

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A SPOT FOR YOU AT OUR SQUARE TABLE  
Get well soon, Marge

UNDERCOVER NARC WISHES STUDENTS WOULD MAKE JOB SLIGHTLY MORE DIFFICULT  
Felonies just aren’t what they used to be

By Ms. Suder ’18  
LAX ENFORCEMENT DEPT.  
(ROOT GLEN ON A SUNDAY AFTER-NOON) “Jason Nunez ’17” was recently exposed as a narcotics officer after he declared his intention of quitting his top secret Federal Narcotics Department assignment, letting his friends know that he would be “dropping out” soon due to severe job dissatisfaction and frustration-induced migraines.

“I was assigned to go undercover as a college student to find suppliers of controlled substances to morally vulnerable students,” “Nunez ’17” explained. “I spent weeks mentally preparing myself to enter the mindset of a hopelessly stressed overachiever desperately looking for a way to feel invincible and emotionally numb on a Saturday night.

“Turns out, I didn’t need to put in that much effort, because this turned out to be a goddamn cakewalk. Everywhere I turn, there’s some sympathetic soul offering me ketamine or benzos or raspberry-flavored roofies or something wacky like that. Who

DINER B WORKERS FINALLY FLUENT IN DRUNK

It’s not exactly a Romance language

By Ms. Dickmeyer ’19  
TOLERANCE AND ADAPTABILITY DEPT.  
(DINER AT 1 AM) According to their most recent press conference, Diner B workers now feel confident in their comprehension of slurred sentence fragments coming from intoxicated students between the hours of 12-4 AM on the weekends.

“After years of neck-straining and repeating ‘what did you say?’ for the millionth time, we decided it was time to implement a Drunk Language Proficiency Program,” manager Charles Frye said. “To ensure a good model for other workers, I spent winter break in Ireland. I’d love to travel to Russia, but I’m going to have to work up a tolerance for that.”

Deciphering the meal order is the hardest part, according to some workers. “It takes some students more than five minutes to say bacon, egg, & cheese, and even that comes out sounding like brr-cen egercise,” Diner B worker Josh Burgeress said. After every Diner B shift, Burgeress goes home and stud-

knew that an isolated, tight-knit community of self-destructive overgrown children with a shocking motivation to give the figurative finger to their coddling parents by getting absolutely blitzed every weekend would have such a wide selection of Schedule I narcotics to offer? It’s such a bummer.”

“Wait, so you mean I’m not supposed to be freely offering horse tranquilizers to everyone that comes to my darty?” suitemate Earl Balastro ’17 asked, rubbing his forehead in an overnight jail cell. “I do that all the time at my lake house and no one ever blinks an eye! I had no idea that being a legal adult would involve actual consequences for my actions when I’ve spent my whole life getting bailed out of trouble by the ass-kissing lawyers at my dad’s bank.”

“I thought a thrilling job like this would bring me the jolt of inspiration to feel excited about life that I’ve desperately needed since my insurance stopped paying for therapy,” “Nunez ’17” said dejectedly. “But it’s not nearly as inspiring as I had hoped. The only jolt of anything I’ve felt lately is when I get cracked out at Anderson basement-basement parties, and you know what? It just isn’t the same.”

ies the native language of students for an hour. “I hope to one day become the master of the drunk dialect, using it to understand what comes out of a belligerently drunk junior’s mouth, other than vomit.”

Bon Appétit is hoping to bring a group of Diner B workers to a week-long retreat over Spring Break to perfect their conversational proficiency with the intoxicated. World-renowned seminar instructors include Captain Morgan, the southerner Jack Daniels, and even Mr. Samuel Adams. The bootcamp requires sustained attention and sustained BAC levels. “We’re eager to get a glimpse of what it’s like on the other side of the counter,” Burgeress said, eyeing the handle of vodka under the deep fryer.



POLITICALLY OBLIVIOUS STUDENTS FORM HAMILTON FOR TRUMP

Build wall to keep out dirty townies

By Mx. Collins ’19  
WEARING HAMSTERS ON HEADS DEPT.  
(SOAPBOX OUTSIDE DUNHAM) Last Tuesday, a collective groan from the student body was heard after an email sent out by newly minted club leader Ray Cystman ’19 announced the formation of “Hamilton for Trump.” While controversial, this campus group promises to do “a real big job” and to “bring back the Hamiltonian Dream.” Concrete plans for these aspirations are still not yet set in stone.

