HOUSING LOTTERY DESTROYING FRIENDSHIPS

This is not a joke.

RELIGIOUS CRAWL SPARKS CAMPUS-WIDE DEBATE

Lone student calls Sunday's Easter egg hunt "sinful"

By Mr. Lavelle '13

The church of perpetual guilt Dept. (CHAPEL PEWS). An ambitious fourteen-stop crawl that occurred last Saturday has polarized the student body. To commemorate the Passion of Christ, a group of students held Hamilton's first ever Stations of the Cross Crawl.

"Stations of the Cross? Ohhhhh, you mean the Via Crucis, the representations of Christ carrying the cross to his crucifixion before his death," Religious Stud-ies major and known pedant Louis Arlington '14 said.

The question of whether this was in bad taste has the student body debating in their Chemistry classes, arguing with their jetty drivers, and protesting outside the school's Secular Center (also known as the Science Center).

The night started out with an unidentified male student being "condemned" to shotgun a Keystone, from which point he proceeded to take up a wooden cross. "It was all in good fun," participant Kira French '13 claimed. "We didn't even crucify anyone. Someone was smoking near the cross and it caught fire, so we just ended up throwing the thing on the lawn." But not every student is so dismissive about the incident. Some students were incensed when they heard that the sixth stop involved a girl named Veronica wiping the vomit off the drunk cross-bearer's face. "And I heard the tenth stop involved a girl who heard that the sixth stop involved a girl," Allen Hammond '14 said. "It's completely tasteless!"

More than anything, those offended by the crawl are looking for an apology from the people who organized it. But the obstinate party-throwers have refused to acknowledge this backlash, squinting into the beams of heaven, and made their way to the Chapel just in time for Mass. John Baptist '14 had been there since 5 a.m., but he had other plans for the day.

"I couldn't sleep last night," he panted, finishing his twelfth warm up lap around the Chapel. "I didn't even go out, cause I knew I had a date with destiny this morning. I've got a 4.0, I'm a fucking gladiator on the Korfball court, and I'm a boss at Mock Trial. I am going to find that pink egg, and I will feast on victory—and by victory, I mean a one pound chocolate rabbit. There's no way I can lose."

Baptist's quest for immortality proved to be dificult. Of the 500 eggs Baptist shoved in his pants or stole from young children, none were pink. "I've been everywhere," Baptist confessed between grunts of rage on Martin's Way, "I checked the water feature, I dug up three graves…my Econ professor was definitely hiding it in his pants, but he ran away when I tried to check." Meanwhile, adorable Clinton fourth grader Maisie Primrose found the pink egg in front of the Chapel at the base of the Al Ham statue. Baptist screamed in horror as he saw the girl pick up the egg.

"Impossible!" he shrieked. "I call foul! Where's the ref? Is anyone listening to me?"

As Baptist broke down, Primrose began to sympa-thize. She offered Baptist her prize rabbit. But in what he called "the spirit of the game" and others called "be- ing a total douchebag," Baptist threw it on the ground and stamped on the remains. "Hashtag sucks to suck!" he declared.

The loss, however, hit Baptist harder than he initially admitted.

"Oh God," Baptist later wept as he passed the Chapel, "why have you forsaken me?"

God added with a snirk: "Why do you think shrooms and weed are so much safer for humans to use? I can't believe nobody, not even Bill Clinton, figured this out earlier."

God has been a supporter of the underground drug scene since the dawn of time, although not every drug experiment worked out. One notable meth lab explosion, for example, ultimately led to the dinosaurs' extinction.

Students are trying to support God's wishes by spiking the skunked kegs at Annex parties with LSD despite the Administration's disapproval.

"I took shrooms last week and had a nice chat with God about how to keep the Community Farm fertile in cold weather," Marc O'Polo '13 said. "And you know what 'terrible thing' that got us? FRESH TOMATOES, DAMMIT!"

"As far as I'm concerned, student drug dealers who get caught and jailed for their 'crimes' are merely martyrs for progressive thinking," philosophy professor J. Earl Jones stated. "Be-sides, if the Administration really wanted to get rid of hard drug use on campus, the wisest thing would be to give everyone more free beer and get rid of the hard alcohol policy."

In this issue: more forks, less art museums

TEXTES 2.0 PROVES TO BE PRETTY BALLIN'

Duelfucius Corner

Duelfucius say: "Only our dedicated service-men and women can prevent forest fires. God Bless America."
FRIDAY FIVE: MOVES YOU WON'T SEE AT DANCE MARATHON
By Mr. Johnson '14

1. The Camp-po: Sway to the beat with your stomach protruding and glare at the nearest drinker until they notice you. As soon as they try and say anything, yell something about noise violations and demand to see everyone’s Hill Cards.

2. The Colgate: Mime climbing a hill. Ha ha ha, man, those guys suck, am I right?

3. The Op-Ed: Shake your arms angrily while yelling about how the hosts should be charging more for those guys suck, am I right?

4. The Frat: Raise a fist to your mouth, imitating the chugging of a beer. Repeat with the opposite arm, as many times as you can handle. Feel free to use actual beer cans for realism, and actual beer for feeding your shameful, shameful addiction.

5. The Darkside: Snort derisively and inform everyone you were already in a Dance Marathon weeks ago that raised money for this great charity they probably haven’t heard of.

ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: I DON’T GET WHY MY FRIENDS DON’T LIKE ME GOING BLACKOUT
Allow me to recount for you my Friday night: fuck if I know. From the looks of my surroundings, I think that I came back to my room and either managed to masturbate eight times or I fell asleep crying to Maid in Manhattan

...definitely for the first time ever. Why I’m wearing red lipstick is a wildcard.

And you know what? I’m happy about that. But no one else understands.

...For some reason, my so-called friends are concerned that I’m being unhealthy or something. Apparently, it’s bad for you to consistently case race...so it’s not like it’s gay or anything.

Besides, my antics have actually decreased since I started forgetting chunks of time. The lack of inhibitions lets me make my own decisions for once, even if I don’t remember them. From what others tell me, I don’t even try to force myself upon drunken Bundy residents. Even though hooking up with would show everyone that I am a real man despite... But not The Darkness like the glam rock band, because this one doesn’t believe in a thing called...and keep my dad from leaving. And that’s where the Darkness comes from...

...But not The Darkness like the glam rock band, because this one doesn’t believe in a thing called love—it believes in reason and despair and the Elephant Babar and President Truman. Oh God. This way I have way more fun (I’m pretty sure) and I pass polygraph tests with flying colors. And when I wake up tomorrow and find this file on my desktop, I’ll know that I’m right—Edward Handle-hands and all.

Sincerely Yours,
Saul Kripkenstein '13
(Heavily) edited by Mr. Kennedy '14

THE DUEL OBSERVER
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