

COMMON GROUND CREATES BIPARTISAN UTOPIA  
Vegan Club and Grilling Club to hold peace talks

SENIOR RECEIVES REGISTRATION TIME, BEGINS TO SUSPECT SOMETHING WRONG

A close, late warning

By Mx. Stevenson '19

SUNDAY SCARIES DEPT.

(MORRIS HOUSE) This past week, the concern and confusion of Lily-Anne Warner '19 were ever so slightly aroused when she, a second-semester senior, received an assigned time slot to register for classes for the Fall 2019 semester. “That’s kinda weird, right?” Warner asked, reclining with her dab pen in her fairy light-bedecked Morris single. “It’s probably just a glitch, but, like...do you think, maybe, they don’t know I’m graduating?”

“Yeah, no, she’s super not graduating,” roommate Fatima Barber '19 said later. “I know she’s only taken two writing intensives, and I don’t think she took a single QSR, unless calculating your projected end-of-year body count with logarithmic functions gets credit. Also, she definitely failed the swim test.”

REGISTRAR’S OFFICE REPOSSESSES BELONGINGS OF STUDENTS WITH OUTSTANDING BALANCES

I needed those batteries for my vibrator!

By Ms. Kappahn '21

DEPT. OF ANNUITIES AT 877-CASH-NOW

(PILLAGED BUNDY SINGLE) In the wake of the housing lottery and class registration periods, the Registrar’s Office has resorted to repossessing the belongings of students with past due balances over one-thousand dollars.

“Last week I left my boots in the hallway overnight. The next morning, they were gone, this picture in their place,” Mallorie Christensen '21 said, handing over the aforementioned photo. Upon examination, it depicted a truly abhorrent class schedule with the only class registered being Women and Gender Studies with that one professor with a septum piercing that recreationally sorts the Opus 1 trash cans for recyclables. However, Christensen did not seem to comprehend its implications. “How is this bad? I’m an Art and Creative Writing major, but I’m willing to expand my horizons.”

“I didn’t even notice. Apparently they towed my car from Wert four days ago, but I only ever use it

Warner’s advisor, Sociology professor Jerome Levy, was as stymied by the news as Warner was. “Lily-Anne?” he responded, when asked to comment on the situation. “Wait, holy crap. She’s supposed to be a senior? Her transcript looks like a mediocre sophomore’s—and here I was worrying about her being able to go abroad! Yeah, no, she’s super not graduating.”

“I’m not, like, worried, exactly,” Warner said, inspecting her fresh acrylic set. “But I think maybe I’ll email the Registrar or whatever and be like, yo, what’s up, because this is lowkey sus, and I totally am not planning on sticking around for an extra year of this ish.”

“Honest to God, I don’t know if she ever even declared a major,” an exasperated Barber said, sneaking a fat hit off the pen when Warner got up to “tinkle.”

The Registrar was unable to discuss confidential student records by name on account of school privacy policy, but acknowledged that yes, there are indeed several seniors this year who are super not graduating.

to pick up Chinese takeout in Clinton. I don’t even like ethnic food, I just want the crunchy things that come with soup,” Blair Mack '20 said.

When questioned, Janet Keyes at the Registrar’s Office disgustedly put out her cigarette on her mousepad and scowled. “I sent Mack a pointed email saying the Business Office is ‘poised to assist him’ with his outstanding balance and he replied, ‘what’s CASHnet? Sent from my iPhone.’ Repulsive. His records show he didn’t even forward our warning to his parents!”

Others have reported that the Registrar has claimed not only student belongings, but also parts of the students themselves; the Health Center reported a recent case of a student with jaundice, indigestion, and a mysterious line of abdominal stitches. “Yeah man, gallbladders are worth thirteen hundred dollars. You don’t even need it. Or blood. A pint of the good stuff is like four hundred bucks,” the Business Office’s Brandon Nells remarked.

When asked to comment on the Registrar’s involvement in the parts black market, President David Wippman exclaimed, “you mean to tell me I’ve been giving away this precious O-negative human juice for FREE?”

CAMPUS SIDEWALKS TO BE REPLACED WITH CANAL NETWORK

Colby Mules hired to pull barges

By Mr. Nelson '22

CLINTON’S DITCH DEPT.

