

54+ STUDENTS SUCCUMB TO NOROVIRUS
On the plus side, Mercury is out of retrograde

ADMINISTRATION SCRAMBLES
TO ACCOMMODATE ACCEPTED
STUDENT IN WHEELCHAIR
Holds world’s largest bake sale

By Emily Granoff ’18
REAL PROBLEMS WE ACTUALLY HAVE DEPT.
(ROOT DORM, ROOT HALL, DOESN’T MATTER) Physical Plant was in a tizzy this week when they realized that the Admissions Office had, without consulting them, accepted a student in a wheelchair. While this normally would not be a problem, the Admissions Office failed to realize that Hamilton College was built for people with Hulk-like endurance for climbing stairs. This has led to the largest-ever bake sale in history to fund fundamental accomodations to help the incoming student get to class.

“Of course, we were happy to help make some brownies,” Philip Seymour ’19 said. “But it seems like there might be more efficient ways to help our new admit get around. Maybe they should live entirely in the Science Center, since it has an elevator.”
When informed that the admit intended to

major in English, fellow bake sale participants commented, “that might be a hasty decision” and “I don’t know if that many baked goods exist but, I mean, we can try.”
However, the Admissions Office remains confident that Physical Plant will come through. With the proceeds of the bake sale, which they have said will continue through the remainder of the semester, through Senior Week, and possibly become an exciting new addition to the graduation requirements, they hope to make the entire campus wheelchair accessible by the start of the Fall semester.
“We ran the numbers, and while it may mean taking money away from less important things like food safety inspections, we are confident that we should have all the money necessary by next semester,” Monica Inzer announced triumphantly. When asked how much that was, she shrugged and said, “What a silly question you have asked.”
When subsequently asked why her schedule left no time to complete the necessary construction work, Ms. Inzer pointed out that construction crews are notoriously unreliable anyway and “don’t you think life needs more spontaneity?”

STRAIGHTEDGE SENIOR
FINALLY CRACKS
So close, yet so far

By Mr. Boudreau ’20
SOBRIETY (OR LACK THEREOF) DEPT.
(A SUB-FREE DORM) Jen Vasquez ’18, who up until recently had survived her entire college career without ever consuming any drugs or alcohol, broke her sobriety streak this week. To say she has been making up for lost time, reports say, would be an understatement.
“It all started Sunday night when I took some Adderall to help me finish a lab report,” Vasquez said between shots of tequila. “Then I was really freaking out before a chemistry exam, so my friend gave me an edible to help me mellow out. Before I knew it, I was taking ecstasy to motivate me for a thirty-page paper I had to write in one hour.”
Vasquez’s friend, Monica Teitelbaum ’18, was surprised by her sudden departure from sobriety, stating, “To be honest, I’m actually kind of sad that Jen broke her streak. She was like a beacon of hope for the rest of us. Now, if Jen can’t do it, then what chance do the rest of us have? Plus, she hasn’t paid

me back for any of the coke I gave her.”
Interestingly, however, Vasquez’s professors are not disappointed in her lack of self-control. “Jen’s work was starting to get a little lackluster,” Philosophy professor Janet Wardlaw said. “But I found that thirty-page, ecstasy-driven rant to be quite revelatory. I never thought about how *The Dark Crystal* was an interpretation of the yin yang philosophy. I’m so proud of Jen for finally abusing illegal substances like all the great philosophers.”
This sentiment was shared by her fellow musicians in the jazz band, in which Vasquez plays saxophone. Jazz instructor Miles Ellington said, “Jen was always a talented musician, but now that she’s addicted to heroin, she can play Charlie Parker’s ‘Ornithology’ perfectly. I say keep it up, because a drug-fueled music career has never turned out poorly for anyone.”
All of this praise, in addition to the drugs, may have gone to Vasquez’s head, however. Latest reports say she intends to scrap her entire Philosophy thesis and rewrite the whole thing on LSD.

STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON
FINALLY HITS PUBERTY
Resounding “clang” as metal balls drop
By Ms. Stevenson ’19

BAR MITZVAH DEPT.
(OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL) This past Tuesday, students were shocked to discover that the campus’s iconic bronze statue of Alexander Hamilton has finally hit puberty. According to eyewitness accounts, Alex’s formerly smooth green face now sports a nasty little dirt ’stache and he has begun to emit an odor reminiscent of stale corn chips. In addition to the apparent physical changes, students also report a marked change in Alex’s attitude, including newly terrible posture and a habit of muttering profanities at passerby in a heavily cracking voice.
Many faculty and staff have expressed their bitter-sweet amusement at the transformation. “It’s a tough age for any kid—much less a bronze statue of someone who’s been dead since 1804,” Chaplain John Maguire said as he discreetly placed a copy of *The Body Book for Boys* on the marble plinth. “We hope that he knows he has our full support and can come to us with any questions or concerns he may have about such things as peer pressure, ‘vaping,’ or inexplicable erections.”
Among students, however, the budding of Alexander’s manhood has been received rather less favorably.
“Like, good for him and all, but I’m honestly horrified,” Outing Club Treasurer Griffin Clancy ’18 said. “I mean, my boys and I have climbed all over that thing to take tasteful nudes at least twice a semester since I first got here. And now we all find out that he’s just barely a teenager? Isn’t that, like, statue-tory? Wow, sorry, that was bad. Oh my god, I need to go take a shower.”
Kirkland resident Melody Hansen ’20 added, “I never used to bother closing my shades, but now, I have to. It just feels awkward knowing he’s out there all teenage dreaming.”
No word yet on if the miasma of Axe body spray clouding the area will be permanent.



“It’s not a phase, Mom. I really *am* metal.”

In this issue: Not Jojo and Andy

| WEEKEND PARTY FORECAST | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|------------------------|--|---|--|
| |  65% chance the Annex party involves Hazmat suits. |  Low probability your hookup takes off their surgical mask. |  “I’m not sick, I just have terrible allergies!” |

SENIOR PROJECTS IN THEATRE:
The real performance begins when they explain to potential employers why they picked this major



