

HILLARY, COME DRINK WITH US!
Condi did

SUPER CLINGY ALUMNUS
REFUSES TO LEAVE CAMPUS
Won't leave Duel staff alone

By Mr. Goebel '15
UH, I GUESS YOU COULD SLEEP ON MY FLOOR DEPT.
(MILBANK 47) Alumnus Geoffrey Ribonizzia '13 apparently had a good time on alumni weekend, and now he refuses to leave campus. "It was so great to get back to Hamilton," Ribonizzia said while enjoying a Greek yogurt he found in the refrigerator, "but, really, my favorite part has been staying in a suite with one of my old friends," who happens to be the author of this article.
"Geoffrey needs to go home," an anonymous source wrote. "He's eaten six of my Greek yogurts. He owes me \$9.34. Exactly."
Ribonizzia arrived on campus Friday afternoon and soon reconnected with his friends, among them Jason Nohbleu '14, who commented, "All he talks about is how much sex his parents have when he's at home. I feel sorry for him, but at some point you just have to man up and face your fears."

STUDENT LITERALLY PARTIES
FACE OFF
It's gross

By Mr. Herndon '17
MEDICAL EMERGENCIES DEPT.
(THAT ONE SKETCH-ASS OFF CAMPUS HOUSE WITH THE POOL FULL OF JACK DANIELS) Tripp Brody '15 passed away last Friday night at an off campus party on G-road. The body was recovered, but oddly enough, campus security officers noted that Brody was missing his whole face. Shit's wack, yo.
Officers hesitantly confirmed Brody had partied so hard his whole face flew off. "It was off the chain," Nate Pimento '16 said. "One second Tripp was shotgunning a Keystone, and the next second his whole face slid off. It was all bone and and his eyes were rolling around in his head but he kept drinking. Spooky as hell."
Brody's girlfriend, Maddison Lapelle '15, added, "I knew something was wrong with Tripp, but I couldn't put my finger on it. After his face flew off it hit me. Not literally. I realized his shot-

Ribonizzia, a former Theater major, spends the bulk of his days sleeping and masturbating in this writer's single, a fact of which this writer was unaware until today, when he walked in on Ribonizzia's vinegar strokes.
This guy needs to clear out today.
"But there's so much to do on campus," Ribonizzia said. "I can't believe how much I'm missing when I'm at home. Like this female orgasm thing. I still can't believe I'd never heard of kegels before Monday.
"It's not like I have a job or an apartment [*editor's note: or a life*] to get back to. I can either stay here and have a blast with you guys or go home and watch Leno really, really loudly."
According to those whom he's been calling "roommates" with now-alarming frequency, Ribonizzia should have thought of that before majoring in Theater. And before sitting on his fat ass all summer instead of finding a job.



gun took more than four seconds, and his chin was melting a little."
Brody remained alive for almost two minutes after the last of his skin left his face, much to the concern of those around him. Continuing to party, the faceless, skeletal monster managed to find the time to conduct a ritual sacrifice in the name of the Celtic Gods, recite text from the Necronomicon, and score two cups in beer pong before catching a glimpse of his own face in a window and instantly expiring on account of the sheer horror of looking like Skeletor.
In light of this event, Hamilton has banned students with a blood alcohol level over .37% from attending public parties or functions, in fear that they will morph into skeletal, faceless monstrosities and attempt to summon demons to possess the bodies of their fellow students. When asked for a comment, Dean Thompson was concise. "If you drink so much your face melts off and you start chanting in Latin, it's a problem. Don't do that shit on the Jitney, or I swear to god I'll have your ass."

CUTE GIRL HAS BOYFRIEND
He's really into rock climbing, Zen Buddhism, and tantric sex

By Mr. Kennedy '14
WELL, SHIT DEPT.
(FRIEND ZONE) Recent rumors were confirmed Wednesday that the cute girl living down the hall does have a boyfriend. While early reports suggested that she may have been single, or perhaps in an open relationship, they were not true. There's literally no chance, and the effort you put in was for nothing.
Initial displays of general friendliness—smiling at you at an all-campus party, and that one time she totally brushed against your arm—proved unimportant. And while the playful frown last Tuesday instilled hope that you had deftly conveyed your confidence, sense of humor, and eligibility, none of that matters now.
Moderate-to-intensive Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Foursquare, Vine, Tumblr, Directory, LinkedIn, and Google StreetView stalking suggest her loving boyfriend of three years is a sophomore who created his own major at Amherst. He reportedly free climbs mountains, excels in photography, meditates twice-daily, and will make more money than you will. He regularly practices mixed martial arts through an early '90s hip-hop lens and brings his girlfriend to stunning climax an average of 3.4 times per sexual encounter.

