Hey Alumni, Remember Us?
(If you don’t, it’s because you’re senile, NBD)

Frats Realize Freshmen Are Abusing Rush System

Also, upperclassmen males have nothing more valid to complain about than upperclassmen females. While rush season upon us, Hamilton’s fraternities have been scooping out the fresh meat for potentially awesome junior boys to join their frat. However, since the class of 2014 is especially lame, there are slim pickings among the frosh and the nine (10-1+9, smooth TDX) active frats on campus have begun to fight amongst themselves for all the so-called “chosen ones.”

“An asshat freshman told the lightsiders who we are,” Sigbro Xander Hol commented. “But they’re seriously like that every year. The freshmen are always abusive. But when you actually want a woman, you have to make her feel special.”

Some fraternities have suffered the consequences of not giving into freshman demands. Upon closer inspection of Zeppelin’s handwritten list, his demands included free liquor, free meals, free entertainment, free classes, free housing, and free anything. His Father, a former fraternity member, told him that all the demands on his list would be granted if he would just pledge. Zeppelin was smitten, and he became a frat brother the next day.

“I thought Rob was cool,” Rat Kiley ’12 stammered, “but I didn’t realize he was going to be that abusive. He was a complete creep.”

Frosh have been taking advantage of the broscarcity in their class year by threatening to pledge other frats instead.

“I’ve been spending a lot of time with DU guys,” Jed Zeppelin ’14 said with a smirk. “But I’ve dropped hints that Psi U also wants me to let them make my life miserable for months, so I made a list of demands for them to meet at all the rush functions if they want to keep me around.”

“This sub-headline is a lie,” By Mr. Grebey ’12

My Brain Hurts Dept.

(CLINTON NY) Hamilton College entered crisis mode when its inhabitants were driven insane by the newest logic puzzle, “The Duelist” is refraining from reprinting the puzzle so that we don’t spread its destructive influence around the campus. We can, however, tell you that it involved a hypothetical scenario involving alumni, golf carts, and transporting crystal meth.

“I’ve been able to solve plenty of other logic puzzles,” Mark Smith ’13 bragged. “For instance, the one where you have to figure out the ages of everyone in the family? The answer is that the mom is a slut.

“This one I can’t understand,” Smith continued. “I’ve been staring at the puzzle for days and I think the answer is...burn something down.

In determination to solve the puzzle, a crack team of professors from various departments locked themselves in a Science Center classroom to avoid distractions. When the door was unlocked three days later, a vat of poisoned Kool-aid sat in the middle of the room, all the professors were dead, and the walls were covered in what could have been any number of bodily fluids.

Only one student has managed to solve the infernal puzzle. After getting drunk, taking numerous illegal drugs, and snorting some seemingly innocuous kitchen products, Tim Bromor ’12 achieved a heightened state of awareness.

“The answer is so simple,” Broman shouted. “You just...”

Broman stopped mid sentence to chase after a flock of pink golf carts, and then acts like she’s gonna hook up with you and then doesn’t and then has sex with your roommate from freshman year, SANDY.”

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WHY JUNIORS SUCK: A POETIC ASSAULT

Campus is confronted once again with the sophomoric sophistry and spun seniority of our Juniors. Pun intended.

Arraigning assholes cat-crawling cynicism unwarranted; boo-fucking-hoo.

Yesterday’s jesters jetted for exotic locales to sex up seductresses and sip spirits you can’t puwpurchase until your birthday.

We get it.

You’re stuck jacking off to chat descriptions of fuckjackets with jezebels, jackass.

That sucks, maybe you should have gone to comely Copenhagen.

Don’t take it out on us.

And shut the fuck up about your thesis.

It’s semesters away.

Maybe the party scene isn’t stale, maybe you are. F is for friends, maybe make some new ones? U is for you and me need to talk about you doing that less.

N is for no, I didn’t know you hooked up with her last year and frankly I don’t care.

You’re in a relation-shit now.

It’s even Facebook official. Isn’t that what you always wanted?

You have doubts?

Well maybe you should take that as a strike against the ostentatious omniscience you backhandedly claim when you assume that having made similar mistakes has given you wisdom.

It didn’t.

Obviously it only gave you regrets and STDs.

Suck a fuck Class of 2012.

Composed By Mr. Sinton ’13

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: TOUR GUIDES TRYING TO MAKE THE COLLEGE LOOK GOOD

By Ms. Riemen-Petru ’12

I have recently noticed suspicious activity stemming from the alleged “Admissions Office”: they have been recruiting, hiring, and training some of Hamilton’s peeriest and most color-coordinated students to carry out a hushed agenda. These students have been spotted leading around trains of prospective students and their eager parents. They talk loud, they smile big, and they even walk backwards.

I have overheard this band of highly trained individuals firsthand singing the praises of the institution, talking about the breadth of courses it has to offer, and even showing them our truly huge rock wall. “Any-one can use the rock wall whenever they want!” they say. That’s not even a slice of truth. The climbing wall is notorious for having some of the most indefensible hours on this campus. Why would these students tell such lies? LES: WHY?

Although the Administration attempted discretion, it is as clear as the waters of the River KJ that the recruitment of these spirited individuals is actually just a ploy to make the college look good. That’s right, Admissions (aka Official Spy Headquarters), I know what’s going on. These students/agents have been assigned the team name “Tour Guides,” and they have no shame when it comes to saying good things about our school.

I overheard one of them talking about our “strong sense of community” or some shit like that. Nice try guys—you don’t need to be a Hardy boy to see through that one.

What else do you have up your sleeve, Hamilton Administrators? Call me a radical conspiracy theorist but I’m foreseeing a “new and improved” college website soon to be released, and maybe even promises of bringing high-profile ex-White House employees here... all part of the corrupt scheme to get new students to come here and take our places in the student body. We are all doomed.

FRIDAY FIVE: PRINCETON REVIEW LISTS HAMILTON IS A PART OF

By Mr. Zappala ’12

1. Top ten creepiest campuses at night/cam- pus with the best spots to hide a corpse (see The Gen & the golf course).

2. Five most quantatively illiterate colleges in the Northeast.

3. Eight colleges most likely to have half the student body imprisoned for “lewd behavior” (streak to win, baby).

4. Two colleges from which an entire class year’s worth of admissions officers has been recruiting, hiring, and training some of Hamilton’s peeriest and most color-coordinated students to carry out a hushed agenda. These students have been spotted leading around trains of prospective students and their eager parents. They talk loud, they smile big, and they even walk backwards.

5. Colleges better than Colgate

Composed By Mr. Sinton ’13

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

London, United Kingdom

Owner of Segway Inc. James W. Heselden died while offroading on a segway on his front lawn. He was 62.

Boston, Massachusetts

Red Sox owners purchased Liverpool FC. New England Revolution team psychologist predicts the development of an inferiority complex. Not that they didn’t already have one.

Milan, Italy

A new sculpture was erected in front of the Milan Stock Exchange (see below). Enormous appearances were expected at: Martini Way crosswalk, Rafah Emmannuel’s mayoral race, Irish Thanksgivings, and Italian Christmas dinners.

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Conspiracies out of Princetown

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