YikYak Becomes Bastion of Positivity
What a time to be alive and on anonymous social media
By Ms. Whitmore '18
Hiding Behind a Touchscreen Dept. (APSHAMILTON) As Hamilton students returned to campus last week, many were surprised to find their go-to social media outlet filled with positive and encouraging posts.
Welcoming messages have flooded the app. “This campus is the best place to be your most authentic self. No judgment on this Hill! You’re going to have an amazing semester and so happy to be back on the Hill with all you beautiful souls! Come share a blonde at Commons. EVERYONE is welcome I don’t discriminate.”
Alice Burgard ’19 commented, “So far, my favorite thing about Hamilton is YikYak users. Everyone is so nice and welcoming – more than some people ever are in real life!”
Gabe Fardale ’16, who was abroad last semester, appeared to be significantly less thrilled. “Honestly, I feel robbed. When I’m pissed at my roommates for arrogantly throwing their dirty socks in satanic designs all over the bathroom floor, where am I supposed to vent about that, asking, committing a theft of exactly one staple?”
“Of course I noticed one was missing,” Japinko said. “I weigh my stapler every time I use it.”
In this issue: New writers, new me
Acoustic Coffeehouse Causes Separation Anxiety
Hiding Behind a Touchscreen Dept.
(Student) “WIIIILLLSSEEENNN!,” pg. 9
According to the student, when one goes to the acoustic coffeehouse, the ears are pitched straight into the pits of hell. However, they failed to dampen the ire of the victim.
The next day, fly-ers were posted around campus displaying Clement’s face with a red X over it, reading, “Worse than stepping on a lego.” The boys brought their complaints to the Honor Court, taking the situa-
tion from a kerfuffle to a legal dispute.
“My parents own Kmart,” Clement said. “I could have taken this all the way up to the Supreme Court.”
The Honor Court, which receives an average of three cases a decade, was overwhelmed by the amount of work holding two trials at once would entail. Frank Hughes ’16, who heads the court, begged the boys to take alternative action, lest he have to do paperwork or something.
After an intense two hours of debate, flanked by state troopers and with live coverage by MSNBC, the boys decided (including a thrilling round of arm wrestling following by escalating “yo momma” insults) that the original offense would be forgiven if the value of the staple was repaid. Clement wrote Japinko a check for exactly $0.0027, and all was well. 
In just a few short weeks, Wilcox had begun to alienate his peers with constant references to polar bears, lobster and something he called “required courses.”
“We all know Kyle as the guy who always posted about Bowdoin in the Facebook group,” Jessica Chen ’19 said. “I thought he was being ironic or it was like a performance art piece.”
An all-campus email from the Hamilton Chapel promptly responded to Wilcox’s situation: “Our community accepts and celebrates the beliefs of all students, including those who believe they attend other schools.”
However, Wilcox is feeling more at home at Hamilton by the day. Through a mouthful of Oreo cookie, he said, “Eh, why care, I still get to have intellectual growth and alcoholism fostered in me, so I guess I’ll be okay.”
FRESHMAN REALIZES NOT AT BOWDOIN
Rejects rejection
By Ms. Warren ’18
NESCAC Discernment Dept. (NOT BRUNSWICK, MAINE)
The many large “Hamilton College” signs on this campus as well as all the people wearing HC sweatshirts, tees and tank tops all became too much to ignore this week for Kyle Wilcox ’19.
The freshman was stunned to learn on Wednesday that he was not, in fact, a student at Bowdoin College.
“Middlebury was my first choice, obviously,” Wilcox said. “They rejected my ass. So did Amherst. But I got into all the other NESCACs so making my decision was really harrowing. They’re all so different, but I eventually decided on Bowdoin.”
Wilcox, a native of just outside of Boston, has been under the impression since May 1 that he matriculated at the small New England liberal arts college.
In a heartfelt Bowdoin e-mailed the education he could have had, sitting shiva in his South suite. “I had my heart set on 9:1 student-faculty ratios, an active campus communities and a versatile liberal arts education. Now what am I going to do?”
Due to the remoteness of both college’s locations, Wilcox spent the month of August with no idea whether he was in the middle of nowhere Maine or the middle of nowhere central New York. “I was worried enough about not having anything to do in Brunswick. Now I find out I’m in Clinton, home of four boutiques and an ice cream shoppe,” he sobbed into his lunch (which USA Today ranked several tiers below what he would have eaten at Bowdoin).
On Monday, Wilcox decided to abandon his temporary friends and begin to alienate his peers with constant references to polar bears, lobster and something he called “required courses.”
“The next day, they rejected me,” Wilcox said. “They rejected me, and I still feel robbed.”
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CONSPIRACY OF THE WEEK: ENGINERS ARE ENGIN–HERE

I need to get this all down quickly because I might not have much time. They’re probably already on my trail. I bet they made some kind of machine to track me with. That’s the kind of thing they would do.

I’m talking about engineers—not the train kind. They’re good people!—One of them gave me a hat when I was little. No, I’m talking about Hamilton’s dirty little secret—Engineering majors.

I can already hear your alarms: “But there is no engineering program at Hamilton! I’ve never met an Engineering major!”

Or have you? I used to think like that…before I noticed the signs. Just the other day, I was having trouble with a printer and this guy (with glasses, yet) came up and just fixed it. He was a student. When I realized I hadn’t accidentally wandered into RPI, I was skeptical.

Then, while I was trying to turn the TV on in my common room, some girl walked in, grabbed the remote, and barked! I was grateful, not only because I didn’t have to miss Say Yo to the Dress, but because she accidentally showed me the truth. I mean, that remote had at least, like, eight buttons. Only one kind of person could have done that.

