**Student Tells His Friends He’s Going to Burning Ham**

Really excited for all the cured meats
By Mc. Chappell ’15

**Charcuterie Dept.**
(SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE) With the end of the year swiftly approaching, many Hamilton students are faced with the prospect of another summer spent guarding goats for minimum wage after being rejected from the 324809312487 internships they applied to.

Not so for Ben Jambon ’15, who wasted no time in boasting to all his friends that he will be attending Burning Ham Festival this vacation, somehow under the impression that this annual gathering revolves around pork chops rather than several tons of hash from the 1970s.

“I’m so pumped for a week of nothing but meat. This is my second favorite kind of sausage fest!” Jambon raved. “I hear they build an entire city out of bratwurst. Just think of it,” he moaned, his eyes glazing over. “I’ve been practicing my construction techniques with the hamburgers from Commons, but my roommate got kind of pissed about all the mag-gots.”

So far, none of Jambon’s friends have dared to correct his mistake.

“He’s just so excited—he’s been making origami cranes out of Canadian bacon for months,” Ernie Wilcox ’14 sighed. “How do I tell him that he’s more likely to be eaten by middle-aged bacon for months,” Ernie Wilcox ’14 sighed. “How do I tell him that he’s more likely to be eaten by middle-aged bacon than my roommate got kind of pissed about all the mag-gots.”

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“Low probability stress balls you can squeeze.”

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

When I tried to explain to her that all the cool seniors were drinking alcohol, and she just stared at me like I was an alien. “I’ve got a coupl’a stress balls you can squeeze.”

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**SA Paves Martin’s Way with “No Biking” Signs**

Mass casualties avoided
By Mr. Snyder ’13

**CAMPUS SAFETY DEPT.**
(THE BRIDGE) After a series of near fatal accidents on Martini Way, bikers have been banned from crossing the bridge or riding up the ramp to McEwen. The administration also prohibited snowmobiling, hunting, and dinosaurs.

The metallic signs prohibiting these reckless acts have been staked into the ground and screwed onto Beinecke and the cement ramp near KJ and are friendly, welcoming reminders to visitors and students that the administration hates fun.

Amid a campus-wide debate about the signs, rumors swirled about the motivations behind the restriction. Some speculated that Nancy Thompson banned bikes out of jealousy because she never learned how to ride one. When asked for comment, Dean Thompson responded by flashing her motorcycle license and telling this reporter to go fuck himself.

Others cited the immense danger and potential for injury that bicyclists pose. Marvin Haggler ’15 supported the ban wholeheartedly. “This one time, I was walking to class on the bridge while doing a crossword on my phone and sexting my girlfriend and this biker came super close to hitting me,” he said. When pressed for details, Haggler recounted the emotional trauma that ensued. “I had my headphones in, so how was I supposed to know he yelled ‘Passing on your left?’ If he had been a half-inch closer, I would have totally dropped my phone and ruined my high score.”

Many bicyclists like Eric Denver ’14 expressed their discontent. “Now I have to ride all the way around the bridge” he said. “Are you fucking kidding me? That adds an extra fifteen seconds to my commute to the Science Center. Also, how am I going to get pussy if all the girls don’t see me cruising across the bridge on my dope bicycle? Ladies love that shit.”

The administration has promised to crack down on any students disregarding the ban. According to Nancy Thompson, repercussions will include, but will not be limited to, “a serious talk-to,” “a stern finger wagging,” and “a disapproving sigh.”

**Student Applies to Be Summer Tour Guide in Desperate Attempt to Avoid Family**

Gets a whole lot of other people’s families instead
By Mr. Weddy ’16

Yo Mother’s Dept.
(THAT ROOM YOU ALWAYS WANTED BUT COULD NEVER GET) Admissions’ desperate plea for people to stay on campus was answered last week when Matt Whitney ’16 applied to be a tour guide for the summer. Reportedly, Matt had been fearing finals week for months now, not because of the inane system of taking tests to prove knowledge, nor the general lack of alcoholism on campus, but because he will have to go home afterwards.

“Winter Break was the single worst month of my life,” Whitney explained. “I tried to hold a party in my house, because it’s massive, and has tons of rooms. So I asked my mom to go buy me some alcohol, and she just stared at me like I was an alien. When I tried to explain to her that all the cool seniors buy alcohol and that if the party was busted Campo would give me at most two points, she be-

**Old People Reflecting on Sex**

“My grandson showed me how to use the internet. I haven’t needed Viagra since.”

**Intervarsity Christian Fellowship Rejects JV Christians from “Nifty” Sock Hop Dance**

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In this issue: Your penis. Look down.

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FRIDAY FIVE: MISCONCEPTIONS ACCEPTED STUDENTS HAVE

1. Misconception: The weather here is some sort of magical spring fairyland, where rainbows dance in the sunshine until they’re swept away by a cool refreshing wind. What a nice day! Let’s toss around a disk!

Truth: Today is the first day that a Frisbee can fly more than five feet with being frozen midair. Totally true. It happens all the time. You can’t play again until it thaws.

2. Misconception: Drinking on a Sunday night is a perfectly normal activity that sane people engage in on a regular basis. Every day in college is a party! Wow! Look! Free Keystone!

Truth: The only reason people drink with you on Sunday is because you have the attention span of a magenta spring fairyland, where rainbows dance in the sunshine until they’re swept away by a cool refreshing wind. Totally true. It happens all the time. You can’t play again until it thaws.

3. Misconception: There’s some sort of crazy rivalry between the Dark Side and the Light Side, and no one ever goes to the other side of campus. A Campus Divided! Hippies Vs. Jocks!

Truth: No! They are totally integrated! Sometimes rug

4. Misconception: Breakfast here is amazing! Look, Dad! Waffles, twenty kinds of donuts, fresh strawberries, Lox bagels…Caviar! Yum!

Truth: Normally, there are no donuts. I know, right? But that’s okay because I want to eat healthy. That’s alright. I’ll just have some granola and yogurt. But there’s only a 25% chance that there will be granola. And when the granola is there, the yogurt is not. WHY DO YOGURT AND GRANOLA HAVE TO BE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE? ALL I ASK FOR IS GRANOLA AND YOGURT. GRANOLA AND YOGURT, THAT’S IT. THAT’S TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR?

5. Misconception: The streaking team is so active! They streak all the time! Wow, Mom, naked people! They’re not wearing any clothes!

Truth: How many times has the streaking team streaked? Like, four? All year? Honestly, the only reason they streak is for your parents’ horrified faces. Unlike granola and yogurt, the streaking team and your parents are not mutually exclusive.

By Mr. Dyer ’16