RESLIFE REVEALS HOUSING RUN BY TANTRUM-PRONE DEMIGOD
Prepares annual sacrifice of Wertimite
By Mr. Wesley ’16
February 6, 2015
Last Chance at Salvation Dept.
(ELIHU ROOT HOUSE) Finally acknowledging that they have less than one iota of control over the campus housing, ResLife admitted that the housing process is actually run by a supernatural being of inconceivable power with a much more conceivable, and short, temper.

When confronted about this development, Director of Supernatural Relations in ResLife Geraldine Butler said, “Yeah, uh, back in 1988 I was called in to deal with the angry spirit of Kirkland who hadn’t gotten the memo that Kirkland was gone. To calm her down, we helped her file the paper work necessary to officially change her name to Abezithibod the Feared.”

Since then, the Omnipotent Spirit that supersedes time and space has been relatively calm, but has been known grow angry whenever someone doesn’t bend to her will. The most recent fit began when Diki pledges ventured too far into the Glen in search of the mythical hobo hut full of PBR.

“Trespassing on her territory really pissed her off, especially after two of the pledges she ate gave her in-digest ion,” Butler commented. “In the past, she would just send some more shitty weather our way to blow off steam, but honestly, the last time the Great Divine One was this angry, we had to get rid of Greek housing.

“Our best guess is if we sacrifice a student, we might be able to keep the dark side dorms intact. We originally considered picking the sacrifice via a Hunger Games-style lottery, but since Wertimer is basically the leader colony of campus and full of freshmen, we decided against taking the risk.”

According to Jeff Dougie, Hamilton’s claims adjuster for any deity related damages, even if this does work, Abezithibod will probably rise up, rain hell fire upon the campus for three years, and get rid of some good senior housing. But the real problem will be that once she’s done using her powers to redo the layout of all the remaining buildings, all available housing will be sub-free triples, and everyone will be placed with at least one roommate who is totally okay walking around ass naked. Especially when you have people over.

You could have done something useful with your time; thank you for not making sense.

By Mr. Wesley ’16
November 13, 2015
CAMPUS PAPER LETTERING DEPT.
(The Situation Room) In a turn of events that surprised no one, a recent AP investigation of The Topical revealed that the campus “fun facts” publication is simply an amalgamation of rejected Yahoo News articles. The investigation was triggered by a brilliant piece of investigative journalism published last week which surmised that The Topical was actually a malicious entity out to corrupt our minds. The investigation findings, released this morning, stated that The Topical not only printed articles so poor they were rejected by Yahoo, but was reportedly contemplating running insipid, pseudo-journalistic, masturbatory dribble twice a week to take advantage of as many articles as possible.

The news was widely received with shrugs. Some were even surprised that the investigation was even necessary.

“I always thought they were thieves. Personally, I had a theory they were ripping off CNBC tweets,” Stan Smith ’16 said. “Honestly, this might be more reassuring.”

When reached for comment, Seymour Yahoo, heir to the admittedly mediocre Yahoo Kingdom, said, “All of us here are just kind of embarrassed. We really didn’t think anyone would ride through our trash, especially because we shredded all of that tripe in the first place. Fuck it, I’m going to go get drunk and write some answers for high schoolers to copy on their biology finals.”

The investigation revealed that it could have been worse. Among the many, many, many Yahoo articles yet to be released by the coffee stain of a paper were several original, and thus unreadable, pieces: “Knitkin’ Kittens,” “Sports the Dinosaurs May Have Played,” and “Fork or Spoon: What’s your spirit utensil?”

When contacted for comment, the Topical responded with a broken link to a BuzzFeed article that did not at all relate to the situation.

Senior Thesis Researcher Discovers Hamilton College Is One Big Game of The Sims
“So that’s why I am so awkward at making out” By Mr. Wesley ’16
October 11, 2013
Pixelated Junk Dept.
(Deep in the Bowels of the Science Center) Last week, self-declared socio-economical linguistic engineering major, Chris Bert ’14, discovered that Hamilton is actually just a game of The Sims.

“I first noticed something strange when I was exploring the basement of the Science Center. I discovered I couldn’t stop walking into a glass wall. Like it really hurt to walk into the wall, but at the same time, there was just this voice that told me to keep walking.

