

KENNEDY CENTER POND NOW OPEN FOR SKATING
Admission: 1 expulsion

MANFREDO STOKED FOR
UPCOMING HOVERBOARD
COLLECTION

Campo prepares to ride in style

By Mx. Collins '19

INCENDIARY AWARENESS DEPT.

(FLEEING THE TWO-WHEELED MENACE)

An email recently sent out by High King of Campus Safety, Fran Manfredo, stated “Effective immediately, Hamilton College will ban self-balancing scooters more commonly known as hoverboards...” claiming that they would ruin the reputation of the school as a respectable establishment because everybody riding them “looks ridiculous.” He also mentioned “...there is a minor chance they may catch fire, but we really aren’t worried about that.”

After the recent craze over the Vine-famous “hoverboards,” students were devastated when their precious two wheeled, gravitationally affected transportation devices were forcibly confiscated. A faction of rebellious, or possibly just profit-crazed, students have attempted to create a hoverboard smuggling ring, disguising them as Segways with toilet-paper roll and duct tape handlebars and selling them to Jans. So far, this has been very ineffective at skirting the law, and very effective at helping

everyone else on campus spot douchebags from a mile away.

“We’re really excited about what’s next,” said Campus Safety Officer Bill Fering, sitting on a fifteen foot high pile of the pastel colored miracles-of-science. “We’ve actually been planning on using the confiscated devices in order to increase the speed and effective-ness of our of-ficers. But, you know, we also have cars.”



Wanted for first-degree murder of your reputation.

Not all students are so anxious, however. Spencer McGillacuddy '16, while chilling on the second floor of KJ atrium with a thirty rack of Keystone Ultra Light 12-ounce beer shouted down, “Seriously, just walk up the god damn stairs.”

Meanwhile, just outside, one of the few remaining hovering infidels was tackled by a resident of Wertimer into a snowbank as part of a Razor Renegades initiation.

SENIOR ANXIOUSLY AWAITS
SEMESTER’S FIRST PANIC
ATTACK

Rehearsing self-defeating statements

By Mr. Spinney '16

COUNTDOWN TO MELTDOWN DEPT.

(A QUIET SUITE SINGLE) As seniors return to the Hill for their final semester, it is hard not to hear the gaggle of conversations concerning bucket lists and post-grad aspirations. Though some shrug this off as “expedited concern” or “totally bumming them out,” many feel the massive, responsibility-filled night terror of the “real” word bearing down closer and closer than ever before. Senior Psychology major Monica Shpilkes '16 admits she’s a bit concerned about how the whole thing is affecting her mental health.

“Lately I’ve been staying up all night waiting for the reality of my unpreparedness to dawn on me,” Shpilkes confessed. “How can I not see how fucked I am? My last internship was at a raccoon counseling facility, for shit’s sake.”

Shpilkes’ friends said that they really understand what she was so upset about, and that her erratic concern was really getting on their nerves. Natalie Pisserman '16, a suitemate of Shpilkes, was especially irked when her pre-traumatic-stressed roommate let her nail biting habit spread further than her own fingers. Shpilkes has also been taking constant showers to try and manufacture a spontaneous epiphany.

“It all just feels so surreal,” she said. “Like, there’s more pressure than ever and I’m just floating through it, unaffected, waiting for my dreams and reality to crash into each other. My anxiety-ridden past and present are suspended in this small window of nonchalant avoidance. Honestly, I’m petrified.”

At press time, Shpilkes could be found in her dorm room watching episode upon episode of *Cupcake Wars*, staring at course syllabi, and convincing herself that getting a resumé together was just not in the cards for the day.

LAST SEMESTER’S HALF-USED
NOTEBOOK JEALOUS OF BRAND
NEW PLANNER

I wasn’t the first, but I thought I was the last

By Mr. Lunn '18

BROCK BEATS PAPER DEPT.

