

THE DUEL STAFF PUT TOGETHER AN ISSUE
What happened next made my jaw drop!!

SENIOR GIVES UP JOB SEARCH
TO SELL ORGANS

Career Center still pushing for consulting

By Ms. Chappell '15

APPENDECTOMY DEPT.

(SAGE RINK) While the majority of Hamilton’s graduating class fights for the opportunity to work as human doormats at Goldman Sachs, Josh Snotes ’15 has decided to forgo typical career-related endeavors.

“I was halfway through an interview for a public relations firm when it hit me,” Snotes explained, re-adjusting his IV. “Why should I sell my soul to corporate American when I could sell my spleen with much less hassle?”

“I started off small,” Snotes confided. “Just blood and semen. But my 5-liter assorted fluids sampler sold on Craigslist within minutes, so I figured it was time to step it up a notch.”

Since his initial foray into the human meat market, this enterprising student has sold fourteen teeth, eight fingernails, his left lung, and one-and-a-half kidneys. When his mini-fridge could no longer hold both his alcohol and his organs, Snotes took to

storing the specimens in a corner of Sage Rink.

“The ice is great for keeping them crisp and fresh,” Snotes reported, gazing fondly at an oozing chunk of his liver. “It’s really not as bad as you think. Did you know that testicles can regenerate?”

The Career Center remains baffled by Snotes’ chosen profession.

“We encourage our seniors to make use of Hamilton’s alumni network, but none of our past students are currently involved in ‘plasma, feces, and femur sales,’” career advisor Janet Sanger said, shrugging. “I suggested that Josh look into a career in goat castrating or mortician training, but he just waved the bloody stump of his left arm at me and limped away.”

Several overeager juniors have since attempted to follow Snotes’ lead. Seeing an opportunity to boost their LinkedIn profiles, Harry Hopper ’16 and Jonas Pinker ’16 watched *127 Hours* and then sawed off each other’s right leg.

“So...can I get endorsed for this?” Hopper asked, clutching his friend to stay upright.

Health Center staff have voiced concerns about Snotes’ scheme and are offering him seventeen flu shots free of charge.

NANCY THOMPSON’S E-MAILS
SOLVE ALL THE WORLD’S
PROBLEMS

She even found that sock you lost last week

By Mr. Burns '17

PEACE ON EARTH DEPT.

(THE DRUG DEN WHERE JOHN LENNON WROTE “IMAGINE”) On the heels of her e-mail to the Hamilton community pleading for civil discourse over the grand jury decision not to indict Darren Wilson, Dean of Students Nancy Thompson has gained confidence in her ability to diffuse any conflict anywhere.

“I did what the government couldn’t— I solved the problem. I did that,” said Thompson. “There’s not a conflict in the world that can’t be solved with the eloquent phrasing of your grandmother writing a letter to the president.”

Thompson’s messages of hope have cured all problems at Hamilton. That’s right. ALL of them. Students such as Kip Winters ’18 concur.

“I’ll admit, I was about to post anonymously online in anger. But when I saw Nancy Thompson’s e-mail to the Hamilton community, it caused me to step back and

calm my emotions,” Winters said. “Thanks, Nancy!”

Thompson believes her power to bring people together is not only inspiring, but historic. “Optimally, people should read my e-mails as if they’re hearing Aragorn’s speech at the end of *Lord of the Rings*,” she said. “Or that guy Braveheart at the end of *Braveheart*. What I’m saying is, I’m a goddamn Messiah.”

Thompson has now set her sights on ending all wars. She is already drafting an e-mail that she hopes will end the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. After that, she plans to end the interplanetary war between the peaceful people of the forest world Smorflog and the bloodthirsty ravagers of the ice planet Zardon, which has raged for millennia in the Qualan galaxy.

For the miracles she performs with her Gmail account, Thompson has taken private meetings with figures such as the Dalai Lama, the Pope, and the Bono, and is on the shortlist for the Nobel Peace Prize and the Qualan Ceremonial Robe of Honor, which is really just the shedded skin of a Smorflogian being.

“I’m just lucky that everyone reads my e-mails,” Dean Thompson said. “Right?”

STUDENT WATCHES A
TOTAL OF 47 MOVIES OVER
THANKSGIVING BREAK

Receives degree in Film Studies

By Ms. Suder '18

PROCRASTINATION DEPT.

(A DARKENED ROOM) Caleb Burton ’16 became the envy of his peers when he went into Thanksgiving break on the brink of dropping out of college and returned to campus a week later with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Film Studies and Cinematography, even more notable since Hamilton does not offer this major.

“By Monday night, when my grandparents and twelve cousins were on their 89th round of Candyland, I just couldn’t take it anymore. I had to find something else to do,” Burton recounted. “I shuffled through my uncle’s DVD collection, locked myself in my room, and didn’t come out until Thanksgiving dinner.”

