

HOW TO INTRODUCE PARENT TO LATEST HOOKUP:  
Do not. They will insist you get married.

COMMUNITY FARM EXPANDS,  
INTRODUCES COMMUNITY  
SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Becomes multi-million dollar business conglomerate  
By Ms. Suder '18

VENTURE CAPITALISM DEPT.  
(READING SINCLAIR'S *THE JUNGLE*) The Hamilton Community Farm, after its statewide farmer's market selling the product of last season's wildly successful rutabaga harvest, introduced a five-year plan last week to expand its business ventures beyond the ordinary functions of a quaint garden. The newly formed company (under the name Yes The Melons Are Organic, Inc.) will begin expansion this fall, starting with a state-of-the-art slaughterhouse, complete with exploited immigrant labor and unsanitary working conditions.

"We were just so successful with our small farm that we thought, hey, why not put the national cutthroat economic theory to the test and start a business consortium right here at Hammy?" farm director Freddy Berginson '16 said. "I mean, if the kids at Yale can make a killing before they've even graduated by appealing to the backstabbing practices of the world's venture capitalists, then, by golly, so can we."

According to the company's PR publicists, the slaughterhouse will begin dismembering wild boars, raccoons, and blue-footed boobies this fall.

"It is in our best interest to avoid unnecessary up-front

costs," the club's completely impartial faculty advisor, micro-economics Professor Riley Springer added. "Any leftover profit from the annual mandrake auctions will go into construction. At least until we start making a profit, we plan to keep investment costs low by exploiting the cheap labor of powerless people who have no legal sway against us. And, we'll be making use of the plentiful wild game in the area. Beef, squirrel, there's tons of good hotdog material around here."



The slaughterhouse will utilize all-natural, artisan sign-making.

Rumors have been circulating about the possibility of the community conglomerate replacing Bon Appetite as the school's meal plan provider.

"Wait, so you mean Bon Appétit wasn't already serving squirrel?" the top-rated yak of the hour read.

If the slaughterhouse reaches its net goals in the next two quarters, Yes The Melons Are Organic, Inc. will continue its expansion to include a community atomic power plant, a community growhouse, a community liquidation law firm, and a community organized crime syndicate.

ger." She motioned toward the cross-country team. "Maybe now admissions will finally mention us! Who wouldn't want to come to a school where thirty plus people run around butt naked in the middle of the football game against Colgate?" She then promptly donned her roast-turkey hat and shutter shades, running away to join the team on a victory lap.

This victory was a climax in recent events for the streaking team. After getting facials on Monday, oral exams Wednesday, and erecting a second bridge across Martin's Way on Friday, the team was getting busy making their name known across campus.

"We were quite impressed by how things went down," dean Nancy Thompson stated. "They really turned on the intensity for this race. We, as an administration, are seriously considering making the team official, especially after being so hard on them this last year. We will be watching for what comes next."

Rumors are spreading that the next challenge will go out to the fencing club. After all, the penis mightier than the sword.

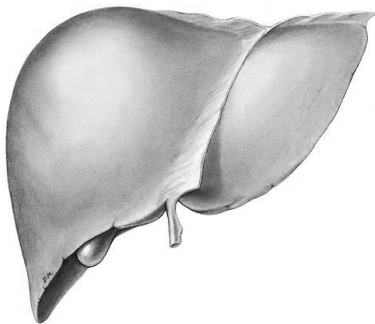
EVENT STAFF GOES ROGUE  
Claims mission of vital campus security

By Ms. Granoff '18  
WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' DEPT.  
(HIDING OUT FROM CAMPO) Some partygoers noticed a new presence in their suites last weekend as Event Staffer Michael Bracken '17 went rogue. Rather than working at his assigned, campus-sanctioned celebrations of drunken debauchery and heading to Diner B, Bracken proceeded to protect the students of our fair campus from their own notoriously poor judgment into the early hours of the morning.

Sarah Larkin '16, present in one of the suites, commented, "Why is he here? I stopped going to all campus parties two years ago to get away from people telling me not to play Xtreme Beer Pong. Which is exactly like regular pong, except it involves a flamethrower, two ocelots, and a sawed-off beer shotgun. And yes, don't you think I know it's dangerous? I do it to feel alive! Also, his stare feels like he is looking into my soul as I crush the competition, and he finds me wanting."

Roommates Hannah Clark '16 and Una Sherman '16 clamored to confirm this assertion, seething that "He actually knocked on our window because he heard something. That's not what you do when you hear something in a dorm room! He then proceeded to shine a flashlight into the room and announce he needed 'to check that everyone was ok.' All we were doing was practicing our ghostly moaning! Dude, Halloween is coming up and we have got to be on point."

Bracken, when asked about this rogue activity, was surprised to learn about the stir he had caused on campus. He commented, "Going rogue? I was walking home from my shift in Bundy dining hall. What am I supposed to do if I'm walking past someone who's literally throwing away their liver? Seriously, dude brought his own scapel."



WHY ARE YOU PUNISHING ME?

