

WELCOME WESTBORO BAPTIST CHURCH!
(They aren’t coming? Aww, nothing ever happens here...)

“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 dreadlocked 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-and-pot enthusiast 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 Bulbasaur.

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 vegans bitching 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 Hamilton’s community farmers. Upon being asked if they would follow the path of other super-humans before them and use their recently bestowed powers for the greater good (or to become the crime-fighting entities the bustling metropolis of Clinton needs), the farmers proceeded to laugh and opted to remain in a habitual, pot-induced haze.

PROFESSORS USE TWITTER TO
COMMUNICATE WITH STUDENTS
Students reply, “Twitter is for old people!”
By Mr. Schnacky ’14

ORNITHOLOGY/BIRDS/THOSE WINGED THINGS DEPT.
(THE WORLD WIDE INTERNETS) During Fall Break, professors began to utilize the social networking site Twitter in order to track the progress of students’ assignments. Students’ collective response for the most part was, “Oh, you mean that paper is still due? Shit.”

Professor Boyle, self-professed Twitterholc, first became drawn to the website when he found out that his followers would be able to read everything he was doing during the day.

“It’s no surprise that Professor Boyle has a tre-

mendous ego,” Millicent Argonaut ’13 exclaimed. “I’m in his ‘Marriage in 21st Century America’ class, which is pretty much an analysis of his divorce. We’re studying why his wife was wrong and he was right.”

To increase their followers, several professors have told students to follow them on Twitter or face failing the class. Chester Lester ’14 was uncomfortable about the ultimatum.

“I figured all my professor would do is hound me to do my work and shit,” he said. “But he kept tweeting about how his mother was right that he was a complete failure. I didn’t sign up for this! All I wanted to do

THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES SEND AID TO BUNDY
Donations a response to long list of massive human rights violations
By Mr. Grebey ’12

HORRIBLY OFFENSIVE DEPT.
(BUNDY) In an unexpected move, numerous third-world countries sent aid to the residents of Bundy East and West this week. “You need it more than we do,” said a representative from the coalition.

“I may live in a *District 9*-esque shanty-town, but at least my thatched roof ceiling won’t give me mesothelioma,” Ike Dubaku of Sangala, Africa said with a shudder.

Last year’s asbestos was cited as just one of many reasons why the aid was given. “Even armed troops of the rebel marauders go to bed at some point. When the gunfire stops, I can fall asleep, but in Bundy there are drunk people making noise and playing music 24/7!” Benjamin Juma exclaimed.

The coalition, known as “One Heart with Bundy,” has pledged itself to bettering the lives of Grayside residents.

“My tribe was exiled from our traditional lands by warlords, but that’s nothing compared to the sexiling that happens every night in Bundy,” Ule Matobo said.

Students were excited by the show of support. “After all those fundraisers for Africa and Haiti that I’ve pretended not to notice as I walk through Beinecke, it’s nice to see some aid come our way. This should be a two-way street,” Lydia Newell ’12 agreed.

The Administration had mixed feelings about the aid.

“I’m pretty sure that if you accept this aid from these people who clearly need it more than you do, you’re going to hell,” college spokesman John Nitterman Jr. elaborated. “But then again, you do live in Bundy, and I know what you guys do down there. Chances are you’ll be going to hell regardless.”

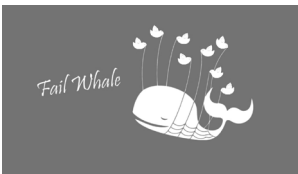
Inhabitants of Dunham dormitory asked where their aid would come from, claiming that they were facing worse conditions than Bundy residents. A rep from “One Heart with Bundy” responded, “We’re sorry, but only God can help you now.”



This pun’s a killer



Celery: not as strong as adamantium, but delightful with bleu cheese



As cutesie as it sounds, fail-whaleing your midterm doesn't make it any better




for Fall Break was go home and masturbate.”

Other professors, meanwhile, have rejected the Twitter trend.

“Back in my day,” 80-year-old Professor Fitzsimons Worthington began, “we sent out carrier pigeons if we wanted to send a message, and that’s still how I prefer to keep in touch with my students.”

In response to all this tweeting, the Administration has expressed some serious concerns about their own Twitter accounts.

“I can’t have any of these students following me,” spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. pointed out. “All my tweets are about the prostitutes I’ve killed or the progression of my cirrhosis. By the way, if a student wants to give me a transplant, I’m all for that. That reminds me, I need to put an ad in *The Daily Bull* for a new liver.”

POOH FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	100-Acre Power Hour  “Piglet, you’re such a light-weight.”	Late Night at Winnie’s  50% chance Pooh’s not hitting on you when he asks for access to your honey pot.	Quicksand Bath Under Behive  Low probability that this will end well.

