Housing Lotto Forces Friends with Benefits
Pulling five guys at once gets campus approval

The Duel Observer Delivers Quality Reporting on Sporting Events
Slowly encroaches on The Spectator's professionalism
By Mr. Grebey ’12

Sunny showers. Highs in the mid 60s. Northwest winds 10 to 15 mph. Medium probability-high in the lower 70s with showers

I emailed someone on the team asking for a quote. I didn’t actually want to have to do any real reporting. I just got stuck with this dumb article assignment.

By Mr. Sinton ’13

Puppy: I did my time; I don’t understand why I have to register as a sex offender.

PHYSICS SENIOR’S “MAJOR LAZER” A MAJOR DISAPPOINTMENT
Given an A+ based entirely on attendance
By Mr. Anesta ’14

Arts and Culture Dept. (DARKSIDE) Last Friday, Physics major Kevin Timmons gave his senior thesis presentation on the roof of Major and received what he described as first at a “pseudorealistic (like, quantum tunnelling style) ego blowjob.”

“People actually showed up!” Timmons ’11 said with a cracked voice. “I thought all the posters I placed over campus would draw a professor or a couple of people tired of the week’s Late Night at best. Timmons printed hundreds of posters stating that Friday night, the switch of his “Major Lazer” would be flipped.”

After being unable to answer complaints on why he would ‘teabag every one’s hopes and dreams’ by making them think that semi-popular Major Lazer would be playing a show on campus, Timmons claimed that he had never heard of electronica.

“I mean, it’s not even a real word,” he whined. “I spelledcheck it.”

Hundreds showed up thinking their virgin eyes and ears would be ravaged by a peerless electronica performance but were disappointed by a dinky laser built on Major’s roof. After Timmons’s presentation, his audience left in disgust. Still, Timmons said he was not hurt by this reaction.

“All I know is that I did something that I could be proud of and my parents could be proud of. I mean, my whole family showed up!” he explained. “The Duel Observer promptly got a response from Timmons’s family: “I couldn’t believe we drove seven hours for that!” Timmons ’85 said.

“Goddamn kid can’t do a thing right,” Grandpa Timmons ’99 (1899) muttered, taking off his Major Lazer t-shirt.

The only ones who seemed to actually enjoy the preparations were those who did aid in preparation for the show.

“Who cares if it isn’t dubstep?! The lights were insane!” Thomas S. Hunter ’13 said. “Oh my god, the walls are melting!”

In this issue: a-maize-ing jokes

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS

See, “Not during Class and Charter Week!” pg. Think of the kids, man!

 weather Forecast

FRIDAY SUNDAY
Mostly Cloudy Party Cloudy

SUNNY

“Major Lotto” a Major Loser

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Darkside Quad Faculty Apartments: Also known as breeding grounds for hipsters and picking their professor’s office door, only to discover that it was an open book take-home test.

Casualties: One window.

The School of Cock by Frank Score '11 and Mark Hurly '13

Genre: Sex tape

Summary: In a poorly lit Dunham single, two lumpy shapes are barely discernable under a blanket. One appears to have fallen asleep halfway through a blowjob. There isn’t even a cum shot.

Casualties: Possibly someone’s hymen.

THE HOUSING LOTTERY: WHY WE DIDN’T BEAT THIS TOPIC INTO THE GROUND ENOUGH ALREADY

By Ms. Tomklin ‘12

With the General Housing Lottery upon us this Sunday, most of us are well aware that the fate of the 2011-12 year is in the hands of both the random number generator and the people that take all the good spots. So, here’s a guide to all the places you wish to Topic into the ground already.

Millbank Faculty Apartments: Also known as “un-official social spaces,” the two Fac-Packs in Millbank have proven to be some of the most competitive places to live on campus, particularly for those who are semi-functioning alcoholics. A great place to live if you plan on supplying the alcohol 98% of the student body will drink during the weekend and are okay with being drawn and quartered if you disappoint them.

Bundy: Both Bundy dorms smell like a combination of recycled McEwen macaroni and cheese and the crusty stuff you have to scoop out from between your toes after wearing the same pair of socks for a week. Other than that, no comment.

Other Greydome dorms that won’t give you syphilis from sitting on the carpet: Um. You can get away with smoking a lot of weed, I guess.

Muzzle me too, please:

A letter to the Editor

From Mr. North ‘13

Hamilton was recently given a Jefferson Muzzle award for forcing incoming freshmen to attend the “She Fears You” presentation this fall which accused them all of being rapists. Many people seem to feel this is something to be ashamed of, but that is ridiculous; we should be proud to be a bastion of censorship and backward thinking.

First of all, the presentation did not actually accuse the men of being rapists, it merely implied that they were closet rapists. Saying that these two things are the same is like saying that Obama was born here just because he has a birth certificate saying so.

More importantly, though, Hamilton really should be honored to have received an award that places our school in the company of such paragons of integrity as the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, and BP. Far from being ashamed, we should stand proud and embrace discrimination based on sex. All men should be treated as invertebrate rapists, and all women should be treated as objects who are unable to defend themselves.

Indeed, we should embrace this as a calling to return to our founding principles: the granting of History, Economics, and Government degrees to rich, white men. As long as we’re adopting sexual discrimination, we might as well go ahead and ditch the whole “diversity” thing while we’re at it. It wasn’t working out anyway; I mean, our Muslim population is obviously a terrorist sleeper cell.

 Freedoms of speech and expression and such are overrated anyway. When it comes to amendments, remember the old rhyme: first is the worst, second is the best, third is the one about military guests.

Edited by Mr. Hostetter ‘13

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KATHERINE LOUISE JOYCE

J. ANDREW PHILLIP SCHNACKY

Contributors

DR. EVIL

Copy Editor

SARAH ACCOV RITHEER

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