

Kirkland Cottage to be turned into pretentious discotheque for BEDBUGS

D.R.A.M. SHOCKED TO DISCOVER "BROCCOLI" ONLY D.R.A.M. SONG D.R.A.M. KNOWS

Despite being least stoned person at concert
By Mr Stark '19

REAL. ASS. MUSIC. DEPT.
(YOUR SPOTIFY QUEUE) Students at the CAB's recent D.R.A.M. concert were dumbfounded as the artist collapsed, leaving the stage after only one song — "Broccoli."

"All of a sudden, his expression became blank and glassy-eyed," dedicated fanboy Lyle Boate '18 recounted. "His right hand continued slapping the piano keys rhythmically as he murmured into nowhere. After a minute or so, we realized the song had finished and we started wondering what he'd do next." The singer, apparently having forgotten the rest of his set, reached out to the audience for requests — but tragically, not a single student could think of any of his other songs.

After going backstage to consult with his closest assistants — reportedly, his Goldendoodle puppy and that big hand puppet from "Cute" — D.R.A.M. re-

turned to complete the performance with five more renditions of "Broccoli," which were met with raucous applause, before showering the audience with colorful fake money and riding off on a tricycle.

The concert had been hotly anticipated on campus, with even Bon Appétit joining in on the festivities by serving a celebratory all-broccoli menu at Commons. "We think it's excellent that popular musicians today are joining us to help spread an appreciation for healthy eating and organic local produce," a representative of the company said. "Oh, and big, juicy asses. They're important too."

Dedicated fans may remember D.R.A.M.'s previous breakdown just last month, when he was left reeling for several days after realizing that "Broccoli" is about marijuana and not the joys of maintaining a well-balanced diet.

While the concert was, overall, viewed as a success by students, D.R.A.M. himself has declined the *Duel's* request for comment. It would appear that his PR team is trying to play down the incident, as the next morning there was no sign of the rapper, save a lone head of *Brassica oleracea* floating in the KJ water feature.

SENIOR GIFT IS TIE, "WORLD'S BEST DAD" MUG

At least it wasn't grocery store flowers

By Mr. Fergusson '20

HALLMARK HOLIDAYS DEPT.
(DADDY VVIPPMAN'S OFFICE) The senior gift has been made public this week. A "World's Best Dad" mug and decent tie that was on sale from Amazon.com arrived at President Wyppman's office Wednesday morning.

"You know, it's not the worst thing we've received," Sherri Pavlik, Secretary to the Office of the President, explained. "When we first came into our offices last summer, one of the Trustees had left us a package of half-eaten packing peanuts. They weren't even salted."

Many have speculated as to the reason behind this gift, which some have described as "fucking pathetic." According to freshman member of the Conspiracy Club Tim Fulton, the gift is irrefutable proof of "alien students, who are uncertain of the correct customs regarding gift giving on our planet."

Another theory, coming from former golf captain Chris Harrington '09, is that this was a form of

protest. "It's clear that this gift is showing distaste with the ongoing shortening of the golf course on campus. It's a crying shame that the Conts can't host a home tournament on campus!"

Candice Wint '17, Publicity Chair for the senior class, defended the gift. "This gift is more than a mere tie and mug. It has symbolic importance. We mean to show how at home we feel on the Hill, that the school raised us and taught us life lessons similar to our fathers." Reportedly, this email was deleted without being read by most of the student population.

Harold Cherschowski '17, Head of the Senior Gift Committee was questioned on the somewhat unimpressive nature of the gift. He was cut off from responding by a FaceTime call from his father, during which the elder Cherschowski questioned his son as to why he had been sent a picnic table engraved with the phrase "World's Best College."

After a quick check of his Amazon account, Cherschowski said, "I must have mixed up the dates and delivery locations for my Father's Day gift and the senior gift when I ordered them." A look of horror crossed his face. "Oh shit — Where did I send my sex toys?"

STREAKING TEAM RECRUITS PRODIGY WITH MASSIVE SCHOLARSHIP

Yet another member to hang around

By Mx. Collins '19

BALL HANDLING DEPT.
(DONNING A MASK IN THE SECRET HIDEOUT) Last Thursday, the Streaking Team announced that it had successfully recruited a nudist for the incoming freshman class. New admit Richard Peters '21 has received one of the largest athletic endowments the College has ever extended.

Peters hails from the small town of Stark, New York. He is the son of a sausage maker and a professional fudge packer.

"Growing up, I had a really hard time in school. I only really pulled through in Sex Education and Biology," Peters stated. "I worked throughout high school as the person who put hot dogs in their buns at the local Nathans." His lack of extracurriculars and poor grades have aroused much suspicion as to whether the Streaking Team had any hand in his acceptance.

"It's really been our pleasure to invite Richard to our team," team captain Harry Wood '17 said. "One of our Alumni hooked us up with him. It's quite a virgin experience for us to be able to recruit a member this easily!"

In honor of this occasion, the team has reportedly begun to erect a six-foot obelisk among the brush on the edge of the Glen. The administration has requested the team take a little bit off of the tip, and perhaps trim the bushes around it a little bit to make it more appealing.



In this issue: "People are stupid and we have to treat them as such." - Brian

MILTON MARATHON FORECAST	1ST HOUR	4TH HOUR	10TH HOUR
	Free	to	Fall
	High probability "forbidden fruit" is on display in McEwen	66.6% chance Lucifer fell from grace and can't get back up.	"You thought it was a hangover, but it was really Original Sin."

