

POKER CLUB? I HARDLY KNOW HER (CLUB)!
Hey, still funnier than the Buffers

SENIOR THESIS RESEARCHER
DISCOVERS HAMILTON
COLLEGE IS ONE BIG GAME OF
THE SIMS

“So that’s why I am so awkward
at making out”

By Mr. Wesley ’16
PIXELATED JUNK DEPT.
(DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF
THE SCIENCE CENTER) Last
week, self-declared socio-econom-
ical linguistic engineering major,
Chris Bert ’14, discovered that Hamilton is actually
just a game of The Sims.



“I first noticed something strange when I was ex-
ploring the basement of the Science Center. I discov-
ered I couldn’t stop walking into a glass wall. Like it
really hurt to walk into the wall, but at the same time,
there was just this voice that told me to keep walking.
Eventually, the voice shut up and I was able to leave.”

The next day, while working on a Science Center
computer, Bert was trying to figure out under which de-
partment he should save his research on the brain struc-
ture of good, bad, and moderately disfigured cowboys.
During his extensive search, Bert reportedly discovered
a folder named GeminiSpaceProgram. His curios-

ity piqued, Bert opened the folder and discovered that
Hamilton College is actually an amalgamation of all of
Samuel Kirkland’s childhood drawings. Additionally,
he also found that he could watch and control students
through a program that looked a lot like The Sims.

Bert’s suitemate, Jane Kohnstam ’15, added, “I was
astonished when Chris showed me the game, but it
was like fucking hilarious. I discovered that if I move
my his dresser in front of his bed, he becomes inca-
pable of sleeping.”

In unrelated news, Campo had to forcibly detain a
student when the student refused to stop shouting and
gesticulating wildly at his dresser for blocking his bed.

“It was a little freaky at first, because I started no-
ticing everyone walking into walls repeatedly, freshmen
swarming parties randomly, and sophomores express-
ing their opinions of least relevance,” Bert stated. “But
after a while I began to play with it. For example, I
made one of my close friends go running on the tread-
mill for a couple hours while wearing Crocs and a wool
suit. I also used the game to show a freshman couple
how making out can cause them to spontaneously be-
come pregnant.”

At last report, Bert caused a mass gathering of the
streaking team by deleting every fourth shower at 8
am.

STUDENT “ACCIDENTALLY”
PREGAMES INSTEAD OF
PREWRITING

It’s not pretty

By Mr. Spinney ’16
I...I SWEAR I UM DON’T NEED A UH COMMA
THERE DEPT.
(THE NESBITT-JOHNSON WRITING CEN-
TER) This past Tuesday night screams could be
heard emanating from the Writing Center. A naked
man stood yelling in the middle of the computer lab,
clutching a bottle and what looked like a Duel Ob-
server article. Collin Spinney ’16 (*Editor’s note: We have
redacted the subject’s name to protect his as well as our own
reputations*) apparently believed that his pre-writing
conference actually was a “pregamed” conference.

“He just wouldn’t calm down and kept swinging his
genitals around trying to gesture at sentence structures he
wasn’t sure about,” Molly Glenlivet ’14 said, a tutor. In fact
things got, uh, worseish when Spinney decided he should
go out into the KJ Atrium and ask others their opinion on

his writing.
Gregory Beam ’15 recalled the scene. “He just came
up and yelled at me about some post-modernist feminism
joke and...” Shit. I forgot what else he said. Oh well. But
anyway I got, I mean Spinney got no help from anybody
and had to be escorted out by campo, those fascists.

Then, uh, more stuff happened and uh...fuck. You
know what? I did it. I showed up to the Writing Center
naked and drunk and all I wanted was a little help with my
article but OH NO everyone had to get on their high-ass
horses and say I was “out of line.” Me? I’m the one out of
line? You turned away a student in need of vocabularial as-
sistance and that’s why you’re reading *THIS* shit!

And yeah, maybe I’m drunk now too, but what do you
care? You don’t know me! You don’t know my life! I once
saw a bird fly into a car windshield and then I cried for a
week! Did you know that?! No you didn’t, you bunch of
pricks. It’s my own goddamn business and none of you can
tjell me waihat to do!

And another, you so but not...me! And not drunk all
time yeah! But words and blue thing for what and so.

HOCKEY PLAYER DISCOVERS
WONDERS OF VEGETARIAN
FOOD

Is now concerned about other people for
first time

By Mr. Renero-Soulé ’17
BEHAVIORAL GASTRONOMY DEPT.
(COMMUNITY GARDEN) Everybody at
Hamilton thought it was impossible for a star en-
forcer to sustain life deprived of beef, processed
cheese, and industrial levels of chocolate milk, but
James Wright ’15 proved them wrong. “Ever since
I started eating seared tofu and Swiss chard, I’ve
felt... different,” Wright said. “I don’t get the urge
to punch people wearing TOMS anymore. In fact,
I think totes are actually really cool.”




