**Decode for Free Communication Thesis Idea:**

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**Administration Uses Endowment to Throw the Worst Party Ever**

First Year Experience program envious of its success

By Mr. Suder '18

Tragic Misunderstandings Dept.

(BEER-DRENCHED ANNEX) In an effort to stimulate student involvement in wholesome social events on campus, the administration decided to use a significant portion of the college’s endowment to throw a wild end-of-summer bash (with proper adult supervision, of course).

“We just had all this money,” President Joan Hinde Stewart said, picking silver dollars out of her caviar panini. “Tuition dollars are flowing in constantly and we were running out of places to store it all. It was stuffed into walk-in freezers, bathroom drains, and the condom-thin walls of Dunham.

“Eventually, someone bothered to ask why we needed to squirrel away all this money, and by golly, that was a good question. I mean, it’s not like we could spend it on improving the food quality of the dining halls, installing air conditioning systems in the dorms, or anything crazy like that.”

One of the hip, happenin’ old white people working

**Drunkennin df Unlawful, Independent Party State on Dunham Green**

Main exports include pilfered beer, vomit, and property damage

By Mr. Sedwick '19

**NATIONHOOD AND DRINKING GOOD DEPT. (DUNHAM GREEN BROMILTON)** It is not uncommon on a Friday or Saturday night to see herds of freshmen in search of a party wandering up and down Martin’s Way. However, some freshmen, tired of being thrown out of parties by upperclassmen, seem to have taken this a step further and have established their own autonomous state for partying on the Dunham Green.

“We just wanted our own place to drink and party, man.” Ragnar Lodbrok ‘19, leader of this new state, said. “We established Bromilston so that no bro goes unin-hated.” President Lodbrok leadership position comes from having been able to provide the most alcohol on the night of the founding. Here in Bromilston, the drinking age has been lowered to ten and marijuana on the night of the founding. Here in Bromilston, the drinking age has been lowered to ten and marijuana

“Why didn't they use all that money to buy more forks?” Everett Singleton ‘16 said, exasperated, trying to eat oily Commons pizza with two spoons and a plastic bendy straw.

Students were also treated to an uninhibited bouncy house, thousands of dollars worth of Listerine strips, and a clown whose act consisted of making eerily accurate sea animal noises.

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**Southern Old Time Jam Tries to Preserve Antebellum South**

By Mr. Wesley '16

Communication Dept.

(THE SITUATION ROOM UNDER THE POND) Hamilton’s worst fears were proven true last week as the Government Department announced that radical extremist “nerds” from the chemistry department took Opus 2 workers hostage and threatened to release the until-now-mythical Compound X.

This crisis reportedly came to a head last weekend when a Chemistry and Government major got into a fight over which Opus muffin was the best.

Government major Justin Young ‘16 explains what happened. “Yeah so I was at a freshman suite party on the dark side, when this Chem major just came up to me and started screaming at me about how much I like of lemon poppy seed muffins supports the corn lobby, and that the only real ethical muffin is the pista-chio muffin. It was really bizarre, especially because he then told me that he was gonna declare war on all the ‘non-beaker bearers’ on campus.”

However, soon after the Government Department reported the hostage situation, doubts were raised over the veracity of Justin’s story. “Justin’s story doesn’t sound believable. For example, what suite party is freshman-less this early in the semester? And why does a senior remember his weekends?” Psychology Professor Jeffery Poney says.

“Compound X is totally a real thing and it is the most dangerous threat this campus has faced since Joan Hinde Stewart’s ‘05 croissant binge,” Government Department Head Colin Roe countered.

“It’s a clear, odorless gas the department has been developing incoignito for thirty years. We thought it was a myth, but trust us, we’re going to run this gulli—great nation someday.”

Biology major Andrew Christie ‘17 said this “I honestly don't know what the Government Department is going on about. Like I literally just bought a fig mango dragonfruit goat cheese wrap with hummus and kale served on a bed of banana leaves from Opus 2 people. They're definitely still here.”

Since Professor Poney’s and Andrew’s comments have gone public, the Govt. Department has not returned any calls, and Justin Young seems to have disappeared.
OPEN LETTER: WHAT’S THAT SMELL?

