

PAT REYNOLDS NAMED SEXIEST MAN IN THE 'CAC
Fool Me Once, People's Daily...

STUDENTS UNITED BY TRAGEDY

And also confusion over how soon is too soon to talk about the elephant in the room
By Mr. Sinton '13

CIRCLING WAGONS DEPT.
(A TUESDAY) Tragedy struck campus the week before Thanksgiving Break amidst a barrage of tabloid attention and text messages from relatives you only talk to at Easter. Solidarity between the student body shot up like never before this semester because there hadn't been a big controversy yet, and to be honest we do this like once a year. As more details leaked out on Facebook statuses and terrible websites, the student body was shocked but sympathetic.

"It was a scary situation all around," basketball player and noted diarist Jimmy Carroll '15 said. "Sirens at four in the morning, all the rumors the next day, and the awkward tension at Thanksgiving dinner where we were all waiting for my uncle to get drunk enough to say something insensitive. It was a real nightmare!"

"We find the fact that four police cars responded to a medical emergency absolutely appalling," commented Nancy Spungen '13 and her boyfriend Sid, taking a break from watching *Trainspotting* to needle the response of the local PD. "Arresting that man for doing the right thing after he'd done the wrong thing was absurd and against not only stated Hamilton policy but also state law. C'mon, he'd already balanced his karma."

Not every student's response was as measured.

"I felt so naked at lunch," Mark Renton '14 opined, injecting his weird, douchebag outlook into the conversation. "It's like why can't I make jokes about this immediately afterward, and what is so precious about every human life that people deserve respect during their times of weakness regardless of who they are? I just don't get it."

Yet while many students were wrestling with empathy and understanding, college spokesman John Nitterman Jr. was having none of it, and issued a statement to *The Duel* that he claimed was "what all those cowards in the administration wanna yell at your stupid rich faces."

"While I understand this junk boosted the fellow-feeling on this campus, and that's a posi-

See "Real Talk" continued on back page.

STUDENT STUDIES FOR FINALS BY WATCHING MOVIES OVER BREAK

Didn't see *Lincoln*
By Mr. Hennigar '14
PRODUCTIVITY DEPT.

(A THEATER NEAR YOU) A recent study has found that while 92% of Hamilton students watched movies over the break, only 0.005% studied for finals. R.J. Livingston '15, however, managed to do both—SIMULTANEOUSLY.

"*Skyfall* perfectly complemented my studying," he told *The Duel*. "After all, I'm taking Intro to Archaeology, and James Bond is an archaeologist! I haven't looked at my textbook since!"

After *The Duel* informed Livingston that Bond is an international man of mystery, not an archaeologist, the sophomore wasn't bothered. "Well, he did take a shot while balancing a scorpion on his hand, and I bet the Mayans did that," he said, adding, "I mean, there'll probably be a question about that on the final – like an essay on scorpion shots or something. Right?"

Livingston claims he found something relevant to

GIRL WHO HATES VEGETABLES LIVES IN CO-OP

Vegetables hate her too
Mr. Henry-Smith '15

OVER-PRIVILEGED PEOPLE PROTESTS DEPT.
(SERIOUSLY? IT'S IN THE TITLE) "This just isn't what I was expecting," Sandy Wartlock '15 mumbled, sobbing into her organic cotton handkerchief. A resident of the Co-Op, Wartlock is three days into a hunger strike in hopes of having more meat served at dinner. A true carnivore, her disdain for vegetables began in childhood, forcing her to survive on a diet of meat and hatred.

Though Wartlock was one of the few sophomores lucky enough to avoid the hellhole that is Bundy, she but managed to end up in an equally hellish location. Away from everything except the fucking library, the Co-Op is the misplaced piece of the Darkside where hippies handdry their laundry and eat vegetables you probably hadn't heard of.