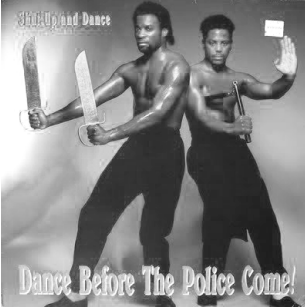
In this issue: only one Westboro joke! Damn, that’s two...

WORDS OF WISDOM WITH
MADELEINE ALBRIGHT

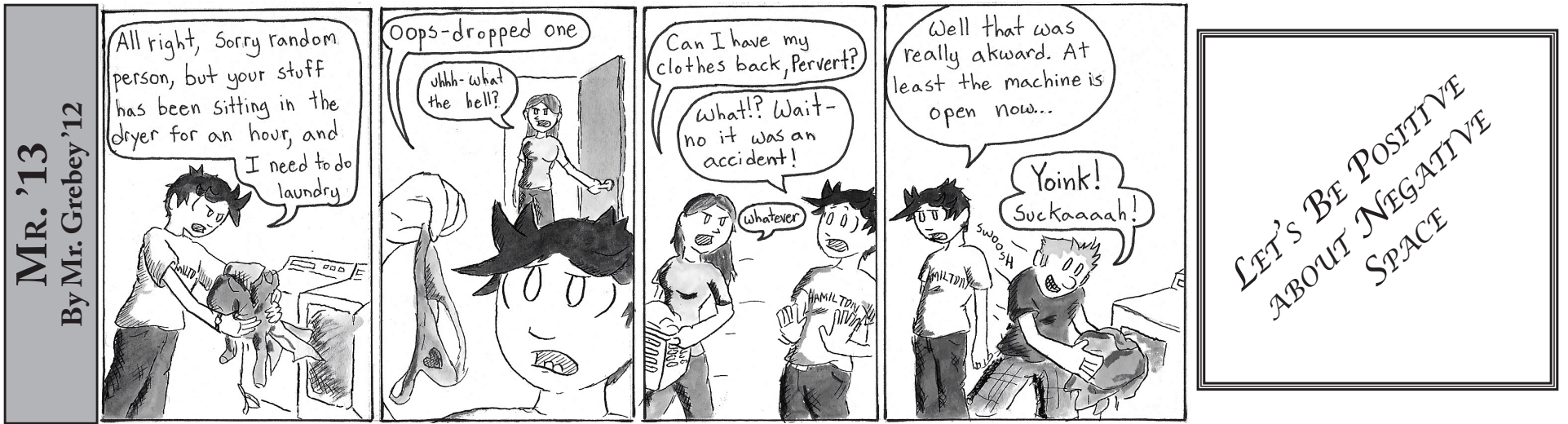


Madeleine Albright *grumble* bigotry *grumble*

TICKLE THESE, ELMO!



See “What happens if you get near Katy Perry’s titties,” pg. 00



WHY SENIORS SUCK: A BRIEF LOOK INTO A FRIGHTENING FUTURE

By Mr. Hess '13

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 unwanted elderly in the quest to be the single, most depressing creatures in existence. Senior girls are routinely passed up for their newer models while the men have passed out of the "older, mysterious guy" phase and treaded closer to "funny, perverted uncle" in the minds of most freshmen girls.

To all you seniors: your suffering would be no concern to a sophomore guy at his peak if you could keep your self-loathing 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 Puritan mating habits! Now, try and make it a whole half an hour without bitching about it.

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 bumming the rest of us out.



"At least I'll get my cane!"

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 *do* leave me pretty winded, 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 listserv, 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 chicken, Alex?

Me: Nah, I think I'm developing an allergy to chicken. 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 no chance that 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 get 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.

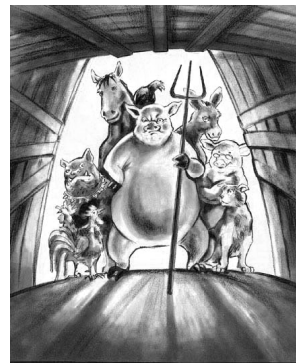
Me: You brought tequila?

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

5. "Wanna go for a roll in the hay?" (Someone will definitely still say this, but I figured I should make the request.)
4. "Do you raise chickens? 'Cause you raise my cock." (Found it on the internet. God help us all.)



These pickup lines are NOT more equal than others

3. "Been plowed lately?" (Really? Plowed?)

2. "If you wanna do some oinkin', I can do the boinkin'!" (In fact, 'to boink' should never be used. Ever.)

1. "I hear Swine Flu's making a comeback. Come get some." ('nuff said.)

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, don't worry! She's just testing you 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 liked 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 confessing 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

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