Dear Miss Creant

Dear Miss Creant: I am a graduating senior and I don’t know what to do after I graduate. I mean I won’t be around my friends and I won’t be able to drink at excess every weekend without shame. So what can I do?

Sincerely,

Post-Collegiate Depression

Dear Post-Collegiate Depressed

I would be snarky, but fact is the matter is that is jolly balls to pay and an end of the week can continue to drink as if very strong youth is willing to relieve their collective

In addition, post-college is in shape, etc. Essentially you will get your way to meet with or street you again a really cool café and the coffee shop.

Lastly, while you have far it really just be whoever you’d posed to everyone, social, pl and where you can elect very easily to be not close to anyone. Anyway worst case scenario you switch cities to be closer to a group of your college buddies and you can relive the college experience that way. Good luck, God Speed, and don’t fuck up senior week for me.

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Post-Collegiate Depression.
Crocodile named 'Michael Jackson' shot dead after killing fisherman in front of his wife:

**These are their stories**

Brösef, the abyss is wide, but she is deep.

*In times like these, it’s more important than ever for Americans to be prepared for anything, and this flashlight is one of the best pieces of gear to have as it can be used in almost every situation, from self defense to finding your dog.*

Krokodil rotted my arm, now I can only tell hours.

Lost/Found
Direct all lost/found ads to thebull@hamilton.edu

**LOST:** A black northface that is completely different from all the other northfaces because it’s mine. I know you have it you pud email pwerterbottom@ham before I lawyer up

**FOUND:** Jimmy’s tubesocks on my roommate’s bed. pls cum get them i will do not some nice things 2 them xoxo gossipslut

And yet death appears to be subject to certain laws. One would often think, for example, that persons born of parents who lived through the heroin epidemic or died very young were almost forced to die at the same age, the former dragging along their griefs and their bath salts to their hundredth year and the latter, despite a happy and healthful life, being carried off at the inevitable premature date by a hit so timely and so fortuitous that it seems like a formality necessary to the accomplishment of their death. And might it not be possible that even accidental death—like that of the crocodile, which was, be it remembered, linked up with his character in more ways, perhaps, than I have thought—I should mention—has likewise been recorded in advance, known only to my dealer, invisible to men, but which a peculiar melancholy, half-conscious, half-unconscious...reveals to him who bears it within himself and is always conscious of it, like a family motto or a predestined trip?

It is, after all, as good a way as any of solving the problem of existence to approach near enough to the things that have appeared to us from a distance to be beautiful and mysterious, to be able to satisfy ourselves that they have neither mystery nor beauty...It gives us a certain tranquility with which to spend what remains of the stash, and also since it enables us to regret nothing, by assuring us that we have attained to the best, and that the best was nothing out of the common—with which to resign ourselves to sobriety.*

Pat LeGates is questioning his legitimacy as a human being after being so seamlessly impersonated by a piece of blue newspaper. Send him photos of you proving his existence to @lemonesque

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