

THUMBS UP: THANKS FOR THE EMAIL, NANCY  
Thumbs down: Dresden.

SOPHOMORE DISCOVERED BY  
TALENT SCOUT AT OPEN MIC  
NIGHT

Record companies decide to make music no one will pirate

By Mr. Schnacky '14

LACK OF TALENT DEPT.

(SADOVE) After a rousing performance of “Like a Virgin” at Open Mic Night (because, thanks to the halftime show, apparently everyone loves Madonna now), Julie Silverton '14 has been granted a record contract by a talent scout in attendance.

“Everything about her performance was phenomenal. The half empty audience, stale Opus cookies, and cold coffee breathed life into her act,” talent scout Peter Albertson said. “It didn’t even matter that, before the song, she described how she actually lost her virginity.”

Despite falling asleep three times during the performance due to her narcolepsy, Silverton maintained a positive attitude and finished the song by giving the bird to one lucky member in the audience, Greg Goldman '14. The South American parrot was apparently hard for her to obtain immediately before open mic night, but contacts in Alabama set up the purchase that provided a dazzling finale to the performance. Goldman broke down in tears at the gesture.



“Squaawk! This song sucks.”

Many of the musical acts around the school have expressed their jealousy. When Duely Noted heard about the news, they went into full out ‘betch mode,’ Special K did Special K, and the Buffers prepared to change the lyrics in many popular tunes to incorporate their hatred towards Silverton.

Stacy Marie '13, who makes clear to everyone that she used to sing in high school, recently released a statement from the agent her parents bought for her: “Of course I’m not upset. I’m going to be trying out for *The Voice* later this year so that my looks don’t get in the way of my true talent.”

Currently, Silverton has decided to drop out of school to focus on recording her own music. She’s happy to say that she will begin recording within the month at a studio in downtown Utica, as soon as the talent scout gets back from his trip to the Caribbean.

SURVEY REVEALS NOBODY  
KNOWS LOCATION OF PSI U  
Atheists, Agnostics, and Freethinkers deduce it must not exist

By Mr. Johnson '14

URBAN LEGENDS DEPT.

(LIGHTSIDE? REALLY? I

HEARD IT WAS ON THE

DARKSIDE) A recent survey by

Student Affairs revealed that not

only have most students never been

to Psi U (Skenandoa, to those who

are even marginally comfortable with

any kind of change), but that no one

responding to the survey even knew where it was.

“Yeah, yeah, that’s great and whatever,” one sur-

vey participant replied, “but did they announce who

won the Opus gift card?”

“It seems that no student currently on campus

can remember ever having visited Psi U, seen it, or

even having known its location,” Dean of Students

Nancy Thompson said. “Despite this, they unani-

mously agree that it is one of the nicest dorms and



“I hear it has swimming pools and palm trees!”

that every one of its singles comes with a bathroom.”

Extensive research by the *Duel* staff (that totally did not require visiting a crackhouse) led to Mike “Jazz Hands” Bradley '92, the last individual to have seen the building.

“I was on my way back up the Hill from the VT when I saw all these construction guys around Psi U. I was just about to go ask someone what was going on when someone knocked me out from behind. Hours later, I woke up in Bundy missing a kidney. I mean, the organ theft I can understand, but what kind of monster would leave a man in Bundy?”

President Stewart admitted that former college president and destroyer of human life, Harry “Facebreaker” Payne, had lost the dorm to Cornell in a poker game. Out of shame, good ol’ Harry declared that the college community would pretend it never happened, on pain of facebreaking.

When asked about the missing kidney, President Stewart muttered something about alumni donations only going so far and that new museums have to come from somewhere before shooing us out.

LOCAL SOPHOMORE NEEDS TO  
GET HIS SHIT TOGETHER

Described by friends as a “flaming, flying, train wreck of a human being.”

By Mr. Grebey '12

TIME MANAGEMENT DEPT.

(BUNDY) Sources indicate that Will Flaxman '14 rarely knows what’s going on at any given time, is always running behind schedule, procrastinates constantly, and generally needs to get his shit together.

“Hey, sometimes I just have trouble waking up for 9 a.m. classes,” Flaxman defended. “If participation is 10%, I usually just assume the highest grade I can get in the class is a 90.”

“Yeah, he’s not getting a 90,” Professor Stevens, who teaches Flaxman’s International Politics class, laughed. “I was reading what I thought was my six-year-old daughter’s homework and was dismayed to find it was actually his most recent essay.”

Flaxman reportedly needs to drink two Opus Magnums just to reach a baseline level of alertness.

In a feeble attempt to stay up-to-date on his assignments and meetings, Flaxman constantly scribbles on his arms with a Sharpie in lieu of a real day planner.

The sheer volume of frantic and cryptic messages about due dates that are inevitably forgotten have stained his skin. Now, Flaxman writes these notes in multi-colored sharpies and chalk due to the need for contrast.

“All the kid does when he actually sits down to work is browse Facebook and abuse StumbleUpon,” Flaxman’s classmate Lauren Prescott '13 noted. “He just commented on a status update from 2007.”






2007: Back when this shit started

“It’s true,” Flaxman admitted shamefully. “StumbleUpon has nothing left to show me. I’ve checked every box of interests, yet when I press the button, all it gives me is a jpeg of the ‘forever alone’ meme. Although, there was that one time I StumbledUpon porn.” (*Editors’ note: true story.*)

Things seemed to be looking up for Flaxman when he actually managed to complete a four-page essay with only minimal time spent online. Unfortunately, due to a mix-up, it turned out to be for a class he dropped last semester.

