

WORDS ON PAPER
(We just want to be included)

RESLIFE REVEALS HOUSING
RUN BY TANTRUM-PRONE
DEMIGOD

Prepares annual sacrifice of Wertimite

By Mr. Wesley '16

LAST CHANCE AT SALVATION DEPT.
(ELIHU ROOT HOUSE) Finally acknowledg-
ing that they have less than one iota of control
over the campus housing, ResLife admitted that
the housing process is actually run by a supernat-
ural being of inconceivable power, with a much
more conceivable, and short, temper.

When confronted about this development,
Director of Supernatural Relations in ResLife
Geraldine Butler said, “Yeah, uhh, back in 1988 I
was called in to deal with the angry spirit of Kirk-
land who hadn’t gotten the memo that Kirkland
was gone. To calm her down, we helped her file the
paper work necessary to officially change her name
to Abezithibod the Feared.”

Since then, the Omnipotent Spirit that super-
sedes time and space has been relatively calm, but
has been known grow angry whenever someone
doesn’t bend to her will. The most recent fit began
when DIK pledges ventured too far into the Glen

in search of the mythical hobo hut full of PBR.
“Trespassing on her territory really pissed
her off, especially after two of the pledges she
ate gave her indigestion,” Butler commented. “In
the past, she would just send some more shitty
weather our way to blow off steam, but honestly,
the last time the Great Divine One was this an-
gry, we had to get rid of Greek housing.

“Our best guess is if we sacrifice a student, we
might be able to keep the dark side dorms intact.
We originally considered picking the sacrifice via
a *Hunger Games*-style lottery, but since Wertimer
is basically the leper colony of campus and full
of freshmen, we decided to just take a kid from
there.”

According to Jeff Dougie, Hamilton’s claims
adjuster for any deity related damages, even if
this does work, Abezithibod will probably rise
up, rain hell fire upon the campus for three years,
and get rid of some good senior housing. But the
real problem will be that once she’s done using
her powers to redo the layout of all the remaining
buildings, all available housing will be sub-free
triples, and everyone will be placed with at least
one roommate who is totally okay walking around
ass naked. Especially when you have people over.

“I heard about it from my friend,” Jaime
Hunter ’15 stated, stuffing condoms into his back
pockets. “My roommate was always kicking me
out so his girlfriend could come over. At first,
I didn’t mind because I don’t like the smell of
chick all over my sheets. But then I realized that
I wanted to screw in my own bed. If a freshman
could reclaim dominance, then so could I.”

There are students who love the idea of
friendly competition and sex, but others have
seen the dark side of relentless orgasms. “Once,
I had to type a paper while getting boned from
behind,” Rosie Barnes ’17 said. “So many typos!”

We asked Taylor if she felt like the face of
sexual liberation on campus. Taylor blushed,
shaking her head. “In all honesty,” she admit-
ted, opening her web history to expose a long-
list of Netflix visits. “I’m still a virgin. I just
pretend to have guests over when I actually
turn off the lights, lock the door, and watch six
hours of bad horror movies and *Supernatural*
reruns.”

NEXT YEAR’S FIRST-YEAR
EXPERIENCE EVENTS TO BE HELD
ON MAP

Because who’s tryna graduate, really?

By Ms. Whitmer '18

SHOULD HAVE GONE TO WILLIAMS DEPT.
(FAR AWAY FROM THE MAP) After implementing the
First-Year Experience (FYE) this academic year, coordinator
Tessa Chefalo has announced that the program will serve the
new students on campus next fall with an unexpected twist: all
of their events will be held on the Map.

Chefalo stated, “We feel that spending all of our time
on the Map will allow the first-years to form a strong sense
of unity. The Class of 2018 loved going to Wellin Hall for
literally every event we held, and the Map just felt like the
appropriate location upgrade.”

“In addition to our informational sessions covering
fire safety, hook-up culture on campus, and how to fend
off the abominable snowman in the Glen, we’d like to hold
events that will allow the students to really jump-start
their journey to Knowing Thyself,” Chefalo added. The
program’s leaders have already booked two magicians and
a palm reader to provide entertainment in the first weeks
of classes.

