BUFFERS FIND GOD
Turn into Christian boy band
Ms. Cam Kirkman ‘13
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS STUDIES
(THE CHAPEL) By the end of last Friday night’s opening a capella concert, audience members were gearing themselves up for the raunchiest they knew would come with the night’s closing act: The Buffers. Renowned throughout the campus as those drunk guys who sing ‘Bomb Diggy’ and deliver really uncomfortable Burfrums in February; the Buffers have a reputation for debauchery that they’ve been building for decades.

Concertgoers were shocked, however, when they found that their beloved brash Buffers had seemingly turned a new leaf.

As they quietly, respectfully, and soberly walked on stage, head Buffer Cam Kirkman ’13 took the mic.

“I know you all were expecting our usual dirty routine, but this year things are a little different. We found God,” he cried. He then explained how the Buffers had collectively come to find the word of the Lord, and that they were turning their sexual—I mean singing—prowess to a greater cause.

Fan favorites like “Fat Bottomed Girls,” “Signed, Sealed, Delivered,” and “Ignition” were replaced with tunes like “Jesus Loves Me,” “You Can’t Get to Heaven on Roller Skates,” and “The Lord’s Prayer.” Fan unfavorite songs like, like jokes about abortion and that song about rain in Africa, were replaced with inter-song prayers for the Duely Noted. Fans were trepidacious and tentative at first, but they remained really fucking confused the whole time.

But one Buffer, who only spoke to us on the promise of anonymity, had inside information on what may have prompted the change.

“I think Cam actually thinks he found God…like in the woods behind his house,” he said. “I’m pretty sure it was just an old homeless guy though. Cam did a lot of rooming this summer.”

To Buffer fangirls, however, this news was quite upsetting.

ADMINISTRATION LIFTS BAN ON HARD ALCOHOL
Students respond responsibly
By Mr. Olson ’14

No More Bonus Points Dept.
(ROOT FAC APP) There was much cheerful, sensible rejoicing this week as returning upperclassmen found the ban on hard alcohol that had long lain heavy over campus unexpectedly lifted after summer break. While there are still legitimate concerns over the continued inability of freshmen to stop at any point short of “Holy shit, I think he’s gonna die,” the ban had only been useful at scaring freshmen into a secret ménage-à-trois with an illicit handle and a porcelain god.

“I’m gonna be quite honest with you on this,” administration spokesman John Nitterman Jr. said early in ‘so-how-was-your-summer’ week. “I deep-sixed the ban because I’m just fucking tired of this shitty place. I’m hoping one of you will wind up dead in the shower with three hookers in the closet and some Everclear on the floor, and they’ll just clear out the whole administration in the ensuing investigation.”

The apocalypse, though, has yet to occur.

Last weekend, no freshmen were found face-down in the mud, there was only mild kecking on the Breakaway bus, and Nancy Thompson found no cause to send another deeply bitter, fanatically snarky email:

“It was kind of nice to drink my margarita in peace,” Sara Lazarus ’14 said. “It was like, well, they’re treating us like adults now, ya know, so I guess maybe I should act like one? Mind you, I think I wound up at the Reggae party in naught but knee socks and a lei, but still…responsibility?”

Nitterman, however, has not taken the (absence of) news well. “Fuck you guys—I’m literally asking y’all to drink yourselves silly for me, and you can’t even do that right. And Chris, think about the Urcahistics—you punks must be the closest thing they get to humor. Drink for them. Please.”

CLASSES MAJOR RUNS OUT OF WAYS TO REBEL AGAINST CARING, SUPPORTIVE PARENTS
Misses the point of “first world problems”
By Ms. Kerper ’15

CLASS DEPT.
(WHY SAY LANGUAGES WHEN YOU CAN SAVY LANG-VAGES) In a turn of events nearly as tragic as the stories of Oedipus and Lindsay Lohan, Classics major Olivia Drake ’13 has finally run out of ways to rebel against her parents, whom she described as “too goddamn supportive.”

“When I told my parents I wanted to be a classics major, I couldn’t wait to have my first ever disagreement with them,” she said. “I had this beautiful image of my father lying on his bed, sweaty and desperate to a greater cause. Instead, all I got was another ‘We’re so proud of you,’ just like the time I pierced my own—”

“I made it myself in sculpture class back when I thought I was double majoring in art, but I dropped that idea as soon as my parents told me they ‘always wanted an artist in the family.’”

When asked about Olivia’s piercing and other displays of reckless behavior, her mother Jane responded, “That’s what college is for, right? Take crazy classes, try some heroin, get a few piercings here and there… it’s what we all did.”

Drake’s father Herman added, “I’m so proud of the way she’s embraced her independence, never asking our opinion on any of her decisions! All I want is for her to be happy. And if she wants to sacrifice her independence after graduating and borrow our morsely until she can afford to live on more than Cheez-its, I say, why shouldn’t she?”

Drake, possibly driven mad with the unfulfilled desire to disappoint someone close to her, is rumored to have attended the first meeting of the Hamilton College Republicans.

In this issue: Shane Koyczan’s Glorious Chin-Rug

3LAU CONCERT CAUSES NERD RIOT

CYNICAL PAT REYNOLDS’ INTERNAL MONOLOGUE

SEE “IT SHOULD BE 4N 8 n00bz” pg. 1337

“Hey, Shakespeare in the Glen? I suppose that’s better than Shakespeare in a Half-Filled Auditorium.”
Editor's Note: Fucking true. Google it.

