

HEY, WHAT’S THE MOVE TONIGHT?
Because I’ve been drinking boxed wine in Sadove since noon.

NEW DARKSIDERS RECEIVE
CEREMONIAL SEPTUM
PIERCINGS

Greysiders just get second cartilage

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20

AESTHETIC DISCERNMENT DEPT.

(SOME SINGLE IN BABBITT) As the freshmen on campus adjust to their new routines, sophomores who have chosen to live on the Dark Side are lining up to receive their ceremonial Darksider septum piercings. The ceremony has been in place since the fall of 2007, and each class of Darksiders since has been indoctrinated using the piercing ritual, which is also said to involve Clinton Pottery blood chalices and an unspecified Neutral Milk Hotel album.

“I’m fuckin’ stoked,” Harry Waters ’20 said while joining the line snaking lazily out of Babbitt. “You can’t even get a cup of soy chai tea on this side of campus without a pierced septum. Today’s the first day of the rest of my Dark Side life, and all I had to give in return was a little bit of cartilage—” Waters’ statement was interrupted by a roar from the onlookers in line as yet another

FRESHMAN DEHYDRATED
DURING DRY WEEK

A different kind of drinking problem

By Mr. Musial ’21

END CAMPUS DRINKING DEPT.

(SOUTH RESIDENCE HALL) Last weekend, Miranda Lynn ’21 was hospitalized for dehydration, reportedly believing that dry week applied to all forms of consumable liquids.

While 3,304 first-year students have been hospitalized for incidents related to drinking over the course of Hamilton’s 206 year history (3,301 of which took place in Dunham Residence Hall), Lynn is not only the first of these from Major, but also the first whose medical complications arose from underconsumption rather than overconsumption.

“My mom told me never to drink at school,” Lynn said, “but, I mean, I took a few drinks of water when I was sure no one was looking. Please don’t tell my mom that part. Or put it in the paper. This isn’t going in the paper, right?”

Unfortunately, a few sips of water a day was

sophomore exited Babbitt, trailing blood from one nostril.

The chief piercer, Skye Frasier ’18, was slightly more neutral. “Look, we’re always excited for new Darksiders who have chosen to be here instead of just getting randomly placed,” they said, supervising the piercing of a sophomore wearing a t-shirt that read, ‘this is my favorite waterpark.’ “But after a while it can get pretty taxing. We’re always running out of the free guitar straps before we get to the end of the line.”

Not everyone on campus is satisfied with the system. Said one anonymous junior from her room in Eells, “Hiding my septum piercing scar from my sorority sisters has been hell. I ended up in Minor as a sophomore only because I didn’t want to live in Bundy, but they pierced me anyways. If anyone sees the scar I’ll get kicked out of the sorority, so every time someone gets close enough to my face to see, I just start making out with them. It’s worked so far.”

The administration generally turns a blind eye to the piercing practice, preferring to allocate its resources to combatting the Lightside’s ceremony of branding the L.L.Bean logo onto sophomores’ backs.

hardly enough to sustain Lynn, and matters only became worse when she discovered it was dry week.

“I’ve followed every rule since I arrived at Hamilton last Tuesday at 8:30 AM on the dot,” Lynn lamented from her hospital bed. “I’ve swiped in for every meal at Commons, arrived five minutes early to every orientation event, and taken my pants off to drag my bare bottom across the map every time I walk by, just like Professor Buelschidt told me to.”

According to her roommate, Misty Perphecte ’21, Lynn gave up water altogether, and was found unconscious in a Major hallway on Friday.

“I’ve seen plenty of passed out douchebags in Dunham,” Perphecte said, “but I just couldn’t believe Miranda would end up like one of them.” Lynn was quickly transported to the hospital, where it was discovered that she was not only dehydrated, but had acquired tetanus through a cut in her perianal region.

C.A.B. LOSES VHS FOR NEXT
MOVIE NIGHT

Be kind, rewind

By Mr. Paull ’20

VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR DEPT.

(LOST AND FOUND) The C.A.B. movie nights got off to a rocky start when the screen fell over during *Guardians of the Galaxy: Vol. II*, and things don’t appear to be getting any better; C.A.B. has lost the VHS for an upcoming movie night.

The tape in question is the 1995 classic *The Land Before Time III: The Time of the Great Giving*, which was rented by C.A.B. from the now defunct Blockbuster Video in 2010. After the final bastion of the video rental industry fell in 2011, the VHS passed into the permanent ownership of C.A.B, which has shown the movie every year since.