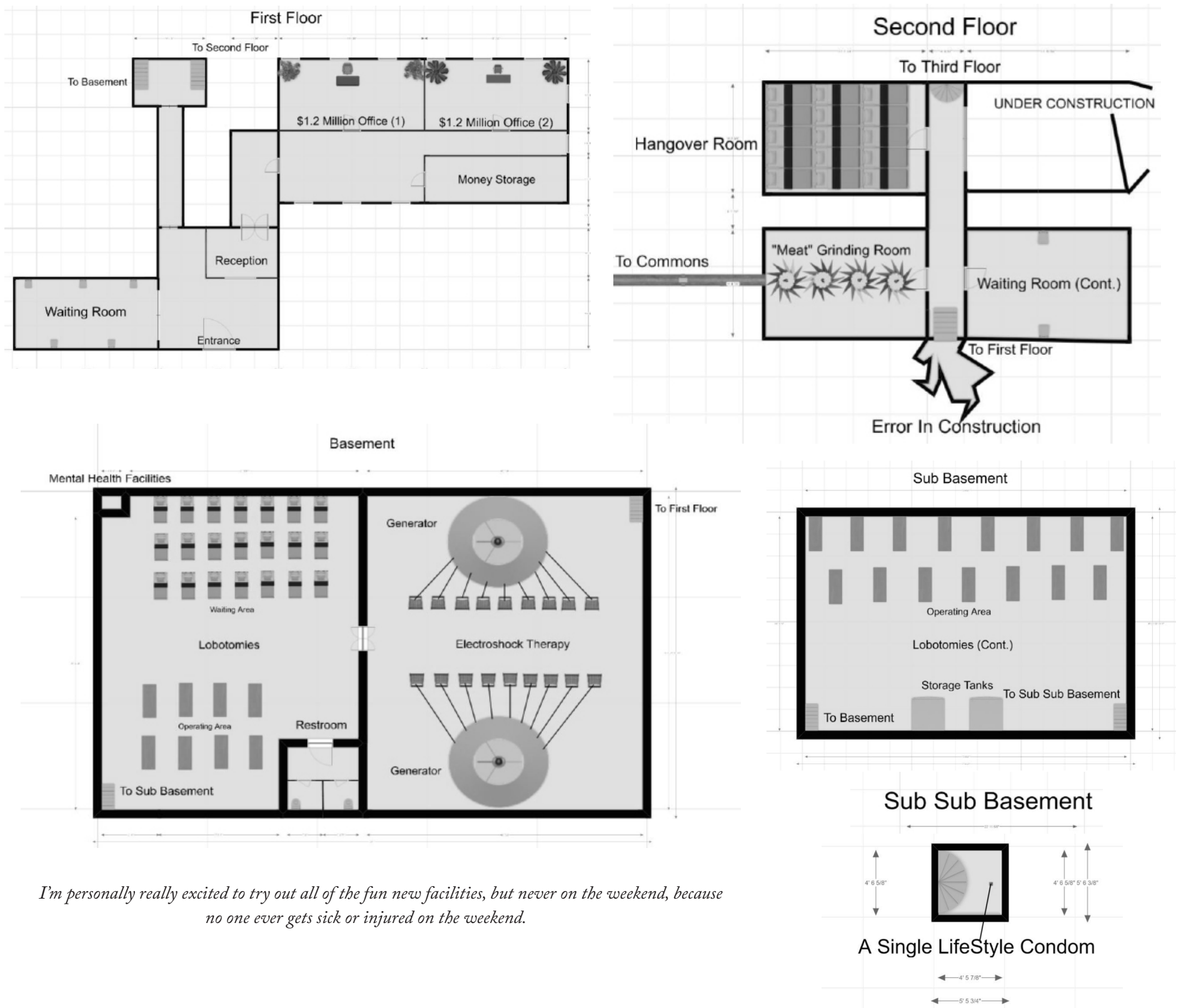
See “I’m a people person,” pg. \$0

Hamilton
Kama Sutra

TIP OF THE WEEK:
The E. coli Outbreak.
Wash your salad thoroughly before you toss it.

LEAKED HEALTH CENTER FLOOR PLAN

After months of speculation, all of our questions about the new Health Center can finally be answered. Thanks to a leak from an anonymous source, the floor plans for the new Health Center are now available. Take a look.



I'm personally really excited to try out all of the fun new facilities, but never on the weekend, because no one ever gets sick or injured on the weekend.

Senior Thesis:
Growing Old is a Bitch

By Phillus Skangley '54

I graduated from Hamilton College back when men were men, women were women, and just because you slept with a few of your frat brothers every couple months or so, it didn't mean you were gay. You may think that your life really starts after leaving college, but I'll tell you: it's just one long torturous ride to a nice candlelit dinner with Satan where you get endless breadsticks but the waiter never comes to take your order.

I came back for Alumni Weekend and couldn't believe how soft this generation is. Not a single student offered assistance when I started shouting, "I'm cranky. Someone come over here and let me complain about what a piece of shit you are," and then subsequently shit my pants. This college is becoming too liberal and too insensitive to the complaints of alumni who grew up in a time where it was completely fine to make fun of queers.

I remember the days where I could down a whole fifth of whiskey by myself, eat two ribeye steaks, and jerk off twice in one hour to the same picture of Jackie Kennedy greeting the prime minister of Japan. Now I have to eat all my foods in liquid form because my gums got eroded from all the cocaine I rubbed on them during classes and I can't find any dentures that will hold fast. None of you know what it's like to have your bones be as brittle as a saltine cracker that's been twice baked in a brick oven. Every day I pray to God that I can go back into my twenty-two-year-old body and fuck a TIT sister one more time on Minor Field. I only get let out of the nursing home on special occasions now, like colonoscopy appointments and my friends' funerals. I hope every day that I die in my sleep, or better yet that my nurse pushes my wheelchair into a volcano. Anyway, my twelve different pain medications are kicking in, so I got about one more minute of lucidity. One last piece of advice: moisturize your scrotum; it will get extraordinarily wrinkled in time.

Written While on a Cocktail of Cold Medicine by Mr. Paull '20

Found on the computer of Mr. Kelly '21

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