

‘SUCK IT TREBEK’ IS A BUNCH OF FUCKING CHEATERS
Yeah, we said it

CAMPUS RALLIES AROUND
BROKEN WATER FOUNTAINS
Hundreds of Facebook profile pictures
changed in support

By Mr. Johnson '14
DELAYED REPAIRS DEPT.
(KJ) No one was worried when two KJ water fountains spontaneously stopped working last month. It was temporary, they thought. They'd be back to working order soon.

Weeks later, as students walked by their plastic-wrapped forms, they began realizing how they took these long-suffering and beloved water dispensaries for granted.

“This fountain's saved me from so many dehydration-fuelled hangovers,” Dick Clark '12 said. “When I woke up on Sunday, I realized two things were bothering me: the splitting migraine in my head, and the fountain-shaped hole in my heart. Well, three, if you count the girl from Bundy. Well, four if you count Marge's disapproving look as we crawled off the salad bar.”

“I hate it because now using the bathroom is my only excuse to leave class; I need more than one break from surfing Facebook, Twitter, and bondage websites on my laptop while my teacher talks at me!” Mackenzie Murphy '15 claimed.

When asked about the fountains' condition, College Spokesperson John Nitterman Jr. was grim. “I don't want to say things look bad,” he said. “But *The Spectator* is already writing up a terrible immortal article.” He shuddered. “They're putting ‘In Flanders Fields’ in there. Someone should tell them these water fountains aren't war vets.”

“Without serious repairs, I'd say they won't last until Senior Week,” plumber Samuel Wurzelbacher diagnosed with a world-weary sigh. “It's days like this that I hate this job. That is, days I'm not getting paid immediately.”

Refusing to let the needs of their favorite fountains go unmet, several students have started selling alcohol to pay for repairs, calling the event “Drinking for Drinking.” Within hours, Joanie had given her entire year's salary to the fundraiser, claiming that she “refuses to lose such respected members of the Hamilton community.”



Students hoping for something better to do

CHEM STUDENT FINDS IT'S
POSSIBLE TO BE ALLERGIC TO
“TOO MUCH WORK”

Gives new meaning to the phrase “allergy season”
By Mr. Gwilliam '15

DEFINITELY NOT TEARS OF JOY DEPT.
(SCIENCE CENTER) Chris Enochs '15 never would have guessed that he could be allergic to the work in his favorite subject. But earlier this week, the unimaginable happened during his organic chemistry lab.

“My eyes were getting droopy and I noticed I was staring out the window of the lab we were working in,” Enochs recalled. “Then, I felt such a powerful urge to play video games that I couldn't help myself. I went to the bathroom to play Angry Birds on my iPhone.” On his way to the bathroom, he collapsed. “I got so thirsty, I needed a Keystone *stat*, but there were none around. None!”

Joy Cain '14 spotted him on the ground, complaining about his ten page paper between sobs and gasps, and administered an EpiPen, possibly saving his life.

“I could spot an allergic reaction a mile away,” Cain said. “After all, I am allergic to peanuts, tree-

nuts, puppies, grass, pavement, cold, warmth, Dunham, and ‘Levels’ by Avicii.”

Originally believing the allergy was something in the laboratory where he was working, Enochs went to an allergist, Henry Slateson, to find the cause.

“There are many caustic, harmful chemicals in a chemistry lab,” Dr. Slateson said. “Apparently, the much overlooked piles of work were the real dangers.”



You can find it between Zyrtec and Claritin

Enochs, who claims not to have had any allergies to date, was awestruck when he received a report

from his allergist that he had developed an allergy to his organic chemistry homework. “I would have guessed bananas or my roommate or something normal. But my chemistry work? I love my chemistry work!” Enochs complained. Moments later, he coughed up some blood.

“I was really excited about this lab, but now I have this note from the allergist that says I can't take courses that cause me to be overworked,” Enochs said, tearing up. “And I was so looking forward to using that separatory funnel to get some organic matter! The analysis looked so cool!”

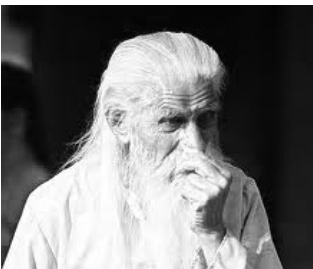
STUDENT'S MIND BLOWN BY
THE UNIVERSAL EXPERIENCE
OF PICKING YOUR NOSE IN KJ
“Perhaps to nose thyself is to be thyself”

By Mr. Sinton '13
THE SNOZ GOBLINS OF LITTLE MINDS DEPT.

(STUCK UNDER THE TABLE) As the semester sputters towards a close, the KJ Atrium has seen more and more students flocking to the chair Mecca to chatter aimlessly study. This increase in the number of students “working” in the bewaterfalled cram-grotto has brought with it coffee cups, pervasive anger over those stupid fucking vending machines not being able to do their one fucking job of giving me my goddamn Sour Patch Kids, and one small case of spiritual transcendence.

