

On the 5th day of finals, my professors gave to me:

Five lab reports, four problem sets, three presentations, two turtledoves, and a ten-fucking-page essay

STUDENT DISCOVERS SHE’S BEEN TAKING WRONG CLASSES ALL SEMESTER

All those emails finally make sense

By Mr. Letai ’19

THE WRONG DEPT.

(THE LAST MINUTE) Anna Coleman ’18 recently realized that she has attended the wrong classes for the entire past semester. When Coleman began preparing for finals, she quickly noticed that the syllabi on Blackboard didn’t match up with the subjects she had been studying for months.

“I figured it was time to start studying for finals,” Coleman explained. “But instead of seeing the classes I’ve been going to, it was a bunch of random other stuff. I guess I should have noticed something was up earlier when everyone in my dance class was using calculators all the time. I just figured it was some kind of avant-garde bullshit. I don’t even know what ‘differential equations’ means. I guess I shouldn’t have done so much day-drinking before registration last semester.”

Coleman plans to take her finals to the best of her ability, but her professors are not pleased.

“For the final, she was supposed to analyze the fluctuating value of foreign imports to the United States from 1960-1990,” Economics professor Bill Washington said. “Instead she wrote about how

French Impressionism influenced American Post-Modernists. It will come in handy next time I’m at an art auction, but I can’t give her a good grade.”

Coleman met with similar results on her physics exam. “They wanted me to calculate the mass of a projectile, but I didn’t know how,” she explained, “So I did a close reading of the question and proved ontologically that the projectile doesn’t exist, and that the four hundred meter distance was a metaphor for Professor Steinman’s unresolved conflict with his father.”

“Anna is really very bright,” Professor Bert Steinman said. “It’s too bad she didn’t come to class a single time. Now if you’ll excuse me, I... have to make a phone call.”

Though she initially had trouble with her final computer science project, Coleman sought help from a TA. “He really helped me out. Now I’m almost done with a program where, when you activate it, it pulls up my ten-page analysis on the symbolism for innocence in *Where the Red Fern Grows*.”

Despite recent setbacks, Coleman is optimistic about her next semester.

“I’m almost positive I know what classes I’m taking in January,” she proclaimed, not bothering to check WebAdvisor. “I’m ready to take a nice nap and forget about all this. Now if I could just remember which dorm I live in...”

SOPHOMORE REALIZES HE CAN MAKE THINGS DISAPPEAR BY CALLING THEM A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT

Unaware that’s how every philosophy class ends

By Brian Burns ’17

From an idea by Jack Sinclair ’19

POST-EVERYTHING DEPT.

(SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE) After taking his first Philosophy class at Hamilton Frank Sinclair ’19 reached the epiphany that everything around him is an example of the long-held traditions of society rather than natural human instinct. This realization gave him a strange new power—the ability to make anything disappear by commenting on its artifice.

“I realized gender, race—all these ideas were the result of how a bunch of old, probably white dudes thought we should think. So I thought, what if we just threw all the rules out?” Sinclair said. “I mentioned in class that gender was a social construct, and that’s how I solved the wage gap.”

“Every freshman gains this power when they take my class, but no one has fucked up the world this badly,” Philosophy Professor Jung Orwell, who taught Sinclair’s class Philosophy of How Everything You Know is A Lie, said. “It’s like Neo realizing that he’s in the Matrix. Only instead of becoming super-powerful and flying, students usually just smoke weed and become insufferable to their friends.”

“I said ‘clothing is a social construct,’ and suddenly my entire wardrobe disappeared. I had to raid my roommate’s closet,” Sinclair said, shifting uncomfortably in an oversized, tie-dye, 4/20 t-shirt. “I’ve been wearing his Speedo for underwear for three days.”

As of Friday, Sinclair had done what the French could not in 1789—discarded government as an unnatural outgrowth of humanity. Sinclair then accidentally dissolved organized religion at breakfast. By Friday morning, students and faculty began to protest, proving that mob mentality is inherent.

“If he doesn’t stop soon, we’ll all be just running around in circles, naked,” Orwell said, scrambling to find another “mind-blowing” freshman philosophy ideas to take Sinclair’s mind off of social constructionism. “I knew I should have started class with something boring, like Kant.”

