NEW “STUDY POD” IN LIBRARY ACTUALLY A TIME MACHINE
History majors enjoy study tool, English majors enjoy another way to dick around
By Mr. Lamman ’15

FAILING TO RESIST BACK TO THE FUTURE REFERENCES DEPT.
(1804) Hamilton students were shocked this past week to discover that the mysteri-
ous wooden mass looming in the Burke lobby is actually a time machine. Library
staff is calling the magical device a “proto-
type” for the “Library of the Future,” but
despite glaring evidence to the contrary,
still denies that it is anything more than a
study space.

“We hope students will enjoy testing
this new machi—erm, I mean study area—
and all of its capabilities,” spokesman John
Nitterman Jr. said. “It will be a continual af-
ter—uh, I mean con-
tinuations—of all the
study opportunities the
library has to offer.”

Some students have already engaged in involuntary time travel.
Peter Fontaine ’14 acci-
dently found himself in 1804, at the side of
a wounded, post-duel Alexander Hamilton.

“It was a cheap shot. I always knew
that Aaron Burr fought like a bitch,” the
duel observer told The Duel Observer.

“I was smart about the time travel
thing, though,” Fontaine said. “I didn’t
mess up the future by sneezing or any-
thing—I just took a piss on Aaron Burr’s
face. I just had to—I’m sure Joanie’s been
dreaming of doing that since ’03. Basic-
ally what I’m saying is…you’re welcome.”

Considering the Darkside’s recent transfor-
mation into a semi-sentient, ge-
latinous mass, however, it is safe to say
that Fontaine’s urine sparked significant
change.

“Traveled to the future to check, this
joke is still funny ten years from now.”

STUDENT TIRED OF EVERYONE MERELY ASSUMING HE’S A
JACKASS, MAKES HIS OWN SILENT DISCO PLAYLIST

“Man, fuck shirts. Hard work and community spir-
it is what’s bogus.”

By Mr. Sinton ’13

DEPT. OF HOMELAND DOUCHEBAGGERY
(THE WEIRD BACK PART OF MINOR FIELD NO ONE GOES TO)
From its humble origins as a birthday
party for some hairfaced, crunchy Darksideer—whose name
and soul have been lost to time and investment banking,
respectively—Silent Disco has become a celebrated insti-
tution on campus, bringing together disparate groups in
joyous celebration of those unique sparks that unite us as
Conts: love, drunken voyeurism, and headphones.

But, in what doctors have diagnosed as an “acute ad-
verse reaction to the idea of sharing a rare moment of to-
getherness with human beings other than pre-vetted ac-
quaintances,” Jorb Kernson ’12 decided to be a teeming
hurlap sack of douche and make his own playlist.

“Yeah, like, I did the whole ‘listening to the same
playlist as everyone else’ thing once, but that isn’t how
I identify disco anymore,” the narcissistic scumbag re-
marked (Editor’s Note: listening to the same playlist as
everyone else is literally the definition of a Silent Disco).

“I mean, I host a WHCL show that once got almost
dinosaurs, why would I trust anyone else’s mus-
ic taste ever?”

However, after wilting under the pressure of

COMMONS GIVES UP, STARTS JUST SERVING LIVE CHICKENS

“Cheep cheep cheep cheep cheep” not an accept-
able way of ordering

By Mr. Hostetter ’13

WHAT’S WRONG, JOANIE? CHICKEN? DEPT.
(WARM-BLOODED FOOD BAR) Bon Appetit an-
nounced today that Commons would start distributing
live chickens in place of hot meals. When
pressed for the reason for the change, Bon
Appetit spokesman Bill Portman said,
“We kinda stopped giving a shit.”

“But think about it, it’s not as though
you’re at any more risk of getting salmo-
nella this way than if you ate the other
chicken dishes we serve,” Portman con-
tinued.

“Plus, now you can kinda use the ends of the feathers
an arched eyebrow, eye contact, and follow-up questions
comparing him to those assholes who “dj” iPods at parties
they didn’t throw, Kernson stammered out, “well, I wasn’t
the only one who did it!”

Indeed, further interviews revealed that there were
pockets of Conts all over campus that made their own
playlist, each with diverse reasons.

