**THE DUEL OBSERVER**

**Volume XXII, Issue VIII**

**"Knowe Thyself; Not Be Thyself."**

**October 25, 2013**

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**THE PASSWORD FOR OUR ORGY IS GROUPLOVE**

Do more with your tongue than tie it

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**FRESHMAN STUDENT HAS TO FIGHT DRAGON TO OBTAIN ALCOHOL**

*Class of 2017 risks life and limb for booze*

By Ms. Bouse '17

**DRAGON and TROLL SANITATION DEPARTMENT**

(THE DRAGON’S LAIR) Saturday night, freshman Jon Ortega was forced to engage a dragon in combat in order to secure a beer from the fridge of a group of seniors. It was a dramatic end to a night that involved Ortega solving the riddle of the trolls under the bridge on Martin’s Way and saving a proppie trapped by a giant spider on the third floor of the Chapel, all in an attempt to get his hands on some booze. It was all part of what upperclassmen call “an ancient proph- ecy, or whatever.”

“I can’t keep doing this ancient quest thing every week- end,” Ortega said as he repelled the dragon’s fire with a shield given to him by a mysterious, yet wise, warlock. “I have homework, too, guys.”

The freshmen that make it as far as Ortega are thrown into a pit with a dragon as upperclassmen watch from high thrones. Those who survive are granted a can of Miller Lite nobody else wanted.

“The dragons used to be bigger when I was a freshman,” said Ian Jacobson ‘17, who lost his eye in a swordfight with Hamilton. “I had to fight my way through two hobgoblins and the fiery asshole of Satan, many freshmen decided to con- tinue to look for another party or simply went home. The fiery asshole of Satan, many freshmen decided to con- tinue to look for another party or simply went home. The fiery asshole of Satan, many freshmen decided to con- tinue to look for another party or simply went home. The fiery asshole of Satan, many freshmen decided to con- tinue to look for another party or simply went home.

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**ROGERS ESTATE, WERTIMER HOUSE SECEDE**

No one notices

By Mt. Wickey ‘16

**NON-ESSENTIAL FUNCTIONS DEPT.**

(IN THE GRAVEYARD) Sometime probably recently, both Wertimer House and Rogers Estate seceded from the College, declaring themselves the “Confederate States of Hamilton.” However, it took until this Monday for students to notice.

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The dispute began when the people of Rogers Estate sent a carefully worded letter to Joan Hinde Stewart, declaring that they were taking their per- sonal chef hostage unless Hamilton College gave them autonomy. The letter, composed of magazine clippings from Miniature Railway Weekly, stated that their chef, Gordon Ramsay; would be chopped if their demands were not met. This was under- standably met with shock and uncertainty, because according to both Bon Appetit and Joanie, Gordon Ramsay doesn’t host the show Chopped.

Simultaneously, the denizens of Wertimer House, disgruntled because no one wants to hang out with them, sent a declaration of war via email. The leader of the Wertimites, Eric Hildreth ‘17 said, “I was so tired of people making fun of my ham hands that I finally decided to declare war on the rest of campus as a massive up-your!” He went on to describe how on Tuesday, both he and the leader of Rogers Estate, Lindsay Iuppa ’16, met over the grave of Secretary of War Elihu Root, Class of 1864, to form an alliance and formally declare their secession from campus.

Predictably, this has prompted the question, “Which one is Wertimer?” In an attempt to calm the student body down, Nancy Thompson sent an email entitled “Rogers and Wertimer Leave… Whatever.”

“So that’s where that road leads,” John Rock- wood ‘15 said. “I always thought that the random road by Eells was for Physical Plant or something. Who in their right mind would want to walk that far for alcohol?”

At last report, Wertimer residents had bar- ricaded themselves on the second and third floors in preparation for what they call the “War of Higher Aggression.” In addition, the inhabitants of Rogers Estate staged a march from their dorm yesterday but had to turn back citing the unbearable cold and complete exhaustion of the troops.

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**HAMILTON STUDENT FOUND NEW RELIGION**

**First Commandment: Hegemony is next to Godliness**

By Mt. Boudreau ‘14

**VERSACE VERSACE VERSACE DEPT.**

(THE CHAPEL) In its attempts to provide stu- dents with a rich and varied spiritual life, the College has begun offering regular worship services with a sacred clothing in my closet, and I think I’m on a mission to extinguish all卤il in my life. I’ve read Patagonia, Barbour, and J. Crew. We also believe that there is no God but God, and that He only wears Vineyard Vines.”