Some people are afraid that their roommates secretly don't like their Coldplay poster. Someone is afraid that will find out that they actually use a bidet at home on a regular basis. Some people are afraid that the Jonas Brothers will break against him or the whole quad? Some people are afraid that their roommates secretly don't find out that they actually use a bidet at home on a regular basis. Some people are afraid that the Jonas Brothers will break against him or the whole quad?

I really want to prostitute myself to Prof. [NAME REDACTED] in the case of sleep-drawing Allah only if induced by music from Katy Perry's latest album. It looks like you may have some wiggle room here as long as you're willing to turn your collegiate dreams into a Teenage Nightmare. Ha! Just kidding! That would be funny though, right? In truth, American Muslims tend not to adhere strictly to their more fundamentalist brethren's strictures. As long as you afford them respect and don't publish the pictures in Denmark, you're probably fine.

Dear Isaac,

Some Lovelorn Adolescent Seeking Help

Dear SLASH,

In my experience, email is the way to go. Snag that Bloody Stag Yoo Kookie Lass, Isaac from the Love Boat

Dear Isaac,

Sorry to bother you, but my roommate keeps drawing pictures of Allah in his sleep. Will the fatwa be issued against him or the whole quad?

Concerned but definitely not a racist, Wyy Hampton Inhabitant Typing Editorials

Average Campus Safety Car Usage Per Hour

By Mr. Simonsen '16

(12 min.)

Momar's Star

(9 min.)

Avoiding Family Obligations

(1 min.)

Protecting Students

(11 min.)

Road Head

(Vince!)

Vigilante Crime Fighting

(6 min.)

Hooligaging with some confected dank shit

(5 min.)

Mobile Fortresses Against Bees

Actively Running Over Squirrels

friday Five: Groups You Won't See at the Student Activities Fair

1. Manga for Breakfast?

This club (though really they're more of a society) is a great place for anyone looking to enjoy the most important meal of the day the right way—you know, with manga. Please note: this is a club intended for fans of only non-pornographic manga.

2. We're into Leather

For too long, sadomasochists and bikers have been without a place on the Hill to discuss their mutual love of tanned bovine hides. No longer. All are welcome. Just remember, the safe word is "vichyssoise."

3. The Neck-Beard Coalition

Does the omnipresence of impressive and sometimes intimidating facial hair on campus leave you down in the dumps? Are the pubes growing under your chin ineffective at attracting the opposite sex or getting you into bars? Then join the BBC, where you'll find a welcoming gaggle of the few people on campus as awkward, greasy, and disgusting as you.

4. The Bob Marley Shirt Club

Rasta! Blood Clot! 4/20! Are you unique and interesting? Is your taste in clothes and music? If not, you'll love sharpening in a shitty patios and smoking out of apples with the "dopest" club on campus. No, this group has never had an "official member," so to speak, but maybe this is the year. Meetings are a great judgment-free forum to voice your interesting mix of disgust, disappointment, and anger. Please stop ignoring my texts.

By Mr. Glace '16

Words to the Whys:

Have you got questions? Will Isaac from the Love Boat, the Duel Observer's Spiritual Guru, has answers! Text your questions to 315-282-5426 or email duel@hamilton.edu and he'll bespeak upon you infinite wisdom and turn your blues to news, beats.

Dear Isaac,

Long time reader, first time writer. I'll cut to the chase: I really want to prostitute myself to Prof. [NAME REDACTED] for some experimental fetishistic knife play. Since he works in the Econ department, I think he'd be interested. Should I email him or visit during office hours? Please advise.

Hopefully he'll like my cleavage,

Some Lovelorn Adolescent Seeking Help

Dear SLASH,

In my experience, email is the way to go. Snag that Bloody Stag Yoo Kookie Lass, Isaac from the Love Boat

Dear Isaac,

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Anonymous Letter: Why I'm Terrified of Being Alive by Uticans

Some people are afraid that their roommates secretly don't like their Coldplay poster. Someone is afraid that will find out that they actually use a bidet at home on a regular basis. Some people are afraid that the Jonas Brothers will break against him or the whole quad? Some people are afraid that their roommates secretly don't find out that they actually use a bidet at home on a regular basis. Some people are afraid that the Jonas Brothers will break against him or the whole quad?

I'm afraid of being eaten alive by a naked man in broad daylight, smash dab in the middle of Martin's Way. Why?

Recently, Utica became the U.S. capital of bath salts abuse, which is scary as hell (Editor's Note: Fucking true. Google it.). But let me be clear: I'm not suggesting that if I have a little sofa with a dash of Lavender Fields' fragrance that I'm going to smell so goddamn good that someone can't help but have a little taste.

Bath salts are a new kind of drug that are widely considered the number two most dangerous substance to put in your mouth, second only to the chicken from Commons. They have been known to cause anxiety, high blood pressure, and mouth, second only to the chicken from Commons. They have been known to cause anxiety, high blood pressure, and

Soak with a dash of 'Lavender Fields' fragrance that I'm going to smell so goddamn good that someone can't help but have a little taste.

It's only a matter of time before they're here. And a balled up sock won't stop them. Run, you fools!

Sincerely,

Joffrey King '16

Edited by Mr. Dyer '16

Dear WHITE,

Concerned but definitely not a racist, Wyy Hampton Inhabitant Typing Editorials