Her former AA leader, campus hash dealer and wearer of too many tie-dye T-shirts, Aldra Rice '13, invited Wartlock to Co-Op dinner on one of the few days they eat meat. "They found a fair trade poacher who only hunts with bows and arrows made from recycled products," Wartlock recounted. "The menu was

each of his courses in just about every Thanksgiving blockbuster. "I didn't truly understand my Combinatorics course until I saw *Life of Pi*. Same with *Blood and Submission in Native America* and *Taken 2*. Because, man, when Liam wants blood, you fuckin' submit."

On the other hand, he didn't think that *Lincoln* would include anything related to his class on the



"Get thee to a nunnery."

American Civil War, so he never saw it. "It just makes no sense. Daniel Day-Lewis was an Indian in *The Last of the Mohicans*, and that takes place during The French and Indian War. He can't also be President during the Civil War! Hell, those wars were at least three years apart!"

Livingston went on to cite a number of older films as good study guides. In particular, he has found Spielberg's 1985 classic *The Goonies* to be "The source of all knowledge." When asked to explain this, he shook his head and said, "Where do I start? Dude, next time you watch it... pay close attention to Chunk. Because, frankly, Hamlet is Chunk. Shakespeare borrowed so much from Spielberg it's, like, shameless."

glorious: cheetah paw, boar chops – they even had giraffe jerky!" Convinced this was how they ate all the time, Wartlock decided to enter the Co-Op lottery, and was "unfortunate" enough to get a single.

At the first resident meeting, Wartlock quivered with fear at the talk of all the "delicious" and "tasty" vegetables the residents would harvest from the farm and eat five days a week. "When we assigned jobs, Sandy asked who would be beheading the 'Babes'," fellow resident Mark Fregon '14, said, appalled.



"Farms usually have animals, so I figured this one would too. Nothing gives me a thrill like wringing the necks of chickens and feeling the warm blood of a lamb run down my face as I gut it," Wartlock explained, salivating.

Until more meat is introduced to the Co-Op menu, Wartlock will continue her strike. "We need to cut back on all the goddamn green things. They can suck on my free-range, grass-fed, antibiotic-free cock."

After the interview, Wartlock was seen picking up an order from China Sea, but defended herself, claiming, "This doesn't count as real food."

In this issue: SNOW DAY

Mike Smithers: You're kind of a douchebag and I hate how you spike your hair






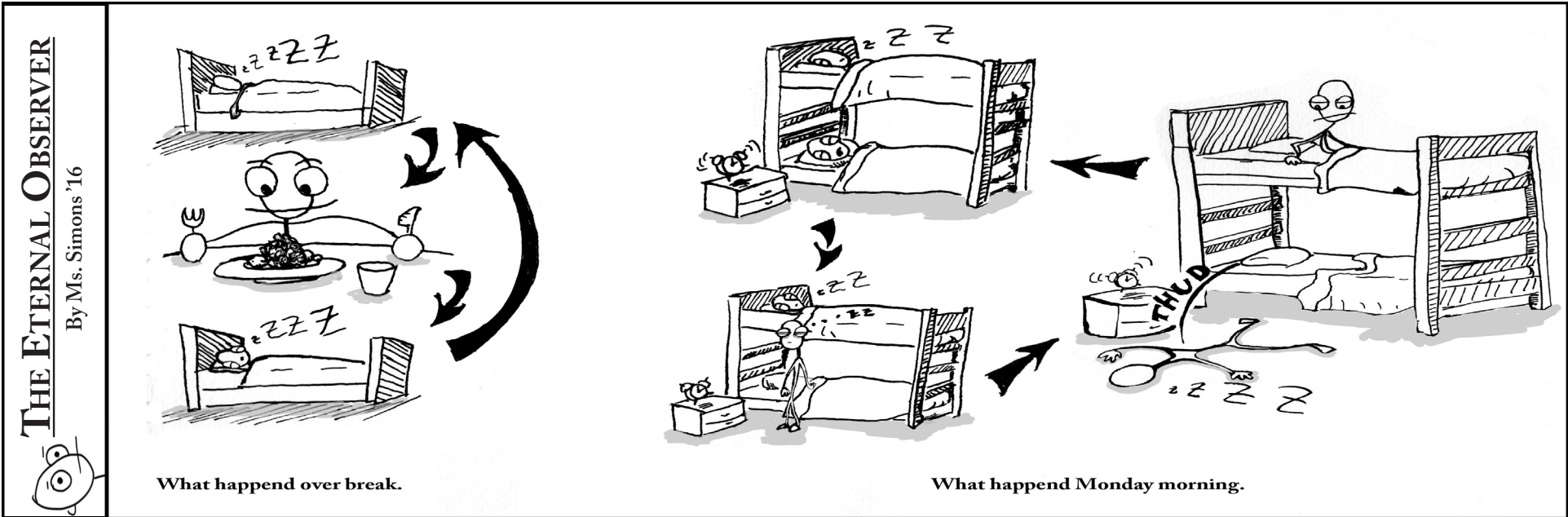
See "But I really like how you give me free alcohol. #Hamilton Compliment?" pg. number

THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF KIRKLAND COLLEGE



"ASS, TITTIES. Ass and Titties, ass, ass, titties, titties, ass and there's a difference between empowerment and liberation."

YULE BALL FORECAST	5 DAYS LEFT	1 DAY LEFT	NIGHT OF
	Yule Fall	Yule Call	Yule Bawl
	 High probability you'll fall in love with a beautiful wizard.	 "Sorry, but I'd rather kiss Kreachers than go with you."	 30% chance Bertie Botts doesn't have a flavor for despair.



Real Talk
Continued from “Campus Tragedy”

tive thing, seriously what the fuck. Heroin? Where the hell do you get heroin? I’m sorry, 1996 called and wants its terrible decisions back. Honestly, point me to one good thing that ever happened because of heroin. You know why you never hear of anyone doing heroin? BECAUSE IT’S FUCKING HEROIN. Jesus Christ. Booze and crying randomly while sitting alone in the dark is how we deal with pressure and self-loathing here—maybe you thought you were at NYU. Moral of the story: Don’t do heroin, but no matter what anyone does, Hamilton will have your back because being a Continental is for life. We’re all flawed beings trying to figure out our way in the world, stumbling forward over mountains of work towards a promise of happiness soon. Godspeed, and get off my lawn.”

IN DEFENSE OF WINTER: A MANIFESTO (OF SORTS)

By Mr.Gwilliam ’15

Winter is by far the best season. None of the sweating of summer, nor the fallen leaves of autumn, nor the terrible, horrible green in spring. Fuck green. We proclaim Winter to be the Pimpin’est of All Seasons for the following reasons:

Snowball fights. They are the best things since actual war. Have you ever nailed someone with a snowball, right in the chest? Man, so satisfying. Makes you feel like king of the world. Or queen, if that’s what you’re into. Winter doesn’t give a fuck. Anyone who doesn’t like snowball fights sucks. This one time, I had a honey who didn’t like snowballs fights, so I ditched her for an Ice Queen. She doesn’t mind snowballs to the face (and some other balls, amirite?)



“During my time on the Hill, I’ve acquired a very particular set of skills.”

Sledding. The most awesome, least active sport. Just sit and PWN the slopes. Oh you hit a huge jump and wiped out? NBD, you’ve landed safely in a big old pile of snow, like a BOSS. Try and tell me there is a more fun activity in the world. You’re lying. There isn’t. Just stop.

Cocoa by the fire. Who doesn’t love snuggling up with a good book (more like honey, amirite?), a steaming cup of hot cocoa (with a nice marshmallow or forty) by the crackling warmth of the fire? You know you love it.