After Burton realized that he could get some kind of academic recognition for his pastime, he applied for an independent study. His application was instantly approved, probably because the Registrar was later found to be drunk on spiked eggnog at the time. “I’m all for encouraging students to branch out in their studies,” the Registrar slurred.

“I started my film studies with *Citizen Kane* and *The Artist*, both masterpieces of cinematography, and followed them up with *Home Alone II*, which was a lot more fun to watch.” According to the syllabus that Burton wrote himself, all the films studied were “historically acclaimed masterpieces.”

“I walked in on him watching *Never Say Never* while wrapped in a teddy bear-printed bedsheet,” his cousin admitted. “I think I saw a *Teletubbies* DVD on his desk.”

“I had a lot of time to kill while my family was doing things like holding their annual seance downstairs,” Burton said, “so I basically just finished my entire degree in one week. For my thesis, I filmed a dramatic action scene of my brother’s LEGO spaceships as a critique of the failure of the Space Age in the minds of the baby boomers to the tune of ‘Careless Whisper.’ Not to brag, but my professors cried when they saw it.”

After receiving his degree cum laude, Burton still had a few hours to kill on Saturday night, so he shaved his dog.

In this issue: ECON 324 Study Guide

STUDENT GETS ON
THANKSGIVING HIGH HORSE



See “Can’t get down,” pg. 11/27

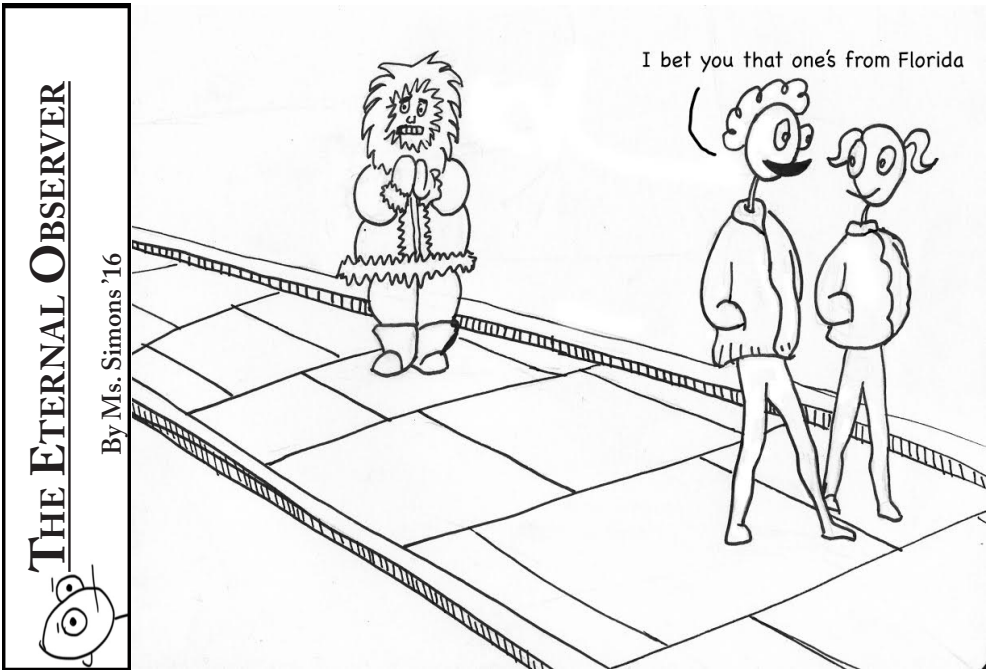
YODAPEZ TACO BELL SHOW



Doors 9:00, Show 10:00, Barn, Friday

Collin didn’t want us to do this.

SOPH. FORMAL FORECAST	6:30 P.M.	8:30 P.M.	11:00 P.M.
	Population: 4	Population: 28	Population: 3
	High probability you're pretty psyched about Chipotle.	0% chance you should use photobooth for LinkedIn.	"No fucking beer?"



PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS THANKSGIVING

Welcome back to campus, plebians. Everyone seems well-rested after break. I do hope you all return to your normal, sleep-deprived, caffeine-infused state with ease. I, the ever most intelligent Phineas P. Wurterbottom, have returned to provide my insights on the atrocity that you all refer to as Thanksgiving.

I was conversing with my colleague the other day over some expensive biscotti when he asked for my thoughts on your tradition. From my understanding, on the day of Thanksgiving, Americans give thanks for a successful growing season. They celebrate with food, football, and beer, all while tolerating their family members. If you could not infer from my heavy Oxonian accent, I am British, and thus I am not used to such frivolity.

Thanksgiving is certainly absurd. A holiday constructed around the simple idea of giving thanks? Americans have delegated their gratefulness for prosperity as only necessary on a specific day of the year. It is quite embarrassing. It appears there is no need for you all to be thankful the other 364 days. I knew there was an epidemic of laziness among some of you, but not to this extent.

However, I must express my admiration for the persistent youth who are realizing the horrible history behind this holiday and actively taking a stance against its celebration. Good for you all. You should all turn this celebration into a normal Thursday evening where families gather to share a nice meal.

