Duel Paper Boy Forgets to Deliver Paper on Time

Campus descends into chaos
By Mr. Dickinson ’18

Doomsday Dept.
(SKULL PILE ON DUNHAM GREEN) Last Friday morning, the regular pace of campus life was rudely interrupted when students noticed that their favorite satirical publication was not readily available at the dining halls. Noticeable distress throughout the student body proceeded to escalate when ramshackle surfaces that there was no edition for the week, or worse still, that the Duel Observer was cancelled due to a Ponzi scandal, which would explain all the mayonnaise.

“The air just didn’t feel right,” Rachael Weatherspoon ’20 commented. “Almost as if all outlet for creative criticism of societal norms was lost. I suppose the intense sulfur clouds were out of the ordinary, too.”

As the day progressed, the situation became direr.

“To be perfectly honest, the first thing that I noticed were the meteorites the size of dogs crashing everywhere,” George Shyanne ’17 said. “Not very big notice were the meteors the size of dogs crashing.”

Freshman and Seniors alike found themselves embraced into the chaos, insisting to run out some point this coming week. Until the end of the spring semester.’ Then I knew something was up.”

Come three o’clock, Duel Enforcers intercepted the culprit while frantically passing out the paper six hours late.

‘Yo, man, my b,” Dom Edjet ’18 said. “I had a paper due at eleven. I was expecting some distress, sure, but more like walking on the left side of Martin’s Way and leaving the toilet seats up sort of anarchy.”

After things settled down, the Duel Observer E-Board stated that things have “literally not even changed.” Turns out Commons and McEwen threw out all the copies on the weekends anyway.

Commons Accidentally Feeds Students Magic Mushrooms

Philosophy papers especially good this week
By Ms. Hammer ’20

High Tolerance Dept.
(WHY ARE THE WALLS CRYING?) Through a mix up in shipping, Soper Commons has been forced to use magic mushrooms in dishes as opposed to the un-magic kind. Under any other circumstance, what is being deemed “The Shroom Situation” would not go unnoticed. According to Ms. Sharpie into a cook’s sticker should have made it clear there were hallucinogens in the food,” she said, hastily shoving a purple Sharpie into a cook’s chest pocket.

“Gnarly.”

Despite the obvious mistake, Commons staff will not be issuing an apology anytime soon. “Wait, let me go check in the back,” Soper Commons Spokesperson Amy Wurst declared. After twenty minutes she returned with a blank stare. “We clearly label all our food at Commons to accommodate for all diets. The purple sticker should have made it clear there were hallucinogens in the food,” she said, hastily shoving a purple Sharpie into a cook’s hand.

Dean Nancy Thompson, crusader of student safety, released an email summing up the events: “It just goes to show that no system is perfect. There’s always shroom for improvement.”

The supply of the impostor mushrooms is certain to run out some point this coming week. Until then, students have two choices: avoid Commons or embrace it. Because, yes, the squirrels have been talking shit about you all week, bro, can you not tell?

Witch Doctor Sets Up In Glen

Has better hours, is more reliable than Health Center
By Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

Shamanism Dept.
(100-YEAR-OLD SACRED OAK) The return of the witch doctor setting up shop in the Kirkland Glen.

Sandy McPherson ’18 paid a visit to Bonjuju on Tuesday afternoon when the Health Center slammed the door in her face at exactly 4:01 P.M., even though her face was visibly jaundiced and she was unable to speak above a low whisper. “Visiting Bonjuju in the Glen was my roommate’s idea,” McPherson said. “She saw him crashing bark and leaves into a tin can on her run earlier that week.”

After walking for twenty minutes off the paths, McPherson finally found the witch doctor sitting cross-legged on a large boulder in the middle of an eerily still pond. Bonjuju diagnosed her ailment by spinning around her in a clockwise motion while flinging dried butterfly wings, then shouting a series of incomprehensible noises. Treatment involved waiting until the sun was exactly thirty degrees above the horizon, then rubbing McPherson’s torso with the fur of six decaying squirrels. According to McPherson, the strange remedy had “kinda worked, a little bit” and left her face smelling like “week-old roadkill.”

“Still,” she said, “better than the salt packets and cough drops the Health Center gave me.”

Often, due to high demand of Bonjuju, students wait in groups surrounding the healing pond. “One time I watched this guy chug ground-ants and pine needles then and lay naked in the healing pond,” observes McPherson. “It’s kinda worked, a little bit” and left her face smelling like “week-old roadkill.”

“Maybe they’re coming to learn from him,” he said, “or maybe they’re wondering why his proactive methods are working better than their traditional method of doing absolutely nothing, waiting for students to get better on their own, and then claiming credit.”

In this issue: Chaos

Uptown Booty Playing Barn Sat.
The boys are back in town (again)

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM
You might want to call her back.

“S0 Parents’ Weekend is coming up—we’re bringing our laundry for you to do.”

See “Alumni Weekend Already?” pg. ‘14

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FACe OFF: Procrastination or Procrasturbation?

Procrastination
David Joyce ’19

Listen, we all want to be that guy or gal who goes and gets their work done right away, but it’s just not humanly possible. I can’t count the number of times when I have been studying and I decide to take a quick break for a little Dinner Drive Ins and Dives, and I find myself ten episodes deep drowning my work-stress sorrows in Guy Fieri’s signature dragon’s breath chill. Guy Fieri aside, procrastination is perfectly normal and even has major benefits. For one it allows you to maximize your funtime, doing the activities that make college so great like surfing the web on your laptop or trying to beat your high score in hopscotch.

