CONGRATULATIONS, Zoë! your resume may say red (weather), but to us you’ll always be blue

ELDERLY PHYSICS
PROFESSOR ACCIDENTALLY SUMMONS SATAN DURING LECTURE
Keeps teaching
By Ms. Bodzas ’16
November 1, 2013
SIN AND SYMPATHY DEPT.
(ACADEMIC PURGATORY) Tenured physics professor Gertrude Richens accidentally be called the Ruler of Darkness himself to her Wednesday morning Introductory Physics class. Dedicated physics student Eli Bridge ’16 took careful notes: “Gravitational potential energy of an object is reliant on the mass of the object and my desired need of summoning O Mighty Lord Satan. I pray you grace my brethren and I with your unsacred bodily presence, O King of the Underworld, rise!” Bridge described Satan’s arrival, noting that he “showed up fifteen minutes late with Opus. Total dick move.”

Mary Fjord ’14, a religious studies major, added, “He was kind of hot.” Two students were later treated for minor hellfire-inflicted burns at the Health Center.

“It was weird,” Sarah Oakland ’16 commented. “I was totally thrown off when the mass of the object, height of the object, and the gravitational field strength were all glowing red six’s on the blackboard.”

Her peer Mary Wright ’17 smiled and reflected fondly upon the lesson. “Yeah, this cross necklace burned into my skin,” she admitted. “But I’m pretty sure I understand gravitational potential energy after watching Eli hover five feet midair and his HAIL BEELZEBUB repeated- ly. And somehow the professor was still drone- ing on in the background about a future mini-quiz.”

Professor Richens later defended the in- centive, scoffing at how her sleepy Monday morning students “had very little potential energy. The Devil was no more distracting than an ambitious propsect, all things considered,” she concluded.

While Satan was an unthorohed choice for a spontaneous guest lecturer, students admit they kind of saw it coming. Oakland added, “I’m not basically Hell anyway.”

GOVERNMENT FUNDS STUDY INTO HOW MAIL CENTER IS SO GOSHĐARN NICE AND CHEERFUL ALL THE TIME

Science remains baffled.
By Ms. Bodzas ’16
September 28, 2012

DOESN’T EVEN FEEL LIKE AN ERRAND DEPT.
(HEART OF THE CAMPUS CAMPUS) Early last week, the Federal Government dispatched a three-person task force to discover just how the Hamilton College Mail Center maintains its absolutely affable service.

After preliminary reports from study bureaucrat Martin Wilco, who praised the staff as “courteous and pleasant” and his experience as “spiritually uplifting,” the higher-ups demanded more observation. Wilco then swept a tear from his eye and assured the visiting social scientists that they were in for a “real treat.”

Dr. Ellis Smith, corporate psychologist and modern workplace scholar, shared early findings with The Duel.

“Yesterday, we witnessed a student and employee coordinate a troubleshooting session. The student supplied a HillCard and basic shipping information, and the em- ployee eventually found the missing package and even threw in a Big Ol’ Smile™. Crisis averted and no evidence of stress for either party,” Smith recalled. He shook his head in disbelief. “Flawless. Hopefully someday the gov- ernment can harness similar levelheadedness during ca- lamy.”

Dr. Smith’s colleague, Dr. Rhonda Spitz, an etiquette expert and sociologist, emphasized the key role of eye- contact, pleasant greeting, and the lighthearted spring in the step of the Mail Center workers.

The government scientists had many hypotheses. Is it the postal training? Is it the polite, docile student body? Are there secret narcotics circulating in the mail office that the criminologist is missing? Or is it the simple joy of good company and efficient sorting habits, delivering everything form care packages to court summonses?

Research will continue, but as of today, it remains and unexplained scientific phenomenon—like the au- rora borealis and why we can just let Pluto be a planet, the goodness nestled in the hearts of the Mail Center stuff can never be explained.

