STUDENT HOLDS ANOTHER HUMAN HAND, SHARES A BRIEF SMILE

Experiences moment of true fulfillment
By Mr. Sinton '13

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTIONS
(SOMEPLACE WARM AND SAFE)
A palpable wave of brief but genuine intimacy sliced through the damp, boozy air last Thursday night, causing reports of mass spontaneous gasps and contagious happiness. Scientists who had taken the PsychStats course magically quantified the human experience with numbers and have concluded that the cause of this hubbub/trottercloutish mopsieism was none other than Jared Romero '14.

Reached for comment, Jared informed us that it all started when he couldn't figure out his 10th grade girlfriend was trying to give him a handjob. "I had no idea why she kept playing with my jeeze. I was like, 'Jeez, Mary-Sue, take a chill pill. I'll buy you your own zipper if you want,'“ he added, ““Little did I know, she was trying to get me worked up,” and then jabbed this reporter gently with his elbow before looking suddenly very shy and nervous.

Dogged for almost half-a-decade by this adolescent failure, sources indicate Jared took refuge in science classes and the discovery of weed and alcohol. His friends insist that over the last two years, when lubricated by intoxication, Romero had hooked up with ample women, but did not indicate if the experience with numbers and have concluded that the cause of this hubbub/trottercloutish mopsieism was none other than Jared Romero '14.

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However, after many semesters of secretly harboring a deep-seated loneliness and allegedly anachronistic hopes for commitment and monogamy, Romero's dedication to being a legitimately seat...
One to the Glen

Written by Ezra Pound '13
My dear, you are the most beautiful, it's true:
And since the day that first I was in you,
I've loved you like crazy-
Oh Glen, it is you whom I woo!
We started as friends,
But it never seemed to end.
Your shod path and gardens,
Really make me harden,
You damn sexy beast, you Glen!
I love to run through your trees,
And fondle your flowers, you tease!
But then winter came,
And I didn't again,
'Til spring returned with birds and the bees.
Nights we've spent under those starry skies,
Brooch chico, what midnight surprise!
And though I know you hide stoners,
It only gives me greater boners,
To see them all with their red puffy eyes.
But here comes winter again,
And I hope you've liked what I've penned.
What would you say
If I said marry me, Hamilton Glen?

Edited by Ms. Caswell '14

(Trying Not to Be An) Asshole Editorial: Most Girls on Campus Are Rather Pretty, and Good Human Beings

I came to a kind of harsh realization a couple of days ago. I think most girls on campus might be useful for more than their moderately lukewarm sexual organs. Hit me hard the first time, too.

It started when I went down to “Make a Difference Day” a couple of weeks ago to steal a free shirt and ELS to try and save the worldview that was crumbling down around me. As I started to watch everyone who walked past, and I saw all the sundresses and the scarfs and the rompers I think I realized that maybe there was more to the other sex than bad Annex parties and awkward Sunday breakfasts. And then the girl with the hips walked by, and she gave me the cutest wink and wave I've ever seen.

I'm not in that fake-smile, 'yes of course you can have it (you worthless twatlicker)' way, but in the genuine 'I-actually-mean-this, I'll-just-grab-some-fries' way. I was in such shock, I think I mumbled 'I like pretty your skirt is color nice' before running to the tables outside ELS to try and save the worldview that was crumbling down around me. As I started to watch everyone who walked past, and I saw all the sundresses and the scarfs and the rompers I think I realized that maybe there was more to the other sex than bad Annex parties and awkward Sunday breakfasts. And then the girl with the hips walked by, and she gave me the cutest wink and wave I've ever seen.

I think I'm in love.

Fucked

By Ares B. Reaal '13
Edited by Ms. Olson '14

Representing the Light Side, we have Jack Cavanaugh '16. Jack is pre-med, rows, and plays every intramural. From the Dark Side, we have Michael Dyer '16, who is doing an interdisciplinary major analyzing vegan studies and philosophy through Woody Allen. He’s a member of the Knitting with Hemp Club.

Today, these two will have a down and dirty debate to settle which side of campus is the best. Ready, set, FIGHT!

JC: I just wanted to start off this debate by saying that one of my favorite parts of campus is the walkway between KJ and McEwen, because whenever I walk past it, someone is singing and it makes me feel like the air is alive with music. It really brightens my day!

MD: Jack, that is quite wonderful. I'm always inspired by how many healthy, athletic bodies I see when I have class on the Light Side. I just know deep down in my heart that they all will live full, vigorous lives.

JC: We may seem fit, but our athleticism doesn't even compare to the Dark Side’s creativity and originality. I mean, it’s so enlightening to see all of these artistic, colorful personalities juxtaposed with the gray concrete of the fancy modern architecture. And don't even get me started on how fashionable it is over there! A trip to Minor is like a trip to Paris!

MD: Oh, Jack, stop it! Light Siders have mega-fashion too! There’s so much school spirit—“Hamilton” is printed on nearly every head, arm, butt and thigh! It’s like a big ‘I love Hamilton’ parade!

JC: Oh Mike, you're just too darned nice! Let’s pledge our Dark Side/Light Side allegiance by trading beers and telling each other our favorite part about the other side.

[Beverages are exchanged]

MD: (gently sips from Keystone Light)
Well, my favorite thing about the bumper Dunham social scene, is how the Chapel is lit up at night. When I walk past it, I'm reminded of what a beautiful and friendly place Hamilton is!

JC: (Shotguns PBR and stamps on the can) What a heart-felt sentiment! My favorite thing about the Dark Side, other than the sips at McEwen, is how all of the dorms have gigantic windows. There’s so much sunshine all the time! It really helps illuminate the bright and sunny disposition we all have here at Hamilton.

So who has won this week’s EPIC SMACKDOWN FACE-OFF???

Everyone! Both sides are just fantastic!

By Mr. Cavanaugh '16 and Mr. Dyer '16

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