Report: Blood Drive is Fake News



Blood can't drive.

See "Transylvania Hacked the Election," pg 8100d

Hamilton Alum of the Week: Darth Vader, Class of Long Long Ago



MAJOR: RELIGIOUS STUDIES
SENIOR QUOTE: *MUFFLED BREATHING*
FUN FACT: IRONICALLY LIVED ON LIGHT SIDE

Throne of Ass: an erotic adventure in the kingdom of Adarlan

It was a sultry Tuesday evening in the kingdom of Adarlan and Celaena Sardothien sat in a lonely castle, sharpening one of her many assassin’s blades. She wore a brown tunic with nothing but a pair of burlap panties underneath, and her blonde hair shone like freshly cooked spaghetti.

“Wow,” Celaena moaned, “I’m so bored right now, I would kill for any type of action. And I mean *any* action.”

At that very moment the doorbell rang, but the ringer didn’t wait for Celaena to answer. He penetrated his way through her castle doors in a strong and confident manner. The man had jet black hair and sapphire blue eyes that looked like two glowing sapphires, not to mention the enormous codpiece on his suit of armor.

“Dorian,” Celaena gasped. “What are you doing here?”

“Didn’t you order one large pizza... extra sausage?” Dorian replied.

“No, but I’ll take the sausage,” said Celaena. Her whole body quivered with excitement as Dorian slowly swaggered towards her.

Celaena struggled momentarily while removing her tunic, but soon she stood completely naked except for the previously mentioned burlap underwear. Dorian reached her and extended one armor clad hand out to grasp one of Celaena’s breasts.

“Wow,” Dorian said. “Your boob feels so good, like two boobs, but like I’m only feeling one of them.”

“An ancient mage enchanted them to be extra supple. I thought you would like them. Now, let’s get you out of that heavy armor so that you can give me that good dick!”

After the requisite two hours it takes to remove a suit of armor, Dorian did indeed give her that good dick. They did great sex together for five hours, in all three positions. After that they did it again for five more hours.

After they finished, Celaena said, “Wow, that was the second best intercourse I’ve ever had.”

“Second best?” Dorian said incredulously. “I mean, I did all three positions with you.”

“I once did sex with a creature from the realm of Earth by the name of Graham Paull. He knew all three positions plus a secret fourth one. He was not only a tender lover, but a good listener, and made great flapjacks the morning after.”

“Wow. I could never compare to a man who is so girthy yet kind,” Dorian said.

Written with a full erection by Mr. Paull ’20

How to Spot Fake News

After Wednesday’s Burkeshop on distinguishing reliable news sources, the Duel would like to contribute some more criteria to help you spot fake news:

- Are there any spelling or grammatical errors in the article?
- Does the publication never reference real news events?
- Have you not heard of anyone quoted in the article?
- Does the publication not have a Wikipedia page?
- Is the article reporting blatant falsehoods?
- In other words, do you disagree politically with the article?
- Does the article not fill you with an overwhelming sense of dread regarding the impending downfall of society as we know it?
- Are there gratuitous “fucks” in the article?
- Do you find yourself laughing at the article?
- Does the article reference any imaginary animals like unicorns or the Milbank Bear King?
- Does the article have any puns in the headline?
- Is the name of the publication a pun?
- Does the weather report never actually mention weather?
- Is Dapid Wivvman’s name spelled incorrectly anywhere?
- Does the location reported in the article not exist?
- Are drunk college students a primary target of a majority of articles?
- Are cats or cults important factors in the article?
- Does the publication have a “comma consultant?”
- Are any Heartland rockers (i.e. Bruce Springsteen) credited as “The Boss” of the publication?
- Is the newspaper published on blue paper on Fridays, reporting only the weekly goings-on of Hamilton College?

If you answered yes to any or all of these questions, your news is completely reliable.

Compiled by Mr. Boudreau ’20

FRIDAY FIVE: REJECTED STRATEGIC PLANNING IDEAS

By Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

The Strategic Planning Committee has been accepting proposals from the campus community for how to spruce up the Hamilton experience. Here are some ideas that didn’t quite make the cut.

5. **Completely Flipping the Campus Along College Hill Rd.** The Dark Side becomes the Light Side, the Light Side becomes the Dark Side; it’s perfect! The campus will feel new and refreshed, but everything stays the same.
4. **Implementing A New Language Requirement.** Students can take only dead or fantasy languages to show them how lucky they are to be using the languages they do. Course selections include: Latin, Elvish, Klingon, Drunken Gibberish, and French.
3. **Discipline by Historical Immersion.** Instead of a points system, students are punished by living for one semester with the amenities Hamilton had in 1812. These included bathing in the creek down the hill once every few weeks, fetching drinking water from the well, eating meals of gruel and mystery meat, and chopping down trees to collect fuel for fires.
2. **Required Attendance of Campus Events.** Each student must attend five sports games per season, nine music performances per semester, and twenty-six lectures. Any student who has not fulfilled their spectator quota will be forced to sit in a chair on the map and have wet food gently wiped on them.
1. **Wrestling for Tenure.** In order to be considered for tenure, professors must wrestle in the KTSA amphitheater. The competition happens at the same time as the drunken rampage known as Class and Charter Day, so hundreds of trashed students cheer on their favorite professor, and then make their way to the concert immediately afterwards.

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