FRESHMAN WHO FORGOT TO BRING TOWEL TO SHOWER IN AUGUST STILL TRAPPED IN MIDDLE STALL
Getting pretty goddamn prune
By Ms. Yurkofsky '15
CLEANSURE DEPT.
(SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM) Since forgetting to bring his towel to the bathroom on August 30, Dennis Mallard '18 has been unable to leave the middle stall of the second floor bathroom in North.
The freshman, used to a private bathroom right across the hall from his bedroom, failed to consider what he would cover himself in post-shower and came to the bathroom with only some pomegranate-scented body scrub and the clothes he was wearing.
“I can still remember that moment when I turned off the shower, reached for my terrycloth, and felt only air,” Mallard said. “My heart just dropped. I thought, ‘How am I ever going to get out of here?’” He shuddered, either due to the ghost of that memory or the two-inches of cold, murky water in which he stood - the drain had clogged with hair and human bodily fluids.

STUDENT USES YIK YAK TO AVOID REAL LIFE SOCIAL INTERACTION
Yik Yak on track to put the Spectator out of business as campus news source
By Ms. Wilson '15
YAKIN’ DEPT.
(THE CLOUD) While many students experience large changes in social dynamics upon coming to college, Julie Jones '18 may have them all beat: the freshman has successfully transferred her entire social life to Yik Yak.
Jones downloaded the app, and her whole life changed. “Now instead of having no friends, I instantly had hundreds of besties! I went 0 to 100 real fast, at least in terms of my Yakarna,” Jones elaborated. “Getting an upvote is the equivalent of getting an ‘lolol’ from one of my besties. I’ve never actually seen her out. She must be invited to only upper classmen. “She keeps tapping me on WiGo, but I’ll gladly give up one shower stall for a dingle.”

IM SOCCER ALL-STARS TO PLAY BAYERN MUNICH
Bayern players don’t even have homework
By Mr. Riopelle '17
ATHLETIC DEPT.
(TURF FIELD) As of Wednesday, soon-to-be trampled flyers have appeared all over Beinecke, advertising the upcoming international soccer friendly between the Hamilton’s own Intramural B-League All-Stars and Germany’s Bundesliga champions, Bayern Munich. The match is scheduled for December 7th, which spawned a number of accusations against Hamilton for choosing a date when the snowy weather might favor the home team.
“Favor us!” All-stars forward Hillary Buckfield '17 said. “I’m from Florida! Who hatched this whole harebrained scheme, anyway?”

Don’t worry, they’re all on steroids.

Dad?
Dad!!?!

In this issue: Find the marriage crisis!

OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK

“I’m actually kinda into dudes.” — Georgia O’Keeffe

FAMILY WEEKEND FORECAST

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<th>Friday</th>
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High probability I'm sorry, Dad.
99% chance Mom finds it not quite as pretty as William.
“Sorry bud, watching the game with Felix.”

See “Guys, I just needed a little time to sort some things out,” pg. self-help.

THE DULL OBSERVER
VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE VII “Knowe Thyself; Not Be Thyself.” October 10, 2014
APPLICATION FOR INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDY

Dean Reynolds and the Office of the Dean of Students:

When I enrolled at Hamilton College, I had no idea what I wanted to study; the College’s open curriculum seemed nonthreatening to my freshly-turned-18 self, who was terrified of committing to a career and uncertain of ever having the ability to engage in a productive future. I’ve always had a wide variety of interests—tripod rock collecting, squid watching, mountaintop mural painting, and competitive salad tossing to name a few—and maybe that was the root of my confusion. After enjoying the freedom of the open curriculum at this fine institution, I have come to terms with the fact that my passions exist on a wide spectrum of departments. That is why I am applying for an interdisciplinary study. My goal is to create a concentration that combines Philosophy, Language Studies, and Theater. I would call it “PhLan-gufheath.” Or “Unemployment.”

I have found that I am simply unwilling to decide on a single concentration. My bursting inner creativity would be stifled. With this self-created interdisciplinary concentration, however, I will allow myself to stave off the looming threat of financial and social responsibility that comes with landing a stable career. I consistently find myself in a state of dread when any of my peers mention their life after Hamilton. With my Unemployment major, however, those worries will be quickly alleviated.

The education plan for my intended major combines the most important aspects of each department of study. I will take every abstract thinking course the Philosophy department offers to strengthen the circular arguments I’ll undoubtedly make to myself regarding the universe’s chaos and meaninglessness while I suffer through my numerous existential crises. Focusing on Language Studies will ensure that I can speak people in a multitude of foreign languages, yet be unable to hold more than a basic conversation in any one of them. And engagement with Theatre Arts will hone my abilities to pretend to care when my successful friends tell me about receiving the Nobel Prize or being elected to the Senate (showoff). My senior project will be an intensive study of Pig Latin, describing precisely how pigs achieve the impressive skill of holding more than a basic conversation in any one of them. And engagement with Theatre Arts will hone my abilities to pretend to care when my successful friends tell me about receiving the Nobel Prize or being elected to the Senate (showoff).

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So, I want you all to know, whether you came from a hovel or a shanty, that you couldn’t possibly comprehend how hard my life has been. Why do you all think I have it easy? It’s because you’ve never had to have your chef use your own pillow to fluff the pillows, and the in-house masseuse, Joan, to rub me down after a long day of dressage, etc. etc. etc. I could go on all day.

But these privileges never came without their toils. Sometimes Joan would rub me too hard, or Esteban, the pillow fluffer, would have to miss work because of his sick child. Have you ever felt the unyielding rigidity of an unfluffed pillow? The humanity! Imagine that you didn’t go to public school, and maybe your pesticide-ridden, non-organic, non-fluffed, would have to miss work because of his sick child. Have you ever felt the unyielding rigidity of an unfluffed pillow? The humanity! Imagine that you didn’t go to public school, and maybe your pesticide-ridden, non-organically fed brains could comprehend.

So, I want you all to know, whether you came from a hovel or a shanty, that you couldn’t possibly comprehend how hard my life has been. Why do you all think I have it easy? It’s because you’ve never had to have your chef use your American Express Centurion Card instead of a girode while scraping Tête de Moine into chanterelle mushroom shaped rosettes. Every day I hear about “the patriarchy” this and “privilege” that, but my bravery shows that you poor souls can deal with your insignificant suffering, too. Drowning in student debt? Just have your parents pay for it. You can’t leave your dead end job! Just have Daddy’s law firm make you partner. The solutions to all of your problems are so simple! Not knowing what shadbelly to wear to the horse ballet tournament in Lyon, now that’s what I call hardship.

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