

THE LID IS OFF! FINE DINING SOCIETY HALF BAKED
Goosey center actually corruption and misallocated funds

HEALTH CENTER PRESCRIBES
STUDENT BODY TWICE DAILY
DOSE OF GOOD LUCK

Tough if you were expecting actual meds

By Mr. Wesley '16

STATE EMERGENCY FUNDING DEPT.

(TRAUMA TENT ON DUNHAM GREEN)

The Hamilton College Health Center has recently resorted to prescribing good luck to the sick and injured, as an uptick in visits has far outmatched their ability to send their intern into Clinton to get some Tylenol.

The core staff, which currently consists of one MD, one Hamilton alumni and a small peekapoo, is so overwhelmed that they had to set up a tent on Dunham Green to deal with the additional load. Found running dealing with patients in the Trauma Center, the resident MD, Shelly Lang, said “Last week some DIK bro fell on some broken glass and required stitches. Unfortunately, I had neither the time, nor the sutures, so I just gave him my stapler and told him to heal thyself. The worst part too is that ungrateful ass hasn’t even given me it back!”

CLUB ENTO FORGIVEN
FOR DELICIOUS BED BUG
INFESTATION

Sunflower seeds take a backseat to the crunchy crawlies

By Ms. Suder '18

DON’T LET THE GLEB GLOBS BITE DEPT.

(FACE DOWN IN AN ANTHILL) In preparation for an upcoming charity bake sale, Club Ento ordered thirty boxes of food-grade bed bugs last week, intended for use in the place of poppy seeds on the bagels and lemon cake. Though the initial shipment came through without a hitch, the situation went awry when a club member misplaced a dozen of the boxes in the KJ atrium. The next morning, campus was teeming with hundreds of reports of inexplicable bug bites and “waking up in the middle of the night sweating because it feels like there’s something frantically crawling under your skin, y’know? Or maybe that’s just me.”

Despite qualifying as a public health disaster, the infestation of tiny vermin has been essentially a non-issue. “I guess it was kinda gross at first to wake up and find a layer of little black crunchy bugs on my sheets, but I got a few in my mouth, and they

Intern James Meyer '14, in contrast, seemed pretty excited about the whole situation. “The lack of staff has been great for me. I applied to this job so I’d have a resume point when I applied to medical schools, but this recent rush has forced Shelly to just give me an ad hoc MD. I’m a doctor now, Mom!”

However, not everyone has been as excited about the recent changes. Brian Robinson '16 came to the Health Center after dislocating his shoulder playing Frisbee, and just expected to get his shoulder popped back in place, a procedure that would take an EMT 15 minutes. Instead, he was tossed two condoms attached to a prescription to “Get Lucky ;).” Other students have received prescriptions for felix felicis, a rabbit’s foot, and a coin found on the ground. According to eyewitness accounts, the last prescription, given to a freshman with burns from Chemistry Lab, came Abe side down.



“No one perscribed me luck.”

were, like, tangy? In a good way,” Lacy Finnigan '18 said, absentmindedly chewing on a toothpick. “I haven’t even needed to go to a dining hall in a few days.”

“I hate to admit it, but maybe those entomophilic weirdos were on to something,” Pete Manford '16 said, stir-frying a pan of noodles, broccoli, bed bug larva, and bok choy in peanut oil on his Milbank common room stove. “I served ‘flaxseed’ cupcakes to my parents when they came by last weekend. They had no idea. I kinda feel guilty, but it’s also hilarious. And those were also the best cupcakes I’ve ever had. But it was probably because I used organic vanilla extract. I don’t want to give credit to the crickets in the frosting.”

“Good thing this little outbreak has been so well-received,” Club Ento president Calvin Hill '17 offered, nervously packing an empty ant farm into a moving box. “We could have gotten our heads cut off over a fiasco like this, but it looks like people aren’t as adverse to wading ankle-deep in dried-out shedded larval shells as we thought they’d be. Maybe this relative nonchalance about the bed bugs means the triatomines in the water main won’t seem so bad.”

SENIOR BEGINS CONTEMPLATING
GRADUATION AS ACTUAL
POSSIBILITY

Really thought she’d fuck this up by now

By Mr. Spinney '16

NOT-QUITE-ALUMNI RELATIONS DEPT.

