

## STUDY: All Your Friends Are out of Class for the Summer

BY JORDAN VILLANUEVA

EVANSTON – A report recently released by the Department of Education indicated that literally every single one of your friends is now on summer break while you are stuck in school. This shocking news has many implications that directly affect you as a Northwestern student. Mainly, everyone else is out having fun while you're studying for that Orgo midterm.

Sources indicate that your friends are not just "having fun," but also frequenting your favorite ice cream shop, having picnics at your favorite beach, and playing Frisbee in your favorite park.

These findings have been

attributed to the fact that you were enticed by "a quarter

"dude why tf arent u home yet?" inquired your best friend



system that allows you to take more classes and to diversify your studies." All of your friends chose semester schools, to which you scoffed, "Northwestern is a way better school than that."

via text message. "were gettin hammered at [friend's name]'s place tuesday u should come."

Your friend went on to describe, in detail, the number of "baes" who have descended upon your hometown, eager to

indulge in alcohol and sexual relations. He indicated that he is taking full advantage of the opportunities.

Once the fun is over, it will almost assuredly be revealed that all your friends got better jobs than you did for the summer. While they are working in law offices and filing papers for accountants, you are stuck doing street maintenance for the city. Bold predictions indicate your friends will tirelessly make fun of you for wearing that reflective orange vest all day.

UPDATE: Emerging statistics indicate your friends don't give a shit about your midterm schedule.

## Barbarian Eats Both Nature Valley Granola Bars at Once

BY TYLER DASWICK

URBANA, IL – As onlookers watched in disgust and revulsion, University of Illinois junior Brian Torrey tore open the package of his Oats and Honey-flavored Nature Valley bars and proceeded to bite into both at once like a wild animal.

"Jesus Christ, it's like we're watching Animal Planet over here," said Jamie Finnegan, who was sitting next to Torrey in the meeting they were both attending. "Brian went after both of those bars like a freaking primate.

Who the hell does that?"

Sources indicate that the makers of Nature Valley granola bars include two portions of the snack in every package for the purposes of prolonging the eating experience, sharing one bar with another person, or even saving the second bar for later. Torrey neglected all of these advantages, however, and just dove into both servings at the same time like a rabid, starved Neanderthal.

"Frankly, we at Nature Valley find this behavior a violation of our product, and Torrey's eating habits in no way reflect the kind

of consumer we wish to attract," said John Baringer, president of public relations at Nature Valley. "Seriously, what a goddamn ape."

"Look at him, hunched over like an asshole," said Finnegan. "He just can't stop shoving it in his goddamn face. He reminds me of one of those feral children they find locked in closets, scattering all his fucking crumbs everywhere. God."

Reporters reached out to Torrey, who was apparently raised in some kind of barn, for comment.

"I found this at a gas station," said the self-gratifying hoarder.

"They usually have the peanut butter ones, but I was there on Thursday, so they were all out, so I had to get the green kind."

"It's ok though, they're still good," he added as he took another gargantuan bite, probably to compensate for the lack of satisfaction he finds in other areas of his shitty life.

As of press time, Torrey was polishing off the bar when he choked on one of the final rock-hard pieces, spraying bits of granola bar all over the table in front of him.

"Damn sicko," said Finnegan.

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# Letter from ASG Regarding El Cinco de Mayo

Dear fellow Wildcats,

*El Cinco de Mayo* (The Fifth of May) is coming up next week, and we'd like take a moment to name specific things that you should not do, but will now definitely do since we have listed them here.

Every year, our campus suffers from some form of culturally offensive activity that isolates many people, sometimes entire communities. Consequently, we must write this letter to caution our friends, peers, and community members to not allow this day — or any other — to become an occasion to have fun at the expense of cultures and traditions we should cherish.

Despite the name of the holiday being in Spanish, *El Cinco de Mayo* is not widely celebrated throughout Mexico, rather it is celebrated mostly in the United States. This is done explicitly to confuse ignorant *gringos* such as, based on the

demographics of our school, the majority of you who are reading this email.

In typical *El Cinco de Mayo* fashion, white people such as yourselves often throw Mexican-themed parties. These parties typically include vulgar and appropriative celebrations of Mexican culture by taking tequila shots, eating tacos, drawing mustaches on your finger and raising your finger to you upper lip during photos (get it? because it looks like you have a real mustache!), and yelling “Cinco de Mayo bitches!” repeatedly.

While this level of cultural appropriation is expected and borderline tolerated, it has come to our attention that many Universidad Northwestern students have tried to counteract the stereotype of tasteless *El Cinco de Mayo* celebrations by throwing “American-themed” parties. Drinking Skinny Girl White Cranberry Cosmos, putting mayonnaise



on everything, and wearing cowboy hats does not commemorate American culture. On the contrary, this offends many and casts our entire community in a poor light.

This email should serve as a reminder to be respectful when wandering around Evanston this upcoming Monday looking for a replacement for the Keg. If you would like to celebrate *El Cinco de Mayo*

or The Fifth of May responsibly, please join us for the Fuego Bonfire at 4 p.m. in which we will burn hockey sticks while listening to Coldplay in order to commemorate the holiday responsibly.

Thank you,

ASG President & Executive Vice President

## FDA Bans Sale of E-Cigarettes to Minors, Ensuring Minors Will Never Want to Try E-Cigarettes

BY ANDREW SCHNEIDER

SILVER SPRING, MD — Demonstrating their perfect understanding of the teenage mind, FDA officials this week banned the sale of e-cigarettes to minors, single-handedly ensuring that stubborn and rebellious middle and high-schoolers will not go out of their way to specifically try e-cigarettes.

“This is easily the best thing that could have happened to our business,” stated Sean Wain, CEO of e-cig start-up *Burning Plastic Scent, LLC*. Wain did not appear to grasp

the devastating impact the FDA’s ruling could have on his business by prominently featuring his product in the news, and somehow attaching an air of danger and rebellion to a product that makes its users look like they’re smoking a fucking kazoo.

“At first we tried marketing the health angle,” Wain further explained, his sad naivety overwhelming the room. “We told people we were a ‘quitting’ aid, and that our product didn’t contain as many carcinogens as cigarettes, even though our materials are of questionable quality, and

you’re literally burning plastic in your mouth every time you use one.”

“But now, we don’t even have to lift a finger! Smokers will come to our ‘rescue,’ purchasing our product purely out of spite for the ‘nanny state’ that’s encroaching on their right to poison themselves with disturbing rapidity!”

Reporters present had no choice but to sadly shake their heads, pitying the oblivious CEO who refused to admit that the FDA’s prohibition of his product would have the same effect as the vitriol pre-

viously issued against “homeopathic” medicines and vitamins.

Homeopathic medicines are, of course, no longer sold in major supermarket chains and cultishly worshipped by consumers whose devotion to the product only hardens with each attempt to remove it from them.

In related news, area high schooler Max Alvarez spent an hour staring at his mirror last night, trying to convince himself that the e-cigarette hanging from his neck by a lanyard looked “kinda cool, maybe.”

THIS IS SATIRE! Note: All names and stories are fictional, unless public figures are mentioned.

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