The group formed in response to the campus’ relatively liberal atmosphere. “We can’t have those derved lefter commie liberals stealing our jobs and wreckin’ our economy,” member Homer F. Obe ’18 said. “They keep goin’ on about this so called ‘global warming’ but look! There’s snow outside right there! Your global warming theory is just a theory! It can’t be proved,” he insisted, pointing to the only patch of snow within a 25 mile radius.

Not everyone has been so optimistic about this new club. More thoughtful students have been rising up to meet this perceived threat to the campus’ apathetically libral status quo. “I just really don’t like all the turmoil that’s been going on,” Maddie O’Creedie ’17 said. “I liked campus when it was quiet and boring. Now with this racket going on I can’t sleep! They’re always riding around in the middle of the night with their stupid red hats and neon orange toupees chanting ‘Birth Certificate! Birth Certificate!’” she said. The group reportedly wants Hillary Clinton’s birth certificate since, they claim, anyone who isn’t a white, male Republican could not possibly be born in the U.S.

The administration is also none too pleased with this new development. “We’re a bit worried as to how these students got into the college in the first place,” vice-president of deanship of admission Connie Serned said. “Such a lack of judgement on their part really is reflecting on our campus’ dignity!”

Only time will tell if this student group will last on campus. “They’ve currently got a poor reputation after driving around campus all night on neon pink fourwheelers with giant speakers blaring the *Team America* theme song 157 times in a row,” rival Hamilton for Sanders club president Sophie Schalist ’18 said. “They’re planning to do interviews with Bald Eagles, sever ties with major television companies, get mistaken for the KKK, and exponentially increase the carbon footprint on campus. This is so much worse than Archery Club.”

In this issue: Girls girls girls

“THE FEMALE ORGASM” COMES JUST SHORT OF SATISFYING CONCLUSION






See “No, it’s fine,” pg. 0

WHIPPMAN’S WITTICISMS  
Real advice from someone we barely know



“Who needs a doctor on staff at the Health Center when you have Grandma Whippman’s okra and huckleberry salve?”

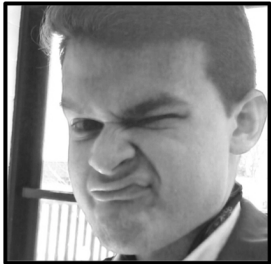
DRAG SHOW FORECAST	BEFORE	DURING	AFTER
	Gender	Is	Performance
			
	High probability skirt awakens something deep inside you.	80% chance singing “in key” is subjective.	“That was beautiful; it changed me, bro.”



DUEL TECH REPORT: NEW “DRUNK REVIEWS” APP RELEASED!

Gulp allows you to rate and review your drunk friends, as well as check the reputation of whoever you’re planning to go out with. Never get stuck on the jitney with an angry drunk again!

gulp When binge drinking gotcha thinking, spread vicious rumors.



Thurston H. Thurston, Jr. '17

★★★★☆ 4 Reviews

Spiced Rum, Pretentious Craft Beers

Party Hours: 7 PM Thurs. – 4 AM Sun.

Click here to see similar idiots

Ariadne

★★★★☆

2 hours ago

omg thirsty thurston!! he is soooo funny last nite we where at diner b and he want up to on e of those old poster things for cokes and was like THIS IS ME and it didnt look liek him AT ALL and jaqueline and I LITERALLY DIED it was SO FUNNY i luv him

Zacharias

★★★★☆

1 day ago

Thurston's an okay guy when he's drunk but when he's sober he's a total ass. Definitely prefer the late-night version. At about 3 am he goes down on one knee and starts singing Barry Manilow songs to everyone on the bridge and you almost forget that during the week he hot glued your hillcard into your wallet.

Brunhilda

★★★★★

1 day ago

Not gonna lie, I kinda have a crush on him, he's so sweet when he's drunk. He gave me a hash brown once. This is anonymous, right?

