

I WILL BE YOUR VALENTINE
Duel Observer: Voice of no one : \

STUDENT PRESUMED ABROAD
EMERGES FROM GLEN

Claims he befriended Big Foot

By Ms. Reading '16

LIFE-CHANGING EXPERIENCES DEPT.

(FIRE PIT BEHIND MINOR) The Hamilton administration is facing criticism after the reappearance of a student who no one realized was missing. Although campus EMTs declined to comment after an initial consultation, the Campus Safety officer present remarked, “When I first showed up I thought the kid was just crazy, but it turns out he actually did spend the last three weeks lost in the Glen.”

Evidently, Kevin Kraker '16 began his semester with Adventure Writing, a favorite amongst the more creative students. Professor Gary Paulsen decided to start class with a foraging trip in the Glen. Kraker's day took a turn for the worse while he was attempting to wrestle an acorn from a squirrel. Never known for his strength, said squirrel easily bested him, leaving him unconscious at the bottom of a ravine.

SHITTY CUPID RUINS
VALENTINE'S DAY

I would actually prefer being lonely, say students

By Mr. Burns '17

EAT YOUR HEART OUT (LITERALLY, BECAUSE YOU'RE A ZOMBIE) DEPT.

(IN THE BUTT) In what can only be described as acts of pure cupidity, the God of Love arrived at Hamilton on Valentine's Day weekend with the intention of bringing romance to campus, only to leave a path of destruction in his wake. Armed with a full quiver of arrows and an *American Sniper*-like ability to aim riiiiigght between the ass cheeks, the diapered loose cannon was responsible for some questionable pairings. The student body quickly descended into anarchy over Cupid's matchmaking, as people who would never have hooked up in a million years totes ended up fucking.

“Yeah, I admit I may have shot my load on the wrong people, which sounds dirty but whatever,” Cupid said. “Cats and dogs are living together, literally, *because of me*. This is better than that time I invented Tinder to give myself time off.”

“Worst. Cupid. Ever,” Katie Kennedy '17, who witnessed to Cupid's irresponsible archery the night of the 14th, said. “My friend Jessica made out with Tucker Thompson. She never would have done that normally – they're totally incompatible. I mean, he's a hockey player and she's an aloof dark-sider who wears black all the time and eats at Opus. There's no other explanation than that this Cupid is just bad at his job.”

When asked how a student could go so long without their disappearance being noted, Dean Nancy Thompson, looking rather pink in the face, mumbled something about kids being automatically dropped from a course if they fail to show up on day one.

“Friends” of Kraker gave a jumbled mix of countries where they were sure he was studying. “I think he got accepted into a Denmark program,” John Parker '16 said. “Or was it Yugoslavia?”

Kraker seems to be none the worse for his ordeal, although his eyes never stopped darting around the room during the interview, and he spent most of the time crouched on all fours ready to flee.

“It got a little chilly at times, but I tried to focus on the positive. I think the squirrels have finally accepted me as one of their own, and my face finally realized its ability to grow a thick and luscious beard. My father will be so proud of me.”

Kraker's English teacher says he is still expected to hand in the ten-page paper covering the last month's worth of reading by 9 a.m. Monday.

“Everyone knows I would never cheat on my girlfriend Paige, who I've been together with since we were both six years old,” James Perkins '18 said, stroking the promise ring on his finger. “Wait, did you say Cupid was here this weekend? Yeah, it's definitely Cupid's fault.”

“I fell in love with this tree because of Cupid,” Derek Waters '17 said as he humped an oak in the Glen. “Honestly, I didn't even know I liked trees until I made out with one for the first time, but now I think wood might be all I'm into. I'll risk a dick-splinter for old Treebeard.”

When Cupid ran out of arrows (and alcohol) around midnight, he had to find new ways of bringing people together. He put Marvin Gaye's “Sexual Healing” on repeat on the Diner's Jukebox and coated the campus in a layer of gelatinous (and slippery) lube in attempts to inspire the sex-having.

“He literally told the guy I had a crush on to ‘look over here’ in order to get him to notice me,” said Patricia Olsen '17. “The guy is a shitty wingman for a guy with wings.”

