HILLARY, COME DRINK WITH US!
Condi did

SUPER CLINGY ALUMNUS REFUSES TO LEAVE CAMPUS
Won't leave Duel staff alone
By Mr. Goecl'15
Uh, I GUESS YOU COULD SLEEP ON MY FLOOR Dept.
(MILBANK 47) Alumnus Geoffrey Ribonizzia '13 apparently had a good time on alumni weekend, and now he refuses to leave campus. "It was so great to get back to Hamilton," Ribonizzia said while enjoying a Greek yogurt he found in the refrigerator, "but, really, my favorite part has been staying in a suite with one of my old friends," who happens to be the author of this article.

"Geoffrey needs to go home," an anonymous source wrote. "He's eaten six of my Greek yogurts. He owes me $93.4. Exactly!"

Ribonizzia arrived on campus Friday afternoon and soon reconnected with his friends, among them Jason Nobble '14, who commented, "All he talks about is how much sex his parents have when he's at home. I feel sorry for him, but at some point you just have to man up and face your fears."

STUDENT LITERALLY PARTIES FACE OFF
It's gross
By Mr. Herndon '17
MEDICAL EMERGENCIES Dept.
(THAT ONE SKETCH-ASS OFF CAMPUS HOUSE WITH THE POOL FULL OF JACK DANIELS) Tripp Brody '15 passed away last Friday night at an off campus party on G-road. The body was recovered, but oddly enough, campus security officers noted that Brody was missing his whole face. Shit's wack, yo.

"It's not a front for handjobs!"

"It's not a front for handjobs!"

By Mr. Kennedy '14
WELL, SHIT DEPT.
(FRIEND ZONE) Recent rumors were confirmed Wednesday that the cute girl living down the hall does have a boyfriend. While early reports suggested that she may have been single, or perhaps in an open relationship, they were not true. There's literally no chance, and the effort you put in was for nothing.

"And today was a good day."

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In unrelated news, late night Diner milkshake sales have increased while gym attendance has dropped off noticeably. Senior Analyst Ryan Andrews '15 cited "why even bother any- more?" and muffled crying as leading explanations. "The world lost a good one today," Andrews said.

As of press time, boyfriend Clark Wesley was planning a surprise visit which will ruin your weekend and any confidence you had managed to recover.

In this issue: a lot of feels

But seriously, who the fuck eats pink and orange ice cream?

Come to Hand-Holding Club!

See "Go home Commons, you're drunk," pg. 38.

Meetings in KJ 101 at 8:10pm on Sundays.

It's not a front for handjobs!

CUTE GIRL HAS BOYFRIEND
He's really into rock climbing, Zen Buddhism, and tantric sex
By Mr. Kennedy '14
WELL, SHIT DEPT.

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Ribbonizzia, a former Theater major, spends the bulk of his days sleeping and masturbating in this writer's single, a fact of which this writer was unaware until today, when he walked in on Ribbonizzia's vinegar strokes. This guy needs to clear out today.

"But there's so much to do on campus," Ribonizzia said. "I can't believe how much I'm missing when I'm at home. Like this female orgasm thing. I still can't believe I'd never heard of kegels before Monday.

"It's not like I have a job or an apartment [editor's note: or a life] to get back to. I can either stay here and have a blast with you guys or go home and watch Leno really, really loudly."

According to those whom he's been calling roommates with now-alarming frequency, Ribonizzia should have thought of that before majoring in Theater. And before sitting on his fat ass all summer instead of finding a job.

gun took more than four seconds, and his chin was melting a little."

Brody remained alive for almost two minutes after the last of his skin left his face, much to the concern of those around him. Continuing to party, the faceless, skeletal monster managed to find the time to conduct a ritual sacrifice in the name of the Celtic Gods, recite text from the Necronomicon, and score two cups in beer pong before catching a glimpse of his own face in a window and instantly expiring on account of the sheer horror of looking like Skeleton.

