“NATURAL” FERTILIZER AT COMMUNITY FARM MUTATES, GIVES HIPPIES SUPERPOWERS
Like that show Veggie Tales, only more fucked up
By Ms. Jastrzembski ‘14
FLORA AND FAUNA DEPT.
(COMMUNITY GARDENS) “All-natural” took a turn for the supernatural this week as various dreadlock-decked vegetable advocates were spotted wandering around campus, marveling at their sudden abilities to shoot spores from their fingertips and speak Entish. The source of these newfound, plant-like endowments has been traced back to the so-called ‘fertilizer’ now being used by community growers.

When asked to comment on the situation, head grower/neo-hippie/legume-ethicist Mike Green ’11 appeared puzzled, stating, “I don’t really understand how this is all happening. I mean, the fertilizer’s like government, man. The main ingredient is bullshit. Whoa, I’m like Chomsky. Where are the cookies?”

Further ramifications stemming from the usage of the mutated fertilizer are being discovered daily.

“I thought I was just really really high,” Pam Isley ’13 reported. “Turns out the squash actually have grown eight feet long and learned to talk like humans.”

The farm currently resembles a bad surrealist painting or a dueling ground for Pokémon because all the onions now resemble Bulbasaurus.

When asked to comment on the questionable ethics regarding the consumption of vegetables that are able to ask you how your day is going, McEwen chefs were reticent. “We don’t need any more vegan bitches at us that there’s nothing to eat, so let us do our best to avoid spreading this around.”

However, knowledge of the farm’s transformative effects is proving hard to silence. Government officials from surrounding areas have already gotten in touch with Ham.

When being asked if they would follow the path of other Government officials from surrounding areas have already gotten in touch with Ham...
Imagine walking through an old retirement home that no one visits anymore. The inhabitants sit glumly in their chairs while they slowly wait for inevitability to bring them to their cold, bleak deaths. This is the strife of the Hamilton senior.

Single seniors are in a photo finish with these un-wanted elderly in the quest to be the single, most depressing creatures in existence. Senior girls are routinely passed over by their newer models while the men passed out of the “older, mysterious guy” phase and treaded closer to “funny, perverted uncle” in the minds of most freshman girls. To all you seniors: your suffering would be no concern to a sophomore guy at his peak if you could keep your self-hating to yourselves, but like BP in the Gulf, the aura of shittiness seeping from you simply cannot be contained. If you want to drink yourself into a self-hating coma, that’s fine with me, but it’s really difficult for me to slam my Irish car bomb if I can hear you crying in the corner.

And don’t bring up your issues with “the thesis.” We get it. You have to write a really long paper, a project so grand in scale that our underclassmen minds can’t even fathom it. Congrats on getting to spend a whole year of your life researching Putin mating habits! Now, try and make it a whole half an hour with something but bickering about it.

“At least I’ll get my cane!”

There’s a reason people don’t visit the retirement home any more often than they have to. Along with the fact that old people kind of smell like peanut butter, they are depressing as all hell. Seniors, I know the fear of having to go off into the world, fail at getting a job and surviving off of Diner bonuses and Keystones stolen at alumni weekend may be tough to deal with. So grab another beer, put the Blues Travelers on and cheer the fuck up. You’re bumping the rest of us out.

**RELATIONSHIP ADVICE FOR/from THE SOCIALLY IMPAIRED**

BY MARK PEDIA ‘12

Q: There’s a girl in one of my classes who I think is cute, but I’m not sure how to approach her. What should I do? --Luke P.

A: When she leaves class, follow her back to her room and start leaving tokens of your affection for her—cards, candy, disemboweled squirrels, etc. Sign it as “your secret admirer” so it’s not creepy. Try to find some of her hair or fingernail clippings to make a little doll of her; women love that. If she starts avoiding you, just test her to make sure you’re serious about wanting to be with her.

Q: My girlfriend’s birthday is coming up and I have no idea what to get her. Do you have any suggestions? --Brian G.

A: Flowers and jewelry are classic gifts, but they are getting to be old hat. Instead, try spicing it up by giving your girlfriend a more modern gift, like a fistful of baby teeth or the blood of an African slave who died mining diamonds. She will appreciate it as an ironic statement about the death of love in this millennium of modernity.

Q: There’s this guy I really like, and I think he likes me back, but I’m not sure. How can I tell? --Erica L.

A: Easy! Have sex with his best friend and make sure he finds out. If he gets jealous and angry, that means he likes you.

Q: I want to tell my girlfriend I love her, but she’s really not one of those “emotional” types. What’s the best way to tell her? --Alex M.

A: Try confusing your love while she lies helplessly among the ashes of her former village, surrounded by the bleeding corpses of her friends and family who have just been slaughtered by your endless horde of merciless Mongols. If it worked for Genghis Khan, it can work for you too.

Edited by Mr. Hostetter ‘13

**WHAT I MISTAKENLY ADMITTED TO VARIOUS FAMILY MEMBERS DURING FALL BREAK**

BY ALEX DUNNE ’14

After spending two months inside the bubble, I returned home over Fall Break only to realize that I had completely forgotten how to lie to my parents or carry on a conversation without revealing possibly incriminating activities. This made dinner almost as awkward as that time my roommate walked in on me... Which I totally didn’t mention at my family dinner.

Dad: How are your classes going?

Me: Those things? I don’t know. I only go like once a week and it’s really hard to pay attention when I’m hungover.

Mom: But what about those textbooks we paid $500 for?

Me: Don’t worry. I’m putting them to use. They’re doing a great job keeping my Beirut table level.

Grandma: Beirut? Is that a sport?

Me: The naked laps ab leave me pretty winds, so I think it’s technically considered exercise.

Dad: I hope you’re spending some time outside, enjoying this beautiful fall weather.

Me: Well, I’m on the Outing Club’s list, so I think about going hiking every weekend. But why would anyone want to hike forty-six different mountains in two days? Seriously, I mostly only go outside to smoke a J in the cemetery.

Mom: Oh, um, that’s nice. Would you like some more chocolate, Alex?

Me: Nah, I think I’m developing an allergy to chocolate. It can’t be healthy to eat one thing, prepared different ways, eleven times per week. Luckily, I’ve just started ordering Lil’ TexMex for every meal. It’s totally located in the classiest bar in town where there’s nothing that can I could score drugs or sexual favors. That reminds me, could you put like $200 on my Hill Card?

Mom: Well, how about your love life? Seeing anyone special?

Me: Things are going pretty well. I just got laid like almost every weekend. I think. At least I wake up naked in someone else’s room every weekend with no memory of the previous night, so I think that counts.

Grandma: Pass the salt, dear.

Me: You brought tepsals.

Edited by Ms. Joyce ’13

**FRIDAY FIVE:**

**Pickup Lines that I Really Don’t Want to Hear at the Farm Party (But Probably Will)**

By Mr. Zappala ’12

1. “Wanna go for a roll in the hay?” (Someone will definitely still say this, but I figured I should make the request.)


3. “Been plowed lately?” (Really? Plowed?)

4. “If you wanna hike forty-six different mountains in two days? Seriously, I mostly only go outside to smoke a J in the cemetery.

5. “If you wanna hike forty-six different mountains in two days? Seriously, I mostly only go outside to smoke a J in the cemetery.

**THE DUEL OBSERVER**

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