JEWISH FRAT WANTS YOU TO RUSH HASHANAH!
Who will die by Bull? And who by Duel? (We all die a little when we read The Spec.)

When someone else, who apparently actually cared, asked how they first got together, Peartree said it was down in Bundy. “I remember it like it was last night,” he explained. “I saw her there, and that one Usher song was on, and I could tell the time was right. I could feel her calling to me, practically begging for it. And then I made love while I whispered sweet nothings in her ear. It got pretty crazy. I woke up with all these scrapes and bruises.”

Bill Brass ’14, a friend of Peartree’s, offered a slightly different perspective on this magical encounter. “Yeah… so, it actually was last night. He probably doesn’t remember because of all the moonshine and meth. The dude just sort of ran through the closed Bundy window, tore off his clothes, and stuck his dick in the ground. I guess it was a little strange at the time, but I mean this is Bundy we’re talking about.”

As we were finally making our escape from the table, Peartree yelled after us, “I just think this one’s special! I’ve never let anyone put in more than two Finger Lakes before!”

MY ROOMMATE PLAYS GUITAR
Fucked By Mr. Dyer ’16
NOIZE DEPT.
(THE DUNHAM SHOWERS) In a shock- ing turn of events this fall, a guitar-playing freshman has annoyed many students.

Manning Newberger ’16, a freshman from Illinois, said there was nothing sus- picious about his roommate Robert Jackson ’16 when he Facebook stalked him this summer. “He liked Jimi Hendrix, Space Jam, Nutella,” Manning ’16 said. “I thought we were gonna be bros. I did see a guitar in his propic, but I didn’t think anything of it. I mean, it could have been worse. He could have been shirt- less with a bowie knife and a coon skin…”

But when Newberger moved in with Jackson, things quickly became ugly. The first night of orientation Jackson reportedly took his Gibson SG out and “sprayed douche” all over his roommate’s face. In a scenario all too familiar to college students nationwide, Newberger’s life quickly became a living hell. The situation escalated when he was rudely awakened by an electric version of the acoustic version of a Dispatch song at 7:30 on a Sunday morning. Witnesses described the scene as “a total shitshow, basically El jot Smith featuring the Sex Pistols,” though one freshman girl described it as “edgy and sophisticated.” We’re pretty sure she’s full of shit.

Many other students felt similarly about Jackson. “We met during the Rock, Paper, Scissors championship on the Turf Field, and Jackson. “We met during the Rock, Paper, Scissors championship on the Turf Field, and….”

When Newberger moved in with…

SOPHOMORE IN LOVE WITH UPSTATE NEW YORK
Super paranoid it’s cheating on him
By Mr. Meremelton ’14
ALTERNATIVE RELATIONSHIPS DEPT.
(SEX IS IN THE AIR) John Peartree ’15 has recently de- clared his undying affection for Upstate New York, much to the extreme vexation of those around him. “I mean, I get that he’s smitten or whatever,” Jenna Starcko ’14 explained, “but does he really have to update the entire world every two seconds about it? Like this morning, he posted 563 things he loves about Upstate New York in 563 different statuses! And then he did the same thing on Twitter!”

“It’s going great!” Peartree stated without being prompted. “But [Upstate] can be pretty moody. She’ll be really dreary and cold one day but totally bright and warm the next. She’s always pretty blustery though, and we tend to get in a lot of fights, but the make-up sex is awesome!” When we didn’t immediately leave the table, Peartree continued, “Sometimes I just wish we communi- nicated a bit more. Right now she’s been giving me the cold shoulder after I confronted her about a girl I saw wearing an ‘I Love NY’ shirt. I mean, I’m down for any- thing if she’d just tell me.”

EVERY FRESHMAN BEST FRIENDS WITH EVERY OTHER FRESHMAN
Relationships last forever.
By Mr. Snyder ’13
FORGETTING PEOPLE’S NAMES DEPT.
(THE CUSP OF ADULTHOOD) In the past few days, the class of 2016 has been genuinely friendly and outgoing: eating lunch with strangers, smiling at each other on Martin’s Way, and holding each other’s hair back while they vomit.