(DISHEVELED MILBANK SINGLE) With summer eventually quickly approaching, many students have turned their attentions to what post-semester life may bring. And while some are well on their way to meaningful experiences in the coming months, Anne Pathy '16, a self-described “love concentrator,” recently discovered there was nothing standing between her and graduation, a revelation that many have said rocked her to her very core.

“I just don’t get it,” Pathy said sitting outside Opus 1, dreamily staring at that patch of pastoral bliss between KJ and List. “They’re still sending me out into the real world after what little I’ve done here. Will it be like the housing lottery? Jill screwed me out of Ferg last year just so she could live on the first floor and I’m not over it. Sure, stairs are hard when you’re recovering from a softball-career-ending injury, but do you have to ruin everyone’s senior year?”

Reeling from the decision she has deemed “a travesty on this world and the next,” Pathy has been trying to figure out just what she’s going to do after this school forces her to begin a so-called career. Reportedly, her LinkedIn has seen some brash, probably falsified, updating, and she has been posting cover letters all over campus signed “Forever yours in heart and soul, A.”

Her newfound investment has done little to stir the sympathies of her closest friends, though. “I could’ve gone pro if it wasn’t for Anna and that fateful game of hacksaw catch,” said suitemate Jil Ted '16. “The Bandits were scouting me, for fuck’s sake! I really hope she ends up doing something awful like modeling for STD awareness pamphlets ... or maybe investment banking.” Others in her suite went on to say that Pathy’s continuous scream-singing of “I’M JUST A KID AND LIFE IS A NIGHTMARE” is getting a little old.

For now, Pathy says she is trying to take it one day at a time and look at the bigger picture. “Y’know it’s funny, the administration seems so caught up with creating a Hamilton experience that they forget they’re just funneling us toward unfulfilling careers in the business sector where we’ll rot until we can donate enough to be worth something to them again. Wait...is that funny?”

At press time, Pathy could be seen chucking pebbles at the Career Center window and quoting obscurely from *Say Anything* as she danced on top of copies of her aesthetically dismal resume.

In this issue: Things to keep out of children’s mouths

DJ’S BATTALION BATTLES DJS AT THE DJ
BATTLE OF THE DJ CENTURY



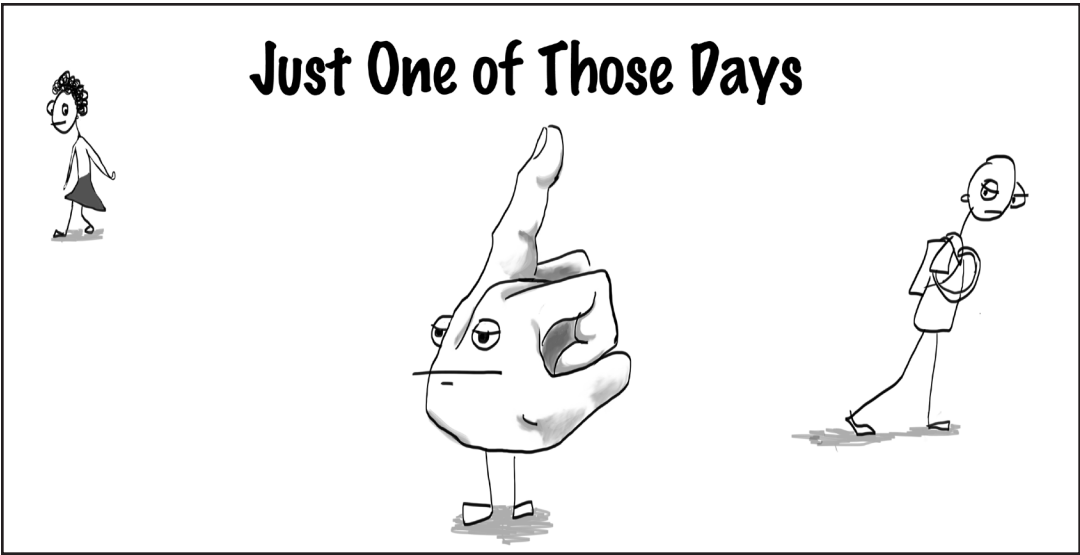
See “!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” pg. 1v1

WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS
Real advice from someone we barely know



“No BBQ is complete without Mama’s special sauce and some fieldmouse meat.”

SEMI-ANNUAL HYDRANT FLUSHING FORECAST	MAY 2	MAY 3	MAY 4
	Trickle	Stream	Flood
	90% chance the innocent child inside you smiles a little.	“Sure the water’s glowing, but so am I.”	High probability of admissions tours by gondola.



