

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

Look, it’s Brittany. Hamilton, I have such a big appetite that I eat twice as much. And she’s FAT! I’m also staging 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 Faces. 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.

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 Wal-Mart and Target with promises of cheap T-shirts and glitter-logoed 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 fistfights over clearance Kirkland hats, it was hard to keep up,” assistant manager Jerry Orson recounted. “In hindsight, I probably could’ve helped out, but the allure of the all the hits I’d get on YouTube kept the camera rolling: I aim 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 Tenzen '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 piss money to afford my books.”

Campus spokesman John Nitterman 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

BUDDY 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 Atrium Sunday night.

“I thought he was just finishing an English essay,” his concerned friend, Leanna Daidreemze '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-

ding, so I laughed and was like, ‘What, are your parents not real either?’

“It was weird,” she continued. “He screamed in agony, called me a ‘prostitute for The Man’ and tried to stab me with a half-eaten candy cane.”

Prior to finding out that Santa wasn’t real, Jonson used the Career Center to help him write a good “letter” to Santa as well as construct a proper résumé of his good deeds.

“Yeah, I went to a bunch of cover letter workshops and even got some peer counseling for my résumé,” he admitted. “They said I was being over-specific when I decided to include ‘saving cats from trees’ and ‘not punching crying infants’ as ‘Work Related Experience’ but whatever. I bet I get more presents than them anyway.”

Jonson’s roommate is more than relieved with the development.

“It’s about time someone told him,” Tommy Nash '14 groaned. “First, he brought a gargantuan Christmas tree into our Darkside double, then stole some lumber to construct his very own chimney for Santa to come down. But when he made me come to the mall with him to take a picture of him on Santa’s lap, it got to be too much.”

Meanwhile, other students are simply shocked that someone who managed to get into Hamilton College could still believe in Santa.

“I’m a philosophy major, so my first instinct is to think, ‘well why not?’” Richie Burbage '11 perused. “But I’m also a math major and let me tell you, fat guy times chimney to the childhood naivety power equals that kid is a fucking moron.”

In this issue: Four Loko jokes (count 'em)

WORDS OF WISDOM WITH MADELEINE ALBRIGHT



Madeleine Albright says this joke killed at Thanksgiving: “So, Schrödinger’s cat walks into a bar, says “me-OW” and then suddenly realizes that there is no fundamental distinction between the cat and the bar even though they are animate and inanimate systems; all are quantum systems governed by the same rules of wavefunction evolution! Then the cat says “me-OHHHHHH!” Hilarious.

STUDENT BODY GOES CUATRO CRAZY!!



See “Joose, Sparks, and liquid cocaine on the rise,” pg. your loss

METAFORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Shitfaced Shakespeare	Pothead Palahniuk	Meth-Addict Meyers
	30% chance all the world’s a stage for Four-Loko jokes	“Sticking feathers up your butt does not make you a chicken.”	High probability you didn’t catch the metaphor for mormonism.





MR. '13

By Mr. Grebey '12

## 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 curb-stomp a blind man's seeing eye dog, but goddamnit, I got me my Tickle-Me-Elmo.

**Colin 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 that stuff and he went senile about ten years ago, so it's not like anyone will notice anyway.

**Ford Charman:** I am thankful that, on my flight home, I was not groped by an overweight 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 Thanks-

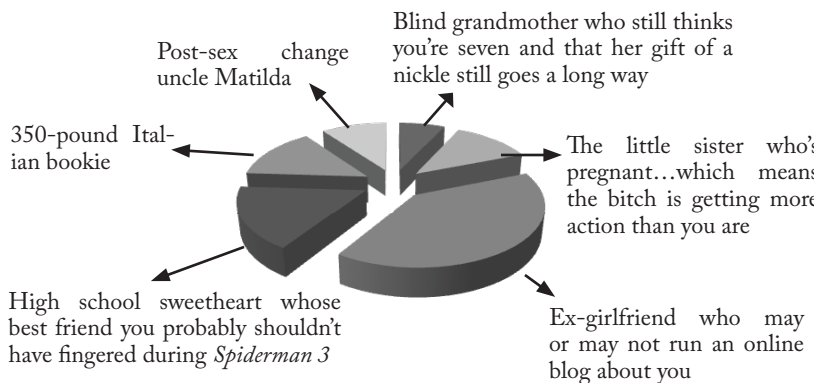
giving and way more hungover the next day. You're getting weak, old man. WEAK.

