

(NOT-SO) DIFFICULT CHALLENGE OF THE WEEK:
Treat Late Nite ride alongs with respect/ounce of humanity

CAMPUS GOES ON WITCH HUNT
AFTER COMMONS THIEF STEALS
CIDER MILL

Commons out of pitchforks

By Ms. Alatalo '18

RAZING THE STAKES DEPT.

(UNDERNEATH A BURNING EFFIGY)

Hamilton students, faculty, and those last few alumni still staggering drunkenly around campus have all been on a collective manhunt since last Tuesday for the Commons Cat Burglar. Already infamous for pilfering utensils and leaving feline calling cards, the Burglar has crossed the line for many with his latest heist: stealing the Clinton Cider Mill. Students and tech-savvy local authorities were notified of the caper when an anonymous YikYak user posted a picture of the crime scene captioned with a string of cat emojis.

“Of course it was the Cat Burglar. The evidence is unquestionable,” Oneida County Police Chief Martin Scanlon said. “The building’s foundation was completely filled with cat litter. And I saw a black cat run into a driveway across the street. That can’t be coincidence.”

Up the hill, students feel betrayed by the loveable antihero. “At first, it wasn’t a big deal. Nobody minded

when he replaced the rock swing with a hanging ball of yarn,” Sarah Woodlyn ’17 said, lighting a makeshift torch. “And I thought it was hilarious when he took the trees out of the Science Center atrium and left scratching posts behind. But taking away the Cider Mill? Unacceptable. Why would you steal our last source of pumpkin-flavored happiness before the cruel hand of winter closes its numbing fist?”

Frustrated by Campus Safety’s inability to apprehend the burglar, the student body is working to take the cat out of the bag by force. “We’re going door to door rounding up suspects,” John Hale ’16 shouted from the midst of an angry mob. “Anybody who smells like cinnamon-sugar or makes Jerry go into sneezing fits is coming with us. He’s allergic to cats.”

Amidst reports of students pushing suspects into the Kennedy Arts Center pond to test their disdain for water, local police seem unconcerned about the possible threat to student safety. “I mean, it sounds a bit dangerous,” Scanlon said, drinking coffee from a paper cup. “But without a supply of donuts, we really don’t have the resources to intervene.”

Meanwhile, the Honor Court has elected officials to a temporary tribunal, which plans to try suspects by tossing them from the top of the Chapel and convicting anyone who lands on their feet.

ting freshman wearing an “All Unlives Matter” T-shirt.

“I, for one, want to use this opportunity to practice my First Amendment right to free speech and loudly tell everyone that I support the Second Amendment right to bear arms against the looming threat of outsiders tainting our population’s pure blood supply,” HC Republicans club president Gordon Platts ’16 followed up. “How else can the virtuous, God-anointed human beings of the Hamilton campus defend themselves against the hellbeasts trying to infringe on our freedom to go to lunch at Commons without getting an arm bitten off? This is a matter of national safety. Fight fire with fire, is what I say. Or, more like, fight an uncontrollable force of violence that can quickly get out of hand and cause nationwide tragedy with—wait a second.”

The debate’s moderator, Comparative Literature Professor Josie Herring, couldn’t make it to the debate because she was caught in an unexpected nerf dart shootout that ended in massive (human) casualty and inconvenienced the lives of exactly six students waiting in line at the diner.

STUDENT STILL ATTENDING
GLEN PARTY

Befriends anthropomorphic animals

By Mr. Burns ’17

ULTIMATE SQUIRREL FUCK JAMZ VOL. 12 DEPT. (GARDEN OF EDM) Justin Springer ’17 is so dedicated to keeping the party going that he has yet to leave the Glen party that occurred last Saturday night. Students have debated whether he truly is committed to throwing the longest party in Hamilton history or if he just can’t find his way out of the Glen.