"Man, that sucks," Jim Benning '16 stated upon hearing the aforementioned news.
"Yeah, that really sucks," roommate Greg Tomlinson '16 echoed.
Her roommate, Sara Engles '16, stated she had been aware of the boyfriend since their first day living together. Engles recalled hearing frequent giggles, an accidental laugh-induced snort, and sudden silence accompanied by rapid typing during her roommate's Skype session Thursday night. She also mentioned seeing warm, dimple-revealing smiles and occasional focused lower lip-biting. Engles did not comment on the boyfriend's penis size, but it's confirmed to be larger than yours.
In unrelated news, late night Diner milkshake sales have increased while gym attendance has slumped off noticeably. Senior Analyst Ryan Andrews '15 cited "why even bother anymore?" and muffled crying as leading explanations. "The world lost a good one today," Andrews said.
As of press time, boyfriend Clark Wesley was planning a surprise visit which will ruin your weekend and any confidence you had managed to recover.



"And today was a good day."

70's PARTY FORECAST	10 PM	12 AM	2 AM
	Get ready	To	Boogy!
	Low probability that afro is gonna pick itself.	"You jive-turkey hepcats sure know how to cut a rug!"	40% chance your professor breaks out leisure suit and joins in.

In this issue: a lot of feels

BUT SERIOUSLY, WHO THE FUCK EATS
PINK AND ORANGE ICE CREAM?

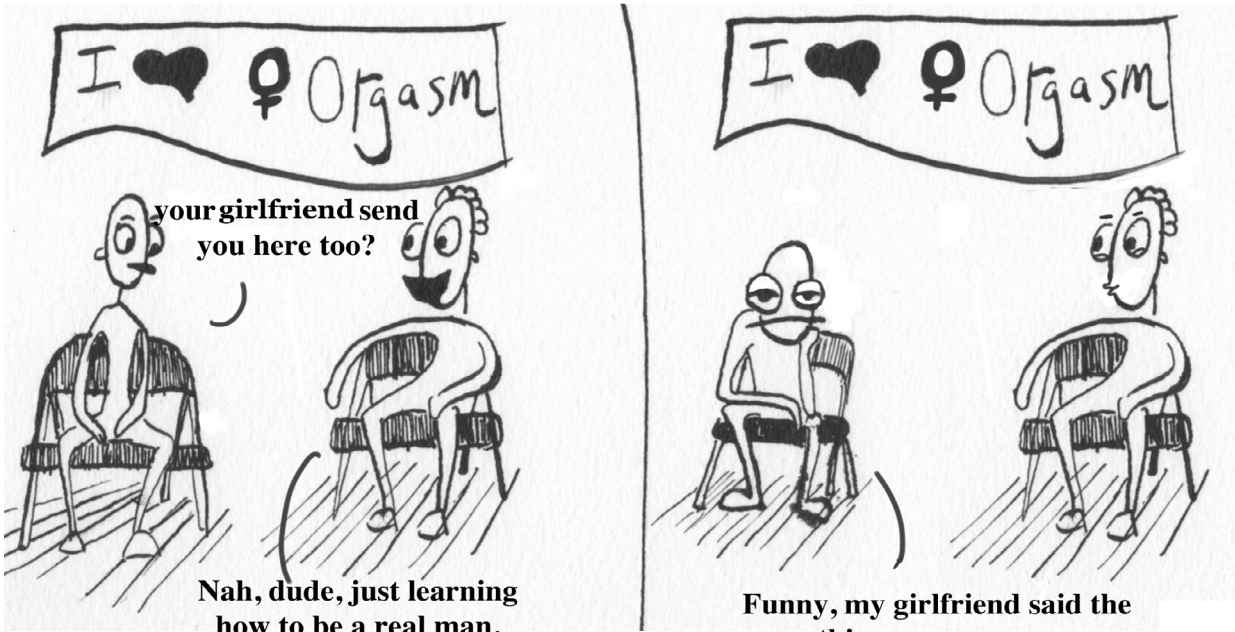


See "Go home Commons, you're drunk," pg. 38.

COME TO HAND-HOLDING CLUB!



Meetings in KJ 101 at 8:10pm on Sundays.
It's not a front for handjobs!



BILL CLINTON’S HAMILTON ODYSSEY

Chronicled by Mr. Schnacky '14

After hearing that his wife was to speak at Hamilton College and reading about the Clinton takeover in the Wall Street Journal, Bill decides to see a typical Hamilton day.

8:00 AM: Al Gore decides to accompany Clinton at the last second to revolutionize environmentalism. Gore was last seen leading an armed militia around to prevent the spread of hydrofracking.

11:00 AM: Clinton walks over to the Babbitt Pavilion with people he describes as “radical dudes that are looking to blaze up number 42” and shows them just how well he can actually inhale.

11:10 AM: Bill begins a streak.

11:12 AM: Bill ends his streak bathing in the KJ water feature and talks about going whitewater rafting.