When asked about how the superstitions surrounding
the Map may affect event attendance, Chefalo replied, “I
actually have no idea what you’re talking about. Unrelated,
but do you have any anti-itch cream? I found the strangest
rash on my arms after taking measurements of the Map
this morning.”

Returning FYE Leader Jeremy Clark ’16 was also un-
fazed. “I think holding our events on the Map will really
challenge societal norms on campus. It’s important to break
down the barriers that taboos like this build,” he explained.
“Also, I have a lot of classes in Benedict, and I think walking
across the Map would really cut down on my travel time.”

After a competitive application process, the program an-
nounced that Jackie Dawn ’18 would help welcome the Class
of 2019 to campus this fall. Dawn stated, “I was one of three
first-years who showed up to the FYE formal dance in Sep-
tember. A great turnout, for sure, but having the dance on the
Map this year will surely draw a bigger crowd.”

Early Decision admits are less than thrilled about the
prospective program, however. Rebecca Grenley ’19 com-
mented, “I actually wish my acceptance wasn’t binding. Liter-
ally the only thing I even remember about my campus tour is
how important it is to avoid that fucking map.”

SEXILE WARS DOMINATE
CAMPUS

Health center runs out of condoms

By Ms. Hawkins '18

SEX EDUCATION DEPT.
(KEEHN 400) A full-on sexile war began last se-
mester when Randi Taylor ’18 was repeatedly dis-
placed by her roommate’s persistent sexual endeavors.

“Once, she even locked me out when I went to
take a shower,” Taylor explained, grimacing as she
remembered camping out in the private bath-
room for hours, inhaling the fumes of someone’s
digested burrito. “I just couldn’t take it anymore.
So I decided to get revenge.”

Since returning to campus, Taylor has been
dishing out her own fair share of sexiling, leaving
her roommate with limited options for where to
do the deed. By nightfall, news of Taylor’s coup
had spread across campus. Gradually, lace thongs
victoriously began decorating door handles, while
condom wrappers marked trails of success. The
lights in every dorm are now dimmed a rose-col-
ored hue, and The Weeknd plays on repeat from
every room with a closed door.

In this issue: “When I see freaking Sesame Street I
know to sneeze into my elbow!”

THIS ISSUE BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
The Gym





“You’re here now; you won’t be in two
weeks.”

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS
MILBANK BEAR KING



“Grr grr taxes grr arrhgh aesthetic discern-
ment rroaaar grrrr divestment.”

GROUNDHOG DAY FORECAST	TUESDAY	TUESDAY	TUESDAY
	We’re	So	Meta
	 High probab- ility Bill Mur- ray won’t let you drive.	 90% chance you ride shotgun with Bill Mur- ray.	 “Bill, slow down!”

WOULDN'T A COMIC LOOK NICE HERE?
THEN DRAW ONE, YOU LAZY ASSHOLE

WASN'T THAT FUN? COME TO OUR MEETINGS! SUNDAY 8PM KJ101

Phineas P. Wurterbottom Responds: To Allegations

I wish to address a malicious rumor about my actions on the date of July 11, 1804. It has been widely circulated that I, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, failed to uphold my duties as the dueling second of my dear friend, Alexander Hamilton—or Ham, as I called him. That is, when the contemptible Aaron Burr stole the life of this sweet school’s founder, I, rather than avenging my friend’s honor, did chicken out.

My loyal readers, this is nothing but fallacious slander, a low attempt at character assassination. If anyone should approach you touting this calumny, I urge you to throw down the gauntlet in my name. Merely proclaim, “The honor of the Wurterbottom house shall be avenged!” and I will fly to the scene, ready to take up the challenge myself. Phineas P. Wurterbottom does not abandon his defenders!

And to my scurrilous detractors, I say you know nothing of my stoicism in the face of danger. I have stood bold before terrors that would haunt the most violent ruffian’s nightmares. (Good old Ham would vouch for me, if he weren’t so inconveniently dead). Why, only last week, armed with naught but a broom, I fended off a dark-winged bat—likely of vampiric nature—that had taken up residence in my attic.