(CANDLELIT GONDOLA RIDE) Following a battle against the elements, Facilities Management has announced an ambitious plan to give up on keeping the walking paths dry. Sara Lesko, Grounds Manager, denounced the high standards of previous managers in a statement on Monday. “Preventing the flood from getting four inches deep is no longer possible,” Lesko reflected, “and we have determined that it would be far more cost-effective to replace the paths with barge canals than to repave them.” Many campus authorities have concurred, citing New York State environmental regulations, funding through the Erie Canalway Heritage Trust, and the fact that all digging will be done by students for half a gym class credit.


Nearly all academic, athletic, and administrative departments have come out in favor of Lesko’s scheme, with President Wippman calling for an “Aquajitney” to “float intoxicated students and...faculty members home on weekends.” The Admissions Office has announced that all prospective student tour guides must be certified to pilot duck boats, while athletics officials have proposed moving freshman swim tests outdoors.

Science faculty have been Lesko’s most vocal supporters. Associate Professor of Biology Roger Malloy enthusiastically threw his weight behind the plan, stating, “The canal network would revolutionize the research my colleagues and I do on campus. I’ve been trying to study West Nile Virus for years, but there just hasn’t been enough stagnant water around to really get it established. I’m so glad I won’t have to keep duct taping the storm drains. And just think how much extra space we’ll have in the greenhouse once we move the alligators outside!”

In this issue: Those juicy, tasty, hairy bits

FUNKTION 4CAST

9:00PM




30% chance you can tell whether or not this poem is sexual

10:30PM



70% chance your friends are performing past your bedtime

12:00AM



"I didn't know a band could be all ukulele."

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING CLUB HOLDS BRAVEHEART REENACTMENT



Death toll rises after retaliation by English Department  
See “Out/Highlander” pg. 1305

THE DUEL OBSERVER LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“Deadlines: Why Some of Them Are Not Flexible”  
A talk by your thesis advisor

Regarding Intro to Photography

Inbox x

Steve Oliff <soliff23456@g... 7:43 PM (3 minutes ago) ☆ ↩ ⋮

to me ▾

Good Evening Andrew,

I want to thank you for emailing me about your proposed schedule. I am glad to see one of my advisees trying to get ahead. Good for you!

Before we meet however, I want to tell you early on that I don't think you should enroll in Intro to Photography. You're a smart student, but you aren't Hamilton smart, you know? I worry about your ability to succeed in this class, and I don't want to sign off on a course that I think you're going to fail.

A lot of the Intro Photography class consists of taking moody pictures of your friends or taking moody self-portraits. You're incredibly ugly, so of course self-portraits are out of the question, and I'm sure you don't have friends to photograph. Another issue is more of an anatomical one: you have very small hands, Andrew. You have small hands, and if you aren't self-conscious of them, you really should be. I worry about your ability to properly hold the camera grasp it while being able to press the button to take the picture. You'd just look silly, honestly.

It being an art class, Photography demands, you know, an ounce of creativity. I worry that whoever you took the class with would see your work and want to immediately claw out their eyes. I recall sometime last month I saw your phone while you were in CJ, sending a black and white dick pic to someone only after putting the dog filter on. Not only was it a bad use of a filter, but I don't know why you thought anything about your dick had any artistic or physical merit.

I cannot in good faith let you take this class. This class would only hurt you, both in terms of your GPA and physically with carrying around that big camera all day with your itty-bitty hands.

I'll talk with you in person soon!

