**Monday is Valentine's Day!**

Three days left to find gifts to exchange for sex!

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**Sophomores Declare Concentrations**

Rash decision-making suddenly not just for weekends

By Ms. Joyce '13

Decisions, decisions Dept.

(ADVISOR'S OFFICE) Sophomores who don't read their email or check the academic calendar were horrified to discover that they have to declare their majors this week, leading to impulsive decisions based solely on whichever department most closely matched their astrological sign.

Mike Foul’13 explained his decision as he hurried from List to the Science Center.

“Well, I had to choose between art and neuroscience, but they’re so similar that I didn’t think it really mattered. I decided on neuroscience because I would much rather spend hours in a lab than hours in the studio. Plus, that’s what my Magic 8 ball told me to do.”

Other students quite enjoyed the dartboard method.

“I crafted an elaborate computer program that would analyze my strengths and weaknesses, which involved writing a whole new computer language. It took me months, but I finally figured out what my major should be: English!”

Even among sophomores who had already picked their major, the week proved stressful.

Sheila Eten ‘13 choked back tears as she discovered that despite taking four Chinese courses every semester since arriving at Hamilton, she was somehow only an eighth of the way done with her major. She is now expected to graduate in 2025.

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“I ended up using the same strategy. I used in high school to find a prom date: shortest skirt and car with the biggest backseat. This kinda didn’t work though since all an eighth of the way done with her major. She is now expected to graduate in 2025. Chinese courses every semester since arriving at Hamilton, she was somehow only an eighth of the way done with her major. She is now expected to graduate in 2025. (HOWARD DINER) Students hoping to avoid a liquid dinner last Saturday were met with crushing disappointment when Bon Appétit manager announced that the Howard Diner would be closed the entire night. Their all-campus email offered almost no details on the reason behind the diner’s closing, save a single mention of “gnome-related difficulties.”

When asked to elaborate on these comments, Bon Appétit manager Pancho White only stated that any reference to magical creatures was “more postulation at this point” and declared that another likely cause was “lack of hustle.”

“Also,” White added, “the Diner may or may not have become self-aware.”

In response to the closing, Commons remained open until 8:45 Saturday night. Bon Appétit employees had been concerned about the increased influx of students by stationsing dinner personnel in front of all food and beverage areas to dispense items to students.

“I had no idea what to do in Commons,” Kylesa Densmore ‘13 complained. “I asked the guy at the grill to put some chicken on my plate and instead, he made me a Tuscany. It was like a less cool version of the Food Network.”

However, Bon Appétit’s response to this unexpected setback left many students out in the cold. Physical Plant was called in early Sunday morning to sweep away the starved corpses of Darksiders that littered the path between KJ and the Diner.

“The mind games started when they kept McEwen closed on Friday nights and weekends,” Milbank lurker Rich Collins ‘13 explained. “They’ve been trying to starve out the Darksiders ever since. They take away my tofu stir-fry, my fingers, and fries and expect me to eat a recycled pasta casserole instead? I couldn’t even taste my dinner because of all my tears.”

Although the Diner re-opened on Sunday, complaints still circled across campus. Mr. White denied a recent rumor concerning several gnome-shaped cuts of meat in the back room of the diner. “Rest assured that we’re making your meals just like we always have,” he announced. “Now shut up, or I’ll give away all your bonus meals to poor people.”

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**In this issue: mediocre relationship advice**

**Cute Animals Saying Terrible Things**

“Why is it empty? I need more bourbon for my nightly Xanax and red wine cocktail.”

“Free Opus for Monday is Valentine’s Day!”

“They cannot give scholarships to everyone!”

**ShamWhoa!**

“See, “This wasn’t the head I wanted for Valentine’s Day,” pg. 3.14...”
F R I D A Y F I V E:
REASONS TO LOVE VALENTINE’S DAY
By Mr. Magaziner ’14

5. There’s nothing quite like waking up at 6 AM to an apella version of “Love Me Tender” by the 12 hottest drunk guys on campus.

4. It feels great to give, especially when you buy your girlfriend an expensive gift only to be dumped a week later. Thanks, Lucy.

3. Even Ronnie and Sammy think they have a perfect relationship on Valentine’s Day.

2. After eating those chalky, heart-shaped candies, suddenly anything below the belt doesn’t taste so bad.

1. And there are the teddy bears to keep you company even after you break up.

EDITOR’S CORNER:
A true, fictional conversation with the editorial staff of The Duel Observer

The Duel Observer editors managed to sit down for a few minutes without killing each other to talk about relationships. Jake found a bloody little speck of boredom to check up with and Brett’s lighthearted the cartoonist. Chip is single and little aside at night in the Co-Op. John is the freshman layout editor and was bushed once.

Chip: I prefer the phrase “eating vagina” to “conunnin-gus.”

Jake: I need a piece of pizza.

Brett: Jake, I have some chicken in my purse. Can you get it for me?

Jake: Wow. You really do have chicken in your bag.

Chip: We’re supposed to be talking about relationships...

Jake: You don’t have one.

(Chip eats entire bag of Smarties)

Jake: Don’t be upset, dude. Relationships suck.

Brett: Aww, I’m sorry.

Jake: Except for mine. Mine’s the best because there’s that feeling of being with someone and I love, which is the best.

Chip: Um. Thanks.

John: I was in a relationship once.

Brett, Chip & Jake: Shut up, freshman.

Brett: But seriously. Relationships aren’t that great. You have to, like, give blowjobs and stuff.

Chip: I dunno, I think there’s more to it than that.

A M A P O F Y O U R M A N ’ S H E A R T

By Mr. Grebey ’12

1. Clogged arteries from eating dinner every day for 6 months

2. Left breasts

3. Rocket Power: Wuggly

4. Halo Reach

5. Tommy, from Young and dinner

6. Girlfriend

7. Girlfriend’s bladder of steel

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