

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 24, 2015

CONGRATULATIONS, HANNAH!

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, but you squandered your greatness on us. Thanks (?)

SOPHOMORE WITH STAFF BLOCKS OFF MARTIN’S WAY

Won’t let anyone pass until they answer his riddles three

By Ms. Chappell ’15
SHOULD’VE BEEN A THEATER MAJOR DEPT. (MIDDLE EARTH) Hamilton experienced a ruckus this past Monday morning when the school’s over-fed, under-rested students found their usual route to class blocked by one of their own.

Steve Grawp ’17, finding himself in possession of a cape and a very big stick, had taken it upon himself to block off Martin’s Way, hissing at anyone who dared to edge past him.

“I complimented his cloak, but he just growled and demanded that I answer his riddles or face the wrath of the Sphinx,” Jerry Parkinson ’18 said. “When I tried to dodge by, he shrieked and bit off three of my fingers,” Parkinson



Public Enemy #1

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, readjusting 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.

continued, holding up the bleeding stumps. Grawp was later found crouched under the bridge, growling at passersby and weaving tufts of human hair into the fringe on his cloak.

“I was filling out job applications the other day when it hit me,” Grawp explained, absentmindedly stroking his staff. “Why should I waste time trying to become a financial analyst when I have all the necessary skills to be a toll troll?”

College officials are perplexed by the sophomore’s behavior, but after several campus safety officers suffered concussions for failing to produce the correct answer to Grawp’s puzzles, the school opted to let him continue.

“We’ve suggested that Steve move to the Root Glen, but he’s refusing to consider the offer until we present it to him on a parchment scroll,” college official Michelle Brian reported. “Of course, we’re nothing but proud of our students’ diverse interests, but this is weirder than collecting taxidermy wart-hogs.”

Grawp was last seen lurking in the shadows outside of Commons, lobbing handfuls of vegetable cream cheese at passing students and humming the *Game of Thrones* theme song.

“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.

TIGER AT JUNGLE JUICE TURNS OUT TO NOT BE SUCH A GOOD IDEA

Amputees Club in the process of being formed

By Ms. Chappell ’15
PHANTOM LIMB DEPT. (UTICA EMERGENCY ROOM) Inspired by Life of Pi and the ever-popular Paws and Relax, Hamilton exchanged this year’s Great Names speaker for a three-year-old Bengali Tiger named Harris, who stole the spotlight at Jungle Juice last Saturday.

“I really miss my cat, Snickers, so I jumped at the chance to spend some time with a kitty,” sighed Amy Dumasse ’14. “But then we thought, why not make it all the more realistic? Let’s get a tiger! Plus, pet therapy is really helpful for reducing stress,” Dumasse continued, waving the bloody stump of her left arm enthusiastically.

Students were thrilled about this addition to the evening’s festivities and eagerly crowded around the animal, congratulating themselves for finally understanding what it’s like to live in the Amazon.

Unfortunately, things took a turn for the violent when Harris discovered that thirty blackout freshmen are essentially indistinguishable from a herd of brain-damaged antelope.

“He hasn’t had this much fun since we took him on a field trip to the Root preschool,” the tiger’s handler reported while Harris happily gnawed on a sophomore’s corpse in the background.

The Health Center staff were shocked to find a line of bleeding, semiconscious students outside their doors on Monday morning. Never ones to freeze in a crisis, the nurses persevered in handing out condoms and cough drops to every maimed and limbless individual who stumbled across the doorstep.

Hamilton’s administration is valiantly trying to make the best of the situation.

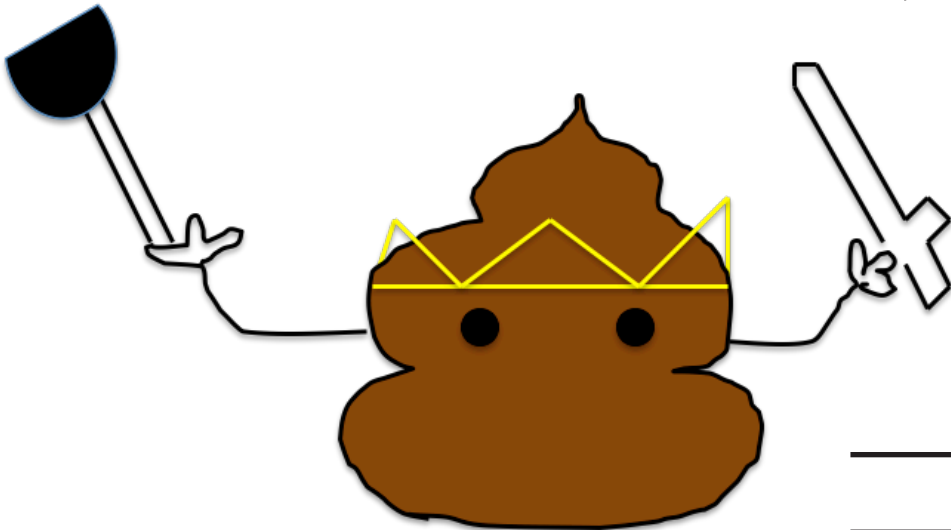
“Of course it’s a bit of downer to begin the week with multiple student deaths, but we’re very excited to announce that the class of 2017 will be able to enjoy the newly established Bundy Large Cat Sanctuary!” admissions officer Tabitha Gray said.