Professor Oliff

Found in unread messages by Mr. Projansky '21

## MoHo 504’s Official Pong Rules

- Two teams of two
- Cups (10, Solo brand, red) must be arranged in a pyramid formation; opposing team may call for new formation once fewer than six (6) cups remain
  - Illegal cup formations include, but are not limited to: trapezoid, circle, Jerry’s current hairstyle
  - Failure to maintain Eye-To-Eye etiquette (eye contact, elbows behind table edge, singing the chorus of “Too Shy” by Kajagoogoo) results in immediate deferral to other team
  - If you talk shit about the Softball team, you play with a softball instead of a pong ball for the rest of the night (your hangover tomorrow is your own fault)
  - Each player must have their own drink (we are NOT repeating MoHo Mono)
  - Foul for traveling is one shot of anything that can fuel a truck, opposing team chooses
  - If the first throw goes in the centermost cup (the Bitch Cup), both the thrower and Jerry have to do a shot (even if Jerry isn’t playing)
  - Anyone who mentions climate change has to eat all meals at McEwen on the next Meatless Monday (photo proof of meals required)
  - If the first throw goes in the back right corner (the Snitch Cup), thrower must tell Jerry a secret
  - Throws that bounce off the table are immediately void and player must do a Diner run for snacks with the ball
  - Throws that bounce off the wall count as 2
  - Throws that bounce into Jerry’s hockey trophy count as -6
  - Three in a row = a Continental; four in a row = a Hamilton; five in a row = a Kirkland; six in a row = a Jerry
  - If/when the table gets flipped over, responsible person and their partner have to sprint to the A. Ham statue and back; whoever loses plays the rest of the game with grill tongs for hands
  - If Jerry is blackout by 10:46pm, the team currently winning has to take a shot
  - If Jerry is not blackout by 10:46pm, everyone in the room does a naked lap
  - On every third Tuesday of the month, all participants must speak in French accents for entire course of game; breaking accent = one shot
  - If a player wears an eye mask, they’re a Double Agent; all points go to opposing team
  - If a throw is made from behind the three-point line, you get three points
  - Players hiking up from Bundy are allowed to dole out shots at will (but not to Jerry, that’s too dangerous)
  - All games played with the stolen volleyball MUST happen in 503; any points scored with said stolen volleyball count as 10
  - If you can substitute a golf ball for the pong ball without the other players knowing, they must play the rest of the game with oven mitts on
  - If you capture the other team’s flag, you win

Found written on the underside of a sticky folding table by Ms. Cavallino ’21

## Friday Five: Crimes Against Humanity I'd Commit Before Living In Bundy

By Ms. Liss ’22

*It's housing lottery time, folks! This is the Hamilton Hunger Games, and if you're a rising sophomore, the odds are most definitely not in your favor. Here are some horrendous crimes I'd commit if it meant I were spared from living in Bundy, God's most evident sign that He has left us:*

**5. Kill every current Bundy resident.** There are at least 53,789 people living in Bundy, if you count the Secret Residents scuttling around in the walls, toilets, and snake dens. I would off them all if that would save me from living in the mental ward down the hill, and with Bundy Café newly born, slipping poison into a few batches of croissants would probably do the trick.

**4. Watch a full season of anime.** I'm not talking *Pokémon* or *Yu-gi-ob*; I'm talking the nasty stuff. The ones where the big-titty goth gfs walk around wearing dental floss bikinis, aka just enough clothing to protect the audience's pure Christian eyes. Maybe some tentacles would be involved, some oviposition, some piss inflation. I'd subject my eyes to the sticky crevices of weeaboo hell to escape the far worse, two-term-long viewing experience of concrete and yellowing walls.

**3. Come out to my extended family as a furry.** I'm not a furry, despite thinking that Robin Hood in the Disney anthropomorphic film adaptation could totally get it. A furry once brushed by me at a pride parade in 2016, and three years later, I still feel unclean. I'd tell my parents, uncles, grandparents, and little sister that I'm a furry to avoid being sentenced to Hamilton's equivalent of a disease-ridden prison.

**2. Steal all the bricks from Martin's Way to build a new, better dormitory.** Remember the brick-theft fiasco of fall term? I had no involvement, but if at 4:30PM today my lottery number puts me in 1,500th place to choose a room, catch me on Martin's Way with a shovel. I'll build my own "Minecraft"-style brick hovel out of this school's main walkway, and it will still be better than the real-life horror movie set that is Bundy.

**1. Not kill every current Bundy resident.** It would be doing the world a serious misdeed to let them continue suffering. If I lived in Bundy, I would constantly be begging for the sweet release of death. Being Bundy-banished is, some have said, the most effective torture method known to man. Who would I be to let those poor trapped souls continue in anguish?

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