Does that sound like the work of a pusillanimous coward? Like someone who would flinch at the first sound of matchlock-fire and jump into the nearest gooseberry bush to hide? Not that such action would have been wholly unwarranted. After all, should not a man preserve his own life rather than toss it out on a lost cause?

Oh, bollocks to it. Yes, I ran away. There, are you satisfied? Not that any of you yellow-livered codswallops would have had any more courage. Anyway, it should never have come to me; Ham shot first. If he had bothered to aim, he would be alive and I a hero for supporting him.

Dictation recorded by Riopelle ’17

FACE-OFF: PERFORMANCE ART, OR IS THAT GUY ACTUALLY
EATING A LIVE MONGOOSE IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE KENNEDY CENTER OH MY GOD
SOMEBODY STOP HIM?!?!?!

Performance Art:

The legion of philistines masquerading as the Hamilton student body never fails to get my fig leaf in a twist. Paul Fildebouche ’16, Hamilton’s last hope for artistic relevance, has commenced a legitimately bowel-shaking performance art installation in the foyer of the Kennedy Center, and all anyone has done is wail about their weak stomachs and deride the man who is unequivocally the future of art. It’s just a mongoose, people! Were artists not so daring, we would’ve been lucky to surpass cave drawings. Without the intangible gifts of artists like Fildebouche, Duchamp’s urinal would have tarnished in Blainville-Crevon, and Rothko’s tableaux would have contracted tuberculosis. Accept beauty, you pricks.

By Wilhelm Sklurterbauer ’16



Guy is Actually EATING A LIVE MONGOOSE:

Are you blind?! Wait. Seriously. No. No no no no no. This is not okay. Are you seeing what I’m seeing? Paul’s just sitting there in the middle of the floor, tearing raw strips of meat from a mongoose that miraculously hasn’t bled to death. Look! There’s blood! Blood all over him! Yuck yuck yuck! And he’s slurping the thing’s intestines like they’re fucking SPAGHETTI. This is straight up unsanitary. There’s a half-dead mongoose on our campus, and it’s visible from College Hill Road. Can someone outside of the art community explain to me why this passes as art? It’s barbaric, and the bib, while a nice touch, does ABSOLUTELY NOTHING to hide the fact that a human on this campus is eating a GOD DAMNED LIVE MONGOOSE IN THE LIGHT OF DAY SOMEBODY PLEASE STOP HIM!

By Phil Estine ’16

Edited by Mr. Lanman ’15

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

I’m suspicious of your continued refusal to publish my totally hilarious and not self-serving article, ‘Duel Writer’s Ex-Girlfriend Lily Needs to Realize the Awful Mistake She’s Making and Return to Writer’s Tender Embrace Soon, Please Baby I’m Nothing Without You.’

I know it’s not because you didn’t receive my submission, since I sent it four times already. (I attached another copy to this letter, by the way). And when you told me that the tear stains made it illegible, I rewrote it.

It can’t be because it’s not funny, either. Come on, this article is comedy gold! The part where the writer leaves 18 unanswered voice mails on Lily’s phone? Hilarious.

Maybe you had trouble figuring out that my article is a satire. That’s okay. Not everyone is capable of recognizing sophisticated comedy at first glance. Let me clarify that the paragraph where the obviously fictional writer listens to “Night Changes” on repeat and cries is totally FICTIONAL.

I really don’t understand why you keep refusing to publish this. Timing is key to comedy, and as we all know, Lily broke up with me 2 months, 18 days, 5 hours, and 21 minutes ago. Who knows how much longer it will be until ~~she moves on~~ the joke is no longer relevant? The window of opportunity is closing!

You’re only hurting yourself by not publishing this clever, timely, completely objective satire of a writer whose heart has been ripped in two by the woman who was the best thing that ever happened to him.

I look forward to seeing my article in the next issue,

Nick Kinsey ’17

Grudgingly reprinted by Ms. Alatalo ’18



THE DUEL OBSERVER

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