Word has spread rapidly about the Boy Who Picked. Working one day on whatever—it doesn't matter—Mike Turner '14, while attempting to fur-tively jam his finger into his nasal cavity, noticed that not one, not two, but *three* others were simultaneously doing the same thing. In that moment of trip-

licate synchronicity, he claims to have touched the Primordial Absolute.



Mike related his story while preaching his new gospel in front of Commons.

“I had merely intended to dislodge a crusty booger. But just past the first knuckle, I found some-

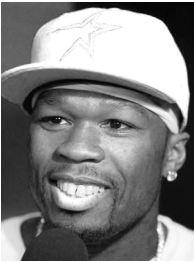
thing far greater. I excavated not some dried mucal hunk, but the self-confidence that I'd buried after the sevens times table test in 3rd grade. Digging deep into myself, I tapped a gold mine of shared consciousness and empathy and knew that this was just scratching the surface.”

Eyewitnesses report that scratching the surface of his nose drew a little blood.

Since the incident, both of his friends have noticed quite a change.

“Yeah, he's different now,” they agreed.

See “*I Am Saying She's a Goldigger!*” continued on back page.

LIL' PUB FORECAST	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	Senior Pub Night	Happy Hour	Study Space
	 “All I'm saying is that we haven't had sex yet.”	 50% chance you save more than your financial aid	 High probability it's better than KJ

In this issue: a fold

COMMONS AND SORORITIES ALLY
TO KEEP STUDENTS FROM EATING

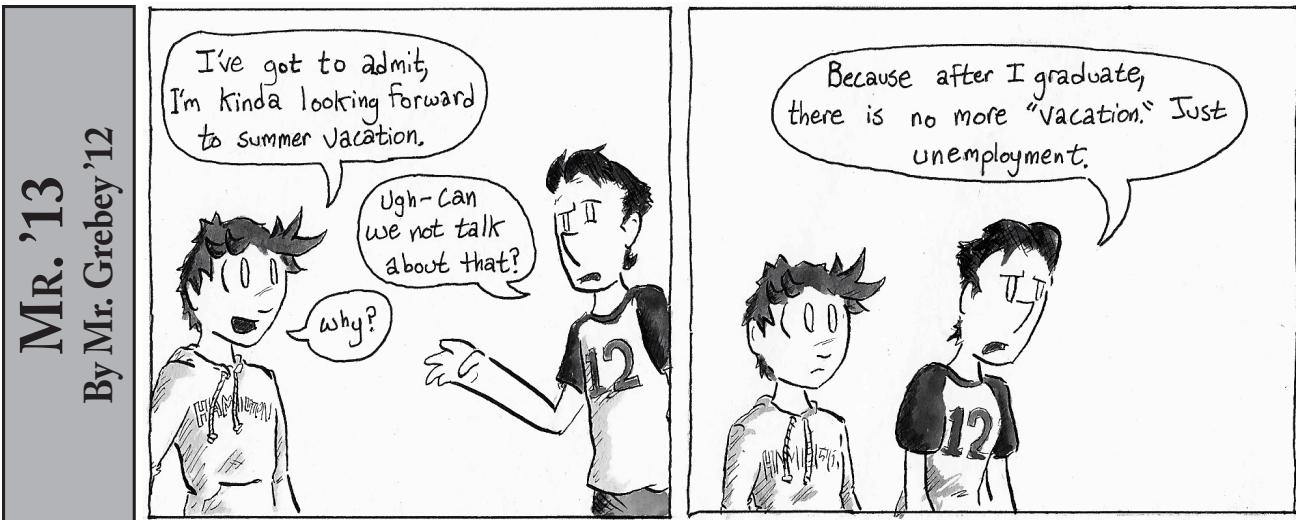


See “Nothing to tempt pledges,” pg. -ing a dietician.

DUELFUCIUS CORNER



Duelfucius say: “A house divided against itself cannot stand. Neither can a paraplegic.”



MR. '13
By Mr. Grebey '12

I Am Saying She's a Goldigger!

Continued from "KJ Picking Nose Experience"

His profound experience has resonated on a campus unsure of many things. Some, such as former Last.fm user Beth Rest '12, have sought to follow in his footsteps.

"I was emotionlessly resigned to a jobless future that would be a continuation of the monotonous, repetitive hell I've inhabited since circa Junior Prom," she said.

"But Mike has shown me there is another way. A way littered with the shared refuse of our nostalgia-shattered generation. What we share—our farts, our

lazy hair buns, our greedily hoarded Opus cookies—those deitri bind together what little of our humanity hasn't been destroyed by hashtags and the word 'betch.' I celebrate that now that the song of myself harmonizes with the song of us. We, Continentals, united by this Hill and probably other stuff too, huddling together, yearning for cheap beer and real friendship. To that I raise my finger!"