When asked if students will be expected to live in Bundy alongside Harris the Tiger, Res Life responded with a strong affirmative.

“We’re thinking this can be the sophomore equivalent of the new Freshmen Experience program,” Housing Coordinator Ms. Tina Lyon explained.

“Freshmen will have the privilege of living in Carnegie, and sophomores will get to live in constant fear of permanent mutilation. Plus, it will teach valuable life skills, like to keep one’s door locked at all times and to never make noise after sundown.”

GAME OF CROHN’S



In this issue: Some good shit

Fuck You, You Prick

Upperclassmen Being a Total Skeeze at Bundy Parties

To the future playground pedophile hovering in the background of every Bundy party since the dawn of time, Yes, you. WE CAN SEE YOU.

Just because you’re wearing a camo onesie and lurking in the shadows doesn’t mean you’re invisible. And we can certainly feel your unpleasantly sweaty hands as you try to molest every freshman girl who stumbles by.

There we were, chockablock full of untouched youth, eagerly anticipating the opportunity to rage in a whole new level of filth, only to have this momentous experience ruined by a hooded figure with the receding hairline of an overly-touchy uncle.

How is it that after three years of being met with outraged shrieks and slaps in the face that you still think reaching out and grabbing the closest thing with a pulse is the best way to navigate the cesspool of Bundy?

Conversational skills may seem passé, but don’t un-

FRIDAY FIVE: WHAT THOSE EXTRA \$0.25 FOR LAUNDRY ARE PAYING FOR

By Ms. Chappell ’15

- 5. Sandwich baskets in Commons: The essential ingredient of a ‘Croque Monsieur’ is carcinogen-filled plastic. Seriously, that’s how the French do it.
- 4. HillFresh: Business is struggling as more and more parents decide it’s finally time their little darlings took some responsibility. Don’t worry: the daily maid service isn’t going anywhere. That would be inhumane.
- 3. New Fitness Center Equipment: Consider this a not-sosubtle hint to lay off the 1:30 AM cookies once and for all. It shows. You’re welcome.
- 2. New Campus Safety Uniforms: Studded pleather vests with rhinestone monogramming are a must when you spend your days flipping off squirrels.
- 1. Life size statue of Nancy Thompson made out of quarters: Because nothing says ‘thank you for the emails’ like shitty art.

derestimate the power of a well-articulated grunt of greeting. Throw in two seconds of eye contact, and congratulations! You just had a social interaction that won’t earn you a spot on the sex offender registry! Creeping in the corner while keeping tabs on the drunkest girls in your vicinity, on the other hand, won’t win you any favors besides a free ride in a CampPo car.

We, Hamilton’s newest members, ask that you please, please take a look through Emily Post’s Etiquette. It’s pretty weighty, but a quick glance through it could do you wonders. Ever wanted to know how to set a table? Now’s your chance to learn, and hey, maybe you’ll figure out how to not come across as a sexually frustrated Death Eater, too.

Sincerely,

The Class of 2016 (all of it.)

Edited by Ms. Chappell ’15

EVENT SCHEDULE: THETA IOTA THETA WEEKLY PLEDGING ACTIVITIES

Welcome TIT pledges! Get ready for your first week of bonding and fun! (Please note that all events are mandatory. Disobedience may result in tar-and-feathering and/or disembowelment.)

Monday—The Nutter Butter Challenge: Eat ten jars of peanut butter in under ten minutes. Protein is good for you, betches. No water, milk, or spoons allowed.

Tuesday—Weigh In: The fat-test among you will be eaten by the other pledges, Lord of the Flies style. Aggression is essential.

Wednesday—Edible Art: You must carry deli meat on your person at all times. Be prepared to make origami animals at a moment’s notice. Bonus points for originality. That means no ham pigs. Try to be creative, people!

Thursday—Cyclops Sympathy Day: Charity is very important to the sisters of TIT, so to raise awareness for the trials of Cyclops everywhere, you will spend the day with your left eye closed. We will know if you cheat and we will not be pleased.

Friday—Nothing’s Too Precious to Share: Swap kidneys with the other pledges. Sisters for life!!! <333

Saturday—REWARD! Congratulations! You made it through your first week of pledging! Since you’ve all been such good little, we’ve got a special treat: you get to watch all eight Harry Potter movies consecutively on rewind! Who doesn’t love seeing Dumbledore come back to life? (And that hug between Draco and Voldemort is just as awkward in reverse.) Wednesday’s deli meat origami will be served.

Edited by Ms. Chappell ’15



THE DUEL OBSERVER

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