I must also add that I despise turkey—both as an animal and as a food choice. They appear to me to be very dull. Despite this, I do enjoy mashed potatoes from time to time, provided they are mashed by a French maiden under the full moon, and served to me with a tall glass of Richebourg Grand Cru.

Phineas P. Wurterbottom III has a master's degree in Cultural Anthropology, which he managed to obtain by intruding in on other people's business with his opinions. He wrote this piece after eating a turkey for the first time. He will write again for The Duel when they're desperate enough.

Edited by Mr. Hossain '18



FRIDAY FIVE: TOP 5 PLACES TO STUDY ABROAD, PROS AND CONS

By Mr. Riopelle '17

5. Las Vegas

Pro: For Economics majors, this provides an excellent opportunity to do some in depth study of game theory. For non-majors, it's an excellent opportunity to learn. Either way, with a bit of help from Lady Luck, this program will pay for itself.

Con: Besides inevitably losing all your funding to booze and slots, the "family" you'll be staying with is actually the Family, which could get a bit dicey.

4. Antarctica

Pro: Saying you're going to Antarctica. I mean, come on, who would be able to beat this? While everyone else is going to boring places like Scotland and China, you'll be chilling with the penguins.

Con: Actually going to Antarctica. You picked the only place on earth where your hot pink North Face won't cut it. Good job. Also, the penguins. Turns out their version of "chilling" is standing around and slowly freezing to death all day.

3. Mauritania

Pro: Never heard of it? Then you can bet no one else has, either. Enjoy the smug feeling of being superiorly cultured when you ask your friends, "You've never heard of Mauritania? Where have you been, Kiribati?"

Con: The country may or may not have a few quirks in the "basic human rights" department. You know, stuff like government-backed torture, widespread slavery, and way too spicy food. But hey, nowhere's perfect, right?

2. Atlantis

Pro: Legendary underwater city of awesome. You'll get to spend the time you should be using to study swimming with dolphins, hooking up with mermaids, and playing cards with actual sharks. It's basically SeaWorld, but way cooler, actually in the middle of the sea, and the whales aren't slowly going mad. Shamu, eat your heart out.

Con: Getting Hamilton to approve your study program might be tricky, considering it's not technically a real place. Besides, there's some scary stuff down there. You ever seen a gulper eel? Those things look like they might actually eat Shamu's heart out.

1. Welch House Bed and Breakfast, Clinton NY

Pro: Literally 5 minutes away, so you can see your friends or escape them at will. Plus, the nearby college you'll be studying at is supposed to be really good. It's got this whole open curriculum deal, which sounds neat.

Con: The proprietor won't be too happy when your friends' Bundy party becomes a crawl and ends up on her doorstep. That, and Hamilton won't accept your abroad credits.

PROS AND CONS OF REPLACING WEEKEND ALCOHOL CONSUMPTION WITH MARIJUANA HABIT

A poll by Tyler Normans '18

Over break, I met up with my old high-school friends for a good, old-fashioned night of getting plastered, just like we used to do. However, after recovering from the subsequent hangover, removing the tattoo of my girlfriend's face from my ass, and trying to explain to my dad that spray-painting "b00bi3z" on his car really did seem like a good idea at the time, I found myself examining my life choices. Until now, I've spent my weekends dancing drunkenly to Ke\$h at Annex parties, and though this lifestyle has served me well (nothing like getting plastered and accidentally hitting on the event staff, am I right?), I couldn't help but wonder if maybe it was time to give up the booze and instead try my hand with marijuana instead.

So, I'm putting the choice to my peers: Should I keep drinking my weekends away, or should I find myself a dealer and start smoking?

Booze:

- + It's really easy to get for free on campus,
- ...but all you can get for free is Keystone light.
- + Drunk me is good at getting chicks!
- ...at least, until the next morning when I wake up and realize I actually spent all last night making out with a mop someone drew a face on with a Sharpie.
- + I finally got good at shotgunning beers! I'd hate to waste those three months of practice.
- I think all that practice might have seriously screwed with my internal organs—my piss is kinda purplish now, and it sort of bubbles.

Pot:

- + Rarely involves vomiting, EMTs, or vomiting on EMTs.
- Will use all of my bonuses after one night at diner B, and my roommate said he'd choke me with a Doritos bag if he ever found me eating his food again.
- + It'll be nice to finally get a chance to spend more time in the Glen. It's so pretty this time of year.
- According to the PSAs, pot is a gateway drug to cocaine and meth and eating people's faces and shit.
- + Will lose hours contemplating life, the universe, and, like, everything, man....
- You can never get the smell of cheap weed out of your clothes. It's why my brother spent the last two years stuffing air-fresheners down his pants every day.

So, should I stick with Svedka and Keystone? Or should I buy myself a lighter and finally test out the Wiki-How instructions for making an apple bong? Send your votes to duel@hamilton.edu!

Edited by Ms. LaSon '17

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