continuou

Nothing significant happens on campus, EVERYTHING WE KNOW IS WRONG

By Ms. Tomkin '12

The Brocial Network Dept.
(EVERYWHERE) Everything we know about everything related to Hamilton life has been turned upside-down by a recent catastrophe: there have been absolutely no catastrophes on campus this semester. As a result, students have been inflicted with “absolute boredom,” causing social roles pioneered by ‘80s movies set in Northern California to reverse dramatically.

“I DO HELMET SPORTS, I STUFF SMART PEOPLE INSIDE LOCKERS,” seven-foot-tall jock Tim Broman ’11 exclaimed while beating his chest. “But recently, I’ve become overpowered by a passion for smooth jazz. I guess my life of abusing people intellectually superior to me just got monotonous. I also suddenly have the urge to cry about my feelings. Hold me.”

Broman was not the only stereotypical, college athlete who felt it was time for a change. His roommate, Mike Hunt ’11, supposedly has “a new, alter-ego named Clarice who likes to show other guys a good time with her mouth.” Hunt then mimed fellatio in graphic detail. It was an uncomfortable experience for everyone present in the KJ atrium at the time.

Meanwhile, Science Center mole rats also felt that it was time for a change.

“I usually spend my time doing problem sets and playing various versions of Mario Party,” Anthony Michael Hall look-a-like Michael Anthony Hall ’14 muttered. “But the lameness of showing other guys a good time with her mouth.” Hunt then mimed fellatio in graphic detail. It was an uncomfortable experience for everyone present in the KJ atrium at the time.

However, the change on campus has been seen in the faculty, many of whom have been shown up late to class reeking of shitty tequila and teaching students how to successfully commit fraud. The only exception has been the Economics Department, who do this every day anyway.

Strangest of all, campus publications seem to be taking a hit. This past week, The Spectator wrote good articles, The Daily Bull made sense, The Wag actually existed, and The Duel Observer wrote articles that were actually funny and not completely fabricated. Those bastards.

Fun, Premier Celebrity at Hamilton College, Dies At 199

By Mr. Zappalla ’12

Fun, a once cherished and loved cult of personality on the Hamilton campus, died of boredom last Saturday night. The death comes as little surprise after the past year’s deficit of bound ary-pushing humor, bar class parties, and boobs.

“As streaking incidents precipitously declined,” Bobby Binkles ’11 explained, “his heart just got weaker and weaker. There was simply no reason to keep the blood rushing anymore.”

Fun led a great, full life at Hamilton College. He celebrated his first birthday by smoking a couple of j’s with Alexander Hamilton and Baron Von Steuben, whom he always referred to as “the chilliest muthas I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing.”

He then put the first century–and–a-half of his life to very good use by boozing up and corrupting every young man to pass onto the Hamilton campus. However, in 1978, at the tender age of 176, he decided to further his ambitions.

“I convinced the Administration to merge with the chck campus next door and bring the ladies to us!” Fun often boasted. In doing so, he ushered in nearly three decades of legen-“awesomeness. However, the last couple years crashed down hard on dear, old Fun.

“He used to spend countless weekends in the suites gazing the Keystone, throwing flaming furniture out the windows, and not remembering where he was the next morning,” Helen Marks ’12 weeped. “But after all of the strongly worded all-campus emails against him, he was too broken-hearted to continue. I’d do anything to have him back!”

Fun found himself in the Dean’s office by five a.m. for the Hamilton campus, died of boredom last Saturday night. The death comes as little surprise after the past year’s deficit of boundary-pushing humor, bar class parties, and boobs.

“As streaking incidents precipitously declined,” Bobby Binkles ’11 explained, “his heart just got weaker and weaker. There was simply no reason to keep the blood rushing anymore.”

Fun led a great, full life at Hamilton College. He celebrated his first birthday by smoking a couple of j’s with Alexander Hamilton and Baron Von Steuben, whom he always referred to as “the chilliest muthas I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing.”