Flaxman then attempted an all-nighter to work on the actual essay. As of press time, the essay is three sentences long, but Flaxman’s high score in Temple Run has seen marked increases. Jesus, kid, get your goddamn shit together.

VANDALISM FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	ELS Basement  “I’ve always been for tearing down boundaries between students.”	Opus  High probability you don’t know how doors work	Al Ham’s Corpse  77% chance it’s cool, necrophilia is only six points

In this issue: ITS randomly selects half of campus for survey

HAVOC HANDCUFFS CREATE  
AWESOME AWKWARDNESS



See, “S&M crowd rejoice for service opportunity,” pg. it’s actually for a good cause

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “A bird in the hand is worth half a goat in Zimbabwe.”





MR. '13  
By Mr. Grebey '12

## FRIDAY FIVE: WEEKEND EXPECTATIONS IN ORDER OF IMPROBABILITY

By Mr. Boudreau '14

5. **Commons cooks my pancakes all the way through:** Let's get this straight: if there's liquid in the middle, you should leave them on the griddle. McEwen cooks theirs all the way, and they can't even get the alarm on the back door working.
4. **I build a snowman:** It'll be great! I plan on using a bong instead of a corncob pipe, though—wayyy more college. The scarf will be H  r  mes, I think. Maybe I'll just use that cashmere one I have laying around. I've got so many that I can afford to let one sit outside for a few weeks. Thank God for trust funds, right?
3. **Treasure is discovered under Minor Field:** Left there by the infamous Emanuel "If-he-could-grow-a-beard-it-would-be-black" Thompson,
2. **Unicorns swoop down from a chocolate rainbow and affectionately nuzzle everyone living in North:** Studies have shown that unicorns are actually 64.2% more likely to land on Eells. Eells, interestingly, have almost no reaction, because most of them have already died of asphyxiation, and the unicorns would have trampled the remaining ones to death upon impact. Oh, did you think I was talking about the dorm?
1. **Everyone has a safe and fun time, and no property is damaged:** Seriously, Hamilton. Get your shit together.

Class of 1845. Unfortunately, his senior thesis, "How to Find the Treasure I Buried In Minor Field: A Step-by-Step Approach," has been lost. Thompson was also responsible for the equally infamous graffiti on Benedict Hall that changed the sign from "Languages" to "Langvages."

## CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: ARE DIK PLEDGES SOFTIES?

By Bramford Whittington Weatherbee '15

I'm fine with naked pyramids, I'm fine with sticking my thumb up another guy's ass, and I'm fine with literally fucking shit. But I am finished with pledging DIK! People keep asking me, "Bramford, you're straight as balls, but did they make you do any gay shit? Is that why you switched frats?"

Last week, the DIK bros wanted to bring us to the Glen. They said we were going to "rub some branches together." I asked, "For how long?" They said, "as long as it takes to heat things up." At that very moment, I knew I couldn't go. I haven't made a fire from scratch since Boy Scouts. And why the fuck did they want to make a fire anyway? This is *hazing*, idiots, not wilderness camp! Needless to say, I immediately dipped my ass back to Dunham to pregame for lax practice.

My roommate is still pledging, and judging from what he's been saying, it's gotten worse. Yesterday he said they were going to bake out the common room in Carnegie. I mean, what has happened to the world's frats? Baking? Baking what? Cookies? Brownies? Those Rice Krispie things? Who the fuck cares? I didn't join a frat for any of this pansy-ass, lah-di-dah rainbows and bunnies shit.

That was all I needed to hear. I don't know *exactly* what the DIK bros (if you can call those flowery nancies "bros") were doing, but as far as I can tell, it's nothing any respectable bro should condone. I mean, I'll eat a donut off of a guy's dick, no problem, but I will never bake. That's fucking gay.

Edited by Mr. Lanman '15

## REJECTED FROM RED WEATHER: 6 WORD STORIES

By Mr. Patteson '13 & Mr. Lavelle '13

haikus are hard to do when

milbank 10, give others a chance

mcewen serves indian, it  
was naan-plussed



potato fami ne served  
the tomatoes well

sex was had today, by myself

rock-swing testicle, where  
is your brother?

some-  
times  
the  
world  
is so beautiful

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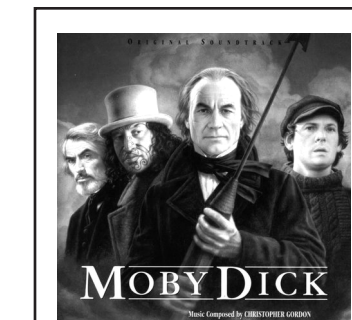
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Recipes?

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everything is phallic  
in english class.

your virginity called, you lost it  
your doctor called, you've got it



glue pubes to face, functional beard?

## OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

All the news you should already know, but don't

### Jefferson City, MO

Former Senator of Pennsylvania Rick Santorum won the Missouri primary this week but will not be allocated delegates until caucuses next month. He is expected to win the caucuses unless the people of Missouri realize that abortions do not, in fact, cause breast cancer.

### Washington, D.C.

Speaker of the House John Boehner has been enflamed with throbbing rage over the new contraception law. Although Boehner can't conceive of any opposition, he is prepared to penetrate the system with his engorged ideals.

### Orlando, FL

Directly from BBC News—SeaWorld sued over 'enslaved' killer whales: five killer whales have been named as plaintiffs in a lawsuit that argues they deserve the same constitutional protection from slavery as humans.

### Boston, MA

Hundreds of Butterfinger candy bars were dumped in Copley Square with a note reading, "Thank you, Wes Welker." The male population of Boston responded with a bloodthirsty rampage. Females have acknowledged that Butterfingers are actually pretty tasty.