So walking out from Keehn last week I almost died. What the hell was that smell? Well, since you’re asking, it was the unmistakable stench of shit. At first, I figured my drunk roommate tried to wash her month-old laundry and missed the machine again, or even because the wind carrying the smell of Colgate’s standards all the way over to us lucky Conts on the Hill. I tried to hold my breath as long as I could, but I couldn’t walk all the way from the dark side to the light side without having to put on my haz-mat suit that I had fortunately saved from Halloween last year. I had to steal someone’s razor scooter to get across even quicker, but it didn’t seem to make much of a difference. I almost fucking died. My eyes were watering, I was coughing and I even ate shit in the middle of Martin’s Way, forcing swarms of students to step over me. Someone stole the scooter I stole. Everyone else was so busy trying not to die that they didn’t stop to help, and I lost consciousness.

The next thing I remember is waking up in a bathroom. The smell was poison. The massive cloud of shit literally missed burning in the microwave by Ms. Cross ’19

"Dude, fuck it."

I was so scared and disgusted I even asked President Stewart about the smell and she actually said to me, “Don’t worry, just enjoy the smell. Calms you, doesn’t it?” It seems to me like she’s been infected, too, but she actually likes it. Just enjoy the smell. Calms you, doesn’t it?” It seems to me like she’s been infected, too, but she actually likes it. The students lose what sleep they’ve found whilst drunk this weekend, leaving no one the wiser. Definitely no one noticed. They were as quiet as a Soviet submarine. Those people cutting through definitely didn’t hear any splashing. And that was NOT a janitor deciding they don’t get paid enough for this shit.

1. Perfect self-awareness. No matter what else the upperclassmen may make fun of them for, they know that the freshmen are always super-duper careful about how much they drink. You go kids, always listening to those orientation speeches about the four-drink rule! Those four drinks being, of course, a corpse cocktail. Your livers will thank you someday!

2. Sex-stealth. Once they have gotten past the imperiousness (or perhaps found it unnecessary) freshmen are so stealthy that they can have sex in the KJ water feature, leaving no one the slightest indication that they are spies for campo. Or they would be suspicious, if not for the neon blue AA 2019 shirts. These freshmen have no need of aesthetic discernment with this ability to blend in already under their eyes.

3. Imperviousness to any and all rejection. It doesn’t matter if it’s a polite rejection in Klingon, a gesture to a skywriter “NO, AND PLEASE GET AWAY,” or even someone trying to auto-asphyxiate their way out of a conversation, their resilience and determination are truly awe-inspiring.

A Fire Alarm’s Lament

Poems By Possessions:

In the silence of the night
When Major’s dark and quiet-like
With baby students sleeping tight,
’Tis then I start my rant.

My glorious war-cry rings out proud!
The students lose what sleep they’ve found
And my alarm ne’er stops its sound;
They can’t escape my chant.

Did someone leave the toaster on?
Or –God Forbid—is that a bong?
Campus doesn’t know what’s wrong.
‘Defective’? Yeah, fat chance.

A freshmen cries, “No, not again!
Our sixth alarm. It’s five a.m.
That’s it – I’m moving to the glen!”
Well, fuck you too, freshmen.

Friday Five:
Superpowers Freshman Gained Whilst Drunk This Weekend

By Ms. Granoff ’18

Arrival upon our fair campus can cause strange reactions in freshmen, akin to being bitten by a dehydrated super spider or falling into a vat of grain alcohol. Effects include:

1. Invisibility. The newly inebriated freshman immediately gains the power not only to leap tall buildings in a single bound, but also to do much stupider and less useful things. Dancing the tango on a wobbly suite table, dropping kegs on one another like orbs, such things are a breeze for the drunken freshman. These superhuman feats are favorites, particularly among the EMTs, who tend to be busy the first weekends back with upperclassmen who do not have the durability to survive unsober HCC’s annual Midnight Welcome Back Kirkland Glen Cartwheel Fest.

2. Camouflage. Recently minted freshmen blend seamlessly into campus social life, distinguishable from other groups roaming around on Saturday night but for the fact that they travel in packs twenty times as large and everyone is vaguely suspicious that they are spies for campo. Or they would be suspicious, if not for the neon blue AA 2019 shirts. These freshmen have no need of aesthetic discernment with this ability to blend in already under their belts.

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