declared yesterday that the campus will host a record number of fairs this year. Events Management Chair Neil Cordoba foreshadowed some of the future happenings: “We could not help noticing the repeated success of the Activities Fair, the Volunteer Fair, the Jobs and Internships Fair, not to

mention our other fairs, so we made a commitment to add a fair number more this year.”

Following the Housing Fair in February, a new Louis Hall event organized in cooperation with the CTA, the Fare Fair, will take place, featuring the prices of public transport in the city. In March, an art showcase, the tickets for which will vary in price depending on the customer’s income and dubbed the Unfair Fair, is planned. Cordoba also promised more themed fairs were in the works, such as Greasy Hair, Gummy Bear, and an exhibition on the Native American Chief Sitting Bear.

“Once we select the final list of fairs from our many appli-

cants, the new Norris Director of Fairs, Nelson Fermin, will pick his team and start working on the spring quarter events—the Astaire Fair, Blair Fair, Baudelaire Fair, and Dreyfus Af-Fair about important historical figures; the Ware Fair, Wear Fair, and Where Fair for fashion lovers; Scare Fair, Voyeur Fair, Bare Fair, and Don’t Stare Fair, which will be our special features for NU Sex Week; Mare Fair, Hare Fair, and Pear Fair for those interested in nature; and of course the Spare Fair for those organizations that wouldn’t fit thematically in any of the other fairs. Finally, the Fairs Fair will help students decide which fairs they should come check out.”



Sherman Ave Contributor Misses Deadline; Can't Stop Laughing at Own Dick Joke



Boy Scouts to Begrudgingly Allow Gays, But Blacks Are Back Out



Northwestern and the Chicago Cubs Announce Plans to go on Biggest Loser



Post Office Ends Saturday Mail Delivery; NU Mailrooms Now Only Open Tuesdays 5-7

No One Claims Free \$300 Gift Card; QR Code Only Way to Access Prize

BY BRIAN EARL

MINNEAPOLIS, MN—A local internet start-up, Business Organization, Ideas, Solutions, and Energy, last week launched a marketing campaign that BOISE President and CEO Mark Thompson could only describe as “a complete and utter failure.”

Thompson, whose company strives to provide “strategies, tips, and directions” to improve the efficiency and productivity of businesses worldwide, said his Marketing Intern, Billy Keyman, came up with the idea of giving away an Amazon.com gift certificate valued at \$300 as a way to drum up business.

“The idea was simple,” said Thompson. “Anyone who was a fan of our Facebook page would be entered into a drawing to win

the gift card. We advertised the contest with fliers and posters. The only problem was that Billy didn’t put the URL of our Facebook page on any of the posters. He didn’t even put on the name of our business. They just said, ‘Win \$300!’ with a QR code beneath.”

“Leave it to a supposedly social-media savvy intern to foul things up.”

Indeed, an independent study showed that the only people who attempt to use QR codes are first-time smartphone owners realizing that those little black and white box things they keep seeing everywhere can be scanned by their brand new toy. After fiddling with their phone for a minute or two, these rare, potential-QR-code users invariably say to themselves, “This is



stupid” and give up.

Thompson added that the first person to scan the QR code, pictured above, would just be given a \$300 gift certificate, no strings attached.

See that QR Code up there? Yeah, that one. For all you know, it leads to a \$300 Amazon.com gift card. It probably just leads to our Facebook page, but you never know, right? Go on. Scan it. You never know.

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How Will Our Childhood Heroes Be Disgraced Next?

Snoopy - Put Down After Contracting Rabies

Bunnacula - Jailed for Giving Snoopy Rabies

Ash Ketchum - Fathering an Illegitimate Child With a Jynx

Trix Rabbit - Arrested for Turning Trix in a Safeway Parking Lot

Scooby Doo - Possession of Peyote



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2008 2010 2012 2014 2016 2018 2020

Student Incapable of Feeling Nostalgic For Memories, Only Pop Culture References

BY ANDREW SCHNEIDER

EVANSTON—Struck by a sudden fit of nostalgia while walking to class, Northwestern biology major Keith Catania fondly reminisced about his childhood infatuation with Pokémon Red, Beanie Babies, and *The Land Before Time*. Reports indicate that not even a single one of Catania's wistful smiles was in remembrance of a shared human experience over the course of 21 years of life.

"God I miss the 90s sooooo much!" Catania posted to Facebook upon arriving at class. The junior then opened an emulator app on his laptop so that he could spend the entirety of the 80-minute lecture fighting the Elite Four for the third time this week. A desktop folder containing photos of a family trip to Ontario has not been opened since the day it was uploaded.