You might be thinking “why if I overdo it on funtime and don’t have enough time for my scholarly duties?” This is a valid point, but what this really teaches you is to really crank out work like a man possessed. What’s the big deal with taking a little break? So what if your final Econ paper that is worth 102% of your grade (accounting for inflation) is due? Beat your high score in hopscotch. To maximize your funtime, doing the activities that make college so great like surfing the web on your laptop or trying to beat your high score in hopscotch.

You have been sitting at your computer for an hour, staring at the essay you are writing but have only managed to write a proper MLA heading for. Your hand idly wanders down south of your belt line, slips into your pleated khaki pant, and as the blood starts to flow into your erectile tissue the magic begins. Congratulations, you have started to procrasturbate.

Procrasturbation is the avoidance of work through self pleasing, and oh baby is it fun. It’s way more reproductive than regular procrastination and anybody can do it. All you need is a pair of hands. Put down that research paper on the effects of avian cruelty on farm output and choke your own chicken. Stop investigating the ancient Aztec ritual of bean flicking and flick your own bean. The best part about procrasturbating is how quick and easy it is. After a quick two minutes of sheer orgasmic pleasure you can get back to your work, reinvigorated and rejuvenated. I’ve even heard of some people procrasturbating four or five times a night. Sometimes you got to get your mind of working and focus instead on jerking.

Overheard while jerking it by Mr. Paull ’20

Sex with that Weird Emo Kid After Burning Down a Church and Sacrificing Your Firstborn to the Almighty Lord and Savior Marilyn Manson:
A Fungus Among Us—Vigilant Mustard
Disparate Youth—Santigold
Pity Party—Melanie Martinez
Guilty Pleasure—Artila
Welcome to the Black Parade—My Chemical Romance

Boring, Vanilla, Upper-Middle Class White People Sex at 9pm on a Tuesday with Martha and Chad:
Careless Whisper—George Michael
Careless Whisper—George Michael
Careless Whisper—George Michael
Careless Whisper—George Michael
Careless Whisper—George Michael

Tested and thoroughly endorsed by Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20 and Ms. Collins ’19

PLAYLISTS FOR DIVERSE SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS
Have you ever been crawling to climax and thought, “Man, I wish I had some racist ass jams to make this moment that much better?” Well, worry no more! We’ve come up with some playlists for every type of situation so you’re never left without a beat to thrust to.

Spread-Eagle Sex With an Ornithologist in the Crow Aviary:
Accidentally In Love—Counting Crows
As The Crow Flies—Newsted
33 Crow—Kula Shaker
Oh Josephine—the Black Crows
Northern Downpour—Panic! At the Disco

Marathon Sex in the 24 hour room:
All Day All Night—Moon Taxi
Lessons in Love (All Day, All Night)—Neon Trees
All Night—Icica Pop
You Shook Me All Night Long—AC/DC
Sixty-Minute Man (x2)—Billy Ward and the Dominos

Sex With That Weird Guy From Your Intro Psy class:
The Psychiatric Is In—God Help The Girl
Getting, Naked, Playing With Guns—Andrew Jackson Jihad
Sorry Bro—Andrew Jackson Jihad
Send Them Off—Bastille
Recover—CHVRCHES

Sex on the Pizza Counter With a Commons Worker:
Pour Some Sugar On Me—Def Leopard
Miscery Business—Paramore
Cheesburger in Paradise—Jimmy Buffett (Ha!)
Truffle Butter—Nicky Minaj (feat. Drake and Lil Wayne)
Eat That Up, It’s Good For You—Two Door Cinema Club

“Yeah, I’m gonna need you to pour yourselves out if you want to come in....”

By Ms. Dickmeyer ’10

CONSPIRACY THEORY: Squirrels are Being Killed to Make Toupee for President Whipman

Everyone thinks I’ve gone mad. My parents won’t talk to me, my roommate only rolls her eyes when I start explaining, and I can’t go to sleep. I even tried to call PETA—they threatened to throw blood over all my sweaters if I didn’t stop holding up the hotline! So, Duel Observer, you’re the last chance I have to come clean.

Have you all seen that one tailess squirrel around Sabo? Usually, I can’t stand squirrels— I know they just seem like harmless racists pester now, but wait until one of those molly, rabies-infested dirbargs skins your face off trying to pry your last container of Diner honey mustard from your hands. But there was something about this rodent that piqued me: where had that tail gone?

Well, it just so happened that, as I was waiting for ice cream machine at Commons, I found none other than David "Squirrel Poacher" Whipman scooping the final remains out of the mint chocolate chip carton. As he secretly scraped the remnants of the pint, I noticed a few small hairs fall out of his pocket. I tried to hand the hairs back, but he was already making a beeline to the men’s restroom.

The hairs’ gummy smell of stale fries and cow manure... it was all too familiar. I raced to the door, and through the crack in the door, I could just barely make out David Whipman checking himself out in the mirror, with a freshly shaved squirrel pelt atop his shiny bald egg of a head.

Sure, Whipman just wants to fit in—he can’t go crawling around campus looking like a lizard person and expect to make friends! But it’s only a matter of time before that little squirrel tail outgrows him and he wents something bigger—a squirrel mohawk, a squirrel mullet, even an ombre rainbow squirrel man bun to blend in with the Opus crowd. And it’s already growing. I walked into a CAB meeting last week only to find the Barn filled with sweaty freshmen gutting and sewing the remains of dead squirrels, with Whipman at the front screaming that “the wig isn’t going to make itself!” Sure, you might be gasming at those little critters digging up acorns now, but one day, when all the squirrels are placed atop powerhungry Whipman’s head, you’re going to miss those coked out, idiotic, second-hand hamster bastards.

Squeaked out by Ms. Buisolchi ’20

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