Every Sunday, worshippers put on specific religious apparel before the service begins. Men must don the sacred brown Sperry Top-siders, while women slide their feet into the holy Hunter rain boots.

NESCAC worship has proven immensely popular among apathetic Hamilton students who are discouraged by the dietary restrictions, boring music, and “preachiness” that characterize traditional religions.

“This new religion is so easy,” Tyler R. Lansburgh III ‘17 said. “I already had a ton of the sacred clothing in my closet, and I think I’m on the fast track to sainthood because I wore Sperrys and a Lacoste polo today.”


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**SEXILE FORECAST**

**THURSDAY**

Senior Pub

90% chance you lose your eyes and pretend to be asleep.

**FRIDAY**

GROUPLOVE

Low probability you can join in.

“I swear if you refer to my bed as the big green tractor again….”

**SATURDAY**

Farm Party

“Use protection. Leaky Cauldrons make babies,” pg. 9/1/4.

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**In this issue: Idk, you write it**

**HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON HELPS YOU SLYTHERIN TO BED**

See “Use protection. Leaky Cauldrons make babies,” pg. 9/1/4.

**JIMMY’S SHUTTLE SERVICE!**

$20 trips to Syracuse. All you can eat candy and puppies! No windows? No problems! Still safer than Utica Cab.
It sure is hard to teach good (subject that ends in "-riting"). Thank God that here at (ritzy upstate NY liberal arts school) it’s National Writing Week here at Hamilton, which means that we get to slack off by making you write part of our back page. To get an authentic feel for what it’s like to write for the Duel, fill this in at, like, 3 am on Monday morning, and have someone yell at you constantly to simulate an editor.

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But don’t even get me started on the Duel Observer. Now the radio, I guess, but they’re still a bunch of (profanity-laden adjective) for (unit of measurement) into your (word that rhymes with "but"). I mean, they publish some seriously (adjunctive adjective) shit, and if I could, I would totally (mild death threat) them all.

Fanatic) standard of acceptable writing up to (golf term rhyming with "but"). I mean, they publish some seriously (adjunctive adjective) shit, and if I could, I would totally (mild death threat) them all.

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Spectator has (tired, cliché-ridden joke that the Duel makes even more silly) about their odor), and well-hung! Also they (passive-aggressive compliment)! Which is seriously great.

Adjective about their odor), and well-hung! Also they (passive-aggressive compliment)! Which is seriously great.

You strode into the building with brazen disregard for the rest of us. You held a twenty minute conversation (though "shouting match" might be a more apt description) in voices that reverberated everywhere from the first floor to the third. You thundered through the hallways with an absolutely deafening, disrespectful, and (adjective) omen that certainly shouldn’t be the Nesbitt-Johnson residence. And while I will admit that I admire the tenacity that allowed you to ignore the six other voices I overheard across my floor pleading for your silence, it would appear that at some point that tenacity transmuted into downright ass-hattery.

Major celebrity crush? Hillary Clinton—why do you think I paid her a quarter mill to come? By the way, I overheard across my floor pleading for your silence, it would appear that at some point that tenacity transmuted into downright ass-hattery.

Ultimately, a trust was broken last night. You treated our dorm like a party dorm—not with the respect you would have shown to Ferguson, nor with the self-deprecating admiration dedicated to the suites in Milbank or Babcock, but with the good-natured war between disgust and endearment directed toward Bundy. No, you dear asshole, transformed what was once a beautiful and sacred atmosphere of tranquil marijuana and light, and by the way, I overheard across my floor pleading for your silence, it would appear that at some point that tenacity transmuted into downright ass-hattery.

Sincerely,

Your thoroughly betrayed and sleep-deprived dorm-mate. Found in a Minor common room and reprinted by Ms. LaSon ‘17.

What's your favorite food/food combination from the dining halls?

What adventure thing would you like to do in the summertime—I can hear the Summertime—2004’s Soul Plane—"Ass." It’s national wRiting week mad at, like, 3 am on Monday morning, and have someone yell at you constantly to simulate an editor.

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At this point in life, anything that isn’t

To renovate them every five years.

At this point in life, anything that isn’t

Email duel@hamilton.edu Or find us on the interweb! http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/