DEAR CHALLAH THIEF/LOAF LIFTER/ASSHOLE: You're not Jean Valjean; no amount of singing will save your ass

FRESHMEN PROTEST MCEWEN INJUSTICE
All other class years respond ambivalently
By Mr. Slovin ’18
SERIOUS SATURDAY MUNCHIES DEPT.
(Shaking the Chained Rock Swing) This past weekend marked the first instance of student activism this year as over three hundred freshmen lined up in front of McEwen dining hall to protest its hours. Unlike the rest of the school, the class of 2019 had no idea that the dining hall remained closed Friday afternoon through Sunday.

“I just don’t understand,” said Josh Cornaglia ’19. “They haven’t even provided us with a chauffeur and they expect us to make our own waffles!”

The protest, which began peacefully, turned dangerous as students commenced bumping into the person in front of them, a tactic seemingly meant to make the line move more quickly. Some of them even attempting to tip over the baby gate blocking the entrance to the closed dining hall. The demonstration, however, quickly ended Sunday afternoon after the administration ordered the Diner to make emergency distance curvy fries.

“Where do you think the beans eat on weekends?” Dean Monica Inzer commented. “And do you really think we are going to share it with those girly students? Do we look like a bunch of Commies?”

Most freshmen can barely recall the event this week. Several of them simply commented that they heard the line in McEwen got pretty long this weekend. The protest leader, who could only be identified as Yellow Saltbush on Yik-Yak, says he plans several more protests in the coming months. Some of these include a sit-in demanding that freshmen be allowed to have on-campus cars, an occupy Jimmy movement insisting on more frequent shuttle services, and an artistic project to raise awareness of the need to have Powerader always stocked in vending machines so students can consume copious amounts of Svedka without the burn.

Other students have commented, calling the protesters “idiotic,” “overdramatic,” and “real freshmen about the whole thing.” [Editors note: Duel claims full responsibility for McEwen opening on Friday. Know our power.]

SOCIAL DARWINISM CLUB HOLD INaugural MEETING
Not just another frat
Mr. Letai ’19
HAMILTONS’ BURDEN DEPT.
(FinCH aVArY) The Hamilton Social Darwinism Club held its first meeting this Wednesday. The Club describes itself as “a place for like-minded and like-blooded individuals to come together and promote a better, stronger social darwinist body. Maybe you’re a die-hard Social Darwinist, maybe you don’t even know what it is. Come and chat!”

Cider Mill donuts were available to those who completed the test of physical strength.

“Club is sort of a misnomer,” Club founder and president Tommy Malthus ’18 said, speaking in front of the fireplace lounge in Sadove. “We’re not a club so much as an elite society.” He went on to explain the many virtues of the club, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. “There are rigorous membership requirements, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. ‘There are rigorous membership notches on the club, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. We’re not a club so much as an elite society.’ He went on to explain the many virtues of the club, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. ‘There are rigorous membership requirements, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. We’re not a club so much as an elite society.’ He went on to explain the many virtues of the club, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. ‘There are rigorous membership requirements, while constantly glancing at the recently hung portrait of Leopold II. ‘We have a ready supply of transfer forms for especially those who are having trouble with college life.’

Vice President Joseph Gibbs ’17 explained their methods: “We have a ready supply of transfer forms for anyone who we feel deserves them—and a direct hotline to the Colgate admissions office. We want to make Hamilton the perfect place for everyone who we want to be here,” Malthus explained that this is just one part of the club’s community outreach program, Excellent Universal Gain Each Neighborly Improvement Can Shape.

Public reception for the club has been mixed. At the informational meeting, Bridgett Sander ’19 said, “Um, that spells ‘juvenics.’ Is nobody else concerned?” This reporter was unable to reach the student for further comment, as she has not been seen since.

“We’re all really excited to institute this program here at Hamilton,” member Pasty White-Kidd III ’17 said. “It’s not just for socializing—we feel that it is our responsibility to take care of campus—especially those who are having trouble with college life.”

“The sheer beauty and purity of their relationship has led to the drying of the proverbial sexual watering hole. Hookup aficionado, Ida Bangyu ’16 remarks, “I can’t enjoy a one-night-uncomfortably-everlastin’stand. Every time I walk across campus the next morning, I think about how fucking perfect Chadriella is, and I just break down. When I finally get back to my dorm and count my fifty-plus hickeys, I feel so unfucked.”

When “Chadriella”, as they are colloquially known, first started dating, everyone on campus was simply entranced with how good they were together. And collectively “aww’d.” After so much PDA, spooning, and monogrammed teddy bears flooding nothing but Al Green songs, students had had enough. The rest of the student population no longer feels comfortable continuing their random fuckery, marked by awkwardness, prolonged eye contact, and solitary walks across campus in the pouring snow.

“There was a time, pre-Chadriella, where we were all equally unhappy with our sex lives. A time where we could fuck someone and then completely avoid them on Martin’s Way. But Chadriella has robbed us all of that. Now it’s all about love. My parents taught me that love was a lie,” complained Nadia Virginia ’18.