“We told him we were leaving around 4 A.M. when the DJ was packing up, but he just kept dancing,” Jessica Mitchell ’16 said. “He hasn’t been to class in a week. We’re really worried about him—because for God’s sake, that kid should not be on his own.”

Secluded deep in the forest, Springer can rage without worry of a noise complaint or a Campo call. After drinking the last sips of beer from every can left behind, he has survived by hunting squirrel meat and making a tree into a keg that dispenses sap.

Students fear that Springer has gone insane after spending so much time in the Glen. Since the original DJs left, the party has been DJed by a family of lovable chipmunks playing banjos fashioned out of the skin and bones of their woodland enemies. Springer said he hadn’t noticed a difference. Springer has also taken to hitting on trees, but was rejected for wasting so much printer paper on essays.

“I was also adopted by a bear,” Springer, using his wizard staff as a walking stick, said. “It said that I was right to pursue acting as my passion. Then my Bear-dad and I cuddled like me and my real dad never did.”

“I was drunk when I said that,” the bear, also known as the Milbank Bear King said. “Besides, I was just trying to validate the kid’s dreams before I ate him. Juniors taste the best when they’re full of misplaced hope.” Springer also encountered the mermaid of the Glen stream, who tried to drown him in shallow water before he impressed her in a breakdance battle.

“I’m just trying to have a good time,” Springer said, wearing a button-down shirt made of dead squirrels. “If that means I have to get chewed on by a bear for the sake of getting warm, use a rock to wipe my ass, and bond with the fairy king over our mutual interest in vaping, it’ll all be worth it.”

HC DEMOCRATS AND HC
REPUBLICANS DEBATE HVZ
NERF GUN CONTROL LAWS

Campus too busy pwning n00bs to care

By Ms. Suder ’18

(HIDING FROM ZOMBIES IN ROGERS)

Amidst the widespread chaos of zombie-induced warfare that has been ravaging our campus for the past week, the politically inclined student organization, Hamilton College Democrats and Republicans, have taken the opportunity to host a strongly worded debate.

“I know that people have been freaking out over the flesh-eating, undead monsters that have overrun the sewage system,” HC Democrats club president Effy Weaver ’16 said. “But we hope that we can still inspire social uprising against the terrorizing and dangerous presence that guns have in our community. Violence is never the answer. Even when the question involves blood-thirsty hell creatures hungering for our organs.”

After giving the opening statement at the debate, Weaver warded off the imminent smell of decaying flesh in the KJ Auditorium by lighting some incense before going back to her seat next to the seemingly rot-

In this issue: Burglars, bots, and zombies, oh my!

