

MOOD: WHEN YOUR ROTTING PUMPKIN FACE LOOKS WORSE THAN THE JACK-O-LANTERN YOU CARVED TWO WEEKS AGO

LEGACY FRESHMAN INHERITS EIGHT POINTS FROM PARENT

Wonders which incident led to conception

By Mr. Stevenson '19

STUDENT CONDUCT DEPT.

(CARN QUAD, IN THE RAIN) Over Parents' Weekend, Justin McCann Jr. '21, an intended Computer Science major and active member of Smash Club, was stunned to find that his disciplinary record showed eight points accrued, despite having never so much as attended an all-campus party. Upon investigation, it was discovered that Mr. McCann's points were in fact no fault of his own, but rather holdovers from his father, Justin McCann Sr. '99.

The elder Mr. McCann, a rugby player who graduated with degrees in Economics and Government, apparently racked up enough points to be felt into the next generation, much like the concussion he infamously sustained in a game against Middlebury in 1996 after attempting to tackle the goalpost for "looking at him funny."

Extensive analysis of disciplinary records from the time reveal that McCann Sr.'s points at one time tallied fourteen, but as a result of panic sur-

rounding the impending Y2K crisis, his expulsion was utterly overlooked in the flurry of floppy disks, and rather than address the issue, the administration chose to pass down the points to McCann Jr. upon his matriculation at Hamilton.

"I was mortified," McCann Jr. admitted, pushing his thick reading glasses back up his nose. "Normally the procedure is to notify the parents at six, but I guess since it was my dad who did it, they had to send the letter to me instead. Nothing can really prepare you for that kind of shock and disappointment."

McCann Sr., for his part, seemed elated by the news. "Wait, seriously? That's fucking incredible," he said, opening a can of Coors Light with such vivacity that foam sprayed across his son's collection of neatly organized gaming dice. "Definitely at least four of those last ones were for throwing a pool table off the roof of Babbitt on Mardi Gras my second senior spring. Nice going, son!"

At press time, McCann Jr. stated that he intended to promptly bake a nice pumpkin bread and arrange a meeting with the Dean of Students in order to rectify the situation, while McCann Sr. was last seen boarding the late night Jitney without proper identification (a one point offense).

in for them. "Yeah, I mean, all of us have been thinking that even we can do better than them, so I guess this was just our time to prove it," dancer Maggie Sharp '19 said.

"When the team ran out onto the field, they looked smaller than usual," spectator Kenny Anderson '21 said. "But damn were they incredible. Those must've been some strong smelling salts."

By halftime, the Conts were up by 35 points. The final score for the game was 56-7, with the only touchdown Middlebury scored being when the dance team left the second quarter early to get ready for their halftime show.

"Bro, like, holy shit, I didn't know our team was actually good. I just came to get drunk at the tailgate," Brad Kelly '20 slurred.

Coach Steve has since cut all of the football players from the team and replaced them with the dance team. Johnson and many of his teammates were later found at the tryouts for the new dance team.

DAVID WIPPMAN STILL IN CHARACTER FOLLOWING HOGWARTS CAMEO

He doesn't break until the DVD commentary

by Mr. Boudreau '20

DANIEL DAY-LEWIS WANNABE DEPT.

(THE FORBIDDEN FOREST) Following his brief appearance as squib caretaker Argus Filch in the annual Hogwarts at Hamilton performance last weekend, the campus community was flabbergasted to discover that President Wippman never broke character afterward.

"I first noticed that something was wrong on Monday when he came into his office wearing these hideous rags and a wispy gray wig," his assistant Minerva McGraph said, "Then Wippman spent all of his 9:30 appointment with a wealthy alumnus petting a stuffed cat and mumbling to himself, so there goes another donation."

One student related an incident of Wippman making one of his regular visits to Commons, but instead of the usual awkward conversation with students trying to hide the fact that they're drunk on a Wednesday afternoon, he just stood around mopping the same twelve square feet for two hours and grumbling about Peeves the Poltergeist.

"We tried to talk to him," Justin Fletchley '19 said, "But he just yelled 'scram' and threatened to tell the headmaster and get us expelled. Then Marge yelled at him, and that really spooked him so he hobbled off."

Other reports tell stories of President Wippman leading students into the Glen claiming to be giving them detention.