STREAKING TEAM RUNS  
AGAINST CROSS COUNTRY TEAM  
Wins by a length

By Mr. Collins '19  
TRUE OLYMPIC RACING DEPARTMENT  
(HEADQUARTERS UNDER THE GLEN HOUSE)

After a harrowing race between the cross country team and the streaking team, both teams baring it all, junior stalker Connie Lingus '17 and freshman stalker Clint Orris '19 took first and second place, shaming the cross-country team at its own sport. A heated debate and hours of drinking last Saturday encouraged Streaking Team leader Harry Richards '16 to challenged the entire Cross-Country team to compete in a foot race against his "Clearly superior, well endowed band of bretheren." The air was thick with tension as the teams went stride for stride, both attempting to thrust their way to victory.

"We really gave our all out there," stalker Jenny Thalia '18 said. "You can't fake this stuff! We just had more stamina. Running without any protection from the cold really teaches you how to keep it up longer. The pace. Keep the pace up lon-

PARENTS' WEEKEND FORECAST	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	Real Estate	Rejection	Routes
	High probability graveyard tour turns into violent land grab.	65% chance your parents disown you, adopt your roommate.	"Hey, Mom, I'll meet you at Root. No, the other Root. No—"

In this issue: Family-friendly fuck jokes

CAB SHMAB Hosts SHMOSTS  
IMPROV SHMIMPROV IN BARN SHMARN



See "Not so funny now, is it?" pg. 69

PUPPY PROPHET'S HARD TRUTH  
OF THE WEEK



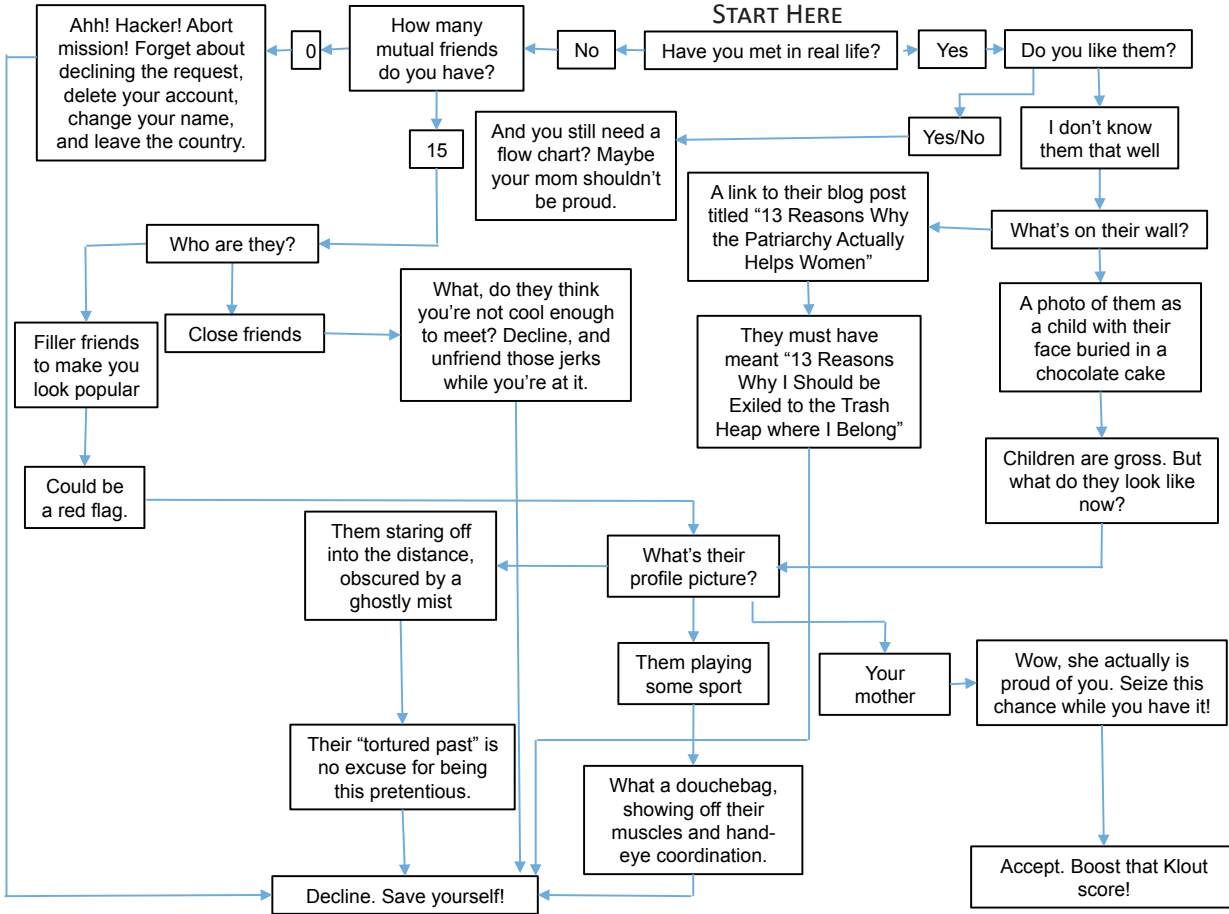
Parents don't love children, only passing on their genes.