When talking about her roommate, Samantha Morgan ’16 said, “Vivian is the Roy to my Siegfried. Rawr. If she killed someone, I would totally help her bury the body.” When asked for a comment, Vivian Francis ’16 said, “My name is Victoria.”

In the Glen, six freshman boys sat in a circle and were not smoking anything at all. One of the young men, Pete Venderson ’16, reported being able to forge deep emotional connections with every single person he’s met: “It’s crazy, everyone here loves movies and TV shows and wants to have sex with girls. By the way, did I tell you about my gap year?”

Outside the diner, Ben McClain ’16 and Olivia Masterson ’16 were seen feeding each other mozzarella sticks in a completely non-sexual manner. Masterson re- flected on the progress of their relationship: “We were in the same AA group but had to take a vow of celibacy until the ropes course. It was the hardest four days of our lives. Now me and my cheesy poof can be together forever.” When asked for comment, McClain yelled “I’m not a virgin! I’M NOT A VIRGIN ANYMORE! Take that, overbearing mother!”

After her first sociology class, Sarah Simpson ’16 was found frolicking in the KJ water feature. “My soul mate sat down next to me in class. We ended up talking for almost an hour about gender as a social construction. Oh Goddd, nothing gets me riled up like postmodern feminism.” Ms. Simpson quivered slightly and took a second to compose herself. “I think he might be a senior, but he was definitely into me.” When informed that she was talking about her professor, Ms. Simpson looked confused and asked “Is that not allowed?”

THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF KIRKLAND COLLEGE
“I demand a shrubbery and more radical sociology offerings.”

Student Super Stressed about Events Staff Resume
“See “My internship at an ad agency proves I can deal with drunk assholes,” pg. Mad Men

In this issue: Buncha Cutie-Patootties

THE DUEL OBSERVER
Volume XX, Issue IV
“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” September 21, 2012

MOVIE NIGHT FORECAST
6 P.M.
Broke
High probability your heart melts.

8 P.M.
Little Miss Sunshine
“A snuff is a snuff.”

2 A.M.
Secret Smell Film
99% chance it’s an OK movie but lacks soul.
ASSHOLE EDITORIAL: I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUNCH PEOPLE IN THE FACE
By Mr. Dagetai ‘14

Apparently it’s not enough that you can get kicked out of this place just for turning in a Wikipedia article as a paper or for knocking back a few shots and then driving to IHOP. It turns out that you can also get expelled just for punching a guy in the face.

What is this, kindergarten? I don’t need the Punching Police telling me who I can and can’t serve with a double helping of knuckled justice to. Some people just deserve to be punched in the face—because they took my seat in KJ, or because they were looking at me funny, or because I didn’t like the way their stupid fucking nose looked on their stupid fucking face. I shouldn’t get expelled just because I bashed in the skull of some asshole who took the last chocolate chip cookie from McEwen.

Look, I don’t tell you who to talk to and who to live with and who to marry, so you don’t get to tell me who to punch in the face. It’s really just a question of basic civil liberties. After all, I was our founder who believed in shooting people in the face—punching is really quite mild by comparison.

At the very least, there ought to be a three-strike policy; that is, you have to expel just because I bashed in the skull of some asshole who took the last Lean Pockets (who of course represented until his JCC youth group collectively shoved a shofar up his rectum.*), or because they were looking at me funny, or because I didn’t like the way their stupid fucking nose looked on their stupid fucking face. I shouldn’t get expelled just because I bashed in the skull of some asshole who took the last Lean Pockets (who of course represented until his JCC youth group collectively shoved a shofar up his rectum.*), or because they were looking at me funny, or because I didn’t like the way their stupid fucking nose looked on their stupid fucking face. 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