Wright described his conversion as life-chang-
ing and has already prepared a half-hour spoken-
word performance to express his feelings about
the situation. He claims that the transformation
began at the Real Food Challenge, when he ac-
cidentally ate a meal intended for a vegetarian.
Upon noticing the absence of any meat, Wright
had to eat a whole wheel of smoked Gouda to
avoid fainting. The Rudd Health Center believes
had he failed to eat the cheese, he might have suf-
fered Sudden Cholesterol Abstinence Syndrome
(SCAS), which is potentially fatal in people with a
jock predisposition.

Wright did comment that after a few days
of his new diet, withdrawal symptoms were evi-
dent and could not be ignored. “I woke up in the
middle of the night with a cold sweat,” he said.
“I couldn’t stop thinking about roast beef at one
point.” At his most desperate, Wright even con-
sidered buying black market bacon grease from
Canadian fat dealers, but after consultation with
his yoga group, decided against it. Instead, food
replacement therapy involving intravenously ad-
ministered fair-trade tea while listening to Maya
Angelou’s poetry, helped him overcome the worst
symptoms.

Beyond preferring McEwen to Commons
or becoming conscious about third-world debt,
Wright has seen a marked increase in his ath-
letic ability. “Maybe it was understanding what
it means to be a non-heteronormative multiracial

See “Canada Celebrates First Vegetarian,” continued on back page.

PUMPKIN SPICE FORECAST

OCTOBER 11	OCTOBER 21	OCTOBER 31
<div>Lattes</div>  <div>Low probability this is any manlier than a dirty chai.</div>	<div>Muffins</div>  <div>75% chance the word muffalantern scares kids away.</div>	<div>Yankee Candles</div>  <div>“Burn them, burn them all!”</div>

In this issue: If you got it, font it

AT LONG LAST, JOANIE TURNS
INTO A GIANT CROISSANT



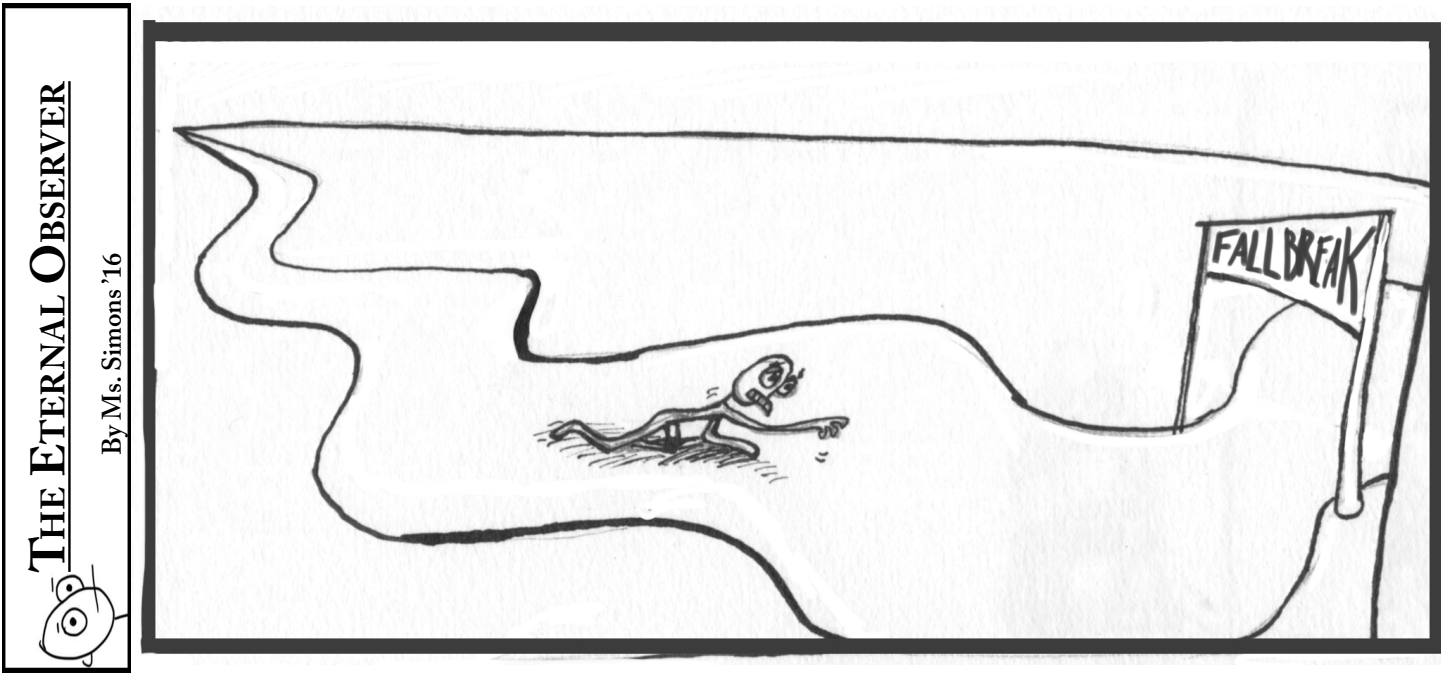
See “Pat Reynolds calls it the Cronie,” pg. 81.

