Active MInds Mistakenly Plans Distress Fest

De-Stress and distress are different? Our bad.

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15

This is not a pun Dept.

(COUNSELING CENTER) In a severe communication lapse, Hamilton College’s mental health awareness club, Active Minds, mistakenly planned Distress Fest, as opposed to the nationally celebrated De-Stress fest.

While other colleges across the country have brought puppies to campus, lined corridors with bubble wrap, and offered sunset yoga to reduce the stress in students, Distress Fest strives for the opposite effect. The festival offers an array of distressing activities, from “make a list of all the mistakes you’ve made in your life and how much better off you’d be if you hadn’t” to “listen to Nickelback CDs on repeat.”

What the fuck is this?” Brain Williams ’13 yelled as he stormed out of Wellin Hall, where a slight buzz of static was being played over the speakers. “If I wanted to listen to distracting, headache-inducing buzz of static was being played over the speakers. ‘If I wanted to listen to distracting, headache-inducing buzz of static was being played over the speakers.’

“Why am I here?” one student asked. She was adorably together, Mark realized. “Between my Uncle Saxby and my DIK connections, I’m pretty much guaranteed to find this absurd. ‘Between my Uncle Saxby and my DIK connections, I’m pretty much guaranteed to find this absurd.’

“I knew something was up in Round 1 when we were becoming confused. Resident cheaters Bertram and draw a labeled map of the clitoris, teams fused to give any of us points and would only mope.”

In Round 2, a question was, ‘Do you know if Sarah Moore is seeing anyone?’ Holly Norris ’15, of team My Little Moon- y, said, downing the rest of her Woodchuck. “Even though every team responded that she and David were still adorably together, Mark refused to give any of us points and would only mope and play Elliot Smith songs for the rest of the round.”

The effects of the festival have permeated all aspects of campus life. Students have been observed comfort-chugging those new Diner milkshakes, then hysterically sobbing that they shouldn’t be eating when there are starving kids in Africa who could really go for a milkshake cause Africa’s kinda hot.

“We may not have followed directions exactly,” Active Minds leader Tyra Collette ’12 proudly said as she stepped over the huddled masses of depressed students on her way to use the emergency broadcast system’s speakers to read off a list of TV shows cancelled too soon. “But no one can say that Distress Fest wasn’t a success!”

Distress Fest finishes Saturday night with the grand finale: a forum entitled “Women’s Reproductive Rights in Kentucky.”

DIK Decides to Throw “Caucasian Party”

Literally zero members think to question this decision.

By Ms. Yurkofsky ’15

(KJ CIRCLE) This past week, members of Hamilton College’s preeminent fraternity, DIK, began planning a party they hilariously decided to name “The Caucasian Party.” While many members of the Hamilton community have raised objections at the inescapably racist undertones of this theme, DIK president Derek Wallace ’13 sees no issue.

“It’s just a color!” Wallace exclaimed indignantly, while casually lifting up his shirt and rubbing his chest to Snapchat a picture of his erect nipple to some lucky recipient. After being informed that ‘Caucasian’ is not, in fact, a color, Wallace was unperturbed. “Whatever, bro. We’re not talking about some anthropology paper here. It’s a fucking dress code, so who gives a fuck?”

The invitation asks students to exclusively wear colors along the ‘Caucasian spectrum,’ which, the Duel’s research team has determined, is not actually a thing. However, the email defines it as ‘from Pasty Irish to Olive-toned Italian and everything in between.’

Although DIK Brothers insist that any race is welcome, many non-white students feel marginalized by the exclusivity of this theme. Wallace finds this absurd. “Between my Uncle Saxby and my DIK connections, I’m pretty much guaranteed to be a senator,” he said, trying and failing to raise one eyebrow, giving up, and rolling a joint. “You really think I can afford to piss off minority vot- ers?”

While news of the party shocked and offended some students, in others it spurred giddiness at the minefield of Tweet possibilities. Jasmine Rayson ’15, known to many as @vaginodinosaur93, reportedly learned of the party while checking her email mid-fellatio. Apparently, in her haste and excitement to left-handedly tweet “cauczn party wtf DIK #obamaawbd겹싸,” Rayson gave what her boyfriend described as “the greatest head of all time,” so at least something positive came out of all this.

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Congratulations, Sabrina!

*cries* *apologizes for crying* *laughs loudly to self*

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**How I Meant to Spend Thanksgiving Break**

**By Ms. Yurkofsky '15**

- Being condescending towards younger cousins
- Getting a head start on studying for exams
- Getting overloaded with texts to hang out because everyone from home misses me so much
- Hooking up with that suuuper hot football player from high school
- Being generally impressive
- I've gotten

**How I Actually Spent Thanksgiving Break**

- Lying about how I spent my break
- Drinking alone
- Having friends ignore my calls and hanging with my parents instead
- Sleeping
- Watching the entire series of Game of Thrones

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**Your Weekly Whore-oscopes**

As Foretold By Ms. Yurkofsky '15

- **Aries:** The alignment of Mercury and Uranus indicate that it’s not a phone in his pocket.
- **Libra:** Listen to that Mongolian voice in your head. Do everything he says, except for that thing with the kid, the mopasine, and Margaret Thatcher. That’s illegal.
- **Taurus:** You can make a difference. All you need is knowledge of household poisons and a way into the Clinton water supply.
- **Scorpio:** If you’re trying to find your decency, I’d check the Dunham third floor bookstore.
- **Gemini:** Hey there! You’ve got a really really beautiful smile! Sorry about your mother.
- **Sagittarius:** Your Saturday will involve some delightful leftover take out, a thrilling hour of extended television, and a reasonably satisfying bout of self-pleasure.
- **Cancer:** It’s not just stress. There’s a baby in there.
- **Capricorn:** You are not really pulling off that shirt.
- **Leo:** Jupiter’s location in your sign indicates that yes, they were laughing at you.
- **Aquarius:** The moon is in the inadequate Mars phase, so begin working on BJ techniques ‘cause, let me tell you, you won’t be passing Calc on grades alone.
- **Pisces:** Your demise approaches. I would tell you to avoid the laundry room on Sunday, but it won’t help. I have a nice weekend!

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**Rejected Internship Funding Application**

Hi please give me money.

I would like to apply for funding to get eaten by a blue whale this summer. I don’t think anyone’s ever done that on purpose before. I can already hear your objections: “But it’s dark in there!” I’ll bring a flashlight. “Could you tell me how this applies to your math major?” Is the whale contained in the set of all sets? “But you’re not krill!” I identify as krill. “How will you get out?” Dynamite.

Alternately, I have constructed a plan to win the internet. What does the internet love? Animals and friends. I would like to separate some elephant friends for about twenty years and then film their reunion. It will be adorable. “But that’s immoral!” Shut your face.

You can pick whichever you like better. Idgaf.

Submitted jointly by Ms. Yurkofsky ’15 and Mr. Spinney ’16