(MILBANK) Late last night, freshman Brock Belford '19 reportedly engaged in a verbal altercation with his notebook that escalated alarmingly. Belford’s roommate Isaiah Greenfield '19, providing eyewitness testimonial, said Belford’s ramble-ridden, half used but ultimately empty Jazz History Notebook from last semester confronted him about his hot to trot 2016 Staples Planner. Belford responded by throwing Notebook across the room. Notebook has elected to press charges in the hopes that it will teach Belford to finally stop treating his things like objects.

When asked to comment, Notebook reasoned that she “just wanted to talk about this new girl he was parading around, but he wouldn’t listen. He was being so irrational.” After Belford’s brutish violence, Notebook reportedly “fell into a dark place.” That dark place was in fact the trash can.

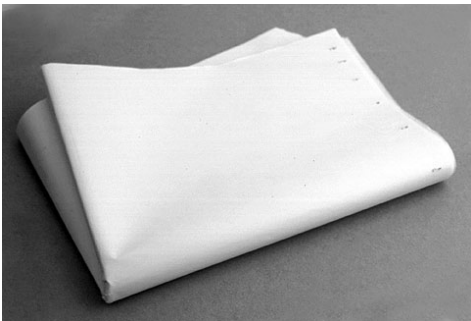
“Look, I wasn’t trying to hurt anyone. I was just freaked out, my notebook was talking to me,” Belford explained. “How was I supposed to know Notebook was Notebook and not just another notebook? Discovering objects can be endowed with sentience has shattered my understanding of reality. I am withdrawing from this semester, in search of anything to prove my sanity.” When confronted by how frequently he throws out recyclables, Belford admitted his fault and apologized to “HEAG or whatever.”

Planner, commently on the curfuffle, curtly called the whole affair “quite simple really,” explaining that “all of us fall victim to the tolls of time. The past was her prime, the present is mine. I too will fall from grace. Such is the duality of life.”

In an official statement sent out to the campus, Anotonia Hudgens '16, head of SAVES, outlined how easily avoidable tragic tales like this are with the proper degree of communication between textual partners past and present. She herself claims to be “on good terms” with all her “ex-notebooks” as a direct result of her commitment to “staying in touch long after filling their lines.”

In this issue: Finding your place

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS
Unless you’re writing a newspaper



See “Somebody pull the fire alarm or something,” pg. 390D

WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS
Real advice from someone we barely know



“There’s an old saying in Minnesota: If you get cold, means you haven’t shot enough wolverines.”

FIRST WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	:)	:/	:(
	High probability Keystone tastes better than your mother’s sarcasm.	90% chance “life-changing” abroad experience changed nothing.	“So that’s how much wine I can’t drink.”

PHINEAS P. WURTERBOTTOM REVIEWS 2015



Greetings and welcome back, dear readers. We now begin the spring semester on the Hill, and in doing so say goodbye to another calendar year in the history of the College, the nation, and the world. Much as in other years, things happened, and so for your perusing pleasure, I shall proceed to summarize the most astonishing, intriguing and entertaining events of the year of Our Lord, Two Thousand and Fifteen.

Thanks to the success of motion pictures like *The Star Wars* and the woefully Diana Rigg-free adaptation of TV’s *The Avengers*, Disney has now managed to acquire 117% of the world’s currency in anticipation of their founder’s reawakening to remold the entire world according to his own vision, the process of which will be followed in the upcoming documentary *X-Men: Apocalypse*.

The Jenner formerly known as Bruce became the first lady to win a major award in men’s competition since Tom Brady was named Most Valuable Player for the “World Championship” game of a sport played only by Americans and—poorly—by a few confused Canadians.

Sir Francis Drake’s “Hotline Bling” inspired a dance I was unaware of until I began researching pop culture events from last year that I missed due to more meaningful pursuits, such as adjusting my day cravat.

Miss Adele Dazeem has apparently been experiencing problems with her cellular service provider.

The realization has finally sunk in that the race for President of the American Colonies may well come down to a choice between an angry, uncouth old white man with a propensity for preposterous policy proposals, and Mr. Donald J. Trump.

Here at the College, life continues as it always has—the Great October Nerf Massacre mildly irritated a few students and became a constant topic of conversation on Yik Yak for some hours.