**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...

## PEOPLE WE REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO SEE OVER BREAK



## WINE TASTING AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

By Phineas P. Wutterbottom III

Hello again, dear readers. I'm Phineas P. Wutterbottom III, back once again. I'll have you know that I am a world-renowned wine taster. Though I can no longer practice my art in high society due to one unfortunate incident involving a miscommunication about the necessity of pants, I'm going to critique Hamilton's booze situation.



**Franzia:** I was dismayed to find that wine is rarely drunk on campus. All I could find was this box of "wine." Children drink out of boxes, though I do find this bag-slapping thing to be oddly erotic. I'd give this a C+.

**Keystone Light:** What Keystone lacks in quality, it makes up for in quantity. The beer has a well-rounded flavor that tastes about the same coming up as it did going down. All in all, a solid B-.

**Tequila:** Tastes like bad decisions. I give the Tequila a D+ but the lime wedge an A- because it helps prevent scurvy.

**4Loko:** Finally! Now this is a beverage I can get behind. The fruity taste excites the palate and makes one feel invigorated to keep their night going. This is truly one of the best things I have ever had and I hope it never goes away. Where can I get more of this? An enthusiastic A+++

**Jungle Juice:** I detect... a mixture of Kool-aid, Hawaiian Punch, vodka, rum, peppermint schnapps, more vodka, Robotussin, and bad intentions. It's... woww itz pfetty strrong too. Id... I'd gsviet hist a Q+.

...  
I nwreed to go vombit nowe.

*Mr. Wutterbottom will return in the future to write for The Duel once he makes bail, as he is currently in jail facing numerous charges ranging from public intoxication to attempted sodomy of a John Deere tractor. The Duel is accepting donations on his behalf.*

Edited by Mr. Grebey '12

## AN OPEN LETTER TO MY HIPPIE FAMILY

By Daffodill Steinberg '14

Another splendid Wampanoag Compassion Feast this year! It certainly was...something. I see that you didn't take my suggestions from the last 'earth revolution', so I thought I might take this chance to gently reiterate them.

**The Food:** Tofurkey? Really? All my friends are belly-slapping and tryptophan trippin' in their homes while I'm stuck muttering *ohms* to Neo-Gaia so I can swallow down enough of this concoction to get a light seitan snooze in. And just an FYI, when you make organic, trans-fat free vegetarian gravy, it just tastes like I'm slathering my ethically-picked fair trade *Andean-Brandean* mashed potatoes with cat piss. Also, I know you made the gravy out of cat piss. *So* not vegan.

**The Conversation:** I was legitimately enjoying Mom's stories from her pilgrimage to that Ashram in Vermont to study Phish Yoga, but then Uncle Rain and Aunt Drizzle had to break out their performance art again. This year's protest of Don't Ask, Don't Tell was particularly *disturbing* stirring. As fun as watching two fully grown people rip off their shirts, cover themselves with honey and proceed to jump on the table and fence with floppy, foot-long black dildos is, maybe we can just have awkwardly tense conversations about my grades next year?

**The After Dinner Entertainment:** Ah yes...the yearly Winter Solistice Saunter. This is the 3rd year I've had to watch Jimmy (how come my little brother is named Jimmy and my name is Daffodill btw?) imbibe 13 ounces of Peyote and sing the entirety of his version of *The Post-Modern Poppins* while we trudge through snow to keep up. This needs to stop.

I love you, but you're driving me to the Tea Party.

Edited by Mr. Sinton '13



Just a spoonful of hallucinogens makes the Grebey not frown!

## 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-infiltrated college" instead of languishing in the family business.

We're that family that still drives around the van with the McCain/Palin 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 not want to legalize selected book burning.

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 *used* 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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