**COMMUNITY FARM EXPANDS, INTRODUCES COMMUNITY SLAUGHTERHOUSE**

By Ms. Suder ’18

**VENTURE CAPITALISM DEPT.**

(READING SINCLAIR’S THE JUNGLE) The Hamilton Community Farm, after its statewide farmer’s market selling the product of last season’s wildly successful rutabaga harvest, introduced a five-year plan last week to expand its business ventures beyond the ordinary functions of a quintessential garden. The newly formed company (under the name Yes The Melons Are Organ-ic, Inc.) will begin expansion this fall, starting with a state-of-the-art slaughterhouse, complete with exploit-able immigrant labor and unsanitary working conditions.

“We were just so successful with our small farm that we thought, hey, why not put the national curthirstocratic theory to the test and start a business consortium right here at Hammy?” farm director Freddy Bengjinson ’16 said. “I mean, if the kids at Yale can make a killing before they’ve even graduated by appealing to the backstabbing practices of the world’s venture capitalists, then, by golly, so can we.”

According to the company’s PR publicists, the slaughterhouse will begin dismembering wild boars, rac-coons, and blue-footed boobies this fall.

“It is in our best interest to avoid unnecessary up-front costs, the club’s completely impartial faculty advisor, micro-economics Professor Riley Springer added. “Any leftover profit from the annual mandrake auctions will go into construction. At least until we start making a profit, we plan to keep investment costs low by exploiting the cheap labor of powerless people who have no legal sway against us. And, we’ll be making use of the plentiful wild game in the area. Beef, squirrel, there’s tons of good hotdog ma-terial around here.”

Rumors have been circulating about the possibility of the community conglomerate replacing Bon Appetite as the school’s meal plan provider.

“Wait, so you mean Bon Appétit wasn’t already serving squirrel!” the top-rated yak of the hour read.

If the slaughterhouse reaches its net goals in the next two quarters, Yes The Melons Are Organic, Inc. will con-tinue its expansion to include a community atomic power plant, a community growhouse, a community liquidation law firm, and a community organized crime syndicate.

**STREAKING TEAM RUNS AGAINST CROSS COUNTRY TEAM**

Wins by a length

By Ms. Collins ’19

**TRUE OLYMPIC RACING DEPT.**

(HEADQUARTERS UNDER THE GLEN HOUSE) After a harrowing race between the cross country team and the streaking team, both teams baring it all, junior streaker Connie Lingus ’17 and freshman streaker Clint Orris ’19 took first and second place, shaming the cross-country team. After getting facials on Monday, oral hazing on Tuesday, and a roast-turkey hat on Thursday, the streaking team was getting busy making their name known across campus.

This victory was a climax in recent events for the streaking team. After getting facials on Monday, oral hazing on Tuesday, and a roast-turkey hat on Thursday, the streaking team was getting busy making their name known across campus.

“We were quite impressed by how things went down,” dean Nancy Thompson stated. “They really turned on the intensity for this race. We, as an admin-istration, are seriously considering making the team of-ficial, especially after being so hard on them this last year. We will be watching for what comes next.”

Rumors are spreading that the next challenge will go out to the fencing club. After all, the penis mightier than the sword.

**EVENT STAFF GOES ROGUE**

Claims mission of vital campus security

By Ms. Granoff ’18

**WE DON’T NEED NO STINKIN’ DEPT.**

(HIDING OUT FROM CAMPO) Some par-ticipants noticed a new presence in their suites last weekend as Event Staffer Michael Brack-en ’17 went rogue. Rather than working at his assigned, campus-sanctioned celebrations of drunken debauchery and heading to Diner B, Bracken proceeded to protect the students of our fair campus from their ostensibly poor judgment into the early hours of the morning.

Sarah Larkin ’16, present in one of the suites, commented, “Why is he here? I stopped going to all campus parties two years ago to get away from people telling me not to play Xtreme Beer Pong! Which is exactly like regular pong, except it involves a flamethrower, two ocelots, and a sawed-off beer shotgun. And yes, don’t you think I know it’s dan-gerous? I do it to feel alive! Also, his stare feels like he is looking into my soul as I crush the competi-tion, and he finds me wanting.”

Roommates Hannah Clark ’16 and Una Sher-man ’16 clamored to confirm this assertion, seeth-ing that “He actually knocked on our window be-cause he heard something. That’s not what you do when you hear something in a dorm room! He then proceeded to shine a flashlight into the room and announce he needed ‘to check that everyone was ok.’ All we were doing was practicing our ghostly moaning! Dude, Halloween is coming up and we have got to be on point.”

Bracken, when asked about this rogue activity, was surprised to learn about the stir he had caused on campus. He commented, “Going rogue? I was walking home from my shift in Bundy dining hall. What am I supposed to do if I’m walking past someone who’s literally throwing away their liver? Seriously, dude brought his own scapel.”

**WHY ARE YOU PUNISHING ME?**

Parents don’t love children, only passing on their genes.

By Mr. Roach ’19

**PUPPY PROPHET’S HARD TRUTH OF THE WEEK**

Parents don’t love children, only passing on their genes.

By Ms. Granoff ’18

**WHY ARE YOU PUNISHING ME?**

Parents don’t love children, only passing on their genes.

By Ms. Granoff ’18
DEAR MISS CREANT:
Shitty advice from a shitty person

Dear Miss Creant,

I might be getting a bad grade in my Chemistry class because the professor does a poor job teaching. Who should I approach about this?

Currently Applying to Med Schools

Dear Currently Applying to Med School,

What you have to do is make clear to the professor that you're the alpha. Call the professor a douchenozzle in the middle of class, write “No” on your test, mix baking soda and vinegar in his office. Trust me, I'm also pre-med. I know how to get an A.

Dear Miss Creant,

I'm worried that my friend has joined a cult. He keeps coming back at odd hours of the night, I think his clothes have blood on them and he mentioned something about meeting the High Priest. What should I say to him?

Worried Friend

Dear Worried Friend,

Rejoice! You don't have to worry — your friend is merely pledging our secret frat DIK. You know which secret frat DIK, right? TIT. So why don't you get your friend in touch with me once he's fourth application to work at Opus was rejected? TIT.

Though I might be getting a bad grade in my Chemistry class because the professor does a poor job teaching. Who should I approach about this?