

# Chicago's Darkest Hour

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Deep in the bowels of the City of Chicago, a familiar sound creaked its way into the public consciousness one spring morning. It was a sound not dissimilar to the sound of a balloon's rubber skin stretching as it becomes filled with air. It was the sound of Oprah Winfrey getting fatter!

What was it that day that pushed the limits of Oprah's obesity to sperm whale proportion? A few too many Krispy Kremes perhaps? Maybe she had been up late porking out on Ben and Jerry's? Some even thought that she had grown so hungry that she had eaten her fiancé Stedman Graham. Regardless, Oprah was off at Harpo Studios getting fatter and we all had to accept the fact that whatever diet Oprah had been on had ultimately failed just like all the others. We Chicagoans would have to somehow find a way to accept whatever consequences would be dealt out as a result. There was no way we could have known what was to happen next.

We now know the terrifying truth. Oprah was not only getting fatter, but taller, too. By 11 a.m. she had grown to a height of three stories and had devoured many of the suburbanite women aged 22-35 in her studio audience as they attempted to flee. Then, as if saving the best for last, she grabbed Doctor Phil (scheduled to appear on the show that was taping that very day) and bit his head off, causing those who witnessed it to feel a confusing mixture of both terror and immense satisfaction as blood spewed from his open neck like water from Buckingham Fountain.

By 12:30 p.m. Oprah was eating large handfuls of tourists on Michigan Avenue and Mayor Daley was holding an emergency press conference to declare that the local government had been prepared for just such an occasion.

"Dere's no way dat we're gonna let anybody, even Oprah Winfrey,

run amok eating hard working Chicagoans on my watch!” he declared. “Roger!”

Seconds later, a loud crash could be heard at the Sun Times building. Roger Ebert, apparently fresh off of his own food binge, had crashed his six story tall frame into the fray.

“EBERT KILL!” Ebert shouted as people ran to avoid being squashed by his giant pasty white feet.

Racial tension erupted immediately as white people seemed to be backing Ebert, black people Oprah and every other ethnicity demanded a giant killer celebrity they could call their own. In the meantime Ebert and Oprah killed indiscriminately.

Daley’s plan had backfired. Ebert had not only failed to stop Oprah, who herself was now standing twelve stories high, but had become obsessed with grabbing and eating innocent people as they fled as well. President Bush, vacationing at his Texas ranch had yet to make a statement. All seemed lost.

Then it happened. As Oprah and Ebert were busy destroying buildings and eating civilians, a huge wind rippled through the city. Ten stories high, engorged with undetectable performance enhancing steroids, was Sammy Sosa taking practice swings with a gigantic corked bat! He had returned in hopes of making it up to the city for walking out on the Cubs during the last game of the ‘04 season.

Ebert and Sosa squared off on Lake Shore Drive near the Shedd Aquarium. An infuriated Roger Ebert, notorious for being territorial, defended his land by charging the gigantic Sosa but was slain with a thunderous swing of said corked bat leaving both bat and Ebert’s skull shattered.

Sosa was too late to stop Oprah, though, who was disappearing under the waters of Lake Michigan with each gigantic stride out to deeper waters. To this day, it is believed that Oprah is hibernating somewhere under the waves until she again must quench her enormous appetite for human flesh.

As for Sammy Sosa, there was talk about re-signing with the Cubs. But, ultimately, the steroid controversy plaguing Major League Baseball at the time made Cubs General Manager Jim Hendry cautious, and Sosa returned to the Dominican Republic to await any other teams willing to sign the aging free agent slugger.

Chicago was rebuilt. Mayor Daley widely criticized, and the dead honored with a moving ceremony in Grant Park.

Today as we move forward with optimism we know one thing: Oprah’s gigantic, hulking frame is slumbering under the waves waiting to strike once again. May God have mercy on our souls!