Chadriella still has a good two years left at Hamilton, much to the chagrin of the campus community. “I wish that Chadriella would have known, first started dating, everyone on campus the next morning, I think about how fuck Chadriella is, and I just break down. When I finally get back to my dorm and count my fifty-plus hickeys, I feel so unfucked.”

Her points have no power here.

GroSS, perfect COuPLE RuNning LonELINESS-INdUCING HookuPS for tHe rest of US
Blech, I hope they die in a hole
By Ms. Hendry ’19
Fornication under constant consideratiOn DEpt.
(Sexually TenSe bundy Dining Hall) This past month, dissatisfaction has grown concerning Chad Bolton ’17 and Gabriella Monroya ’17, the couple charmingly voted as “Most Likely to Trigger Your Gag反射.”

In this issue: Old people, new tricks

In this issue: Old people, new tricks
FACE OFF: OPERA MASTERPIECE OR DRUNK SCREAMING?

 Opera: An Art Form for The Ages
 By Tommy Blair ’18

As all great artists will know, Saturday morning at 4 a.m. is a marvelous time to share my magnificent operatic vocal abilities with the campus. The clear, brisk September night air is the perfect medium to carry my sweet, sweet notes into the willing eardrums of my adoring student audience. What say you, fellow stragglers passed out on the sidewalk outside Milbank? Isn’t it wonderful? My aria lifts the spirits of the poor miring student audience. What say you, fellow stragglers passed out on the sidewalk outside Milbank?

Drunk Screaming: Shut The Fucking Up
 By Bruce Stevenson ’18

Oh my god. Some drunk fucker is screaming like a goat outside my window. It’s 4 a.m., douchenozzle. I’m trying to sleep. Why do people think it’s okay to yell at the top of their marinated lungs in the dead of night? Stop reminding me that you had more fun last night? (two hours ago?) than I did. So what if I cried myself to sleep because my CB&I sticker collection is my only friend? I was all cozy in my quiet single and your shrieking is ruining my chill. The dude is trying to sing that theme song from Carmen in a fistful of three keys too high for his voice, while simultaneously banging bottle caps on the ground outside of you. Avoiding the pass-drunk idiots in Bundy was pointless, because their brethren live on the darkside too. Who knew? Now, please excuse me while I fill some water balloons to throw at the next fudgesicle who makes ear-shattering dying animal noises outside my window. Go find yourself an AA group, you inconsiderate assholes.

Disheartened and disgusted, Swamp Monster wanders among the booze-blinded youth.

Disguised as a nondescript freshman, Swamp Monster comes across an underclassmen leaving putrid piles of his night in an unadorned receptacle. He questions if this human existence is happiness.

What say you, fellow stragglers passed out on the sidewalk outside Milbank?

THE DIARY OF A CONSPIRACY THEORIST

These may very well be the last words I ever write. They are coming for me; I hear them climbing up the stairs. These may very well be the last words I ever write. They are coming for me; I hear them climbing up the stairs.

Edited by Ms. Suder ’18

OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

Everything you need to know about the outside world. Yes, it’s still happening.

Rome, Italy

The American people were astonished when Pope Francis announced he was leaving the United States after only his first day in Washington D.C. Millions of fans had made the long pilgrimage to Philadelphia to see him pontificate, but they had to return home disappoint ed. Upon his return to Rome, his Holiness immediately commented saying that it was actually just a rerun of The Celebrity Apprentice.

Disheartened and disgusted, Swamp Monster wanders among the booze-blinded youth.

Swamp Monster comes across an underclassmen leaving putrid piles of his night in an unadorned receptacle. He questions if this human existence is happiness.

Los Angeles Desert, California

NASA’s announcement of signs of flowing water on the surface of Mars has rekindled the excitement about space and the possibility of life elsewhere in our solar system. A worldwide movement to keep searching for more information has begun and it’s growing by the second. Not everyone was happy with the news however, as the entire state of California gave a unified middle finger to the sky.

Faithfully reported by Mr. Groff ’19

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http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/

5. Omelets: For those who think they’re a cut above the rest. Don’t worry, they’ll find out in a couple hours that pretending to live the high life by burning $40 of Grey Goose in a night is pointless when it all ends up in the toilet. Also in Diner B. Omelets suck and those snobs kidding themselves if they think otherwise.

4. Bacon Mess: Will take care of your drunken friend who is still a mess over that relationship he got out of last month. Doesn’t matter that he found out that she was cheating on him, nor that he just got ditched by his rebound due to alcohol induced “performance anxiety,” the bacon mess will make it all better… at least until he wakes up tomorrow.

3. Hash Browns: The matrix of starch and fry oil creates a concoction that pretty much everyone is happy with. I mean, at any given time after 1 a.m. at least twenty-seven people will be downing a hash brown chaser. In fact, its general good qualities make it almost like the beer of diner food. Except you know it gives you undrunk.

2. Bacon Egg & Cheese on Bagel: Perfect for the drunken of drunken people. Reportedly used with hash browns by HECMS shmans to treat four intoxicated freshmen and reportedly cure another’s broken leg.

1. Water: Uses the mystical power of “metabolism” to preemptively cure hangovers. Thow it back—trust me you’ll thank yourself tomorrow morning.