SUBMITTED SWILL

Positive Graffiti

Dear whomever this may concern,

As a proud and apathetic darksider, I am absolutely appalled at the blatant display of graffiti that has plagued the intentionally drab concrete walls recently. As the President of Darksiders Against Garnish-ing Concrete (DSAGC), I must express my anger in the only way I know how: passive-aggressively writing a letter to a newspaper that has absolutely no power to fix my issue.

Perhaps if I get down on my knees and pray hard enough, the gods of the Hill will see that the dis-graceful graffiti that has besmirched our shady name cannot be tolerated. The south side of Hamilton’s campus has a reputation to uphold—we are pessimistic, shallow-rules-of-cool robots that only wear dark tones or neutral shades of burgundy. The painfully cheery neon drawings on the outside of List and McEwen ruin the entire facade of grunge that we try so hard to make it seem like we don’t try for. The point of the darkside is to live as moody creatures of the faintly-cigarette-smelling night. The colorful blinds in dorm room windows are already pushing it, but this crosses the line.

A few examples of the disgustingly optimistic phrases and pictures I’ve seen scribbled: “Remember that you are beautiful,” “Everything will be okay,” and my personal least favorite, a giant chalk-drawing of Earth with a giant rainbow streaming out of it. Ugh, disgusting. Hamilton’s darkside is not a place for drawings like this. I’m not advocating for ending graffiti, I love graffiti—but only when it’s promot-ing anarchy and scaring away normal people. I’m advocating for an end to the false representation of darksiders as creatures of positivity, sunshine, and rainbows.

Everything would be fine if the graffiti was an accurate portrayal of our values- for example, taking my first example previously stated, changing it to “Remember that some of you are beautiful according to society’s standards.” Or, “Everything will be okay unless it won’t be, which is just as probable,” or at least an accurate picture of Earth—with the trees cut down and rainforests barren and the oceans filled with trash.

I pride myself on living the life that the world has come to expect from the darkside. Every choice I make is reflective of my darkside personality—grungy, nonchalant, and with a steaming cup of Opus in hand. I must insist that someone do something. I would, but this letter has taken my weekly ration of motivation to be a constructive member of the community, so it’s someone else’s turn. No more happy-go-lucky etches of flowers, hearts, and unrealistic quotes. The Root daycare is gone; we are adults.

Regrettably,
Talía Bones ’18

Found written in chalk on List by Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

THE DUEL OBSERVER C&C DAY PARTY

Kevin from the Duel is throwing a kickass party and he wants you all to come. His Mom lent him a sweet pop-up tent and he’s setting it up near the super chill generator behind Babbitt Pavilion! DJ Zootopia will be dropping the trillest zebra brays all afternoon!



Please wear your most formal cilice and your least formal galoshes and leave your bad atti-tude at the door. We’re doing keg stands bitches!

****Fake ID Required to Prove that You’re Cool****

FRIDAY FIVE: PLACES TO DARTY

By Ms. Alatalo ’18

The sun has been out for more than two days in a row for the first time in months, and if we didn’t know Earth’s 23.5 degree tilt to the Sun’s elliptical caused the seasons, we’d say the gods must be smiling down upon our fair campus, and they command us to drink. Here are the best parts to throw a bacchanal, secular or not.

- 5. That one bench outside of major:** It could be so much more than a sad place to mope and watch darksiders driving in circles waiting for a spot in Root Lot to open up. The options for that bench’s second life are limitless: DJ booth, bar, stage, screen to discreetly vom behind.
- 4. The cornfields:** They may have taken our off-campus apartments, but they’ll never take away our off-campus farmland. And besides, I’m pretty sure *Children of the Corn* is based off of a really great farm darty [Editor’s note: Children of the Corn is absolutely not about that.].
- 3. The Science Center greenhouse:** A great place to host during a late-April snow flurry, complete with the humidity and thriving plant life the actual outdoors could lose at any moment in this godforsaken latitude. With easy access to explosives and a group of alligators that have been waiting to let loose for decades, kickass entertainment is all but guaranteed.
- 2. The porch outside of Admissions:** What better way to show off that Hamilton passion and ingenuity to get incredibly drunk and hook up a working sound system from any point on campus than by setting up shop right where admissions tours start? Bonus if the streaking team is invited.
- 1. The map.** Let’s face it, if you keep day drinking at this rate, you’re not going to graduate anyway.



“Ruin me.”

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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