In response to accusations of being a subpar Hitch, Cupid revealed that he had been using real arrows to shoot people all night.

“Placebo effect, motherfucker. And yeah, that guy totally wanted to fuck that tree,” Cupid said, ignorant of the fact that he had left several humans with gaping ass-wounds. Cupid then used a real love-infused arrow to make this reporter fall in love with a pencil sharpener. In other news, someone please call a doctor.

SNUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON
FOUND LIVING IN ROOT DORM

Fire-breathing mystic wants us all to get a bong

By Ms. Merriam '17

REPTILIA CANNABIS DEPT.

(A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM) Last Friday, commotion in Root was traced to the horrific failing of Residential Life, who gave a substance-free room to a dragon named Snuff.

“Would whoever is causing this horrid smoke smell mind stopping, pretty please?” read the email sent out by RA Allison Steinbeck '15. Although all residents gathered to address the smell, no one fessed up.

“I called Campo, but this sophomore on my floor, who I guess is like a dragon whisperer, cracked the case,” Steinbeck '15 said.

“I was walking in the List basement after my harpischord lesson when I noticed something peculiar on the stairs underneath that wall chalk art of a dragon,” Carrie Paz '17 explained. “A shiny dragon scale!”

She went on to describe how after reciting the familiar rhyme: ‘I wish, I wish, with all my heart, to fly with dragons in a land apart,’ the dragon appeared.

“I was pretty pissed she blew my cover,” Snuff said. Video footage from the List basement showed the beast roaring, “I'm Snuff, fucking damn it!” and letting out a few flames before Paz chained the creature to the music lockers and summoned Campo.

Campus Safety Officer Wyatt Andrews described the situation as “AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Fortunately, Campus Safety had a protocol for dealing with misbehaving dragons. Andrews and a team of officers clad in shining armor broke into the windows of Root. They banished Snuff from the List basement, exiling the fire-breather to the Forest of Colgate University.



In this issue: Unrequited love

ROCKY HORROR PARTY HORRIBLY
ROCKY



See “We're talking about cocaine,” pg. C17H21NO4.

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:
ELECT PHOSPHORESCENT!