Phineas

★★★★☆

1 week ago

Yet another crass nouveau-riche pillock with a propensity for propelling his pungent puke down the stairwell of yours truly's dormitory not seven hours before yours truly emerges from his chambers for a luxurious shower and his Sunday fry-up only to be olfactorily assaulted by the odious aroma. I have personally witnessed this mound of human waste matter eat his entire bacon mess with a SALAD FORK. Deplorable taste in trousers as well. I shan't even mention the state of his tie knots.

Painstakingly researched by Mr. Kraft '17 without any inspirational creative spark by Ms. Granoff '18

FACE OFF: SHOULD I KEEP PROCRASTINATING ON MY THESIS?

Yes—That’s What Spring Break is for

You don’t need to start your thesis. It’s your senior spring. Why work hard? This is the last time when it will be socially acceptable to drink heavily during the week.

What does your thesis even add to the body of knowledge? Last week, that grad student at the University of Research Scooping Assholes (URSA) published a paper where he did exactly what you were going to do. So you’re literally rehashing something that is already thoroughly hashed.

On top of that, your grades only exist within a constructed framework that has no actual bearing on reality. What do those letters even mean in the context of grade inflation, differing academic rigor between departments, and a schizophrenic College Ranking system that changes depending on whether or not our President over-pronounced “baguette” while talking to US News?

Basically, here’s the deal. Grades are bullshit, your thesis is as meaningless as an admissions brochure, and you’re running out of time to live consequence-free as a hedonistic alcoholic. Go get fucking drunk and pull your thesis out of your asshole last minute when your advisor demands a draft.

No—Is This What You Want Your Academic Legacy To Be?

According to Dictionary.com, a thesis is “a dissertation on a particular subject in which one has done original research...” (insert bullshit citation here). Do you see the “original research” part in there? That means that this is your chance to make your very first contribution to your field. There’s a chance that that grad student at URSA got his data wrong—he doesn’t even have his Ph.D. yet. You could be the person to prove him wrong, especially considering your, uh, hours of research experience.

Also, if you impress your thesis advisor, he’ll write you a good letter of recommendation that will totally help you your first job. I hope. Um, also, if you impress your advisor you will absolutely get an A which will drag your borderline 3.2 GPA up. I think a lot of companies really want that 3.2, right?

Oh, lastly, this is your last chance to have unfettered access to all these academic resources. You should totally use them as much as possible, because you won’t have them for long. I mean you can always just party after you graduate. Well. Uh. Yea, you’ll totally still have the time and energy to party after college. Hey, why don’t you just go to the Pub, get a beer and work on your thesis some other time?

FRIDAY FIVE: STRATEGIES FOR WHEN YOU SEE YOUR EX ON CAMPUS

By Ms. Letai '19

5. **Hide:** This is pretty self-explanatory. Maybe you scoot behind a potted plant. Maybe you duck into the diner and escape through the back exit. If you’re good at holding your breath, just dive into Little Pond. Honestly, it couldn’t hurt to steal the Al Ham costume and carry it around in case you need to be incognito.
4. **Fake Amnesia:** It can’t be awkward if you don’t remember dating them! To make it extra convincing, headbutt a wall right before you start talking to them, or convince a passerby to bludgeon your cranium. The resulting bump on your head will look just like a real head injury. With any luck, you’ll even get amnesia for real and forget that you brought this upon yourself! If your ex turns out to really like the new amnesiac you, see #3.
3. **Ask To Get Back Together:** Turn a potential awkward moment into a heartfelt memory. Get on your knees and beg, or get on your knees and do some other stuff. Whatever it takes. After your passionate pleas and a tearful reunion, you can be on your way without having seen your ex—because they’re not your ex anymore. Don’t forget to break up with them over text later. Just like last time.
2. **Show That You’re Over Them:** Make them jealous. Grab the nearest eligible pedestrian and proudly proclaim that you are a couple. Ideally, someone wearing the Al Ham costume. Talk about how the Al Ham costume is a much better lover than your ex, and laughs at all your jokes. This is sure to get their blood boiling. If your ex becomes too incensed, see #5.
1. **Be an Adult About It:** Just look them in the eye and give a little nod. You don’t have to pretend you don’t know them. It’s not that big a deal, it’s just—ok, sorry, my roommate’s girlfriend was watching me write. Number 1 is **Move, Never Look Back.**

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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