

CONGRATULATIONS, Zoë!
your resume may say red (weather), but to us you'll always be blue

ELDERLY PHYSICS
PROFESSOR ACCIDENTALLY
SUMMONS SATAN DURING
LECTURE

Keeps teaching

By Ms. Bodzas '16

November 1, 2013

SIN AND SYNERGY DEPT.

(ACADEMIC PURGATORY) Tenured physics professor Gertrude Richens accidentally beckoned the Ruler of Darkness himself to her Wednesday morning Introductory Physics class. Dedicated physics student Eli Bridge '16 took careful notes: “Gravitational potential energy of an object is reliant on the mass of the object and my desired need of summoning O Mighty Lord Satan. I pray you grace my brethren and I with your unsacred bodily presence, O King of the Underworld, rise!”

Bridge described Satan’s arrival, noting that he “showed up fifteen minutes late with Opus. Total dick move.”

Mary Fjord '14, a religious studies major, added, “He was kind of hot.” Two students were

later treated for minor hellfire-inflicted burns at the Health Center.

“It was weird,” Sarah Oakland '16 commented. “I was totally thrown off when the mass of the object, height of the object, and the gravitational field strength were all glowing red 6’s on the blackboard.”

Her peer Mary Wright '17 smiled and reflected fondly upon the lesson. “Yeah, this cross necklace burned into my skin,” she admitted. “But I’m pretty sure I understand gravitational potential energy after watching Eli hover five feet midair and hiss ‘HAIL BEELZEBUB’ repeatedly. And somehow the professor was still droning on in the background about a future mini-quiz.”

Professor Richens later defended the incident, scoffing about how her sleepy Monday morning students “had very little potential energy. The Devil was no more distracting than an ambitious prospie, all things considered,” she concluded.

While Satan was an unorthodox choice for a spontaneous guest lecturer, students admit they kind of saw it coming. Oakland added, “9 am’s are basically Hell anyway.”

GOVERNMENT FUNDS STUDY
INTO HOW MAIL CENTER IS SO
GOSHDARN NICE AND CHEERFUL
ALL THE TIME

Scientistics remain baffled.

By Ms. Bodzas '16

September 28, 2012

DOESN’T EVEN FEEL LIKE AN ERRAND DEPT.

(HEART OF THE CAMPUS CAMPUS) Early last week, the Federal Government dispatched a three-person task force to disocer just how the Hamilton College Mail Center maintains its absolutely affable service.

After preliminary reports from stodgy bureaucrat Martin Wilco, who praised the staff as “courteous and pleasant” and his experience as “spiritually uplifting,” the higher-ups demanded more observation. Wilco then swept a tear from his eye and assured the visiting social scientists that they were in for a “real treat.”

Dr. Ellis Smith, corporate psychologist and modern workplace scholar, shared early findings with *The Duel*. “Yesterday, we witnessed a student and employee coordinate a troubleshooting session. The student supplied a HillCard and basic shipping information, and the employee eventually found the missing package and even threw in a Big Ol’ Smile™. Crisis averted and no evidence of stress for either party,” Smith recalled. He shook his head in disbelief. “Flawless. Hopefully someday the government can harness similar levelheadedness during calamity.”

Dr. Smith’s colleague, Dr. Rhonda Spitz, an etiquette expert and sociologist, emphasized the key role of eye-contact, pleasant greeting, and the lightheared spring in the step of the Mail Center workers.

The government scientists had many hypothesii. Is it the postal training? Is it the polite, docile student body? Are there secret narcotics circulating in the mail office that the criminologist is missing? Or is it the simple joy of good company and efficient sorting habits, delivering everything form care packages to court summonses?

Research will continue, but as of today, it remains and unexplained scientific phenomenon—like the *aurora borealis* and why we can just let Pluto be a planet, the goodness nestled in the hearts of the Mail Center stff can never be explained.