"He said we were going to go into the forest and try to find some unicorns. I thought it was a sex thing so I said 'Yass Daddy Wipp'," Romona Vane '20 said. "But after an hour of wandering around aimlessly he said that he missed Mrs. Norris and we just left before anything fun happened."

President Wippman caused the most confusion, however, when he sent out an all campus email from the address wfrey@hamilton.edu inviting students and staff to a "Red Wedding" this Friday night.

"I guess that means he doesn't think he's Filch anymore," Bob Stark '21 observed. "But I wouldn't be caught dead at this red wedding thing."

DANCE TEAM REPLACES FOOTBALL TEAM, WINS

"We have a dance team?"

By Mr. Kelly '21

WHINING DEPT.

(LOCKER/NAP ROOM) After starting off the season with an impressive 2-5 record, the Hamilton football team was ready to play their next game against rival NESAC school, Middlebury. As the coach entered the locker room to give the players their pre-game pep talk, he noticed something was missing: the football team. Panicking, he raced out the door only to find the entire team holding up signs reading, "No Nap, No Play!"

"The team was playing so shitty, I thought I'd cut out their half-hour nap break during the practice for the past week," Coach Steve said. "Jesus they're such babies."

Wide receiver Tom Johnson '20 flew into a fit of rage, "Fuck you Steve! We need our naps!" he said with foam flying from his mouth.

Coach Steve asked the dance team to fill

In this issue: Middlebury has Hoop Fever! (See issue 13)

MR. BURNS OPENS THIS WEEK



Just... really thoroughly read the program.

See "Wait, this is about a movie?" pg. 1991

Choose Your Own Adventure!

Issue 10: Campo accepts you as one of their own.

A. Develop a super-advanced sense of smell to sniff out fun.

See issue 11

B. Start a rumble with the actual cops.

See issue 12

C. Challenge Coots to armed combat for control of Campo Jail.

See issue 13

CAB COMEDY SHOW FORECAST	7:30 P.M.	7:45 P.M.	8 P.M.
	High probability Graham sucks.	High probability Tyler sucks.	High probability Yodapez sucks and it's all Alex's fault.

FINDING OUT THAT YOUR EX IS FUCKING SOMEONE NEW

So, you just talked to your ex for the first time in forever. You ask them how they are doing. Remember when you broke up, and said you would still be friends? Well, great news! That never works. Something about having anal sex with someone changes the nature of your relationship.

In a struggle to come up with something to talk about besides the day you spent crying into a bag of jumbo sized marshmallows and trying to masturbate the pain away after you broke up, you think about asking them how their sex life is. So because you are an insecure and immature emotionally stunted freak, you decide to ask it, and oh boy do you regret it. Now all you can think about is the likely 12-inch penis entering and exiting the vagina that you used to inhabit. You consider taking up pottery to cope with the emotional distress, but realize you'd likely end up trying to phallically mimic the “mystery man” and shove it up your ass to try and get a feel for what it would be like for her.

Wait shit, no you totally don't do that. You are fine. You're not preoccupied. She’s her own person and you broke up a long time ago. You shouldn't be jealous. You should be happy for her. You should be glad she moved on, and is finding someone else to explore every inch of her supple, delicious bodSHIT. NO. Stop thinking about it.

She’s probably really happy with this new guy. She’s probably falling in love again, and you should be happy for her, and the guy she is falling in love with. You know that she would make the right choices. She’s smart and kind and you know that she’d find someone just like her. You hope that he cherishes her the way that you used to, and even though that ship has sailed, you hope that he treats her well and you trust that she chose wisely.

Although, if he ever did anything to her, you don't know if you could stay quiet. you would break his fucking legs. You would ride in on a white horse with your glistening nipples fluttering in the wind and yell to him, “HOW DARE YOU MISTREAT MY SUMMER BLOSSOM! SHE IS THE EARTH TO MY STARS, THE SHELL TO MY NUT, THE MOON TO MY FACE, AND SO HELP ME GOD I WILL BRING THE WRATH OF A THOUSAND GODS DOWN UPON YE!” AND YOU WOULD DISMOUNT YOUR HORSE AND WITH A SWIFT KICK TO HIS ***MASSIVE, SWINGING EQUINE COCK AND BALLS***, YOU WOULD GRAB YOUR WOMAN AND RIDE INTO THE SUNSET, HER GOLDEN HAIR BOUNCING UP AND DOWN AS SHE GIVES YOU A RIMJOB ATOP YOUR NOBLE STEED.

Fuck, I need to get laid.

