

SOMETHING ABOUT TUITION!OMG!!!
(We don’t know what’s going on. We don’t do real news.)

ATHLETES PULL 4.0, SMART PEOPLE FINALLY GET LAID

Nothing significant happens on campus, EVERYTHING WE KNOW IS WRONG

By Ms. Tomkin ’12

THE BROCIAL NETWORK DEPT.

(EVERYWHERE) Everything we know about everything related to Hamilton life has been turned upside-down by a recent catastrophe: there have been absolutely no catastrophes on campus this semester. As a result, students have been inflicted with “absolute boredom,” causing social roles pioneered by ’80s movies set in Northern California to reverse dramatically.

“I DO HELMET SPORTS. I STUFF SMART PEOPLE INSIDE LOCKERS,” seven-foot-tall jock Tim Broman ’11 exclaimed while beating his chest. “But recently, I’ve become overpowered by a passion for smooth jazz. I guess my life of abusing people intellectually superior to me just got monotonous. I also suddenly have the urge to cry about my feelings. Hold me.”

Broman was not the only stereotypical, college athlete who felt it was time for a change. His roommate, Mike Hunt ’11, supposedly has “a new, alter-ego named Clarice who likes to show other guys a good time with her mouth.” Hunt then mimed fellatio in graphic detail. It was an uncomfortable experience for everyone present in the KJ atrium at the time.

Meanwhile, Science Center mole rats also felt that it was time for a change.

“I usually spend my time doing problem sets and playing various versions of *Mario Party*,” Anthony Michael Hall look-a-like Michael Anthony Hall ’14 muttered. “But the lameness of this campus has made me realize I have to make something of myself! So I sniff glue now.”

However, the biggest change on campus has been seen in the faculty, many of whom have been showing up late to class reeking of shitty tequila and teaching students how to successfully commit fraud. The only exception has been the Economics Department, who do this every day anyway.

Strangest of all, campus publications seem to be taking a hit. This past week, *The Spectator* wrote good articles, *The Daily Bull* made sense, *The Wag* actually existed, and *The Duel Observer* wrote articles that were actually funny and not completely fabricated. Those bastards.

DEAN OF STUDENTS ATTEMPTS TO COMBAT APATHY, STRAIGHT UP MURDERS SEVEN FRESHMAN Nobody cared

By Mr. Sinton ’13

IRISH BABIES DEPT.

(THE GRAVEYARD, NOW) In a totally badass but ultimately illegal campaign to combat a growing sense of apathy among the student body, Dean of Students Nancy Thompson took it upon herself and her collection of exotic weaponry to slaughter several frosh. She announced the effort in an all-campus email, clarifying the presence of several menacing skulls on the bridge, which stated, “I want to make a point and the sharpest point I know is this rusty bayonet from the Boer Wars I bought on eBay. Cuts through bone like butter.”

The wanton killing was a shocking change of policy for the Dean’s Office, which had previously settled for slowly killing students with undercooked Bon Appetit meat and threatening to crack down on underage drinking.

However, the shock did not extend to the student body.

“Oh, that’s terrible!” pretending-to-care sociology major Danielle Bevis ’12 exclaimed when she was informed about the gruesome murders. “Is there something I can do, like buy a brownie in Beinecke or make it my Facebook status?”



See “And She Painted...” continued on back page

OBITUARIES

Fun, Premier Celebrity at Hamilton College, Dies At 199

By Mr. Zappala ’12

Fun, a once cherished and loved cult of personality on the Hamilton campus, died of boredom last Saturday night. The death comes as little surprise after the past year’s deficit of boundary-pushing humor, badass parties, and boobs.

“As streaking incidents precipitously declined,” Bobby Binkles ’11 explained, “his heart just got weaker and weaker. There was simply no reason to keep the blood rushing anymore.”

Fun led a great, full life at Hamilton College. He celebrated his first birthday by smoking a couple of j’s with Alexander Hamilton and Baron Von



New rule: no smoking up before shooting up

Steuben, whom he always referred to as “the chilliest muthas I’ve ever had the pleasure of knowing.”

He then put the first century-and-a-half of his life to very good use by boozing up and corrupting every young man to pass onto the Hamilton campus. However, in 1978, at the tender age of 176, he decided to further his ambitions.

“I convinced the Administration to merge with the chick campus next door and bring the ladies to us!” Fun often boasted. In doing so, he ushered in nearly three decades of legen-* awesomeness. However, the last couple years crashed down hard on dear, old Fun.

“He used to spend countless weekends in the suites guzzling the Keystone, throwing flaming furniture out the windows, and not remembering where he was the next morning,” Helen Marks ’12 wept. “But after all of the strongly worded all-campus emails against him, he was too broken-hearted to continue. I’d do anything to have him back!”

“On Fun’s birthday, Class & Charter Day, Fun and I would drink a handle each, whip out the Slip n’ Slide, and hot-box the whole atmosphere above G-Road as we went,” James Reber ’11 joyfully recalled. “Last year though, Fun found himself in the Dean’s office by five a.m. for hosting his annual Tequila Sunrises at Sunrise party.”