12:04 PM: Bill stumbles into a girls’ volleyball practice and watches from the bleachers.

2:03 PM: Somehow finds himself in a fight with Hamilton’s oldest trustee, Thomas Boolean ’45. Boolean now needs his third hip-replacement surgery.

4:00 PM: Bill now begins a water gun fight against the Hamil-

OPEN LETTER TO THE ATHLETE ON MY HALL

Please put a shirt on

Dear [Name Redacted],

It’s come to my attention that you have been going to and from the shower in only a towel. You know how I know this? Because when I look out my door, it’s like I’m watching an ad for Abercrombie and Fitch where you are the spokesman dripping in slow motion.

I know you’re confident with your body—and why shouldn’t you be? You bear more than a passing resemblance to the Norse God of Thunder when you flex. However, it’s getting out of hand. For example, last week you even decided to storm the hall completely nude. I got the full Michael-Fassbender-in-*Shame* view, just so you know. To put it in fruit terms, I saw your low-hanging cherries and I’m uncomfortable with that.

Which leads me to this—you’re making those who don’t work out feel insecure, inadequate even. Take me, for instance. I have all the

ton College Republican Club that ends with Bill and its president Walter Jamesberry ’14 participating in a duel. Duel shuts down halfway through.

4:33 PM: Bill takes a break from smoking meth to masturbate with sandpaper under the bridge.

7:00 PM: Organizes his own discussion of the male orgasm. No words are spoken. Bill just plays saxophone.

8:00 PM: Bill tries to argue his way into seeing Hillary after realizing he doesn’t have a ticket.

8:10 PM: After being denied entrance into Hillary’s speech, Bill steals a golf cart and begins to enjoy Bundy.

11:57 PM: Bill grinds up several freshmen girls and organizes an orgy. Clinton impregnates three freshmen girls and describes the orgy as “an adequate orgy, but I’ve seen better.”

1:20 AM: Bill takes the wheel of a Jitney and crashes into the gazebo downtown.

1:23 AM: The 42nd President of the United States throws rocks at Joanie’s window in an attempt to profess his love to her. Shocked to find Hillary come to the window.

3:00 AM: Hillary picks up Bill from the McDonalds’ parking lot. He has walked through the drive through 23 times trying to get food, but has been denied each time.

muscle definition of a Muppet character. Bro, the only time I would ever “lift” is if a dumbbell fell on me. And that’s not a euphemism. However, at least I wear clothes. You on the other hand—Vladimir Putin has his shirt on more often than you do. Yes, you have great abs. I know you need those for lacrosse/rugby/baseball/ultimate frisbee.

I respect the fact that you spend so much time trying to look like chiseled marble. That shows dedication. Just please try to be a little more discreet when your manly form sweeps down the hallway. You don’t need the soundtrack to *Chariots of Fire* playing whenever you take a step—though it is a nice touch. Hell, I swoon when I see you. So, for the love of god, even the playing field for us mortals a bit. Wear a fucking shirt.

Sincerely,
Your Hall Mate, Chuck N.

Found laminated in the shower by Mr. Burns ’17

BINGO!				
PLACES YOU’VE SEEN FRESHMEN CRYING				
In List practice room, playing tiny, sad violin	Health center waiting room	In the pool, beginners’ swim class	Under the Steuben Field goal-posts	WHCL studio, on-air
Hiding in corner at Opus, over muffin	Cocooned in Glen House hammock	Swanky Bristol hotel room	KJ team room	The Spec office
McEwen salad bar	Among pre-schoolers	FREE SPACE	Lying on the map	Babbitt stairwell
Mid-baptism in the KJ water feature	The Annex	Acoustic coffee-house	At foot of Skendooda’s grave	Diner B, hunched over the jukebox
Community farm, crouching amongst the beets	During Career Center appointment	Weeping beneath willow outside Pub	Under the bridge	My bedroom

- IT’S TIME TO PLAY...
- BRITISH CUISINE OR VENEREAL DISEASE?
- a. Toad in the hole
 - b. Bugs in the rug
 - c. Winchester Goose
 - d. Spotted dick
 - e. Bubble and squeak
 - f. Blue waffle
 - g. Bangers and mash
 - h. Cumberland sausage
 - i. Chlam sauce
 - j. Brothel sprouts
 - k. Victoria sponge
 - l. Syllabub
 - m. Black pudding
 - n. Eton mess
 - o. Picalilli
 - p. French pox

By Ms. Rice ’15

British cuisine: a, d, e, g, h, k, l, m, n, o
Venereal disease: b, c, f, i, j, p



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BRIAN PATRICK BURNS
JAMES JACKSON HERNDON
STEPHEN FAIN RIOPELLE
ISLA CLARE NG
MARY SUZANNE RICE
ALISON NICOLE RITACCO

Copy Editors
KIM WANG
CESAR ATZIN RENERO

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