Written down between crying and masturbating by Mr. Case ’21

From: careercenter@hamilton.edu
Subject: New Career Center Initiative

Dear parents of Hamilton students,

Following the wave of student sign-ups prompted by parental intervention, the Hamilton College Career Center is proud to roll out a new initiative. We hope to boost enrollment in our programs by involving parents in the day-to-day activities of their children’s college lives. Please continue to motivate your Hamilton student to attend events relevant to their career path. Our next program, Just Yelling The Word “LinkedIn” Over And Over Again 101, is filling up fast, so don’t wait!

From: careercenter@hamilton.edu
To: philandbarbara123@hotmail.com
Subject: Enrollment Deadlines

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins,

We’ve noticed that your daughter, Jessica, has yet to sign up for our next Career Center event, Internships Are The Only Way To Get A Job Now And You Know It 201. We can only assume that you have not put enough pressure on Jessica to prepare herself for a future of serving her capitalist society through unpaid labor. Please call Jessica and remind her that time is running out.

From: careercenter@hamilton.edu
To: philandbarbara123@hotmail.com
Subject: Jessica’s Future

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins,

At the Hamilton College Career Center, we pride ourselves on our extensive connections to various industries. Now, we’re not saying that if Jessica doesn’t go our next workshop, we’ll pull some strings and she’ll never get a job and live with you for the next 40 years, but do you really want to take that chance? Go ahead and urge her to motivate herself to prepare for the bright future she’s always deserved.

From: careercenter@hamilton.edu
To: philandbarbara123@hotmail.com
Subject: Your Progeny Has Not Been Attending Our Events

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins,

It has become clear that you are not fully committed to ensuring Jessica’s successful future. As such, we have dispatched Career Center representatives to your home address to talk about Jessica’s attendance at our next workshop, Cider Mill Donuts While Alums Brag About Their Well-Paying Finance Jobs 201. We look forward to working more closely with you to help Jessica reach her full potential.

From: careercenter@hamilton.edu
To: philandbarbara123@hotmail.com
Subject: We Know You’re Home

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins,

Our Career Center representatives are at your door and have rung your doorbell several times, but you have not let them in. Please note that we have extensive knowledge of your personal schedules, and that your upstairs lights are on. You are not fooling anyone. Please open the door. Make sure to bring your cell phone so that you can call Jessica in front of us, pressuring her to attend our events while we stare you down. Thanks for your cooperation!

Sent to spam by Ms. Barry '19

HAMILTON HOROSCOPES (11/3-11/10)

There’s a full moon this weekend kiddos, but not to worry—Mercury isn’t in retrograde yet.

~Be sure to also check your moon & rising signs!!~

ARIES (3/21-4/19)

This week will try your patience, so make sure not to yell “YOU FUCKING CUCK!” at any campo officers when they bust your suite party this weekend.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20)

Ayyyy lmao this sign starts on 4/20!!!!

GEMINI (5/21-6/20)

Take time to reflect and relax this week. Go for a walk in the glen to calm your mind or just stop being a fuck-ing Gemini.

CANCER (6/21-7/22)

Now may be the time to stop looking at your phone on Martin’s Way and walk at a goddamn reasonable speed!

LEO (7/23-8/22)

Now is the time to act out your ambitions. Buy aout every ticket to every performance of *Mr. Burns: A Post-Electric Play* and shout the lines along with the actors.

VIRGO (8/23-9/22)

Let the full moon this weekend inspire you to finally tell that kid in your gov class who was okay with Paul Gottfried visiting campus to get fucked.

LIBRA (9/23-10/22)

Be bold this week and walk on the map like a privileged frat boy alumnus.

SCORPIO (10/23-11/21)

Maybe it’s best to stay in this weekend to dispel some of the shame associated with your “sexy LaCroix can” costume from Halloweekend.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21)

Please for the love of God do not drink the water in the KJ water feature. I know you want to, but it's full of ectoplasm.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19)

It’s time to shoot your shot with David Wippman. Ask for his number this weekend at Bundy Dining Hall.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18)

It’s time to shoot your shot with David Wippman’s secretary. Ask for her number this weekend in Bundy Dining Hall.

PISCES (2/19-3/20)

The full moon may make you feel adventurous, but make sure not to go skinny dipping in the pond outside KTSA this weekend. There’s Round-Up in there!

Found on a darksider’s private twitter account by Ms. Naston ’20

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