He then put the first century–and–a-half of his life to very good use by boozing up and corrupting every young man to pass onto the Hamilton campus. However, in 1978, at the tender age of 176, he decided to further his ambitions.

“I convinced the Administration to merge with the chck campus next door and bring the ladies to us!” Fun often boasted. In doing so, he ushered in nearly three decades of legen-“awesomeness. However, the last couple years crashed down hard on dear, old Fun.

“He used to spend countless weekends in the suites gazing the Keystone, throwing flaming furniture out the windows, and not remembering where he was the next morning,” Helen Marks ’12 weeped. “But after all of the strongly worded all-campus emails against him, he was too broken-hearted to continue. I’d do anything to have him back!”

Fun, Premier Celebrity at Hamilton College, Dies At 199

By Mr. Zappalla ’12

Fun, a once cherished and loved cult of personality on the Hamilton campus, died of boredom last Saturday night. The death comes as little surprise after the past year’s deficit of boundary-pushing humor, bar class parties, and boobs.

“As streaking incidents precipitously declined,” Bobby Binkles ’11 explained, “his heart just got weaker and weaker. There was simply no reason to keep the blood rushing anymore.”

Fun led a great, full life at Hamilton College. He celebrated his first birthday by smoking a couple of j’s with Alexander Hamilton and Baron Von Steuben, whom he always referred to as “the chilliest muthas I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing.”

He then put the first century–and–a-half of his life to very good use by boozing up and corrupting every young man to pass onto the Hamilton campus. However, in 1978, at the tender age of 176, he decided to further his ambitions.

“I convinced the Administration to merge with the chck campus next door and bring the ladies to us!” Fun often boasted. In doing so, he ushered in nearly three decades of legen-“awesomeness. However, the last couple years crashed down hard on dear, old Fun.

“He used to spend countless weekends in the suites gazing the Keystone, throwing flaming furniture out the windows, and not remembering where he was the next morning,” Helen Marks ’12 weeped. “But after all of the strongly worded all-campus emails against him, he was too broken-hearted to continue. I’d do anything to have him back!”

Fun, Premier Celebrity at Hamilton College, Dies At 199

By Mr. Zappalla ’12

Fun, a once cherished and loved cult of personality on the Hamilton campus, died of boredom last Saturday night. The death comes as little surprise after the past year’s deficit of boundary-pushing humor, bar class parties, and boobs.

“As streaking incidents precipitously declined,” Bobby Binkles ’11 explained, “his heart just got weaker and weaker. There was simply no reason to keep the blood rushing anymore.”

Fun led a great, full life at Hamilton College. He celebrated his first birthday by smoking a couple of j’s with Alexander Hamilton and Baron Von Steuben, whom he always referred to as “the chilliest muthas I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing.”

He then put the first century–and–a-half of his life to very good use by boozing up and corrupting every young man to pass onto the Hamilton campus. However, in 1978, at the tender age of 176, he decided to further his ambitions.

“I convinced the Administration to merge with the chck campus next door and bring the ladies to us!” Fun often boasted. In doing so, he ushered in nearly three decades of legen-“awesomeness. However, the last couple years crashed down hard on dear, old Fun.

“He used to spend countless weekends in the suites gazing the Keystone, throwing flaming furniture out the windows, and not remembering where he was the next morning,” Helen Marks ’12 weeped. “But after all of the strongly worded all-campus emails against him, he was too broken-hearted to continue. I’d do anything to have him back!”
"And She Painted the Walls of ELS Red with Their Blood..."

When it was clarified that none of her actions would save those poor, dead Dunhamites, Ms. Bevis replied, “Oh good. I'm actually pretty busy,” and walked away nonchalantly.

The lack of outrage outraged Nancy Thompson. “What do I have to do to change the student climate around here?” she exclaimed in frustration. “For fuck's sake, I hired four horses and four thirds of the students apart limb-by-limb on the Darkside Quad. The French around here?”