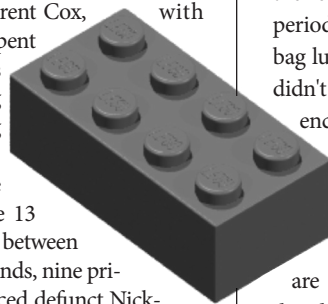
Analysts say that the photos will be permanently lost when Catania's hard drive crashes in six months, but that the young man will fail to notice, focusing all of his efforts on recovering his "90s Party Time!" playlist comprised of Backstreet Boys and Limp Bizkit.

His sentimentality getting the best of him, Catania texted his childhood friend Brent Cox, with whom he spent countless hours sledding and playing tag. According to phone records, of the 13 messages sent between the former friends, nine primarily referenced defunct Nickelodeon cartoons, while another two were dedicated to Ocarina of Time.

During his daily browsing of BuzzFeed, an unprovoked, long-dormant memory began to cross Catania's mind involuntarily:

"Chicago. Beautiful spring day. 5 years old? Mom is there - what is she saying? What did she look like? The sunlight giving the faintest glow to her face as she hugs me AND HOLY SHIT SHE'S BUYING ME LEGOS!!! IT'S THE STAR WARS X-WING MODEL! I REMEMBER IT SO CLEARLY! STEP ONE: TAKE A GREY PLANE PIECE AND ADD FOUR ROUNDED BLACK PIECES TO THE BOTTOM. STEP TWO: ADD THE PRE-BUILT CHAIR!"

"I LOVE LEGOS AND I LOVE PIXAR MOVIES!!!"



The Flipside Investigates: No Substitute for Substitutes

BY ALISON ORTEGA

EVANSTON—You remember the feeling. You're waiting for 6th period to start in a post brown-bag lunch haze, only wishing you didn't have to endure another science class with Mrs. Stebbins (and that you had more fruit gushers, I mean seriously, there's only like seven in each bag). You are consumed with this mix of dread and high fructose corn syrup, when suddenly, it happens. A woman you've never laid eyes on before enters the room with a television on wheels. The look of fear and intimidation in her eyes can only confirm what you dared not believe...a substitute teacher.

Yes, every former student knows the joy of seeing a substitute teacher walk in, or so we thought. Jason Thompson, a Medill sophomore at Northwestern, claims that he has never had a substitute teacher. When *The Flipside* asked Thompson about this anomaly, he commented, "I guess my teachers were just always really healthy."

Lucky for them perhaps, but the severe deficits suffered by Thompson due to this tragic state of affairs

is anything but. He shows marked deficiencies in the areas of paper airplane folding, throwing pencils at the ceiling, and the ability to convince authorities of fake school policies. When asked to switch names with a friend during their first discussion section of the quarter, Thompson reportedly replied, "Why would anyone do that?"

But it is not merely the lack of slacking abilities that concerns *The Flipside*. Thompson has been unduly deprived of a well-rounded multimedia education, as evidenced by his shocking comment, "Bill who? Nye? Sorry, never heard of him." There are some lessons that can only be taught by the infinite wisdom of the middle school A/V cart, such as the function of Conjunction Junction, or what to do if you're a congressional bill suffering from seasonal affective disorder.

So, the next time you see a substitute teacher, remember to thank them for their tireless efforts to read the newspaper and nap because their negligence provides young minds the opportunity to garner some of the most valued treasures of the human experience: stupid tricks and pop culture references.

Where Are They Now? *The Boxcar Children*

BY MICHAEL COE

Few children today have not been touched by Gertrude Chandler Warner's classic book series *The Boxcar Children*, which captures all the charm and adventure of being a parentless underage destitute living in an abandoned train car. Now, these timeless stories are being updated for a new generation with the release of the series *The Boxcar Adults: Just Regular Homeless People*.

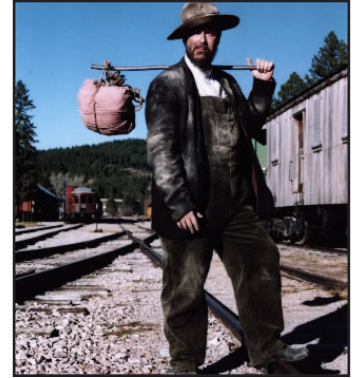
Penned by nameless ghostwriters, these books attempt to sustain the realism of the original series and preserve its relevance, by describing what would realistically happen in the kids' lives if they continued to live in a

boxcar 15 years later, after the death of their grandfather. The old gang's surviving members still have a penchant for mystery solving and exploring, but the new plotlines revolve around adult boxcar-dweller problems, like the ones found in *The Case of the Missing Dope Spoon*, *The Great Tooth-Loss Caper*, and *Should We Eat Our Own Clothes to Survive?*

While *The Atlantic Monthly* has lauded the new series for its "gritty realism" and "no-holds-barred depictions of addiction, crippling poverty, and starvation," there has been backlash over the potential impact these books will have on both the legacy of the originals and the minds of curious children who want to explore what

happens to these beloved characters.