Beth promptly inserted that finger into her nose, ventured about for a suitable booger and produced it. She did not, however, eat it. Only weirdos do that, it's totally gross.

Unless you get 100 College Hill Road, which is down the hill anyway. At that point, you might as well just throw in the towel and transfer*.

- You're trying to get a Kirkland loft:** This might be the only valid reason for doing the sub-free lottery. I have nothing more to add here. So. Um. How 'bout that Santorum fella?
- You're a recovering alcoholic:** The trials and tribulations of realizing a bottle of Jack Daniels won't solve your problems doesn't hit everyone at the same time. Kinda like the effects of crystal meth.

**For the four people on campus that have ever been inside 100 College Hill Road, I'm sorry. This joke is clearly not intended for you. I'm sure your room decorations are lovely, though.*

Seniors:

This has been your depressing fact of the day.

Enjoy!

10 DAYS OF PLAGUES-MAS

After Frank Parker '14 rode drunk on a donkey through Martin's Way last Saturday Night, Holy Week commenced for Hamilton College with a variety of plagues God plagiarized from himself in Exodus.

1- Just as the Nile River turned red with blood, so has the KJ water feature. Students, unfazed, merely appreciate such

"pretty colors." Naked bathing is still extremely common.

2- Instead of the internet being full of pictures of cute cats, it is now is full of frogs. The vain cats begin a mass extermination of frogs.

3- An STD outbreak spreads throughout the campus. *(Upon review, this plague was actually not sent out by God.)*

4- Gnats in the food. *(Wait, this one wasn't an intended plague by God either.)*

5- A large hailstone completely destroys Utica. Students collectively respond, "Didn't that happen years ago?"

6- Boils on the faces of most students. Interestingly enough, students without boils are now seen as the freaks.

7- Pestilence on the livestock. Students in the Farmhouse mourn the loss of their dead cows.

8- A flood overtakes the campus. Ryan Maris '12 finally finds success as a gondola driver after years of impersonating one.

9- Darkness overtakes the campus. Everyone thinks that this plague will be over after you drink a lot of water and the hangover goes away.

10- Death of the firstborn. Hamilton finds infanticide extremely hard to market to accepted students, but good for painting walls.

By Mr. Schnacky '14

FRIDAY FIVE: REASONS TO TRY SUB-FREE HOUSING

By Ms. Tomkin '12

- You are not yet a raging alcoholic:** The trials and tribulations of solving your problems with a bottle of Jack Daniels doesn't hit everyone at the same time. Kinda like puberty.
- You like small children:** Who doesn't love the Root Daycare? They're so cute with their hopscotch and hide-and-go-seek-tag. What, did you think this was gonna be a pedophile joke? You sick fuck.
- You want to live in a single:** Obviously not a guarantee, but at least it's better than Bundy.

A Brief Introduction to Our Nouveau Layout Editor, James Patteson

Duel: Hi, James. Can we call you Jimmy?

James: No.

Duel: Cool, we have a few questions for you. How'd you get here?

James: The stairs.

Duel: Great! We love dry humor.

James: That wasn't funny.

Duel: Do you think it's racist that *The Duel* keeps hiring Irish layout editors?

James: I don't see color.

Duel: Well, umm... what is your favorite color?

James: Gray.

Duel: I hear you speak adequate Catalán.

James: Sí. (Yes)

Duel: Can you give us a taste?

James: No. (Douche)

Duel: Where do you live on campus?

James: A room.

Duel: So...what do you enjoy doing?

James: ¡Asfixia a mi mateix mentre em masturbo!

Duel: What?

James: Choking myself while I masturbate.



OUTSIDE THE BUBBLE NEWS

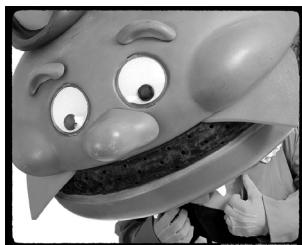
All the news you should know, but don't

Menlo Park, California

Google unveiled a new project that intends to produce augmented reality glasses for mass consumption. The glasses will present information on a small screen over the right eye. No word on whether they'll make you see through people's clothes, but John Kennedy is really hoping they do.

Granada, Spain

A new study finds that those who eat fast food regularly are 51 percent more likely to be depressed. When asked for comment, Mayor Mc-Cheese wept.



Rangoon, Burma

On Tuesday, Burmese citizens finally got their votes counted. African-Americans in Ohio are still waiting.

Xi'an, China

The new cultural revolution sweeping China is painting their dogs as other animals, such as tigers and lobsters. Don't worry, they're still delicious.

Fox New Headquarters, Hell

Last week, Geraldo Rivera declared hoodies to be a suspicious-looking garment. A KKK spokesman said that they are now uncomfortably self-aware.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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