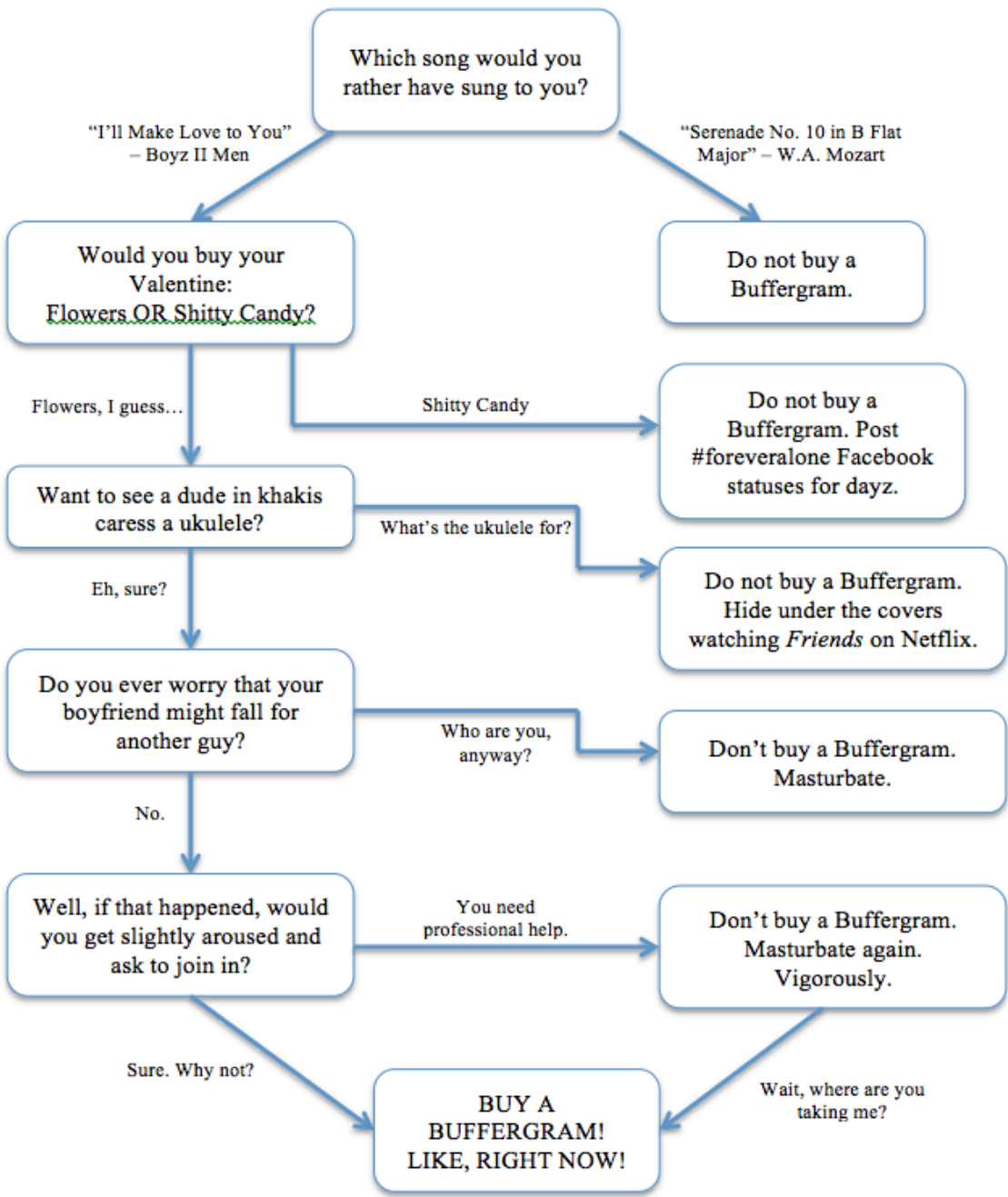


Arguably the brightest candidate.

“I'm actually just a lamp.”

FEBFEST FORECAST	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY	SUNDAY
	Games	Songs	Priorities
	60% chance Mr. Hamilton is actually two sixth graders in a trench coat.	High probability Buffergram is still loading.	“FebFest? I thought it was Black History Month.”

Should You Buy A Buffergram?



Created by Ms. Hawkins '18

Cut Out & Give



FRIDAY FIVE: NON-COMMITTAL VALENTINE'S DAY GIFTS

By Ms. Suder '18

- 5. **A set of shot glasses:** Everyone needs some of these, so you can play off the gift as "Haha, I thought you could use some. This is a joke gift, it isn't anything personal so it doesn't mean anything! I swear." If you're bold, you can add in a "Maybe we can use them together sometime," but that might make it too obvious that you wanna get drunk with this person in order to increase the odds of some liquor-influenced smooching. You can easily pass this off as a joke gift, especially if you get the ones with dwarf faces on them or something.
- 4. **Organic herbal vanilla fragranced soap:** Assuming the recipient doesn't take this gift as you trying to passive-aggressively tell them they have bad personal hygiene (unless that's what you're honestly going for), classy body care products are generally nice gifts for casual friends. Seriously, you're just friends! Really. Soap is generally thought of as impersonal, so it thinly veils the fact that you're imagining that person using it naked in a bathtub.
- 3. **A bag of gourmet dog treats:** Pretending to care about someone's dog more than you care about them is a very passive yet occasionally effective way of subtly hinting that you like them. And then you'll date, fall in love, get married, have three kids and move to Nebraska-- but forget the dog (it was never about the dog anyway). Or, maybe you won't manage to get that message across at all and the person honestly will think you care more about their dog than them, in which case all your chances of getting a date fly out the window. But hey, there's no harm in trying.
- 2. **A butt plug:** Giving a sex toy as a gift can be a ridiculous gag or a suggestive pass, depending on the relationship you have with the person you're giving it too. You can easily play it off as a joke. Unless the person ends up really liking it, in which case, it totally wasn't a joke at all. Wink wink.
- 1. **A real life puppy:** The way to every girl's heart.

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