

DAVID WIPPMAN FUCKING SHREDS BOTH PARTS OF “SUMMER NIGHTS” AT IMF CONCERT

ALUMNUS THREE YEARS OUT CAN’T STOP IDENTIFYING AS A LIGHTSIDER

Keeps asking where the “Commons of Manhattan” is

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20
ALUMNI INREACH DEPT.
(A COFFEE SHOP THAT ISN’T OPUS) Despite having graduated from Hamilton in 2014, alumnus Scotty Harper is reportedly continuing to identify himself as a Lightsider while living in New York City and working as an accountant.

“I don’t actually know what ‘Lightside’ means, but Scotty calls himself that all the time,” Jessica Ambell, the receptionist at Harper’s accounting firm, said. “He called me that one time too because I was wearing a sleeveless fleece, and I thought it was a race thing, so I brought it up to HR... That took a while to sort out.”

Other people in Harper’s life have confirmed that he strictly defines himself as a Lightsider, despite living in a two-bedroom with his long-term girlfriend in a normal metropolitan society that doesn’t divide itself into two arbitrary groups.

Melanie Forest, Harper’s girlfriend, commented, “I found it kind of endearing at first. He called me his

“Darkside Princess” because I was drinking coffee when he met me. We met at a coffee shop.”

Forest confirmed that Harper still identifies Pabst Blue Ribbon as his beverage of choice, refers to his local Planet Fitness as “Blood,” and yells “Roll Conts” while stalled in traffic.

Harper maintains that there is no issue with him continuing to identify as a Lightsider. “It’s not about *where* you are,” he said, while writing out a rent check, “It’s about *who* you are. I’m always going to be a Vineyard Vines-wearing, Carn-living boy at heart, even though I’m twenty-five and thinking about starting a family.”

Harper is not the only alum to continue to live with the Darkside/Lightside dichotomy: reports have surfaced in recent months of graduates from as far back as 2008 living in a makeshift “Darkside” in the heart of Brooklyn. According to one anonymous source, this faux-darkside is comprised of several apartments in a four-block radius owned by former Hamilton students, each named after a different darkside dorm.

Said one resident of the “Babbitt” apartment, “When I toured it with my wife, it reminded me of smoking weed next to Minor field, and I had to move in. It also has a great guest room in case my in-laws come over, and plenty of room for my three little ones to play. Pretty dope.”

Phastida ’18 said. “I was walking down Martin’s Way, and all of a sudden I saw a plate of brownies just sitting there on the ground. So of course I dug in. Then I noticed a dude with a bunch of birds sitting in a tree taking pictures of me. I figured there was just something weird in the brownies, but I guess it was just bait for the club.”

Others are less enthusiastic about the club. Cordelia Nathan ’19 complained about the members’ arrival at Student Assembly, recalling that “This crow kid and his birds just barged in to the meeting. There was poop everywhere. I just hope it was all from the birds.”

“At first I thought it was cool,” Club member Colin Marabou ’21 said. “But then we got to the ‘mating habits’ part, and it got weird. We waited in a tree outside Babbitt for someone to get busy in front of a window for three hours.”

According to Marabou, after a couple did in fact copulate in full view of the Anthropological Society, they only did so for a few minutes before noticing their audience. “They looked out the window and stared at us for a second, then invited us in. I was too nervous, but Crow Boy went in. And let me tell you—high school health class did not prepare me for this. I never knew feathers could do that.”

STUDENT TO INTRODUCE BODY PILLOW TO FAMILY OVER

THANKSGIVING
Still better than being single

By Mr. Paull ’20
WEEB DEPT.
(NEW HARTFORD BED BATH & BEYOND)
In an unprecedented act of bravery, Brandon Potash ’19 decided that he would introduce his girlfriend of two semesters to his parents during Thanksgiving break. The decision comes as a shock to those close to Potash, seeing as his girlfriend is a 5’3” body pillow with the image of an underage anime girl with massive tits on it.

“I decided it was time to stop hiding my love,” Potash said, caressing the pillow’s face. “Kiyoko-chan and I have been dating for two years now and intend to have a traditional Japanese wedding one day. And yes, I know what you are thinking: her tits *are* massive. We do everything normal couples do. We go get food at commons, I drool on her in my sleep, and we even have sex. I made a little hole in her and put my old ‘love rag’ in so she stays nice and clean.”

Potash had until recently been keeping his relationship with the body pillow a relative secret, but now can be seen carrying it around with him all over campus.

“It was weird. He showed up one day to class with that pillow girl and said, ‘I hope you don’t mind, but I brought my girlfriend Kiyoko-chan. She is really eager to learn.’ I let him keep the thing in class because it *does* have massive tits,” Professor of Upholstery Miles Jacoby said.

When asked if he told his parents that his girlfriend is actually a body pillow, Potash seemed confused. “You wouldn’t tell your parents the race of your girlfriend or if she was blind. So why would you tell them that your girlfriend was actually an anime girl printed onto a body pillow? And I think they will be happy for me once they see her massive tits,” Potash added.

However, Potash decided not to bring Kiyoko to his home for Thanksgiving after all because he broke up with her shortly before getting on the Boston shuttle. He decided to end it after he saw another body pillow online with even bigger tits.

CROW BOY STARTS ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY FOR HUMAN WATCHING

Definitely not a front for BKE

By Mr. Letai ’19
BIRDBRAINED IDEAS DEPT.
(THE AVIARY) Crow Boy, a boy raised by crows in the aviary discovered last year, has founded the newest student organization: Anthropological Society. The club’s mission statement is “to study the appearance and habits of people from across campus. We will go people-watching, and learn a thing or two about people too.”

In a budget proposal which was described by witnesses as being written in “chicken scratch,” the club has requested money from Student Assembly for “binoculars and telephoto lenses” for observing humans, and “human food” for attracting human subjects. Originally, the club asked for “human seed” instead of food, but the request was changed after the vial of white substance they received was deemed ineffective.

So far, the club has met with mixed reactions from the campus community.

“They’re really contributing to student life” Ron

In this issue: goddamn this publication is a nerd who needs to get laid

FRESHMAN BUFFERS EXCITED FOR THEIR FIRST COTILLION



“Wait, how many is a cotillion?”

See “Not that kind of coming out,” pg. 1846

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 11: That’s not how evolution works. You’re getting a C in Bio 102.

A. Actually, you’re getting a D because you’re a shark and exist below C level. Dead end for that shitty pun.

B. Go to your professor’s office hours to raise your grade. See issue 6

C. Move into the pool even though it’s fresh water. See issue 7

FARM PARTY FORECAST

9 P.M.	11 P.M.	1 A.M.
80% chance students playing the flannel drinking game get EMT'd.	High probability hay falls out of your butt for the next week.	“A tractor? I hardly know her!”

Bcc'd to Mr. Boudreau '20