Have fun at Nola's.



SNAP JUDGEMENTS: A FLOWCHART

So you just got a new friend request on Facebook! My, you're getting popular. Mom must be proud. Use this flowchart to decide whether to accept.



Painstakingly thought out by Ms. Alatalo '18

DEAR MISS CREANT:  
Shitty advice from a shitty person

Dear Miss Creant,

I might be getting a bad grade in my Chemistry class because the professor does a poor job teaching. Who should I approach about this?

Currently Applying to Med Schools

Dear Currently Applying to Med School,

What you have to do is make clear to the professor that you're the alpha. Call the professor a douchenozzle in the middle of class, write "No" on your test, mix baking soda and vinegar in his office. Trust me, I'm also pre-med. I mean, it's not like my chances go up if I happen to get bumped in class rank.

Dear Miss Creant,

I'm worried that my friend has joined a cult. He keeps coming back at odd hours of the night, I think his clothes have blood on them and he mentioned something about meeting the High Priest. What should I say to him?

Worried Friend

Dear Worried Friend,

Rejoice! You don't have to worry – your friend is merely pledging our secret frat DIK. You know which secret sorority has close ties with DIK? TIT. You also know which secret sorority I have been trying to get into since my fourth application to work at Opus was rejected? TIT. So why don't you get your friend in touch with me once he's met the "High Priest" and we can discuss how he's gonna get me into TIT.

Dear Miss Creant,

I have a crush on this girl, but I don't know how to approach her. What should I do?

Permanently Single

Dear Permanently Single,

I'm so honored you have a crush on me! If you want to earn my heart you will first have to send me chocolates under the name "secret admirer." Also pack them in dry ice. Can't have them melting. Next, at the masquerade party my suite is throwing next week bring a rose and tango with me when "Cool for the Summer" plays. Lastly, find me two weeks later and kiss me in the rain (there better be rain). Looking forward to our future romance!

Compiled by Mr. Wesley '16

FRIDAY FIVE: CLUBS THAT SECRETLY DON'T EXIST

By Mr. Stark '19

- Meditation Club:** We'll believe in the Meditation Club as soon as you can remember the last time a student said "Gosh, what a week. I think I'll unwind with some quiet, alcohol-free contemplation tonight." The game's up, guys; we all hear Alestorm blasting from the chapel every Monday night. And we know that smell isn't just incense candles. So pack up your namast-Jaeger bombs and your unholy spirits and stop trying to fool us.
- Space Society:** Yeah, sure there's water on Mars. Just like the "water" in those crumpled Dasani bottles they all bring to meetings. The Space Society clearly spends most of their time concocting elaborate hoaxes about "moon landings" and "planets"—probably just to make Hamilton look better than the Reds.
- Archery Club:** We sent investigator Shirley Combes '17 to dig up deleted Archery emails and see where they really lead. "I found towers of free Chipotle, Opus gift cards... strangest of all, evidence concerning news stories covered up by Hamilton," Combes reported. "It looks like everything they've said was true all along. I honestly don't know how deep this goes."
- Curling, a.k.a. Rock Quidditch:** Go to a team meeting. Throw some big stones. Scrape madly at the ground like a coked-up squirrel in a snowdrift. Just take a fucking broom in one hand, with the other desperately clinging onto the belief that they're not just making all this shit up as they go along. Follow their crazy, dreamt-up rules for five minutes and tell me that it doesn't just feel like underpaid janitor work on the ice rink.
- The Duel Observer:** That's right. We consulted all the "chicken" entrails available at Commons, and more of Plato's bondage fantasies than we feel comfortable with, and can now confirm that the very words you just read are but a product of your sleep-deprived psyche. The Duel isn't real, I'm probably not real, and being "meta" till isn't funny no matter how hard we all believe. But it still beats the Bull. So just continue reading the blue pill of satire and everything will be fine.

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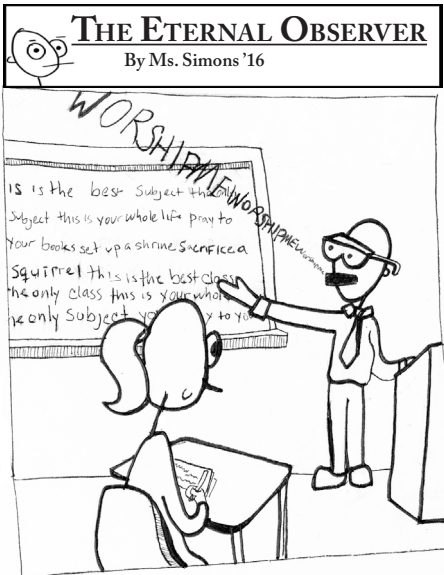
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Professor finally lets students know how to get an A.