**BEACH PARTY 2015:**
Right Shark’s Revenge

**ANDREW JILLINGS’ EMAIL SAVERS SEVEN HUNDRED LIVES**
Undertakes natural selection
By Ms. Suder ‘18
SNOWMAN WARFARE DEPT.
(DUNHAM QUAD) The woefully ignorant student body received an email last week from campus hero Andrew Jillings outlining techniques to keep warm in sub-zero temperatures. Though simple in its construction, the email probably saved the lives of half the students on campus because although we basically live in an icy tundra, people still think hats, like the ubiquitous chic beanie, exist only for warmth in sub-zero temperatures. Though simple in its construction, the email probably saved the lives of half the students on campus because although we basically live in an icy tundra, people still think hats, like the ubiquitous chic beanie, exist only for warmth in sub-zero temperatures.

*“When I got that email in my inbox, I clicked on it by accident. I was going for the Opus menu instead. I had no idea that I needed to cover my entire head,”* Patrick Olsen ‘18 said. “I've been gluing two slices of bread to either side of my face for the past few months and I thought it was working. I think I might have a yeast infection inside my ear, though.”

Central New York, though lovely in the summer, is less than optimal for survival in the winter, unless you're currently in hibernation, which is understandable because it's cold as hell right now, holy shit.

Students who hail from more tropical locations are the only ones on campus warmly dressed enough to actually step outside without dying. Funny how that works.

*“I KILLED MY ROOMMATE WITH A BALLISTIC BOOGER I CICLE (BBI),” *said Miami native Dexter Morgan ‘16 while shaking uncontrollably. “I cut him open and cozied up inside his body for warmth. This is not a drill.”

*“I have no comments. Please, I just want to do my job,”* snow plower Joseph Bard said as he waved away the press.

*“If this really is the end, I plan to make it as impressive as possible. It would be great if I could penetrate someone’s skull, but I don’t know if I have the pointiness for that,”* the icicle reported, sighing wistfully. “With the right wind gust, I might just be able to puncture a kid’s kidney. That would be sick.”

Campus Safety has attempted to remove the offending icicle, but without success.

*“I tried to knock it down with a shovel, and the asshole showered me in ice chips,”* officer Darrell Fink reported. “Once the temperature hits 40°F, you bet I’m going to enjoy watching him crumble, drop by drop.”

Despite his taste for violence and bloodlust, the icicle is enjoying watching the creation of the kraken on the tundra that used to be Dunham Quad.

*“It’s just nice to know that some things will outlast me, you know?”* the icicle said, gazing at the gaping maw of snow. *“I may not make it past March, but that thing’s enjoying watching him crumble, drop by drop.”*


**STUDENT IN LONG-DISTANCE RELATIONSHIP CAUGHT FUCKING SNOWMAN**
Both enjoyed snowball play
By Ms. Hussain ‘18
KINK SHAMING DEPT.
(SAGE RINK) Do you want to build a snowman? Perhaps the vast majority of Hamilton students has outgrown this joyous hobby, but not Antheila Elsa Anna Smith ‘17, who generated a stir across campus after several photos posted on Facebook showed her making whoopee with a snowman.

Despite all the attention Smith has gained, the act has incited differing views among the student body.

*“On a predominantly liberal campus, I think it’s important that we, as a community, be more accepting of others’ sexuality,”* Aurelia Tag ‘18 responded. “I mean— woman.”

Other students have expressed more confusion than offense, “I don’t even know how that’s even possible. I haven’t seen any of the photos yet. Does... does anyone have them?” Martin Vanguard ‘15 said.

*“I have no comments. Please, I just want to do my job,”* snow plower Joseph Bard said as he waved away the press.

When asked to offer his thoughts, the snowman had nothing to say, either. Because he’s a snowman.

Despite all the attention Smith has gained, she remains unfazed. “I don’t care really,” she pronounced. “It’s my body. Besides, he had a very pleasurable dickickle.”

in this issue: Anthropomorphism

**UNNAMED CAMPUS GROUP OUTRAGED BY PLANT HEALTH CARE TALK**

By Mr. Chappell ‘15

**HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:**
**ALEXANDER HAMILTON!**

He will literally make bank.