ZELLA DAY TO BRING MUSIC AND
RAP(TURE) WITH SPECIAL GUEST



See “Annex consumed by lake of fire,”
pg. Revelations 16:2

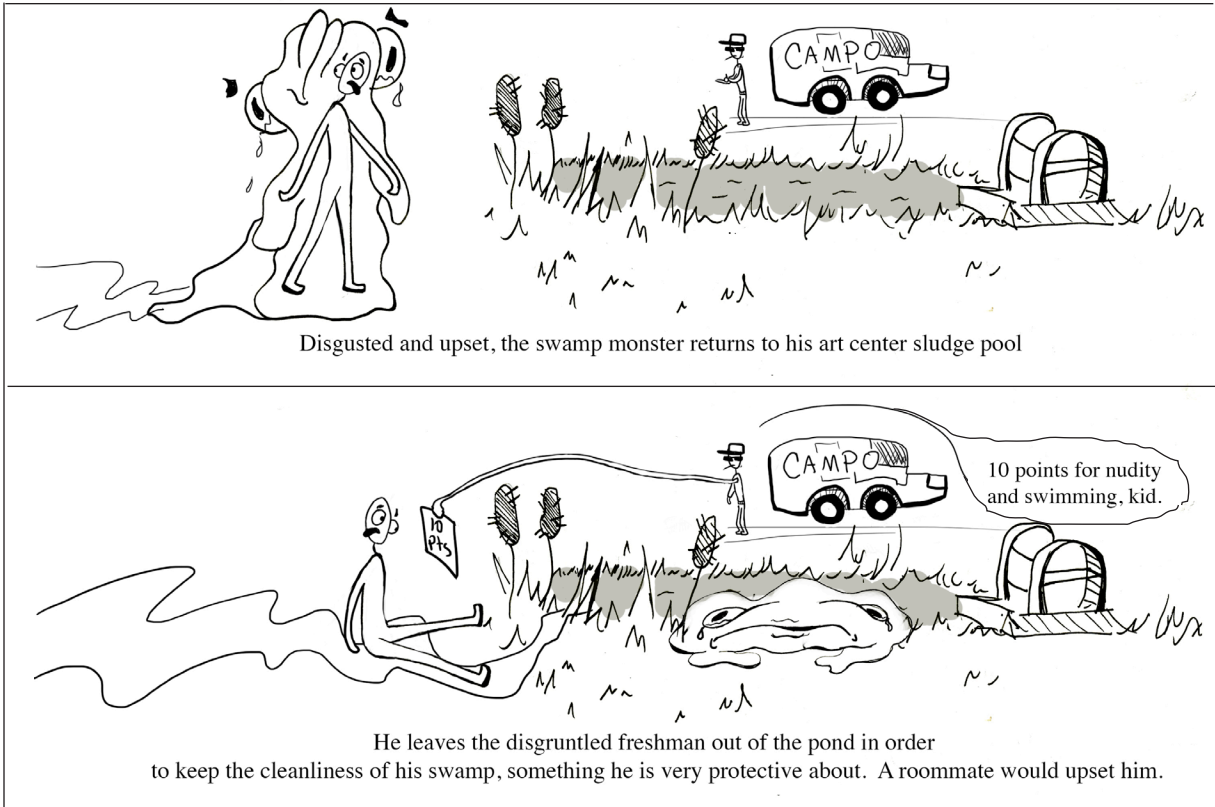
PUPPY PROPHET’S HARD TRUTH
OF THE WEEK



Your last good idea may have been your last good idea.
And you didn’t write it down.

FALL BREAK FORECAST	WEDNESDAY	FRIDAY	SUNDAY
	The ride	The rents	The return
	“Sure, backroads add two hours, but it just <i>feels</i> shorter.”	High probability parent overdid empty nest syndrome, laid egg.	80% chance we already have snow, fuckers.

Swamp Thing Pt. 3



CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: CONSPIRACY CLUB, OR BOT EMAIL?

I want you to ask yourself one question: have you ever been to a Conspiracy Club meeting? I didn't think so. Do you know anyone who has? No? That's right. Of course not. But I'll bet you never even thought about it, just like you didn't notice I asked two questions when I said it would be one.

Anyways, the reason I'm asking is because last week, I went to a Conspiracy Club meeting—or at least I tried to. I showed up to KJ 150 right on time, only to find that there was nobody there. No lizard people hiding under the chairs, no Bigfoot behind the door. It was like a ghost town, but just one room. A ghost room, if you will.

After donning a fake mustache and crawling through vents to sneak into the central data banks (underneath Buttrick), I found a small computer labeled "CC". You know what has the initials CC? Cold cuts. So I investigated the sandwich section of McEwen, and found a piece of paper under the counter with a phone number on it. I had my elite hacker friend Wayne call it for me, and it was a recording of someone reading the Conspiracy Club email aloud! I didn't realize what this meant until I called it the fourth time, and then it hit me: I was talking to a machine. Doing the only logical thing, I listened to the recording backwards and found that it sounded like gibberish. Which is exactly how robots communicate. Or so I assume.