“You know, technically, language is a social construct,” Sinclair said before continuing, “.”

STUDY ABROAD STUDENT ALREADY PREPARING TO CRAM NEW PERSPECTIVE DOWN YOUR THROAT

You wouldn’t understand.

By Mx. Collins ’19

HOLIER-THAN-THOU DEPT.

(LUGGAGE CLAIM) After a full semester of living in a different country, many students are finally preparing to return to Hamilton for the spring. Sources indicate that Aaron Gant ’18 is preparing to explain how his experiences make him a better human than you.

“I had this life-changing experience abroad. Everything was different where I studied. They lived more simply there. They didn’t need all of this bright flashiness and fakeness that we have here in the Hamilton. They didn’t drink ‘extra large Opus Magnums with a triple shot of vanilla extract only from immature, locally sourced beans,’ they used two shots of vanilla extract. It’s little things like

that that have made me see the world in a different light. The people need to know!”

Gant has been reportedly attempting to “spread a far superior culture” through hundreds of Facebook posts, thirteen separate Instagram photos of himself with inspiring quotes, and a *Routes* article titled, “Living Against the Grain: How Sipping Champagne in a Faraway Place Made Me More Enlightened Than Buddha.”

Gant’s former friend Jessica Parker ’17 weighed in: “I was just trying to catch up with him since we haven’t talked in a while—when all of a sudden he starts going off about how I need to revolutionize my thinking,” she reported. “He was talking about how I’m so stuck in this system of thought that ‘The Man’ is forcing upon us to stop us from reaching our full ‘spiritual potential.’ Where the fuck is he pulling that from? He studied “abroad” in Syracuse.”

In this issue: work we didn’t need

How the Wipp Stole Christmas



“... And what happened then? Well in Clinton they say That the Wipp’s bald spot grew three sizes that day!”

See pg. 12/25

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM

You might want to call her back.



“Welcome back from finals! Now go clean out the garage; you’re living in it.”



# Asshole Editorial: To the Person Already Saying 2017 Will be a Great Year, Shut the Fuck Up!

To the idiot who suggested that 2017 will be the “best year ever,” please shut the fuck up. I haven’t even finished digesting my Turkey Day dinner, yet you find it necessary to spout off on what an awesome year 2017 will be. I may have fucking *Memento* disease, but aren’t you the same guy who said that 2016 was going to be the “best year ever?” Not exactly a track record that inspires confidence, buddy. Should we run through some of the events of the “best year ever?”

First off, the country lost its mind over a gorilla. A FUCKING GORILLA. Then David Bowie and Prince had to die, so I don’t think anybody will ever have sex again. To put a cherry on top of this rocky road of a year, we held the election to end all elections. It was a national travesty. Lincoln Chafee was never even given a fair chance. He was the one candidate who really could have affected change in America. So what exactly in 2016 has given you the confidence to say that 2017 will be a super year? I’m all for optimism, and maybe you’re thinking whatever doesn’t kill you makes you stronger. Yeah, like a shark tears your arm off, and suddenly you’re Superman.

Who the fuck do you think you are, Nostradamus? Where is your crystal ball? If you could see the future, why wouldn’t you tell me that my girlfriend was going to leave me? I’ll tell you what, you can go and live in your fantasy land with cotton candy clouds and President Lincoln Chafee while the rest of us serfs toil away in the dung heap that 2016 left us in.

Angrily typed while sobbing by Mr. Paull ’20

## Computer Science 110 - Intro to Python - Final Project

### Professor Barkley

**Assignment:** Typically, the final assignment for this class is to write a program that tells a simple interactive story, but since I have, quite frankly, been appalled with the quality of work in class this semester, I have decided to alter the assignment.