Campus Map



Cartography by Ms. Bodzas '16

LETTER FROM
MISUNDERSTOOD ICICLE
“Sorry for being absolutely terrifying”

Humans,

I know you see me, hanging overhead, sharp as that twinge of regret for the creepiest hookup possible, wobbling a little in the breeze. Yeah. I feel your glances, people. Cold, a little fear-ful. You have made it abundantly clear that you’re freaking petrified of me. Congratula-tions. And I’m sure you kids don’t mean any-thing by those fearful comments. I suppose you just want to protect your necks and then forget who may be listening.

Let’s crush some of those misunderstandings and try to clear the air between you and me. To everyone who makes the ‘perfect murder weapon’ joke-impale your

nemesis with an ici-cle, leave no trace once that icy dagger melts- kindly apply road salt to your eyes. Look, I recently got my New York license, the in-laws are moving in, the wife isn’t so frigid anymore, and my freelance career is really picking up. Things are totally looking up for me, and it took a long time to get to the point where I can look in the mirror and say, “You are worth more than a flawless stab-bing.” All that ridicule is totally breaking my heart, Hamilton.

I know you’re afraid of death, and I can address this anxiety up front. Freak accidents happen, but the worst we’re talking is a simple clunk on the noggin. Bop, and we both laugh about it after. So please, for chrissake, stop making me out to be a big time skullcracker. That was just a phase and there are so many other

concus-sion opportunities on campus. Accidentally bump heads while hugging someone on the rugby team, for example. This stuff happens all the time.

I hope we can turn this relationship around, Hamilton, and stop things from snowballing out of control. Let’s have a topical debate. I have very strong views on global warming! Or a heart-to-heart! I’m a conversationalist. I don’t need anything permanent. Jeez, I’ll be dead in a few months. No need to be so cold, Hamilton. Anything. I’m here. Hanging. Chilling.

Love,

A Misunderstood Icicle

Translated from Danish by Ms. Bodzas '16

February 1, 2013

Erin Cambell

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April 12, 2013

To Whom It May Concern:

Hear me out. I've been through a lot since my previous application (See: Erin Campell, Cover Letter March 2012. Most Improved's gotta count for something, right?). But let's get to business. Can we take a moment to appreciate my skill set? I am a top-notch paper stapler, water cooler gossip, and client phone call schmoozer.

I'm not qualified to do literally almost anything. I count on my fingers and usually tip absurdly high out of percentage-calculation anxiety. I still use the Paperclip office assistant on MS Word. One time I self-diagnosed a case of carpal tunnel on WebMD - ever since, I've been typing slower than my arthritic grandfather because precaution is so goshdarn important. In the past year, I've graduated to three-word responses to questions on the telephone, though awkward dismissals are still pretty prevalent if my conversation partner has an accent, PhD, or any seductive quality in their voice. I have a short term memory of about seven seconds if I'm sober, five if that was mediocre coffee, and three if it has to do with a Windows desktop or "mandatory meeting time and location."

I'm no stranger to rejection, on levels professional, personal, and spiritual. I get denied on a regular basis. The history department totally snubbed my thesis proposal on five occasions (Jimmy Carter was important, okay?) and one time Marge even rejected my HillCard for a quick Commons breakfast swipe. The boy on my floor I've been subtly hitting on all semester put the kibosh on things, in, well, his words: "Please just no."

Let's be real, nobody's reading this far, so this paragraph probably won't matter. Lkadsjflkfas fuck fuckadilly alksfjlasf yeah so um There's this one episode of Rocket Power where the kids build a fort in the sand dunes and then (I think) bigger kids take it over. The ocean, ultimately, reclaims it. My thoughts keep returning to this cartoon sand fort. I'm pretty sure I'm meant to find it post-grad, find that precious fort and live meaningfully until the ocean reclaims me, too. I'll find it. Not like I'll have anything cooler to do.

Sincerely,

Erin

Reviewed by Ms. Bodzas '16

April 19, 2013

QUIZ: HOW STRESSED ARE YOU, REALLY?