I came to the obvious conclusion: clearly, there is no Conspiracy Club. It's just a cleverly maintained bot that sends weekly emails. Its purpose is a mystery, but clearly sinister. I believe it is a method for robots to communicate with each other, possibly to plot humanity's downfall. Perhaps it exists to sow the seeds of dissent amidst our student body. Maybe it's an old comp-sci project that nobody turned off. Or maybe it's just there to further clog my inbox. Whatever the explanation, you can be sure that I'm dedicated to finding the truth behind this Conspiracy Club conspiracy.

Anonymous mass email received by Mr. Letai '19

FACE OFF: HARMLESS SKATEBOARDS VS. WHEELED HUMAN PROJECTILE OF TERROR

Skateboards are totally radical, man

Anthony Raptor '18

Duuuuude, skateboards are, like, totally the best way to get around. You can like, feel the breeze in your face and get places really fast while carving across campus on your sick custom-made Dora the Explorer deck. They're soooo much fun too man. You can do, like, sick kickflips in the middle of the crosswalk and show off your moves to all those lame-os in the cars. And it's such a rush when you get, like, inches away from a person. Imma get mad stoked when this happens, bro. It's total hardcore vibes of adrenaline. And then you're like woah I've gotta get out of the way, so you do like a KJ Railing Half Heart Attack Zebra Grind Backflip to the side and be like woah, I'm so radical. Skateboards totally bring in all the chicks too man. I can't keep them off of me. Every time I'm boarding across the bridge on Martin's Way the chicks look back at me with these hot expressions and gorgeous screaming moans before they get in the way of where my wheels are rolling. It's the best way to hit on girls, if you know what I am saying.

Skateboards are high velocity, human-shaped bullets

James Schultz '19

Okay, seriously, what is up with these adrenaline monkeys thinking they own the place? Every goddamn day, I'm getting run over by these four-wheeled flying fuckwads on the bridge. I just want these fucking assholes on their skateboards to stop running into everyone. Last week, I was walking through the crosswalk, trying to be quick about it when this guy runs through, and slaps me in the face with his skateboard, shouting "High Score." How the hell am I supposed to get from Opus to Benedict without my Caramel Double-shot espresso, extra whipped cream, soy milk macchiato being spilled all over my brand-new Bean Boots. And one time, one of them literally got his wheels tangled in my man-bun. I had to cut off the tiny, one inch tail tangled around his neon pink Hello Kitty wheels. Those death traps you think are so fun are ruining *everything*. So please, have some GODDAMN CONSIDERATION FOR THE REST OF US. WE LIVE HERE TOO.



360 Commons Gap Double-Fister Twister Slapped into Mr. Collins '19

AIRBNB LISTING FOR OUR DUNHAM QUAD

About this listing:

Quaint bedroom with unimaginable charm at the heart of the Hill. Located within feet of "food" and "fun."

The Space:

- Room type – Almost private room
- Property type – Dorm/Foreclosed asylum
- Bedrooms – 1
- Bathrooms – 0 (unless you're counting the trash can)
- Beds – 4, but they are all occupied. We have an open fish tank for any visiting guests.

Amenities:

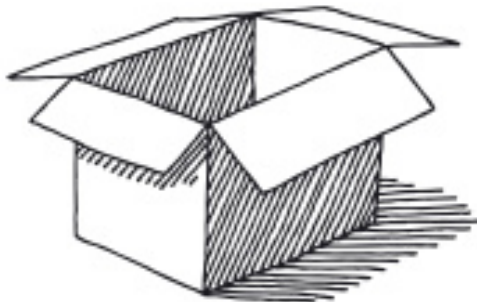
- Unopenable window
- Roommates with dope FIFA '15 skills
- Halogen lighting
- Internet
- Free-roaming lizard that used to live in the fish tank

Price:

- \$20 or 6-pack / night
- \$100 or handle of Svedka / week

Pictures:

There are currently no pictures for this listing as the aforementioned lizard ate my iPhone in a drunken frenzy. He cannot handle his liquor, but God do we love Komodant.



Artist's Rendering.

Excitedly responded to by Mr. Spinney '16

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