JUNIOR-JAN ALLIANCE THREATENS CAMPUS COHESION

WWII started by loners

By Mr. Joyce ’13

DEPT. FOR ONE!

(NOT ABROAD) For the few juniors too lame to go abroad this spring, this week’s return to campus was a nerve-wracking experience as they realized they had lost all the friends/dining partners they had spent the past three years acquiring. They were relieved to discover a species even more pathetically alone than themselves: Jan-Outs.

Blair Williams ’12 wrestled herself a Jan after putting a wanted ad in *The Daily Bull.*

“All my friends are in Europe or South America clubbing and drinking, but luckily I found this really cute Jan for me to raise in my closet. This totally makes up for the once-in-a-lifetime experience that I passed up to enjoy winter in upstate New York.”

Friendless juniors aren’t the only ones benefiting from this alliance. Jans are learning the secrets of Hamilton from upperclassmen, even if they are the latest upperclassmen around.

“They have taught me so much,” Kyle Janus ’14 said. “Without them, I would have never known that Late Nites are everyone’s favorite weekend activity and that its totally cool to cut in line at the Diner. We even went swimming in the KJ pool... and we were naked. We even went swimming in the KJ water feature and then played on the rock swing!”

Despite being comprised of a small number of students, the J.J.A. (not to be confused with the Justice Jewels of America) is making the rest of the student body nervous. The Board Games Club has been playing only Risk on a specially designed board shaped like Clinton, clearly developing their survival strategy.

Art major Lisa Nang ’11 explained her survival plan.

“I have started creating elaborate dummies and carrying them around with me to trick people into thinking I have more friends. So far it seems to be working. The dummies get along quite well.”

Despite these defensive measures, there are signs that the Junior-Jan Alliance may be crumbling internally.

“All they talk about is London!” Claire McSmith ’12 complained. “If I want to have a once-in-a-lifetime experience that I passed up to enjoy winter in upstate New York.”

The vague wording of the text message coupled with the fact that many sorority members and half the Rainbow Alliance identify with The Plastics in *Mean Girls* caused rumors to fly almost immediately.

“I heard that some CompLit major was doing their thesis on superhero origin stories and got carried away,” Helga Merron ’12 postulated.

“Nu-uh!” Angelica Cucumbers ’13 quickly interjected.

“My girlfriend and I have been dating for four years,” David Martin ’11 moaned. “Then out of the blue, she dumped me because my zodiac sign changed and we are no longer astrologically compatible. I should have seen it coming though, because I hadn’t in three months.”

Still, not all is lost for zodiac-enthusiasts.

“I’ve been using my new role as an Ophiuchus in a positive light,” Tommy Jones ’12 admitted. “I mean, the sign is literally a man grabbing a snake. If jacking off all day is more by revealing that Hamilton has a Science Center.

“ricula on this in- terest is solely for the purpose of telling them how much fun I had having sex,” Terri Beller ’11 sobbed, “but my new zodiac sign said that I need to take a less serious life direction, possibly in modern art. How the hell am I going to tell my parents that instead of being a successful doctor, I’m going to live in their garage while I drop acid and sling paint around?”

The new signs seem to have altered students’ social statuses as well.

“My old sign was Leo and I feel like that described me pretty well,” bro-enthusiast Joe Miller ’14 remarked. “I’m fierce when I need to be, have a beautiful mane, enjoy sleeping for fourteen hours a day, and having sex the rest of the time I’m awake—much like a male lion. So I’d gotten a Leo tattoo. Except now I’m stuck with a Zodiac tattoo on my back and a zodiac sign, Virgo, which literally means virgin. Does anyone see the irony in that?”

Couples also had a hard time with the shift.

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“Most Westerners follow the ‘tropical’ zodiac system, not the ‘sidereal’…”

OPHIUCHUS ARRIVES ON THE HILL

Causes more chaos than Westborough Baptist Church

Mr. Charman ’13

ASTROLOGY DEPT.

(OBSERVATORY) Shortly before students arrived back on campus from winter break, accredited astrologist Sybil Trelawney announced that planetary shifts have altered the sidereal zodiac system*, adding a 13th zodiac sign: Ophiuchus.

The shift has been as problematic as the new Hamilton website.

“I have spent seven semesters prepping for med school,” Amanda Smith ’11 sobbed, “but my new zodiac signs said that I need to take a less serious life direction, possibly in modern art. How the hell am I going to tell my parents that instead of being a successful doctor, I’m going to live in their garage while I drop acid and sling paint around?”

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In this issue: pandas, SMU & dildos

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS


The Shore Comes to Hamilton

Dave Eng.
MY EXPERIENCE AS A JAN-ADMIT SNOWMAN
By F. T. Snowman '14

My name is Frosty; I am a Jan-admit and I am proud to be the first Antarctic-American to enroll at Hamilton. I was happy to hear about the opening of the new Cultural Education Center. However, when I visited, I was disturbed to repeatedly hear my people being lumped into the general category of “white.” While I suppose this is technically correct, does that mean I would be black if it’s been a few days since the last snowfall, or that I would be Asian if I had an unfortunate encounter with a dog?

I guess I should have known better. After all, everyone knows real diversity only comes from people whose skin is a different color.

However, while I’m here, let me clear up a few common misconceptions for all of you. While I realize that everyone is trying to be funny, none of the following things are funny: saying “ice to meet you” when I shake your hand, saying “snow problem” when I thank you, telling me that I should “chill out” when I’m stressed, or asking me if I listen to music on my “iCircle.”

I mean, seriously? It’s like constantly asking your friend Stacy whether her mom has got it going on. Also, it is not in good taste to stick ice cream scoopers into my body with the intent of making snow cones. Like, literally not even good taste.

And no, I can’t help it when I track water all over the floor after walking through the buildings. If it gets your feet wet, I’m very sorry, but maybe you should just treat it as an experience of cultural immersion.

P.S. Maybe it’s just me, but the entire campus seems to smell like carrots. Has anyone else noticed this?

Edited by Mr. Hostetter '13

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