As with most long-term sicknesses, things looked up just before the end. Fun was last seen partying it up at Rocky Horror in nothing but denim underwear, slapping bare asses left and right. By this past Thursday, however, the lack of campus thirstiness put him on permanent bed rest. On Saturday night, the general quietness made his condition critical and he knew it.

A long time fan of Oscar Wilde, his last words followed along a similar vein as the British author.

“Either this hard alcohol ban goes,” Fun gasped, “or I do.”

wait for it...

**-dary!

In this issue: dark humor and dark-ish boxes

CUTE ANIMALS SAYING TERRIBLE THINGS






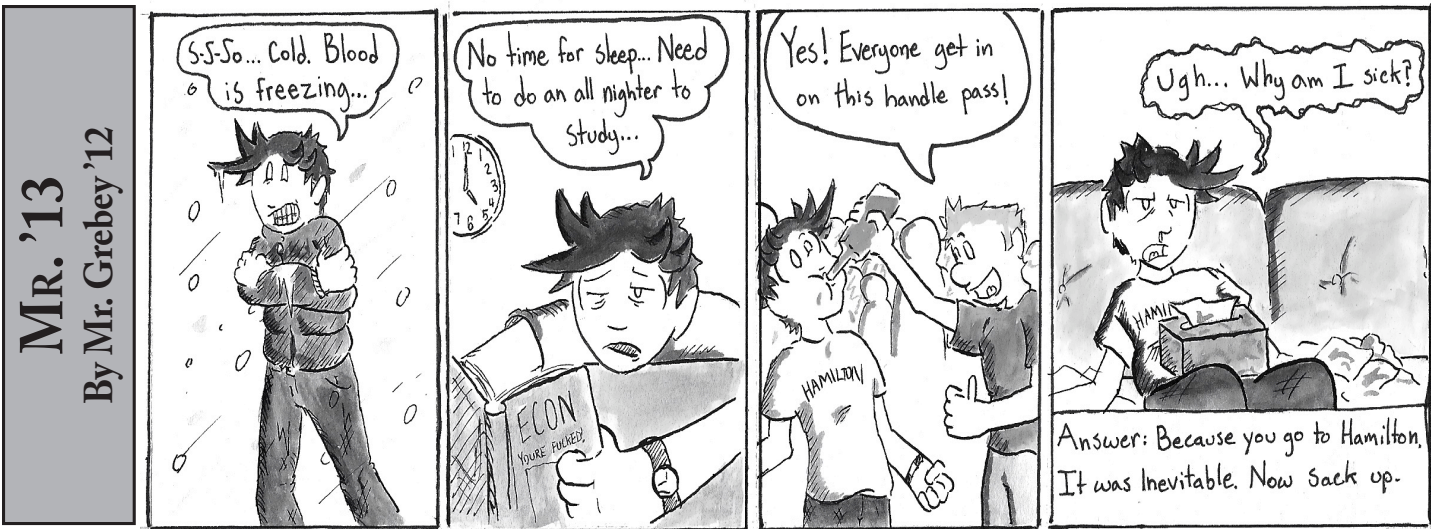
AA Puppy: Don’t eat that! I need it for cocaine!

CATS ON ROOMBAS WITH LIGHTSABERS!



See, “So many memes!” pg. Rick-Rolled

DINER B FORECAST	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	Ham Egg & Cheese  High probability Diner B is not the “breakfast of champions”	Continental  “So...if I eat scrambled eggs, is that kind of like eating aborted chickens?”	Grilled Cheese?  100% chance calling it “two pieces of cheese on toast” doesn’t work



continued from “Straight Up Murders” on front page

“And She Painted the Walls of ELS Red with Their Blood...”

When it was clarified that none of her actions would save those poor, dead Dunhamites, Ms. Bevis replied, “Oh good. I’m actually pretty busy,” and walked away nonchalantly.

The lack of outrage outraged Nancy Thompson. “What do I have to do to change the student climate around here?” she exclaimed in frustration. “For fuck’s sake, I hired four horses and tore three of the students apart limb-by-limb on the Darkside Quad. The French Club donated a guillotine for another Frosh. The only people who paid attention were the Buffers, who made

it into a drinking game!”

“One shot every time blood splattered on the windows, sip your beer everytime they beg for mercy, screamed, or cried, and shotgun if an organ hits your face,” Buffer soprano Brendan Maris ’13 explained.

Some good did come out of this travesty, though. Committed to sustainability, the Dean donated several carcasses to the Co-Op. “We made great use of the fresh meat—burgers, stirfrys, sausages, a really nice PBX-pledge tenderloin,” Jimmy Pevlis ’11 elaborated. “But we had to compost the Jan she gave us because the meat still tasted like cheap pints and desperation.”

This is the end of the article. We know this was challenging.