LETTER FROM MISUNDERSTOOD ICICLE
“Sorry for being absolutely terrifying”
Humans,
I know you see me, hanging overhead, sharp as that twinge of regret for the creepiest hookup pos- sible, wobbling a little in the breeze. Yeah. I feel your glances, people. Cold, a little fear- ful. You have made that twinge of regret for the creepiest hookup pos-

I know you’re afraid of death, and I can address this anxiety up-front. Freak accidents happen, but the worst we’re talking is a simple clutch on the noggin. Bop, and we both laugh about it after. So please, for chrissake, stop making me out to be a big time skullcracker. That was just a phase and there are so many other concus- sion opportunities on campus. Accidentally bump heads while hugging someone on the rugby team, for example. This stuff happens all the time.

I hope we can turn this relationship around, Ham- ilton, and stop things from snowballing out of control. Let’s have a topical debate. I have very strong views on global warming! Or a heart-to-heart! I’m a conver- sationalist. I don’t need anything permanent, Jeez, I’ll be dead in a few months. No need to be so cold, Ham- ilton. Anything, I’m here. Hanging. Chilling.

Love,
A Misunderstood Icicle
Translated from Danish by Ms. Bodzas ’16
February 1, 2013

In this issue: allegiance to Kirkland
Quiz: How Stressed Are You, Really?

By Ms. Bodzas ’16
December 7, 2012

It’s almost finals week and stress levels are approaching an all-time high. We wonder… how doomed are you? Really, now?

1. It’s scientifically unconfirmed, but we suspect newborn seals probably suffer from high blood pressure and stress nightmares about baseball bats. How old are baby seals when it’s finally legal to club them?
   a. 6 days
   b. 12 days
   c. 3 weeks
   d. I can’t deal with this, my final paper is due in 12 days.

2. Hundreds of people squeeze the everloving shit out of a stress ball daily because they don’t know where their next meal is coming from. How many live beneath the poverty line in America?
   a. 1 million
   b. 1.4 million
   c. 3 million
   d. I think I’m getting a cold or something, this is such bad timing.

   (answer key: 1. b, 2. b, 3. b, 4. c, 5. 6. anything but d, you whiny bastard, 6. b)

3. It’s well-established that stress and pain. How many people live with a terminal illness in America?
   a. 1 million
   b. 1.4 million
   c. 3 million
   d. I’m 100% done with this shit I’m so stressed help

4. With incomes dropping in the U.S., lower class families feel the depressing reality of seriously empty pockets. How many live beneath the poverty line in America?
   a. 45 million
   b. 46 million
   c. 46.2 million
   d. I have $23.45 left on my HillCard and a week of allnighters ahead, Opus where are you when I need you?

5. Approximately 250 million children work exhausting demands in sweatshops worldwide. Which of the following are child slaves deprived of?
   a. Normal childhoods
   b. Education
   c. Lives free of abuse
   d. Have you even been so overworked that you just start watching livefeeds of kittens while online shopping in another tab? Killing it.

FRIDAY FIVE:
Things Not To Bring Up During Your RA Interview

Compiled by Ms. Bodzas ’16
February 22, 2013

5. Passion for group massage therapy. I want my floor to feel like a family. And a family that learns together buys essential oils together. Forget chair massage.

   I can assure Res Life that I’ll be able to knead the stress away any day of the week. Even, and especially, late at night—you’ve got to be crazy to turn down a surprise midnight massage, am I right?

4. Creepily specific interest in Root kids. A lot of people glaze over the fact that the Root kids are the heart and soul of this campus. They give us meaning. Without the Root kids, it’s like Hamilton itself has no substance. There’s something so alluring about the innocence and purity in Root—snuggling sub-free freshman and sophomores is probably my most wholesome pastime, if we want to be real.

And don’t get me started about the Wertimites—so secluded, so mysterious, so sexy.

3. If you look me up in federal census records, you probably won’t find anything. Alternatively, look up my stage name.

2. I’m not technically a student. Last semester, I actually audited what was either a documentary cinema studies class or a bunch of sophomores watching YouTube clips of baby animals and purkin in the Red Pit. I’ve been living under the bridge for a few weeks, which has been pretty chill, but I enjoy calm naps in the Opus ceiling hammocks.

1. When people talk, I only hear a low gurbling sound about 50% of the time. My friends say I’m still really personable.