I'M JUST A KID AND LIFE IS A NIGHTMARE
(We're sorry for bringing this back into your life)

COLLEGE SEES RANKINGS DO THE DIP'N'SAG
Just like your post-Thanksgiving ass
By Ms. Joyce '13

FASHION POLICE DEPT.
(HEALTH CENTER) Despite consistently ranking amongst the nation's top liberal arts colleges, Hamilton has apparently dropped several places. A thorough investigation pointed to a sudden decrease in the "Student Attractiveness" category after all 1,700 students got seconds of Grandma's amazing apple pie. And Uncle Bob's mediocre mashed potatoes. And your cousin's shitty stuffing.

Embarrassed student Emma Loman '14 admitted, "I had way too much to eat on Thanksgiving. Plus, I didn't leave the couch all week. Now I get winded just walking to the Diner to get more ice cream and fries. What's wrong with me?" Some students passionately defended their fattiness as a protest against Bon Appétit. "If the food in Commons wasn't so bad, I wouldn't have to turn into a complete pig at home," Scott Grandi '11 explained. "That's why when I come back to campus next year at Hamilton, I have such a big appetite that I eat twice as much. I'm also staying daily eat-ins just to get my point across."

The sudden weight gain proved to be a huge problem as returning students found that they could no longer fit into their J. Crew corduroys or stolen North Face. Several students cited this lack of fat-enough clothes (not their crippling laziness) as the reason they couldn't make it to class on Monday. Darksiders pointed out that this problem didn't affect them as Tofurkey has no calories or taste. Also because leggings are much more forgiving than actual pants.

Darksiders pointed out that this problem didn't affect them as Tofurkey has no calories or taste. Also because leggings are much more forgiving than actual pants. Meanwhile, the sudden increase in campus girth has sent Admissions into a tailspin. Skinny students, now an identifiable minority, are being recruited for guidebook photos and tour guides. Also, tours are being diverted away from Commons in the direction of the Field House, where prospective students can see athletes who were forced to actually exercise during break. Plans are also underway to transform the unused fitness center into another diner, providing the perfect resting point between Opus 2 and Commons.

BLACK FRIDAY SALE AT BOOKSTORE CAUSES RIOT
Dozens of injured students seek finals week pass
By Ms. Ryder '11

SERIOUSLY, THEY'RE JUST SWEATPANTS DEPT.
(ELS) The 43rd annual Black Friday sale at the bookstore lured buyers from Walmart and Target with promises of cheap T-shirts and glitter-logged shot glasses. Some students, like Annie Singh '11, began lining up as early as Thanksgiving eve. "Five-for-one T-shirts and sweatpants just can't be ignored. I can knock off all my holiday shopping in one place!" she squealed excitedly. "Cheap, thoughtless gifts advertising something special to me and not anyone that I'm actually buying the gifts for—the true meaning of Christmas!"

However, cheerful excitement quickly turned into chaos and violence. "As soon as I opened the doors, it was madness! Madness, I tell you," bookstore manager Harrison Jeffries exclaimed. "It was like something out of Jumanji: the crowd was charging like rhinos, monkeys were stealing police cars, and there was even a weird mustached guy with a gun. I'm not even sure what he was doing there!"

One worker caught the insanity on his handy dandy Flip camcorder. "Between the stampeding and the fightfor clear- ance Kirkland hats, it was hard to keep up," assistant manager Jerry Oann recount. "In hindsight, I probably could've helped out, but the allure of all the hits I'd get on YouT ube kept the camera rolling. I am to be the next What-What-In-the-Butt guy."

Others were disappointed by the bookstore's offerings. "I was kind of hoping for some cheap textbooks," James Tenzer '12 shrugged. "But they kept pushing beauty supplies. My girlfriend takes care of that shit at CVS! I'd like to have one semester here where I don't have to pin money to afford my books."

Campus spokesman John Nittrerman Jr. awoke from his nap with only one comment to offer. "Look, you could've dragged your lazy ass to Sangertown instead. Suck it up and buy your books from Amazon like everyone else," He massaged his temples. "You jackass," he tactfully added.

STUDENT CAUGHT MAKING CHRISTMAS LIST, IS HORRIFIED TO FIND OUT THAT SANTA DOESN'T EXIST
SPOILER ALERT: Santa doesn't exist!
By Ms. Tomkin '12

REDY THE ELF, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR? DEPT.
(FIREPLACE LOUNGE) Upon returning from Thanksgiving break, Ben Jonson '14 was found working furiously in the dark KJ AJ rium Sunday night. "I thought he was just finishing an English essay," his concerned friend, Leanna Daidreemeez '13, gossiped, "but it turned out he was just working on his Christmas list! I assumed it was for his parents, but he said it was for Santa...I thought he was kid-

In this issue: Four Loko jokes (count 'em)
WHAT THE DUEL STAFF IS THANKFUL FOR

James Grebey: I am thankful for Black Friday. I may have had to shank an 80-year-old woman and crotch-a-stomp a blind man’s seeing eye dog, but goddamnit, I got me my Tide-Mr. Elno.

Colon Hostetter: I am thankful that when I broke the thermometer by accident, the mercury fell in the cranberry sauce instead of any of the important dishes. My grandfather is the only one who eats stuff that he and we sent out about ten years ago, so it’s not like anyone will notice anyway.

Ford Chairman: I am thankful that, on my flight home, I was not groped by an overly weighty TSA officer or put into a microwave that would both cook my guts and put a naked picture of me on a TSA data base.

John Boudreau: I am thankful for the oven-like heat in my Darkside room, which will allow me to parade around in my leopard-print Speedo well into February.

Chip Sinton: I am thankful that even though I had three beers on him, my father—who has 30 years and 150 pounds on me—was way sloppier at our Irish Thanksgiving giving and more hungover the next day. You’re getting weak, old man. WEAK.

John Kennedy: I am thankful that the only place more accepting of slight alcoholism than the Hamilton campus is a Thanksgiving table with a heavily Irish family.

Brittany Tomkin: I am thankful for vegetarians on Thanksgiving. More for me. As for every day that isn’t Thanksgiving, fuck vegetarians.

Jake Zappala: I am thankful, on this day, the day of my daughter’s wedding…

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY TRADITIONAL FAMILY

By Samuel Wickerman ‘13

At Thanksgiving grace, you cursed homosexuals, Muslims, and illegal immigrants to hell, announced that we should build a giant wall on the Mexican border while simultaneously criticizing needless government spending, and then wanted a trench full of lions and tigers and bears. Your personal motto for the situation was, “Lions and tigers and bears! Immigrants Die!” Nice, guys. Nothing goes better with stuffing than a heaping serving of hatred. The look of disgust on my face inspired you to launch insults my way as you wondered why I went to that “liberal-influenced college” instead of languishing in the family business. We’re that family that still drives around the van with a McCa’s/Palino bumper sticker. You all still believe the words “Oriental” and “Jap” are sufficient terms to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversation with Asians. Our bookshelf is filled with shit by Rush Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Sean Hannity, and Ann Coulter, which makes it really hard to use in conversion with Asians.

Sitting down for dinner, I knew to expect your conservative lecture on the evils of homosexuality and how it’s forbidden in the Bible. I mentioned how the Bible forbids mixing fabrics, to which you responded, “Well, there are a lot of silly things in the Bible.” Seriously, do you listen to yourself? The after-dinner viewing of Sarah Palin’s Alaska was actually quite entertaining. You didn’t enjoy the remark I made, however, on how it awkward to be her Alaska until she resigned as governor. A chill fell over the room as you muttered, “What are they teaching him at that damn school?”

Edited by Mr. Schnacky ‘14

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