In light of this event, Hamilton has banned students with a blood alcohol level over .37% from attending public parties or functions, in fear that they will morph into skeletal, faceless monstrosities and attempt to summon demons to possess the bodies of their fellow students. When asked for a comment, Dean Thompson was concise. "If you drink so much your face melts off and you start chanting in Latin, it's a problem. Don't do that shit on the Jitney, or I swear to god I'll have your ass."

Ribbonizzia's vinegar strokes.

For a comment, Dean Thompson was concise. "If you drink so much your face melts off and you start chanting in Latin, it's a problem. Don't do that shit on the Jitney, or I swear to god I'll have your ass."

Brody's girlfriend, Maddison Lapelle '15, added, "I knew something was wrong with Tripp, but I couldn't put my finger on it. After his face fell off it hit me. Not literally. I realized his short

"You jive-turkey hiptop sure know how to cut a rug!"

40% chance your professor breaks out your leisure suit and joins in.

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself." October 4, 2013

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70's PARTY FORECAST
10 PM 12 AM 2 AM
Get ready To Boogy!

Low probability that afro is gonna pick itself.

"You jive-turkey hiptop sure know how to cut a rug!"

40% chance your professor breaks out your leisure suit and joins in.

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Bill Clinton's Hamilton Odyssey

Chronicled by Mr. Schnacky '14

After hearing that his wife was to speak at Hamilton College and reading about the Clinton takeover in the Wall Street Journal, Bill decides to see a typical Hamilton day.

8:00 AM: Al Gore decides to accompany Clinton at the last second to revolutionize environmentalism. Gore was last seen leading an armed militia around to prevent the spread of hydrofracking.

11:00 AM: Clinton walks over to the Babbitt Pavilion with people he describes as “radical dudes that are looking to blaze up number 42” and shows them just how well he can actually inhale.

11:10 AM: Bill begins a streak.

11:12 AM: Bill ends his streak baring in the KJ water feature and talks about going whitewater rafting.

12:04 PM: Bill stumbles into a girls’ volleyball practice and watched as the bleachers.

2:03 PM: Somehow finds himself in a fight with Hamilton’s old cronies from the bleachers.

4:00 PM: Bill now begins a water gun fight against the Hamilton College Republican Club that ends with Bill and its president Walter Jamesberry ’14 participating in a duel. Duel shuts down halfway through.

5:33 PM: Bill takes a break from smoking meth to masturbate with sandpaper under the bridge.

7:00 PM: Organizes his own discussion of the male orgasm. No words are spoken. Bill just plays saxophone.

8:00 PM: Bill tries to argue his way into seeing Hillary after realizing he doesn’t have a ticket.

8:10 PM: After being denied entrance into Hillary’s speech, Bill steals a golf cart and begins to enjoy Bundy.

11:57 PM: Bill grinds up several freshmen girls and organizes an orgy. Clinton impregnates these freshmen girls and describes the orgy as “an adequate orgy, but I’ve seen better.”

1:20 AM: Bill takes the wheel of a Jitney and crashes into the gazebo downtown.

1:23 AM: The 42nd President of the United States throws rocks at Joan’s window in an attempt to profess his love to her. Shocked to find Hillary come to the window.

3:00 AM: Hillary picks up Bill from the McDonald’s parking lot. He has walked through the drive through 23 times trying to get food, but has been denied each time.

I respect the fact that you spend so much time trying to look like chiseled marble. That shows dedication. Just please try to be a little more discreet when your manly form sweeps down the hallway. You don’t need the soundtrack to Chariots of Fire whenever you take a step—though it is a nice touch. Hell, I swoon playing whenever you take a shower in only a towel. You know how I know this? Because when I look out my door, it’s like I’m watching an ad for Abercrombie and Fitch where you are the spokesman dripping in slow motion.

It just came to my attention that you have been going to and from the Health center waiting room to find Hillary come to the window. Shocked to find her.

I know you’re confident with your body—and why shouldn’t you be? You bear more than a passing resemblance to the Norse God Thor and when you flex. However, at least I wear clothes. You on the other hand—Vladimir Putin has his shirt on more often than you do. Yes, you have great abs. I know you need those for lacrosse/rugby/baseball/ultimate frisbee.