By Ms. Bodzas '16

December 7, 2012

It's almost finals week and stress levels are approaching an all-time high. We wonder... how doomed are you? Really, now?

1. It's scientifically unconfirmed, but we suspect newborn seals probably suffer from high blood pressure and stress nightmares about baseball bats. How old are baby seals when it's finally legal to club them?

a. 6 days

b. 12 days

c. 3 weeks

d. I can't deal with this, my final paper is due in 12 days.

2. Hundreds of people squeeze the everloving shit out of a stress ball daily because they don't know where their next meal is coming from. How many people die of starvation every minute?

a. 15 people

b. 18 people

c. 25 people

d. I don't know. I have a lot on my plate right now—I don't have time for people with nothing on their plates, man.

3. Debilitating diseases cause ungodly levels of stress and pain. How many people live with a terminal illness in America?

a. 1 million

b. 1.4 million

c. 3 million

d. I think I'm getting a cold or something, this is such bad timing.

4. With incomes dropping in the U.S., lower class families feel the depressing reality of seriously empty pockets. How many live beneath the poverty line in America?

a. 45 million

b. 46 million

c. 46.2 million

d. I have \$23.45 left on my HillCard and a week of allnighters ahead, Opus where are you when I need espresso most? #brokecollegekidprobs am I right?

5. Approximately 250 million children work exhaustingly demanding jobs in sweatshops worldwide. Which of the following are child slaves deprived of?

a. Normal childhoods

b. Education

c. Lives free of abuse

d. Have you even been so overworked that you just start watching livefeeds of kittens while online shopping in another tab? Killing it.

6. Endangered rainforest animals everywhere are freaking the fuck out because it sucks to be homeless. How much of the planet's forest cover has already been lost to deforestation?

a. 70%

b. 80%

c. 90%

d. I'm 100% done with this shit I'm so stressed help when is break I'm literally crying fuck everything so stressed this is the worst okay.

(answer key: 1. b, 2. b, 3. b, 4. c, 5. everything but d. you whiny bastard, 6. b)

FRIDAY FIVE: THINGS NOT TO BRING UP DURING YOUR RA INTERVIEW

Compiled by Ms. Bodzas '16

February 22, 2013

5. **Passion for group massage therapy.**

I want my floor to feel like a family. And a family that learns together buys essential oils together. Forget chair massages I can assure Res Life that I'll be able to knead the stress away any day of the week. Even, and especially, late at night—you've got to be crazy to turn down a surprise midnight massage, am I right?

4. **Creepily specific interest in Root kids.**

A lot of people glaze over the fact that the Root kids are the heart and soul of this campus. They give us meaning. Without the Root kids, it's like Hamilton itself has no substance. There's something so alluring about the innocence and purity in Root- snuggling sub-free freshman and sophomores is probably my most wholesome pastime, if we want to be real. And don't get me started about the Wertimites—so secluded, so mysterious, so sexy.

3. **If you look me up in federal census records, you probably won't find anything.**


Alternatively, look up my stage name.

2. **I'm not technically a student.**

Last semester, I accidentally audited what was either a documentary cinema studies class or a bunch of sophomores watching YouTube clips of baby animals and parkour in the Red Pit. I've been living under the bridge for a few weeks, which has been pretty chill, but I enjoy calm naps in the Opus ceiling hammocks.

1. **When people talk, I only hear a low gurling sound about 50% of the time.**

My friends say I'm still really personable.



Snake Massage Sunday!

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Sigourney Weaver

Karate and Friendship for

Zippy

Alright

Sexy Pussy Riot

Fainting Ghost

Goatee

Liver Pool

Sufjan Stevens

Paper Maché Volcano

Kirkland

New Poets' Settlement

Vengeful Spirit of Kirkland

Health Center

F. Zott

Opus Magnum

Coffee Critic Club

Collin

Flying Teapot

Making Bad Choices

Permanent Bouncy House

Cornflower

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