“Student after student walked into walls, until I eventually figured out what was going on. I discovered that since I have a research paper due this weekend, the spirit computer, Bert, was trying to figure out under which department he should save his research on the brain structure of good, bad, and moderately disfigured cowboys. During his extensive search, Bert reportedly discovered a folder named GeminiSpaceProgram. His curiosity piqued, Bert opened the folder and discovered that Hamilton College is actually an amalgamation of all of Samuel Kirkland’s childhood drawings. Additionally, he also found that he could watch and control students through a program that looked a lot like The Sims. Bert’s suitemate, Jane Kohstam ’15, added, “I was astonished when Chris showed me the game, but it was like fucking hilarious. I discovered that if I move my dresser in front of his bed, he becomes incapable of sleeping.”

In unrelated news, Campo had to forcibly detain a student when the student refused to stop shouting and gesticulating wildly at his dresser for blocking his bed.

“It was a little freaky at first, because I started noticing everyone walking into walls repeatedly, freshmen swarming parties randomly, and sophomores expressing their opinions of least relevance,” Bert stated. “But after a while I began to play with it. For example, I made one of my close friends go running on the treadmill for a couple hours while wearing Crocs and a wool suit. I also used the game to show a freshman couple how making out can cause them to spontaneously become pregnant.”

At last report, Bert caused a mass gathering of the streaking team by deleting every fourth shower at 8 am.
Dear friends, family, and my otolaryngologist,

I invite you to come to the presentation of my summer research on "chanting ‘cage match’" and seeing what happens.

This research was driven by an experience last spring when I accidentally drank half a bottle of Joe Cruz and then fell on a plate of “space brownies,” eating them all. Some- time between then and twelve subsequent Adventure Time-themed giggle fits, I distinctly remember walking into my common room to make some ramen. All my suitmates were chanting “cage match” at two ants fighting over a bread crumb. Those two words—"cage match"—resonated in my head. It made me wonder what would happen if I went to a random location and just chanted “cage match”?

After a lengthy application process [Editor's Note: He literally stuck a sticky note on Joanie's door] I secured an Emerson Grant to further investigate this phenomenon. I began my research earnestly, chanting “cage match” at any large gathering I could find. My screams elicited a variety of responses. Shouting next to a playground resulted in countless small children screaming and running away as well as a brief overnight stay at the Kirkland Sheriff’s office. Chanting “cage match” at a nearby center for the deaf resulted in no re- action at all. Back on campus, the Chemistry faculty at their meeting didn’t understand what a cage match was and asked me, “What is a cage match?” Similarly, repeating the procedure at the Philosophy Faculty Meeting elicited, “But what is a cage match?” as well as an hour-long discussion on the metaphysical essence of a “cage match.”

There are many more gripping reports featuring the Clinton Church, the Utica back ally crew, and those cows over the hill. Using what’s left of my grant after all the above living costs, I have prepared a report on my summer spent chanting “cage match” in various areas. I will present this in the outdoor amphitheater on Monday, November 10th at 4:30 pm. There will be snacks, boxing gloves, and throat lodgings provided.

Sincerely,

Heldin Straddlader '16
Overheard by Mr. Wesley '16
May 1, 2015

Dear Miss Creant,

Shitty advice from a shitty person

Dear Miss Creant,

I might be getting a bad grade in my Chemistry class because the professor dias a poor job teaching. Who should I approach about this?

Currently Applying to Med Schools

Dear Currently Applying to Med School,

What you have to do is make clear to the professor that you’re the alpha. Call the professor a douchebag in the middle of class, write “No” on your test, mix baking soda and vinegar in his office. Trust me, I’m also pre-med. I mean, it’s not like my chances go up if I happen to get bumped in class rank.

Dear Miss Creant,

I’m worried that my friend has joined a cult. He keeps coming back at odd hours of the night, I think his clothes have blood on them and he mentioned something about meeting the High Priest. What should I say to him?

Worried Friend

Dear Miss Creant,

I have a crush on this girl, but I don’t know how to approach her.

What should I do?

Permanently Single

Dear Permanently Single,

I’m so honored you have a crush on me! If you want to earn my heart you will first have to send me chocolates under the name “secret admirer.” Also pack them in dry ice. Can’t have them melting. Next, at the masquerade party my suite is throwing next week bring a rose and tango with me when “Cool for the Summer” plays. Lastly, find me two weeks later and kiss me in the rain (there better be rain). Looking forward to our future romance!

Compiled by Mr. Wesley ‘16

October 23, 2015

The Duel Observer

Editorial Board

Senior Staff Writer/
The Topical’s Worst Nightmare

http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/