Pledge Master Converts to Pacifism

Spanks pledges with carnations instead of paddles
By Ms. Caswell '14
Horticulture Dept.

(The Part of the Glen You Would Never Go to Past Sunset) Junior Pledge Master for notorious campus fraternity DIK, Jack B. Lowhard '14, was chosen for his position because of his particularly menacing characteristics. He's been known to make the burliest of freshman rushers cry, and it’s even rumored he terrified a prospective student into drinking a potion from the Pandora's box of bad luck. Buzz Callahan '13, however, Monday represented the latest in a decades long mystery: why does the Pandora's box of bad luck never seem to work? 

"Kid is crazy," DIK brother Adam Williams '15 says. "I've seen him kill a squirrel with his bare hands and then eat it. Fur and all." At a staggering 6'5" and 275lbs, Jack B. Lowhard is best known around campus for terrifying first years and kicking puppies.

So it came as a shock when last week, Lowhard publicly announced over Facebook that he was converting to pacifism.

Many questioned Lowhard, especially since technically pacifism isn’t a religion and therefore doesn’t require conversion. Nevertheless, suddenly he was spotted wearing flowers in his hair and sponsoring sing-a-longs in his dark rooming with Harris the Tiger.

"I really miss my cat, Snickers, so I jumped at the chance to spend some time with a kitty," sighed Amy Dumasse '14. "But then we thought, why not make it all the more realistic? Let's get a tiger! Plus, pet therapy is really helpful for reducing stress," Dumasse continued, waving the bloody stump of her left arm enthusiastically.

Students were thrilled about this addition to the evening’s festivities and eagerly crowded around the animal, congratulating themselves for finally understanding what it’s like to live in the Amazon.

Unfortunately, things took a turn for the violent when Harris discovered that thirty blackouts freshmen are essentially indistinguishable from a herd of brain-damaged antelope.

"He hasn't had this much fun since we took him on a field trip to the Root preschool," the tiger’s handler reported while Harris happily gnawed on a sophomore’s corpse in the background.

The Health Center staff were shocked to find a line of bleeding, semiconscious students outside their doors on Monday morning. Never ones to freeze in a crisis, the nurses persevered in handing out condoms and cough drops to every mauled and limbless individual who stumbled across the doorstep.

Hamilton's administration is valiantly trying to make the best of the situation.

"Of course it’s a bit of a downer to begin the week with multiple student deaths, but we’re very excited to announce that the class of 2017 will be able to enjoy the newly established Bundy Large Cat Sanctuary’s admission officer Tabitha Gray said.

When asked if students will be expected to live in Bundy alongside Harris the Tiger, Res Life responded with a strong affirmative.

"We’re thinking this can be the sophomore equivalent of the new Freshmen Experience program," Housing Coordinator Ms. Tina Lyon explained.

"Freshmen will have the privilege of living in Carnegie, and sophomores will get to live in constant fear of permanent mutilation. Plus, it will teach valuable life skills, like to keep one’s door locked at all times and never make noise after sundown."

Tiger At Jungle Juice Turns Out To Not Be Such A Good Idea

Amputees Club in the process of being formed
By Ms. Chappell '15
Phantom Limb Dept.

(Utica Emergency Room) Inspired by Life of Pi and the ever-popular Paws and Relax, Hamilton exchanged this year’s Great Names speaker for a three-year-old Bengali Tiger named Harris, who stole the spotlight at Jungle Juice last Saturday.

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Season Turns Just In Time For Accepted Students Day

Man, this is going to be dumb if it’s gross out when we print
By Ms. Johnson '14
Susicious Coincidences Dept.

(The Garden of Fucking Eden, Apparent-Ly) The majority of the student body was much relieved to awaken to a beautiful day Monday: bright, warm, and just perfect for outdoor bangin'.

To Environmental Studies major and future cashier Buzz Callahan '13, however, Monday represented the latest in a decades long mystery: why does the Pandora's box of bad luck never seem to work?