The goal of this assignment is now to construct a program that is a better student than you are. A fully functional version of this program should be able to complete assignments and turn them in on time. This program should be capable of studying for and passing exams. And, unlike most of you, should the program receive several emails highlighting an upcoming drop deadline for a class it is not doing well in, the program should be able to take the hint. In short, this program should be something I wish I had in class instead of all of you.

```
1 import intelligence
2
3 import workethic
4
5 class GoodStudent:
6     def __init__(self, assignments, exams):
7         self._semester = assignments
8         self._completedassignments = []
9         self._exams = exams
10        self._mentalbreakdown = False
11
12        for assignment in self._semester:
13            assignment.completeAssignment()
14            self._completedassignments.append(assignment)
15            self._semester.remove(assignment)
16
17        for exam in self._exams:
18            if self._mentalbreakdown is False:
19                self.studyForExam()
20                exam.takeExam()
21            else:
22                self.dropOut()
23
```

Smuggled out of her final by Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

## THIS WEEKEND - THE RED PIT OF DESPAIR!



Have you had “12 Days of Christmas” stuck in your head for the last 12 months?  
Are you, or is one of your friends, just too freaking jolly?  
Want to lose all of your faith in the holiday spirit?

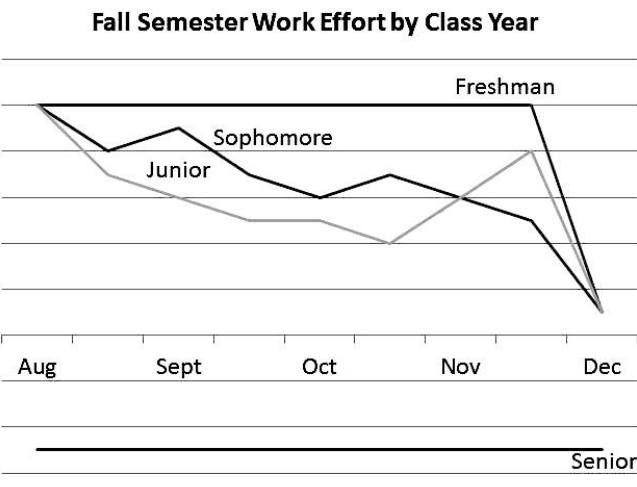
Then come to the **RED PIT** for some intensely merry Christmas torture!  
On Saturday December 10th from 6 to 11 pm, the **RED PIT** is your center for pure holiday **TORMENT**.  
If your friends have threatened to murder you if you belt out Jingle Bells one more time, then come get all of that **POSITIVE ENERGY SUCKED OUT** of you!

### Featuring:

- The Red Pit, but somehow even more red, because **CHRISTMAS**
  - Wait, is that Macaulay Caulkin? He looks like shit
  - An endless loop of Kidz Bop “Baby its Cold Outside”
  - Egg nog with no booze and burnt Christmas cookies
    - Santa Claus in a diabetic coma
  - Some sad boy standing under the mistletoe
- Your annoying little cousin who has a better fucking phone than you do
  - Plenty of disappointing gifts to unwrap, e.g. coal and switches
    - An artificial Christmas tree that is somehow dead
      - Good Old Fashioned Consumerism™

Any questions/comments/concerns? Email [santaisfake@globalwarmingmeltedthenorthpole.net](mailto:santaisfake@globalwarmingmeltedthenorthpole.net)

Casually deleted by Mr. Boudreau ’20



## Officially Approved List of Non-Denominational Replacements for the Phrase “Secret Santa”:

In the name of political correctness, Hamilton College has approved the following non-denominational, inoffensive, secular alternatives to reference a certain jolly mythological character who shall not be named. Please, for the love of [REDACTED], do not take offense.

- Secret Snowflakes
  - Secret Snowplows
  - Secret Precipitation-Related Traffic Accidents
  - Confidential Comrades
  - Secret Awkward Graces At The Dinner Table With People You Don’t Really Know
  - Secret Winston Churchill
  - Secret Secrets
  - Ninja Krampus
  - Non-Denominational Circuitous Arrangement of Gift Giving
  - Discreet Friends
  - Hannukkanonymous
  - Secret President-Elects
  - Secret Gerrymandered Districts
  - Secret Fat Men
  - Secret Shrimp
  - Hush Hush Hooligans
  - Secret Capitalists
  - Secret Human Rights Infringements
  - Kwanzaa Konfidential
  - Mysterious Manfredos
  - Private Pirates
  - Duplicitous David Wippmans
  - Undisclosed Festive Organization (U.F.O.)
- Tentatively submitted by Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

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