FRANKENSTEIN CONFERENCE REANIMATES

no body’s interest in Romantic literature

By Mr. Riopelle ’17

STUDENT WHO CAME TO HAMILTON FOR SHITTY WEATHER FINALLY PLEASED

Only the iciest winds can melt a cold heart

By Mr. Collins ’19

CLIMATE CONTROL TECHNOLOGY DEPT.

(DETHAWING IN SCIENCE CENTER BOILER ROOM) On Sunday, after weeks of sunny, spring streaking weather, a maelstrom hit Hamilton overnight. Students woke that evening disappointed to find their world covered in a white powdery blanket, a white powdery blanket that wouldn’t be such babies about this. It’s your own doing at McEwen when we realized we had forgotten to buy booze for our weekly Wednesday Wipeout. It was such a bummer. But when we left, we discovered all our nalgenes were filled with Franzia!

After catching wind of these wholly second-rate miracles, students from all across campus flocked to the image. “I need a good grade on this paper,” frizzed student Luke Parker ’17 said, gazing at the Son of Man. “If I have to lay prostrate at His acrylic to get it, I’m game. I’ve done a lot worse for a lot less.”

Others look to the mural for absolution. “I caught playing with the fire alarm again, so I’m on probation,” student athlete Mark DeChamp ’19 said. “But I have to play in the big game tomorrow. I figure maybe this guy has some pull with the administration—he could at least get the game rained out.” Despite public celebration of the new addition to the mural, Physical Plant announced plans to paint over the divine countenance, citing a complaint by Judy Oscar ’17 that it “feels like he’s watching me in a bad way.”

Mary Madeline ’17, a devoted follower, is not so sure this will be a permanent fix. “Give it three days,” she said.

NANCY THOMPSON STAYS ON CAMPUS AFTER FIVE

Was once blind, but now she sees

By Ms. Riegelle ’17

BY STUDENT LIFE DEPT.

(NINTH CIRCLE OF HILL) Last Friday, Dean of Students Nancy Thompson made the ill-advised decision to stay on campus after her normal departure time of five o’clock to see what happens when she isn’t around.

“I was just sitting in my common room,” Gail Williams ’19 said, “when Dean Thompson runs in, grabs my laptop, and uses it to send an all-campus email reminding everyone that ‘all campus policies remain in effect and will be enforced.’ Then she reminded me for abusing my email privileges to send her email. Then she just sort of collapsed.”

Campus Safety officers found Dean Thompson Saturday morning, huddled in the comforting, built-in desk, citing a complaint by Mary Madeline ’17, a devoted follower, is not so sure this will be a permanent fix. “Give it three days,” she said.

THOMPSON’S FIRST STOP was a Bumpy Dining Hall party. Attendees reported that her soft, steady soles of “Oh, God, oh, God,” could be heard over the sick beats of DJ Dee-Jay.

With some difficulty, Thompson recalled students passing around their own handles of vodka, “completely ignoring Hamilton College Alcoholic Policy version 4.12.” One student passed out from drinking, and Thompson recalls sitting numbly in the corner while the EMTs and Event Staff handled the problem.

“Thompson curled into a fetal position and whispered, ‘I want my desk.’”

In this issue: Numerology

AUDIENCE DISAPPOINTED THAT RY DOON’S SET LASTS MORE THAN SIX SECONDS

By Neil DeGroote ’19

PHOTO OP

Big Crunch

INTRO

Beginning of Time

SPEECH

Expansion

High probability complimentary acid at the door.

80% chance Physics Department faints. Assume no air resistance.

“Everybody say ‘Uranus!’”

“WhippMan’s Witticisms Real advice from someone we barely know

“If your fingernails fall out, that just means you’ve outgrown them.”
Friday Five: Stages of a Bundy Party Romance

By Mr. Wesley ’16

Two students, both alike in dignity, in fair Bundy, where we lay our scene: A pair of star-cross’d lovers make their meet.

5. First Sight: The two lovers make first sight of each other.
   Guy: What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand with Keystone?
   Other Guy: Uhh Michelle, I think?
   Guy: O, she doth best even the most alluring babe.
   Other Guy: You know she’s in front of us in Calc right?

4. Meeting: After two more cups of Keystone, our batchelor makes his move.
   Guy: This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: My lips, two blushing pigeons, ready stand to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
   Michelle (I think): Aww thanks. That’s so sweet.

3. Romance: Sufficiently impressed by his baldness and ability to maintain iambic pentameter while hammered, Michelle tries to initiate the romance.
   Guy: O, speak again, bright angel! For thou art as glorious to this night, being next to me as a winged messenger of love unto the bleary-drunk wondering eyes of mortals.
   Michelle(?) If we make out will you stop talking?
   Guy: She speaks yet she says nothing; what of that? I am too bold, ’tis not to me she speaks.

2. An Uninsurmountable Challenge to Love: Still hasn’t made a move by 12:30, Michelle is really done with his shit.
   Michelle(?) I’m going to go dance with Brent.
   Guy: With his light wings did I enter this hall For distance and beers cannot hold love out, and what love can do, that dares love attempt. Therefore the Events Staff are no stop to me.
   Michelle(?) Hey, I’m back; because I really thought you were cute. But this is getting weird. I’m leaving.

1. Lights On: Uninterested by Michelle’s total absence, and enabled by several more cups of Keystone, our batchelor keeps attempting to talk to her until Events Staff turn on the lights at 1:00.
   Guy: Forgive me, Ah dear Michelle(?) Why are thou yet so fair? Shall I believe that the lack of interest is due to my inebriated countenance? (Lights Go On)
   Guy: O true apothecary! Thy lights are bright. Thus with shame I leave you.

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To be performed in slam form by Ms. Alatalo ’18, Mr. Spinney ’16, and Ms. Suder ’18

Friday Five: Rejected Red Weather

Many students on campus are talented writers and artists, and some, well, some are really great people.

You Look Like a Lily in this Dark Wind

The storm is wary
like your hair is wary
and everything is wary
because we’re on shrooms.

Emos Have Feelings Too

a poem

Emos have feelings too
Emos have feelings only
Only emos have feelings
Emos feel more feelings than you
Stop saying you have feelings
Emos have all the feelings
Emos feel all the feelings
Emos feel all the emus
Emus have feelings too.

Love Will Destroy Us in a Deeply Symbolic Way

My love for you burns like the light from my cigarette
By the way can I burn a cigarette?
Our twin souls will go up in smoke
Can I use your lighter too?
Transcending this mortal coil
Shoot—No, I got it
Your dark, dark eyes speak silent lies
There we go! Where was I?
You fill the abyss in my heart
“Cough cough cough”

A Self portrait after Melissa dumped me & 16 shots

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