An engineer.

Found spinning on a record in the music library Mr. Letali’19

THE OFFICIAL, MANDATORY HAMILTON COLLEGE CAMPUS LIFE OPEN HOUSE DRINKING GAME!

Invented, tested, and recommended by Mr. Spinney’16

It’s here, and nobody who has ever dreamed of getting to class across campus on time is happy about it. That’s right, the Student Activities Open House is back like Grandma’s bad cooking to clog the school’s main traffic artery and shove extracurricular community down our throats. Oh also, you get to give your email to 1,000 strangers! Blargh.

To combat this, I have personally crafted and honed the perfect distraction to accompany such a long-winded program that is Invented, tested, and recommended by Mr. Spinney ’16.

An engineer.

They walk among us. They could be anyone. Think: do any of your friends ever talk about electrical currents or use the metric system? Do they study in the secret basement of the Science Center? Oh wait—you wouldn’t know. Because it’s secret.

I discovered the secret basement last week when I was trying to find the library. I followed a guy who looked like he knew where he was going, and wound up in the hidden Engineering department. There were gears and wires everywhere. And at the center of it all was their shared senior thesis—Mecha-Hamilton: a two-ton robot of precisely calculated destruction, powered entirely by forks stolen from Commons.

I got out of there as quickly as I could, but they knew I’m on to them. I don’t know how high this goes. I tried to seek asylum in Buttrick, but they told me to try the registrar. Like they’re not in on it. I’ve found refuge with the music majors, but I’m not sure how long I can stay in this practice room.

It’s only a matter of time before they find me and do some decidedly uncivil engineering on my sensitive parts. If this somehow reaches anyone, don’t let me be forgotten. And keep an eye out for anybody drawing diagrams on napkins.

Take a shot for every email you receive from the clubs you signed up for. Every year. Until you graduate.

Take a shot every time the Scandinavian Club reapplies sunscreen.

Take a shot for every freshman who naively signs up for Club Ento.

Take a shot if Role Playing Club rolls a seventeen and steals your Emerald Talon Wallet. -50 adult experience

1 shot every time HEAT gyrates in your general direction.

1 shot for every person who takes something from your booth and doesn’t give you their email. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND YOU’RE THE WORST!

Waterfall each time Martin’s Way becomes impassible, not stopping until it clears or Mufasa dies in the stampede.

Drink every time the Spectator newswise blows out your eardrum with this week’s headline concerning Kaitlin McCabe’s newfound immortality.

1 shot every time HEAT gyrates in your general direction.

Finish your drink if/when fencing clubs mains an innocent bystander.

Take a shot if Role Playing Club rolls a seventeen and steals your Emerald Talon Wallet. -50 adult experience points.

Take a shot for every freshman who naively signs up for Club Ento.

Finish your drink, open another, finish that one when it dawns on you that this thing is 3 freaking hours in the sun with no shade.

Take a shot every time the Scandinavian Club marvelous sunscreen.

Take a shot for every email you receive from the clubs you signed up for. Every year. Until you graduate.

Recommended beverages to play with:

• French white wine and is garnished with blueberries and an orange twist
• Naughty Nancy - Equal parts everything from the top-shelf of Nancy Thompson’s bar. Considered a breakfast cocktail.
• Last Year Everclear - President Stewart’s newfound favorite drink consists of mixing 3 pts Everclear to 2 pts French white wine and is garnished with blueberries and an orange twist
• Utica Club - perfect for that Upstate upset stomach we all cherish/suffer through every Saturday/Sunday/ Wednesday/Friday morning. Also comes with a free foreclosure notice.

HOW TO DITCH A DRUNK
By Caitlynn Has’17

We’ve all been there, bawling at the suits bar counter, beer in hand (the good kind, none of that Utica local-brewed sludge that tastes like bottled grass clipping). Him, leering over you, emitting the heady aroma of rum and citrus vodka, ten shots deep and asking for your number. Would that you could get through one weekend without some inebriated douchebag trying to say you with his short shorts and 6-4 beer pong record!

Well listen up, ladies. I’ve done extensive research on the subject, and have developed several surefire strategies to ditch that drunk.

• Tell that lug you’re already taken, whether it’s true or not (though who are we kidding, does anyone actually date anymore?). He’ll either immediately leave you alone in order to pursue more readily-available prey, or at least get distracted trying to find your beau to challenge him to a fight since you claimed he can bench “I don’t know, like, 300 pounds or something. Is that a lot?”

• Look him dead in the eye and start bleating like a goat. Don’t stop until he leaves.

• Grab his sweaty hands, and tell him how much you’ve already dreamed of a Hamilton College wedding. Begin excusing yourself, launching your color scheme and which a capella group you want to be the wedding singers. He’ll be gone by the time you ask him his opinion on place settings.

• Google the symptoms of appendicitis. Tell your plastered pursuer that you don’t feel so well. Get EMT’ed to safety.

• Take his phone to “put your number in,” and spend an appropriate amount of time doing something more productive, like texting his mom that he loves her, donating to the Red Cross, or putting a filter in his email account to block intramural underwater basket weaving emails.

• Challenge him to a round of beer pong. Crush the game and his spirit.

• Tell him you don’t use your phone anymore because it reminds you of your ex. Begin crying when he says that doesn’t make any sense. “That’s what Craig used to say to me all the time!”

• Ghost that bro. Tell him the host just came back with a thirty- rack of Bud Light, and duck out while he’s distracted. Leave the building. Unfriend him on Facebook. Disappear from the Hamilton College registry. Change your name, dye your hair, rent a Camaro, and drive across the border. Or just wear camo to the next party.

Shared on Facebook by Rachel Alatalo ’18