An elderly clone of Ralph Fiennes was handpicked by Xenu to become the College’s next president, replacing populist icon and champion hoverboardist Joan Hinde Stewart.

The Monitor ran numerous editorials encouraging students to continue increasing their carbon footprints after experiencing the pleasant shock of a warm December in Clinton.

T-Pain has yet to set foot on the Hill. Furious petitions will no doubt soon appear.

And, of course, the Topical is still bereft of any real use other than as floor paper for Lily the Chapel dog.

Thus does 2015 pass into the history books and our memories. A very Happy New Year to you all, dear readers. Duel On.

Delivered via carrier pigeon to Mr. Kraft ’17



This could be us, but you keep ducking me.

WRITE FOR THE DUEL OBSERVER

MEETINGS
SUNDAYS
6 P.M.
KJ 101

LAST SEMESTER’S RECAP:

If you were abroad last semester, you’re a Jan, or you failed to leave the library for more than 30 minutes a day, here’s all you need to know:

1. Hammy’s favorite dance group, The Movement, debuted a brand new routine and performed it all around campus in protest of important national issues. They released a list of 86 new moves to try out, which even landed us on national news with entirely positive press!
2. Hamilton announced its new president, David Wippman. The newly minted Conspiracy Theorists Club promptly calculated the chance that this new figurehead is actually a lizard alien overlord in disguise, and shared the results in a press release: “The probability is low, but we really want it to be true.”
3. The Hamilton football team performed the best they had since 2012, winning a record two games! ESPN 4 covered the final home game against Bates but ended up switching to a chess tournament half-way through the second quarter because of the nail-biting, edge-of-your-seat excitement that real sports can offer.
4. The Duel Observer declared war on The Topical and ultimately came out on top... ical
5. Hamilton has started rolling out its “Big Brother” plan, following the precedent set by the increasingly totalitarian police state in the US, installing security cameras in every bathroom, hallway, classroom, and beloved make-out spot.
6. Neil deGrasse Tyson was named as this year’s Great Names speaker. He will perform a 20 minute long, original glockenspiel solo tribute to his unfairly persecuted dwarf planet, Pluto.
7. During the annual week of Humans vs. Zombies, an actual zombie was spotted roaming around campus seeking the flesh of students. This led to a massive air raid by the National Guard, which ultimately put students in lockdown.
8. During a party in Bundy Dining Hall, members of TIT appeared on film, closely focused on observing some kind of white powdery substance. Officials confirmed that it was just pastry flour and that everyone should just chill and do a line.

Off-handedly mentioned in passing by Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

FRIDAY FIVE: THINGS YOU FORGOT AT HOME

By Ms. Suder ’18

What, did you think that you could start this new semester without a series of small breakdowns before the first week of classes has passed? That’s cute. Here’s a list of some of the things you forgot to bring with you because your brain was too fried from a four-week netflix binge to have the mental capacity to be responsible.

5. **A scarf.** I didn’t think it was gonna be this cold. I was GONNA bring a scarf but then I was like lol I can live without it. Well, now I’m eating my words, or rather, eating the copious amounts of snow blowing into my goddamn mouth because I don’t have a scarf to wrap around my face.
4. **Your network password.** It’s this long string of random letters and numbers and I totally had it memorized last semester but then I just didn’t think about it and now all I can recall is “i7uc4ed-ur-m0ml0l0l0l” but I don’t think that’s right???
3. **Your coping skills.** Your meticulously honed yet tragically fragile abilities to cope with outrageous quantities of responsibility-induced stress that you seemed to have mastered just a short 8 weeks ago, but alas, you seem to have misplaced most of your hard-earned mental health ever since it sunk in that you’re registered for orgo this semester.
2. **Your weekend plans.** That brand new 3-foot tall dragon-shaped bong you got as a holiday present for yourself because, somehow, those sweater vests from your extended family can’t elicit the same kind of holiday spirit that being baked eating baked goods by the fireplace can.
1. **Your motivation to be a responsible student and engaging member of the community.** Sucks to suck.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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