"It’s just not right, man," Callahan shared in an exclusive interview. "Weather shouldn’t just change for prospie day the way it does. Do you realize it’s only ever snowed once on Ac day?"

"That’s why nothing works in KJ" pg. 3

In this issue: Virgin Sacrifice

Podiums in Classrooms Actually Long Dormant Transformers

Old People Reflecting on Sex

Housing Forecast

9 A.M. No. 2
10 A.M. No. 106
11 A.M. No. 550

High probability you have a thousand new friends!

.01% something goes wrong with your significant other.

I’ve been forced to take refuge under the bridge.

See “That’s why nothing works in KJ” pg. 3

"Wrinkles are just vaginas you didn’t know existed twenty years ago."
When asked what caused this sudden shift, all Lowhard would say was, “I have seen the wondrous Lord and am glad for it. Namaste,” before gesturing with a strange series of hand movements and then returning to his morning yoga routine.

The shift is certainly strange, but stranger still are the increasing number of DIK brothers spots dotted growing their hair out long and running barefoot through the Glen. Even stranger: the sun is out; people are smiling and greeting each other warmly and strangest of all, there seems to be no snow. We aren’t saying it’s all because of Jack B. Lowhard and his personality shift, but hey, a week ago it was snowing and a week ago Lowhard was still a ravenous prick. That’s all we’re saying.

Erin Cambell

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April 12, 2013

To Whom It May Concern:

Hear me out. I’ve been through a lot since my previous application (See: Erin Campbell, Cover Letter March 2012. Most Improved’s gotta count for something, right?). But let’s get to business. Can we take a moment to appreciate my skill set? I am a top-notch paper stapler, water cooler gossip, and client phone call schmoozer.

I’m not qualified to do literally almost anything. I count on my fingers and usually tip absurdly high out of percentagecalculation anxiety. I still use the Paperclip office assistant on MS Word. One time I self-diagnosed a case of carpal tunnel on WebMD – ever since, I’ve been typing slower than my arthritic grandfather because precaution is so goshdam important. In the past year, I’ve graduated to three-word responses to questions on the telephone, though awkward dismissals are still pretty prevalent if my conversation partner has an accent, PhD, or any seductive quality in their voice. I have a short term memory of about seven seconds if I’m sober, and three if it has to do with a Windows desktop or “mandatory meeting time and location.”

I’m no stranger to rejection, on levels professional, personal, and spiritual. I get denied on a regular basis. The history department totally snubbed my thesis proposal on five occasions (Jimmy Carter was important, okay?) and one time Marje even rejected my HillCard for a quick Commons-breakfast swipe. The boy on my floor I’ve been subtly hitting on at semester put the kibosh on things, in, well, his words: “Please just no.”

Let’s be real, nobody’s reading this far, so this paragraph probably won’t matter. Lkaeasflajas yeah so um There’s this one episode of Rocket Power where the kids build a fort in the sand dunes and then (I think) bigger kids take it over. The ocean, ultimately, reclaims it. My thoughts keep returning to this cartoon sand fort. I’m pretty sure I’m meant to find it post-grad, find that precious fort and live meaningfully until the ocean reclaims me, too. I’ll find it. Not like I’ll have anything cooler to do.

Sincerely,

Erin

Reviewed by Ms. Bodzaas ’16

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news with half the calories

Gimli shed a tear

Auckland, New Zealand

On Wednesday, New Zealand became the thirteenth country to legalize gay marriage. New Zealanders rejoice, but none so much as Legolas and Gimli.

Paris, France

French research suggests that bras are unnecessary as an undergarment. Parisian breast correspondent and bra burner of late, John Boudreau ’14, claims his tits have never been more supple or worldly.

Washington D.C., The United Fuckin’ States Bitch Senate rejects Universal Background Checks because WHO IS OBAMA’S REAL FATHER???

Florida, United States

Giant African land snails invade Florida taking revenge on American escargot entrepreneurs, preying on the elderly population, and feasting on rat shit. Don’t worry, Florida law enforcement is on the case. As a local official notes, “We have a staff of 50 that’s dedicated to nothing but snail hunting.”

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