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: HAMILTON COLLEGE RUNS GREEK LIFE

By Byron Jedediah Wellingshire ’14

I, your own secret sleuth on the Hamilton underground, have discovered a secret about Greek organizations and pledging that will SHOCK you. Pledging is normally a time when Hamilton fraternities begin to select a few “special” individuals who can do bitch-work, give them money, and harbor their homoerotic fantasies in exchange for eternal bonds of



This picture would be classy, if not for the big, black dildo

“friendship.” But here’s the real deal: the Administration organizes and runs all Greek life. Though the Administration publicly claims that the pledging process is detrimental to the Hamilton Community, they secretly fund Greek organizations in an attempt to make Hamilton’s students “exponentially more badass” and “more likely to give us money when they’re alums.” In fact, the backwards hats, racks of Keystone, and stockpiles of weed are all supplied by the college too. That guy up the hill who got busted for growing marijuana in his basement? He was hired by the school to ensure that freshman learn how to “blaze like champs.”

In fact, many of the frat bros and scantily-clad sorority chicks that populate the campus are actually Hamilton faculty members paid to resemble students, the reason being that the Administration can guarantee, “the freshmen are getting metaphorically whipped by the dick of school policy without actually getting in trouble with the law.”

This is not to say that these employees are pleased with their position.

“I’m a Mormon, so all the drinking and pre-marital sex really burns at my conscience,” one frat-employee told me. “I try to convince myself that it’s just a job and that’s it’s for the children, but I know God’s watching.”

When I went to see John Nitterman Jr. about these urgent developments, he responded, “Of course we’ve been running the Greeks—they don’t call me Xerxes for nothing. That’s how I got my job here in the first place. It combined my two favorite things: helping out the children, and drinking heavily all the time. Only half of that statement is true, by the way.”

FUTURE ADDITIONS TO THE HAMILTON CAMPUS

By Mr. Hostetter ’13

A copy of a 2041 issue of The Spectator recently fell through a temporal anomaly into the Duel office. Most of the paper was unreadable—it is The Spectator, after all—but we thought this article detailing future improvements to the Hamilton campus might be of some interest to our readers.

Blue Light Phone

After decades of blatantly lying about their presence on campus to prospective students, the college finally purchased a single, blue light phone in 2016. Due to a mishap in the device’s setup, it was accidentally hooked up to a sex line, but this was not discovered until the machine’s first use in 2018 when Bertram Phinneas ’21 stumbled into the button in a drunken stupor.

ELS 2.0

This building was constructed after the Sadove Center burned down in 2019 as a result of a gas leak caused by an impromptu pull-up contest on the low-hanging pipes in the basement. The new and improved ELS boasts a three-story bookstore, five competing beverage vendors (including Opus 6), and a fully-functional Ferris Wheel. During the planning of the new building, there was some talk of revamping the basement not to be disgustingly sketchy, but these efforts were derailed in the face of widespread student protests.

KJ/Science Center Monorail

Originally constructed in 2028, this monorail soars above the campus and is powered by the tireless vigor of freshmen thanks to a new P.E. requirement. The obesity rate among upperclassmen rose by 10% as a result of this addition.

Scrap Metal Memorial

This memorial was constructed in 2035 as a tribute to the brave souls and assorted underclassmen lost in the First Robot War. The war broke out when Joan Hinde Stewart was outed as an android after a flame-thrower accident revealed her metal skeleton and she subsequently failed a Voigt-Kampff test.



Robo-Joanie and what’s left of Joe Urgo

Efficient Plowing System That Actually Keeps The Paths Clean When You Need Them

Hahahaha, yeah right.

HAMILTON RED CARPET

By Ms. Joyce ’13

After spending four hours watching the Oscars/procrastinating on Sunday night, you may be wondering who is Hamilton’s version of Mila Kunis or Justin Timberlake is. Short answer? No one. But we at The Duel managed to compile a list of Hamilton celebrities (who you will never see in a tux or evening gown).

Caitlyn Karrey ’13

Known As: “Open Mic Night Girl”; performing original songs at every show about her ex-boyfriend from high school; submitting the same poems to *Red Weather* every semester; wearing only plaid.

Mave Daroney ’09

Known For: dressing in drag/nothing at campus events.

Diner Staff

Known For: having the most eclectic music tastes; somehow maintaining a smile whilst dealing with drunken college students trying to order Tex-Mex and Super-pies every weekend.

John Nitterman Jr.

Known For: semester-long drinking binges; blatantly honest/intoxicated explanations of administrative policy; superhuman ability to retain his job while being a barely-functioning alcoholic.

Joan Hinde Stewart

Known For: taking a year off to write a book about fairytales; holding court (or Open Hour) in Opus every week; kissing the Trustees’ asses.

Martin’s Way Cat

Known For: surviving only on a diet of dropped french fries and Annex-vomit; predicts changing of seasons by appearing lovable enough to find a home before the first snowfall and returning once it’s officially spring.

Awkward Boner Guy

Known For: Having an erect penis at all the wrong times.

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Editor-out-Chief/ Girls Are Not To Be Trusted

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