Publishers have fought back against this criticism by claiming that it stays true to what would actually happen to a group of people who lived in an abandoned boxcar with few survival skills when they became adults. And though they insist that these books are mostly for an older demographic, they claim that children can read the books as cautionary tales, lest they think that if they run away to have a "life of adventure with their friends" there will be toilet paper, food, and protection from the toothless, sunken-faced, squatters in surrounding boxcars that look like they just crawled out of *Winter's Bone* and who will sell their hair for meth, waiting for them on the other side.



Whatever the case may be, the new books make for thrilling stories. Although the *Boxcar Children* may have grown up to be a bunch of average shiftless tetanus-riddled drug-addict hobos, at least they're still making us smile.

Your Starving Neopets Spend Your Neopoints on Food, Wheel of Fortune

BY BRIAN EARL

NEOPIA CENTRAL—Your Kacheek, Lupe, and Quiggle have raided The National Neopian Bank, demanding that the teller, a grumpy green Skeith, hand over ten thousand neopoints to pay for some food. Since you have not fed them in four years, your pets furiously went to Neopian Fresh Foods and purchased three leeks, a pteri kabob, and an apple juice for a total of 3,392 NP.

Having satiated their hunger, your pets, named soccerKacheek1235, HarryPotterLupe-in, and MrQuigglekins, then decided to exact retribution from you, their neglectful owner. They jumped into a sketchy banner ad (which have been added to the website since the last time you logged on, you neglectful prick), and would have used the remnants of the stolen neopoints to purchase

and download a Trojan virus, but were disappointed to learn that neopoints are not legal tender on other websites.

Your pets then returned to Neopia and travelled to Faerieland to spin the Wheel of Fortune and finally win the corresponding secret avatar, thinking that the small animated gif would be "fun."

Your Neopets then came to the same conclusion you did years and years ago, that this website is stupid, and attempted to commit suicide by jumping off the top of Terror Mountain, but couldn't do it because they're indestructible pieces of virtual data.

Consequently, your Neopets registered your account for Premium service in order to receive therapy from the Neopian Pound's resident psychiatrist, a new feature of the website. Your credit card will thus be charged \$69.95 a year.

Area Cynic Has Already Ruined Everything We Used to Like from the 90s

BY ALEX FINKELSTEIN

CLEVELAND, OH—An area cynic has managed to ruin everything from our childhood that we ever

“Also, those Backstreet Boys need to be taken out back and put down. I really want it that way.”

- Area Cynic

looked back fondly on. Over the course of one rambling diatribe that the cynic called "a conversation," he proceeded to poke holes in everything we ever cherished. For example, he really hates 90s television shows and has no shame haughtily telling us so. In his words, "TV is lying to you, man. Clarissa never really does explain it all, does she? Also I don't know what that

is, but it certainly isn't Raven."

"And the movies weren't any better," he added. "Have you tried re-watching *The Sixth Sense*? It does not hold up for multiple viewings, and quite frankly I'd say the same thing about *Fight Club*, except I'm not supposed to talk about it. Oh wait, I just did."

The cynic then proceeded to rail against the manufactured evil that is the music of the 90s. "That *NSync song, 'Bye Bye Bye' is more like 'Buy Buy Buy' if you ask me. You are all just part of the capitalist machine. Also, those Backstreet Boys need to be taken out back and put down, I really want it that way."

Reaction to the cynic has been mostly hostile, with one witness saying if only I could hit him baby one more time and many of his so called friends are now referring to him in the modern parlance as just somebody that they used to know.

Seminal Moments in Flipside History

Heroic Student Assassinate CAESAR

BY BRAD HORRAS

EVANSTON—Fed up with CAESAR's tyrannical bullshit, Computer Science graduate student Andy "Brutus" Swanson vanquished the online academic portal in a carnal, adrenaline-driven massacre on Friday night.

"Seriously, what the hell?" Swanson screamed at his web browser in the encounter leading up to the brutal slaying. "Yeah, sure, the class doesn't exist even though I was just there this morning."

He proceeded to fiddle around with settings, unchecking some boxes in an effort to make his class appear in his rush to beat the add-class deadline. Others seated nearby took notice when he emitted a string of obscenities after finding his section, but not being allowed to add because of a supposed class time overlap. Witnesses reported seeing him slowly un-sheathing and consuming a can of Mountain Dew.