“We won’t even have to rebrand!”

**See “Who's next, THE GAYS” pg.** Huckabee 2016
Why do you imagine gilded nights?
Do you not see how the black North Face
Hangs in the dark,
A woman in her own right?

VIII
I know slurred accents
And lucid, flighty visions;
But I know, too,
That the black North Face is present
For what I know.

IX
When the black North Face remained out of sight
It marked the edge
Of my tequila memory.

X
At the sight of black North Faces
Lining the snow paths,
Even the chorus of winds
Recognizes the ironic individualism.

XI
He rode over Connecticut
In Daddy’s new Beemer.
Once, a fear pierced him,
In that he mistook
A crippling self worth problem
For his black North Face.

XII
The snow is falling.
The black North Face must be freezing.

XIII
It was evening all afternoon.
It was snowing
And it was going to snow.
The black North Face rested
On a chair back through class.

VIII
I among sweating Bundy bodies,
The only sobering thing
Was the loss of my black North Face.

II
I was a crying eye,
Like a snowflake
Melting on the collar of a black North Face.

III
The black North Face shivered in the shadowed corner.
It was a small part of the foreplay.

IV
Bean boots and leggings
Are one.
Bean boots and leggings and a black North Face
Are one.

V
I do not know which to prefer,
The warmth of fleece
Or the warmth of down,
The black North Face enveloping
Or just after.

VI
Jackets filled the long window
With woolen drapes.
The outline of the black North Face
Copied again and again.
The room
Gaped for its guests;
A yonic host.

VII
O triite forms of bliss,

Phineas P. Wurterbottom Reviews 50 Shades of Grey

Your humble critic, Phineas P. Wurterbottom, reporting in after a frightful weekend at the cinema. 50 Shades of Grey? Nay, more like 50 Shades of Sin and Smut slipping like hot murder down the silver screen! Let us examine the particulars: we join a young billionaire named Christian—less a person and more of an amalgamation of psychossexual desires in an Armani suit—as he impresses upon his servile sweetheart (the tender Anastasia Steele) depraved bouts of lust. There is sex, there are contracts, there are sexual contracts. It is the artistic fever-dream of a repressed pencil pusher. Or, as they are known in their early stages at Hamilton, economics majors?

Alas, I admit I’m no stranger to skin-flicks. But where lies the passion in 50? Absent is the slow, operatic buildup, the trade of furtive glances, the final explosion into an ecstatic reunion of limbs! My burning virility stokes against throbs robotic and spankings sterile! My pen is—is quivering, Reader!

As a student of film, I spent many a collegiate morn inserting VHS after bootlegged VHS so

Campus Safety officers compiled a list of the most slippery locations on campus in order to reduce incidences of injury due to what they called “a literal representation of hell frozen-over.”

5. The path downhill to Bundy: After several students suffered falls while attempting to walk up and down the sidewalks leading to Bundy dorm, Bundy residents have installed a pallet system made entirely of broken coat-hangers and filthy bed sheets in order to obtain food, water, and booze until the icy conditions improve.

4. Martin's Way, right before bridge: After being lured into a false sense of security by the strange heated bricks outside KJ, and before facing the obvious danger of the bridge, many students have recently fallen victims to this treacherous stretch of Martin’s Way. Tickets for prime seats on the second floor of KJ are now on sale in Sadove.

3. Just inside the doorway of literally any building on campus: Never played a game of human bowling? Now’s your chance! Wait behind a door, pick someone to be your bowling ball, and just give them a shove! Ten points for freshmen or sophomore’s, five for upperclassmen, and twenty for professors, but only if you don’t get caught. Physical plant was going to dry the high-traffic areas, but then their team captain bowled a 290.

2. The Slippery Slope: If you slip on the way to class, you’ll fall on your ass. If you fall, you’ll break your as-bone, and you’ll have to be EMT’d. Then you’ll have to wear an ass- cast for the rest of the semester. You’ll be the butt of every joke and the recipient of everyone’s asinine comments. You’ll end up missing all of your classes, you’ll fall out of school, no one will ever love you, and the world will end.

1. My vagina.

Delivered to Mr. Witonsky ’17