**ROOT SINGLE**
**DEPRESSING AS FUCK**
Sophomore develops claustrophobia, heliophobia, addiction to Reddit
By Mr. Goebel ’15
SORRY, ELIUH DEPT.
(THIE DARKEST SIDE) Just two weeks after moving into his highly anticipated sin-
gle in the Root dormitory basement, sopho-
more Delvin Tomlinson ’15 recently discov-
ered that it was depressing as fuck.
“I entered the sub-free lottery just hop-
ing to get a single after my first year in a
quad,” Tomlinson explained. “But no. Oh
God no. This is not what I had in mind at
e.” According to reports, Tomlinson’s
typical day is currently occupied by loneli-
ness and self-loathing, with short breaks for
classes and meals.
“The worst part is it’s not like it’s a shit-
-hole or anything. It’s just… it has a way
of making me realize that I’m the shithole.
Which just sucks.”
In addition to the pungent mildew odor
wafting up from the carpet under his bed
and the dire lack of outlets in his room, re-
ports indicate that, as it is a substance-free
room, Tomlinson cannot even drown his
sorrows in liquor—which would otherwise
be encouraged under the college’s recent
change in hard alcohol policy.
“I thought everything would be great
this year,” Tomlinson said. “No roommates
to eat all my food, no one waking me up ear-
ey in the morning, no one to talk to when I’m
doing homework… Jesus Christ, I’m lonely.
I should have known something was wrong
after I watched every episode of Married to
Jonas that first weekend. Someone please
visit me. Please.”
Tomlinson is not the only one com-
plaining. His neighbor Janine Belushi ’14
commented, “My room is nice and all, just
in the kind of way that makes you want to
die. I guess I can see why it would appeal
to some people, though. Like in Japan or
something.”
As of press time, Tomlinson was un-
available for further comment as he prepared
for the fourth time that day.

**DRINKING CLUB ON THE ROCKS**
Recruits reveal club is dry, front for sports
By Mr. Tolani ’15
INTERESTING REVERSALS DEPT.
(THIE BIG PUB) Following the Student Activities Fair
on Martin’s Way last week, fallout from Hamilton’s first
and foremost “alcohol hobbyist” club has raised a series
of questions about the club’s purpose—whether it’s a
drinking club or a sports club.
One prospective member, Randy Bamhauser ’16,
talked to The Duel about his experience: “I showed up at
their meeting thinking that it would be a good time—
throw back a few beers or some cheap vodka and then
turns take throwing up in the Dunham stairwell.”
He then added enthusiastically, “I was ready to knock my
liver to the floor and kick it in its guts… its, uh, liver gut.”
The club’s first meeting began behind Minor Field
at midnight Saturday when members hauled out two
nonresident black bags. According to Bamhauser, “They
took these cleats out of the bag, and threw them at us
without saying anything. I’m thinking, ‘Shit, how hard
are we partying if we need traction?!’
”At this point, Chet Bickham ’16, who was with
Bamhauser during the meeting, interrupted. “I caught
on quicker than Randy. I knew what was up. They
handed us Thermoses with fruity shit—wine coolers, I
think—in them and told us to drink up and team up,
but we weren’t going out on the campus to get shitfaced
and fuck everything in sight, no man.” The pair adopted
an air of gravitas before Bick-
ham continued. “No, we were
part of the ultimate example of
pre-gaming: this was training to
ascend to another plane of party-
ing!”
Another attendee was willing to talk to The Duel,
but requested to remain anonymous. He said, “Shit,
shit… I feel so stupid. Me and some of the other guys
realized about twenty minutes in that we were playing
sports—sports! I joined thinking I was going to get out
there and party it up, but the only thing they gave us
was Gatorade.” When asked about Bamhauser, he com-
mented: “That chucklefuck [sic]? He had more electro-
lytes in his blood than alcohol.”
In response to this scandal, the Rugby team has en-
thusiastically extended invitations to any and all former
recruits of the Drinking Club who have quit in pursuit
of drunken pastures.

**FRESHMAN’S BEST FRIEND STILL HIS PHONE**
Water damage becoming apparent
By Ms. Chappell ’15
At LEFT: LOGIS DEPRTE.
(ANYWHERE WITH CELL SERVICE) The last lin-
gering hope of finding genuine human companionship
vanished for Steven Fourres ’16 after a second weekend
spent crouching to his iPhone in the Dunham laundry room.
“I don’t know why I both-
ered trying meet people in the first
place,” Fourres complained, chitchat-
ing his one and only companion
to his chest. “I asked some guy for
quality time with his number one girl.
Fourres is looking forward to spending some more
friends at his phone.
Other members of the fresh-
man class are unimpressed by Fourres’ unusual fetish.
“So the kid really likes his iPhone—big deal,” Avery
MacDonald ’16 shrugged. “My roommate sleeps next to
two toaster ovens, and now our room smells like burnt
hair all the time.”
The Counseling Center has expressed some concern
over Fourres’ electronic attachment.
“We like to see kids really take off during their first
few weeks of college, but usually we’re not referring to
DoodieJump scores,” counselor Willa James said.
The IT department, on the other hand, wholeheart-
edly supports Fourres’ behavior.
“Human emotion is becoming obsolete. We’ve been
saying it for years,” IT director Dwaine Werker said
while his fellow techies nodded in agreement. “Once
the iPhone 5 is released, feeling should be eradicated
once and for all.”
With another weekend fast approaching,
Fourres is looking forward to spending some more
quality time with his number one girl.
I think our relationship is really progressing.
She only Googled the answers to three of my ques-
tions today,” Fourres boasted. “Plus she reminded
me about my therapy appointment four times in an
hour—I think the signs are pretty obvious.”
Fourres asks the other members of his dorm to
please respect his privacy and ignore any moaning and/or
sobbing that may be issuing from Dunham basement come
Friday night.

Student does shit-ton of Adderall before
Speed Dating

**CYNICAL PAT REYNOLDS’**
**INTERNAL MONologue**

In this issue: TITTIES (and labor disputes)

![image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

**ROLLER RAVE FORECAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10 P.M.</td>
<td>“Owlie”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 A.M.</td>
<td>Cranked Out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 A.M.</td>
<td>Sweaty Spaghetti</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

82% chance somebody gets a bono-boo. 
Low probability epileptics have a good time.
“I love IED music!” 
“I think you mean EDM.”

Cynical Pat Reynolds’ Internal Monologue

“40% of Hamilton grads get married to an-
other Hamilton grad. We are that boring.”
Day 20:
blend in has been a resounding success. Will be applying next week.

Day 12:
the squirrels are not organization research, now with little progress.

Day 45:
After consulting with base operations it appears the cocaine trail leading to the Hamilton Spirituality Initiative does not have roots with our furry foes.

Day 2:
Like my fun uncle with pierced ears always said, you're only as cool as the parties you can prove you attended. My point is, we need some evidence.

Day 17:
The mating ritual that I originally engaged in to improve the squirrels' influence on campus is graver than we had originally anticipated. The large tails seem to work as some sort of transmission device. I have shoted repeatedly into the backside of several woodland critters now with little progress.

Day 2:
Consulting with base operations it appears the squirrels' influence on campus is graver than we had originally anticipated. The large tails seem to work as some sort of transmission device. I have shoted repeatedly into the backside of several woodland critters now with little progress.

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