“I just wanted a nice moment with my friends before
I graduate at the expense of hundreds of other people and
the intention of the organizers,” Sally May ’12 tried to
justify.

“I didn’t like that one song said ‘cunt’,” sensitive Eng-
lish major Amelia Macroot ’14 said. “I mean, you can’t just
say ‘cunt.’ ‘Cunt’ is a bad word; even women shouldn’t be
allowed to say ‘cunt.’ Just reading ‘cunt’ makes me sick,
why would I want to hear the word ‘cunt’? Especially not
‘cunt’ used in the sexual sense of a woman receiving plea-
sure from the oral stimulation of her ‘cunt.’ Woman should
never get pleasure!”

Queried about his reason, someone in red shorts sim-
ply uttered, “Bro.”

Yet, despite the actions of the few, the dance moves of
these once so prevalued. Some freshman whose
mustache looked like pubes remarked, “Oh god that was
so cool I saw a live band and drank jug wine and danced
and there was rock and also house music and I think dub-
step and the playlist was so cohesive and I met people and
I kissed a girl and then she took me behind that blue wall
and I touched her special place, SECOND BASE HIGH
FIVE!”

High five indeed, young one, high five indeed.

Like toothpicks to get those bits of sewag—I mean, uh,
‘spinach’, out of your teeth,” Portman added.

The announcement email provoked some confusion
by referring to the animals as “fresh from the CoOp”;
upon learning the truth, many students expressed dismay
that they would not be allowed to eat the hippies after all.

Other students were confused about exactly what
the live chickens were replacing. “Wait, they serve things
at Commons other than stale bagels and
shitty coffee?” Jenn Greene ’15 asked.

Despite these initial misunderstand-
ings, student reaction was largely positive.

“After four years at this school, I’m so
dick of hearing people just talk about sus-
tainability and animal welfare without do-
ing anything about it,” Karen Whitrose ’12
said. “I’m really looking forward to taking
a bite out of this problem myself. I mean, if there are

identified if you’re graduating in 30 days, but if you think
about it, everyone you know will someday die.”

In this issue: geometric masturbation
What the Cluck?  
Continued from “Commons gives up” less chickens, that’s less animal cruelty we have to worry about, right?  
“I’m just glad Commons will have a way for me to get all the protein I need on one plate,” football player Nick Bryson ’14 said, blood dribbling from the corner of his mouth. “And the texture is pretty good, too. They put these crunchy things on the inside of the chicken—not sure what they are, but I like them.”  
Bryson’s chicken did not immediately respond to a request for comment.

ROOMATES WANTED

Single girl seeking significantly less cool roommate who would make me appear cooler by comparison. Must rate as a 4.8 on the 10-point attractiveness scale and have an ugly laugh.

Male seeking other male to complete a Wally J triple, if you know what I mean.

RA seeking someone to pull into Milbank!! You get cool points if you

What do you perceive as April 14th

Today Marge ended our conversation 15 seconds sooner than the usual 20 lovely, engaging minutes. Was I being primed for something? Did THEY want me to notice? Why did they want me to think it’s the 15th of April. 

What follows are the final records in a journal found deep in the Glen. We decided to publish them unedited in our eternal pursuit of “drinking time” over “thinking time.”

April 12th

Hey Private-Diary-1-Hope-Is-Never-Printed—Publicly today was weird. I helped my friend with one of his psychic experiments. It was about memorization—only then it turned out it was actually one of his perception of future lifetime accomplishments and how it relates to mood. I was in the experimental group, which was okay, except they prepared me for a bad mood by kicking me in the ‘nads. My groin didn’t hurt as much as my pride did, though. I won’t be fooled like that again!”

April 13th

Hey Diary. I went to the mattress testing today. I tried laying on Mattress A, and then I tried laying on Mattress B, and then I tried Mattress A again. I’m usually a tender and delicate flower when it comes to bed quality. It was hard to find any differences! I was confused until I realized it must be another psych experiment! They didn’t fool me this time—I marched right out of there without telling them what I thought! And also because the only way I could test a mattress for what matters aren’t really appropriate in public.

What the Cluck?
Continued from “Commons gives up” 

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