Shortly thereafter, Swanson proceeded to hack into the university's servers to create a new student profile, "Brutus", be-

fore systematically dismantling CAESAR's powerful databases under the new alias. In a desperate final plea, CAESAR cautioned "Deleting this script cannot be undone. Do you wish to proceed? Y/N." Sources witnessed Swanson inhale deeply and place a thumbs-up high in the air, pause, and then slowly lower his thumb down to hit the "Y" key.

Swanson's final step was to delete his "Brutus" login name, prompting CAESAR to ask, "And you, Brutus? Yes, No, Cancel." Sources report that Swanson cackled as he clicked "Yes," in unrepentant cold blood.

Having witnessed the carnage, a shocked library staffer erected a temporary memorial in front of the library, quickly scrawling "CAESAR is dead, please go to 633 Clark St. if you need assistance" on paper and taping it up. NUIT issued a bulk e-mail shortly after CAESAR's termination informing students that it would be replaced the next day by their newly-constructed beta hub, the Online Computer Training And Virtual Information Assistance Navigator (OCTAVIAN).

NU Cancels Sex

BY SAM GUTELLE

EVANSTON—Many students were shocked to hear last week that Professor J. Michael Bailey's Human Sexuality class would not be offered next year, but the campus was in an even greater uproar after hearing that the administration had canceled sex itself for the 2011-12 academic year.

"At this point," President Morton Schapiro explained in a press release, "we need to rethink how sex fits into the lives of our undergraduates. We've received complaints that sex exists at Northwestern for pure 'shock value,' and we want to be sure of its practical applications before we reopen it to the student body."

Student response to this announcement has been overwhelmingly negative. "I can't believe they cancelled sex," lamented WCAS freshman Alyssa Sheldon. "Everyone told me that I HAD to have sex before I left Northwestern. I was going to do it next year, but I guess I'll have

to wait now." Many students agreed with Sheldon's frustrations, and watching unsatisfied undergrads erase sex from their planners has become common around campus. "I understand some sex may have been a little uncalled for," continued Sheldon, "but this seems like a really drastic decision."

Meanwhile, sales of sex toys to NU students have risen dramatically. "Those young whippersnappers cleaned me out," said Gene Piselli, the owner of "Gene's Fucksaws and Sundries," a sex shop in Wrigleyville. "Even if the university bans sex, it won't stop genitalia from existing."

In response to NU's new policy, several sex-addicted students have decided to transfer to BYU, citing the school's "more open attitude with regards to human sexuality" as a top selling point.

The university has reported its next target will be defecation, which it says "promotes a culture of crude, scatological, and generally immature behavior not representative of the Northwestern brand."

Mayor Tisdahl to Shut Down Northwestern Keg: Musings of a Drunk Medill Student

BY SAM BLOCK

THE KEG, no wait, A FRATERNITY'S BASEMENT, no wait, fuck it, I have no idea where I am—At 2:32 on Monday, Evanston Mayor Elizabeth Tisdahl removed the liquor license from the Keg of Evanston and destroyed everything that was good about humanity. Tisdahl cited selling alcohol to minors and the devil's current possession of her body as reasons for her actions.

"Evanston would be just fine without Northwestern," Tisdahl

probably said during her press conference. "And since I've solved all the city's other problems, especially theft, I felt it was time to shut down the Keg."

The arthritic Evanston populace applauded Tisdahl's decision, raising their catheters into the air in celebration. Now the city is safe, they chanted. Now I can let my grandchildren walk the street at 3 a.m., they chanted.

Somebody pass me a goddamn rum and coke.

"We were completely ready to step up our regulations and require two forms of paper or

plastic identification," said Tom Migon, former Keg owner and now homeless man who sits outside of CVS. "If we were the 9th-best college bar in the country, just imagine what going to a bar outside the top ten would be like."

What the hell is going on? Where am I? Why does this place not feel like I'm walking through the streets of Hong Kong, but sweatier? Why isn't there such a long wait for the bathroom that people are pissing in plastic cups? Where is the dance floor full of nerds pre-

tending to live it up at college by randomly making out with people they cannot see?

Did they even serve alcohol at the Keg?

If there are typos, I don't even care if I get a Medill F anymore. What reason do I have to go to Northwestern?

"We are going to address this issue and blah blah blah," Dean of students Howard Burgwell said. I mean, what do they want from us? What am I supposed to do?

Fuck this. Now I'm going to have to buy a better fake ID.

This is satire! All names and stories are fictional, unless public figures are mentioned.

Have a comment, suggestion, or question? Email contact@northwesternflipside.com. See more content at nuflipside.com.