“Yeah, I was there. I was helpful. Nice job,” he replied, “Oh good. I'm actually pretty busy,” and walked up the hill who got busted for growing marijuana in the basement? He was hired by the school to ensure his basement? He was hired by the school to ensure his basement? He was hired by the school to ensure his basement? He was hired by the school to ensure

Conspiracy Theory of the Week: Hamilton College Runs Greek Life

By Byron Jeddah Wellington '14

I, your own secret sleuth on the Hamilton underground, have discovered a secret about Greek organizations and pledging that will SHOCK you. Pledging is normally a time when Hamilton fraternity members pay to resemble fraternity members, and stockpiles of weed are all supplied by the college too. That guy

Blue Light Phone

A copy of a 2043 issue of The Spectator recently fell through a temporal anomaly into the Duel's office. Most of the paper was unreadable—it is The Spectator, after all—that thought this article detailing future improvements to the Hamilton campus might be of some interest to our readers.

ELS 5.0

This building was constructed after the Sadorus Center burned down in 2019 as a result of a gas leak caused by an impromptu pull-up contest on the low-hanging pipes in the basement. The new and improved ELS boasts a three-story bookstore, five competing beverage vendors (including Opus 6), and a fully-functional Ferris Wheel. During the planning of the new building, there was some talk of revamping the basement not to be disgustingly sketchy, but these efforts were derailed in the face of widespread student protests.

KJ/Science Center Monorail

Originally constructed in 2028, this monorail soars above the campus and is powered by the tireless vigor of freshmen thanks to a new P.E. requirement. The obesity rate among upperclassmen rose by 10% as a result of this addition.

Scrap Metal Memorial

This memorial was constructed in 2035 as a tribute to the brave souls and assorted underclassmen lost in the First Robot War. The war broke out when Joan Hinde Stewart was outed as an android after a flame thrower accident revealed her metal skeleton and she subsequently failed a Voigt-Kampff test.

Efficient Plowing System That Actually Keeps the Meat Still at the Meat Market

Some good did come out of this travesty, though. “One shot every time blood splattered on the windows, sip your beer every time they beg for mercy, and shotgun if an organ hits your face,” Buffer soprano Brendan Maris '13 explained.

This is the end of the article. We know this was challenging

Edited by Mr. Schnacky '14

Continued from "Straight Up Murders" on front page

Future Additions to the Hamilton Campus

By Mr. Hostetter '13

A copy of a 2043 issue of The Spectator recently fell through a temporal anomaly into the Duel's office. Most of the paper was unreadable—it is The Spectator, after all—that thought this article detailing future improvements to the Hamilton campus might be of some interest to our readers.

ELS 5.0

This building was constructed after the Sadorus Center burned down in 2019 as a result of a gas leak caused by an impromptu pull-up contest on the low-hanging pipes in the basement. The new and improved ELS boasts a three-story bookstore, five competing beverage vendors (including Opus 6), and a fully-functional Ferris Wheel. During the planning of the new building, there was some talk of revamping the basement not to be disgustingly sketchy, but these efforts were derailed in the face of widespread student protests.

KJ/Science Center Monorail

Originally constructed in 2028, this monorail soars above the campus and is powered by the tireless vigor of freshmen thanks to a new P.E. requirement. The obesity rate among upperclassmen rose by 10% as a result of this addition.

Scrap Metal Memorial

This memorial was constructed in 2035 as a tribute to the brave souls and assorted underclassmen lost in the First Robot War. The war broke out when Joan Hinde Stewart was outed as an android after a flame thrower accident revealed her metal skeleton and she subsequently failed a Voigt-Kampff test.

Efficient Plowing System That Actually Keeps the Meat Still at the Meat Market

Some good did come out of this travesty, though. “One shot every time blood splattered on the windows, sip your beer every time they beg for mercy, and shotgun if an organ hits your face,” Buffer soprano Brendan Maris '13 explained.

This is the end of the article. We know this was challenging

Edited by Mr. Schnacky '14