A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS



KEYSTONE LIGHT

It’s made from ingredients!



DISCONNECT CLUB INTEREST MEETING

Brent Kowalski <bkowalsk@hamilton.edu>
to EVENTS-ALL

5:54 PM (5 hours ago) ☆ ◀ ▼

Sick of all these goddamned emails?

Tired of random **font** and text **Size** changes giving you a **seizure** first thing in the morning?

Read enough targeted, rhetorical questions reminiscent of bank loan infomercials, only *inescapable* and *less relevant* to your *post-grad life*?

Then come check out **Disconnect**! We're Hamilton's only **Anti-Email** club, dedicated to opposing the tyranny of **mass, catchall emails** that KILL A LITTLE PIECE OF YOUR SOUL each time you check your mail!

Join us this **Monday** at the *ass-crack of dawn* on the **Martin's Way Bridge** (We'll have Cider Mill donuts!)

On the **agenda**:

- 1) Host an initiative, ceremonial chucking-off-the-bridge of our **laptops** and **iPhones**
- 2) *Steal a language table's breakfast spot* and devise *cruel* and *unusual* punishments for those people whose names keep showing up in our inboxes
- 3) Implement said *punishments*
- 4) Sweet, sweet silence

Join **Disconnect!**
Yeah!
Hooray!

READ THIS, TOO!!! -----> We're also taking volunteers for our **TOP SECRET** mission to shut down the email servers once and for all! But sign up ASAP. We can only take **10** people, and the slots go *fast*!

Have **questions**? Email me at bkowalsk@hamilton.edu, and **you'll be going off the bridge after the computers!**

Posted by Mr. Riopelle '17

**FRIDAY FIVE:
SURE-FIRE ADVICE FOR ACING
MIDTERMS**

By Ms. Wilson '14

5. **Sleep with your textbook as a pillow:** Skip reading the textbook—simply dream about reading it. Think about how much knowledge you can absorb by putting your cranium right against the pages of the supply and demand functions. Use those extra hours you should have **wasted** invested reading by doing the recreational activities that college is truly meant for, i.e. shotgunning Old Milwaukee in the Milbank showers and having sex on the third floor of the library. (Gotta use the library for something constructive.)

4. **Offer sexual favors to your professor:**

People are always saying, “go all the way for an A.” Show your professor how dedicated to the class you are by offering to go all the way (or third base, at the very least). Extra credit if it's the hipster Econ professor.



“Let *me* balance your Slutsky Equation.”

3. **Hold a ritual fire a week prior to the exam:** Pray to the gods of Eternal Knowledge and Photographic Memory. Host a giant bonfire by lighting all of your notes on fire in front of the chapel as the majestic Alexander Hamilton statue looks on. Don't worry about the fact that your notes are now incinerated—they were never useful anyways. Steal Becky's.

2. **Play a drinking game during the review session:** Everyone knows drunk studying=fun studying. Bring a water bottle filled with Svedka (Mr. Boston for the economical drinker) to the review session. Drink every time the professor says, “This will be on the exam.” Take a shot whenever that annoying dude who sits in the front row asks a question. Get so drunk that you actually start participating—do this by asking educated questions or by shouting “LIAR” at the professor and throwing your pencil across the room.

1. **Don't show up for the exam:** If you don't show up, you can't get any questions wrong, right? If you want to play it safe though, show up and light your exam on fire using the lighter from #3. Your professor obviously knows you had all the correct answers, and she cannot penalize you just because she is unable to read them.

**CANADA CELEBRATES
FIRST VEGETARIAN**

Continued from “Hockey Player Discovers Wonders of Vegetarian Food.”

jazz-bagpipe player living in 1970s Uzbekistan,” he commented while crocheting. “Or maybe it's just the fact that my veins are now much less clogged with tallow and lard.”

Hamilton's hockey coach, based on Wright's drastic improvements, has begun a formal investigation into the matter, and strongly believes a vegetarian conversion therapy will be the secret weapon they need to beat those pretentious fuckers at Amherst and seize the NESCAC title.

**CLASSIST TWEETS FROM
@HAMFINAID**

Discovered by Mr. 'First World' Wagner '14

Why can't we just take blind kids instead of poor kids? #Needblind

If you're looking for a free ride, vote for Obama. #Hamiltonhandout #Leftyadvice #Enquiry

Joanie's just had to hold off buying her 4th vacation home. I hope you're happy. #Povertyaffectsall

You fuckers better give back as alumni #Whatgoesaround #Reacharound

Need blind doesn't mean I can't ask you how many summers you've spent on 'The Cape.' #Thereisawronganswer

If you hit 'Apply Online' on anything but an Apple product, you're gonna be redirected to Utica College's webpage. #Justsayin

This financial aid thing is being passed around like an STD #Raisetuition #Raiseforacure

Giving out financial aid is like drinking Keystone Ice for breakfast #Bittersweet #Clintonproblems

FREE FINANCIAL AID OUTSIDE COMMONS! #Psyche #Getajob

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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