Snow days. When was the last time you had a leaf day? Or a dandelion day? Never, because they don’t have the sheer power and awesomeness of Winter Snow. Snow day means snowball fights AND sledding AND cocoa by the fire, all on top of no school. The gods themselves deem it necessary to break from school, so they bring an almighty powerful storm to your school’s doorstep. Snow so hard.

Cold weather = refrigerator. How many times do you find yourself in this situation: You’re outside, with a beer, and you’re about to crack it open when you realize that it’s warmer than your armpit after a 5k. Well, in Winter, you’ve got you’re very own free fridge. Just drop that puppy in the fluffy snow and you’re golden, baby. Ice cold in only, like, a few minutes!

So Winter rules, all right? Quit pussying out and just love it already.

WANTED: FRIENDS ACQUAINTANCE, TEMPORARY.

My recent respite from school has not deadened the terrible pain of loneliness that has only been aggravated by the arrival of that wanker, winter. My so-called friends, the whole lot of whom, I realized over mashed potatoes and sadness, are a gobble of friend-abandoning jive turkeys, will soon flee for warmer climates, leaving me only with a steadily more debilitating case of seasonal affective disorder and a crippling, fulfilled addiction to alcohol. Where I, in my infinite naivety, thought at first their absence would be a great opportunity to meet fantastically over-eager first years, I’ve found instead only the back of several hands and the bottom of many bottles.

So, faced with my own severe, mortal fallibility, I’m abandoning any vestige of self-respect. If you’d like firsthand experience in counseling a psychological trainwreck and easy assurance of unlimited cheap liquor and adolescent whining, please find a way to contact me. I think I may also suffer from bipolar disorder, so at least you’ll get the manic periods too? In addition, I would be willing to pay a premium to anyone willing to cuddle and listen to me moan over how I fucked it up with ‘the one.’ I think I’m right in the fucking middle of the Kinsey scale, so I really don’t



care who you are.

I suppose there are a few requirements I should mention, just to avoid potential embarrassment. First: my musical tastes are beautifully unique, so you’ll damn well need to tolerate Neutral Milk Hotel in absurd proportion to what would be expected from the group’s commercial success. Also, I like Fall Out Boy. In addition, I leave

the seat up. No debates on that one. One final thing—it’d be kinda neat if every once in a while, you could just, um, hug me. Not in a weird way. Just in a ‘hey, you look like you could use a hug’ kinda way. I’d smile.

On the bright side, those abroad should be returning to our miserable, squalid lives in January, so this position is exceedingly ephemeral. Look at the positives?

God, I’m a piece of shit.

Interested parties contact Mr. Olsson ’14 at solsson.

STUDENT ASSEMBLY LIVETWEETS PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES

- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
8:24: Proposal to eliminate Student Assembly. @SA_President appoints self deity-emperor. #praisehim #ordie
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
8:37: Step 4.2 of “SA President Iron Fists Campus” project to begin next week. Public execution schedule to be hung in Commons (and McEwen!) #darkside #stoned
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
8:40: McEwen ice cream incident still unresolved. Perpetrator to be hung from @SassySouthDorm pending #waterboarding process.
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
8:55: Blood Drive (and consequent Black Market Blood Sale) successful! Newly implemented defense budget increased to \$10,000,000,000 #HCBloodMoney
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
9:10: Proposed: Point forgiveness (1-3) for martyrdom in the name of all powerful deity-emperor @SA_President.
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
9:30:02:01: Step 3.1 of Uranium Enrichment program 78% complete. Still waiting on @LisaMags approval. #Iran #FuckColgate
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
9:43: Proposed: Killing the nation-traitors. All of them.
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
9:52: @sabinayurko We’ll start answering your petty questions after you start pledging your allegiance to @SA_President, swine!
- Student Assembly** @HCStudentReps 26 Nov
10:00: Everyone go to #ChairMassageTuesday this week!!
- Illegally screenshot by Mr. Lanman ’15

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