“That’s the one movie night I always go to,” Randy Coogler ’18 said. “Those plucky little dinosaurs have taught me a lot about community and the importance of altruism. Also, I never knew dinos could sing so well before I watched this film. It really puts our place in the universe into perspective.”

Much of the blame for the disappearance of the tape is falling on C.A.B. representative Dani Villanueva Davidson ’20, who was in charge of the VHS on the night it went missing. “I went to Burke to use the library’s tape rewinder, but I forgot to take it out when I finished. In the morning it was gone without a trace,” Davidson said. “Okay, so maybe I got a little distracted when Wippman walked in wearing his bike shorts, but honestly, who wouldn’t be?”

The campus remains on high alert for the whereabouts of the missing tape, with a 24/7 search party combing the entirety of campus and a candlelight vigil planned for the treasured VHS. In the meantime, C.A.B. has announced plans to just stream it on Amazon Video, which they could have done the whole time.



Sources say it’s “definitely in here somewhere.”

In this issue: is riding a male centaur gay if you’re wearing a shirt?

SA BEGINS PHASE 2 OF WATER
REDUCTION



Hope you like group showers

See “Kid tested, Bear Grylls approved,” page H₂O

Choose Your
Own Adventure!

Issue 2: You amble over to Commons and take the date table on the front mezzanine. Your charming suitor asks, “Since when are you allergic to gluten?”

A. “Maybe she’s born with it.

Maybe it’s celiac.” See issue 3

B. Have a seizure. See issue 13

C. Eat a bread roll while maintaining eye contact because you don’t want to disappoint Daddy. See issue 6

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL FORECAST

6 P.M.



High probability someone falls into the pond.

7:45 P.M.



80% you’re in the arranged marriage splash zone.

8 P.M.



Low probability this play aged well.

Due to overwhelming turnout at our interest meeting this past week, we’ve been forced to update our vetting process for aspiring content creators.

Thanks for your interest in writing for the *Duel Observer*!

In order to penetrate our collective consciousness and gain a kernel of recognition from our impassive psyche, please fill out the following form and return it, along with a copy of your resume, to us via crow. They’ll know where to go.

Name: _____ DOB: _____

Class Year (in Roman numerals): _____

Zodiac Sign: _____ Blood Type: _____

Last 4 Digits of Social Security Number: _____

Mother’s Maiden Name: _____ Name of First Pet: _____

Do You Think This Is A Fucking Game? Y/N

You’re in a desert, walking along in the sand, when all of a sudden, you look down and see a tortoise crawling toward you. You flip it onto its back. The tortoise lies on its back, its belly baking in the hot sun, beating its legs trying to turn itself over. But it can’t. Not without your help. But you’re not helping. Why is that? _____

What times are you available to physically fight your assigned rival *Duel* pledge?

What are your top three weapons of choice? We will try to provide you with at least one: _____

Please manually rewrite your entire resume just right here on this line: _____

Draw your headshot here: _____

Failure to comply will result in humiliation.

We look forward to hearing from you!

Carved into tablets by Mx. Stevenson ’19

SUMMER FARMHOUSE CONSTRUCTION UPDATES

Inbox x



Steve Bologna



8:18 PM (8 minutes ago)



to NOTICES-ALL

May 21: Brought in construction equipment. 1 backhoe, 1 dump truck, 1 crane, 50 pounds of rocks, 2 shovels, 56 port-o-johns, 38 sticks of dynamite.

May 23: Began demolition. After sending wrecking ball through building, found 60 beer cans and approximately 1 pound of cannabis from various rooms. Commenced “cleaning.”

May 30: Began digging. Numerous reports of students arriving asking to “Buy a q.” As of yet, we have no idea what this is supposed to mean.

June 4: The dirt hole has begun to deepen. According to this old map I found in my parents’ attic, we might find One-Eyed Willie’s pirate treasure here.

June 8: Reached bedrock. Turned on Creative Mode to continue.

June 12: Digging has continued. Passed fiery cavern with small group of travellers arguing over a ring. Continued digging.

June 20: Dug to ninth circle of hell. Observed a congregation of furies. Turned around immediately. Refilling that part of the hole. There is no treasure here. Abandon mission.

July 1: Skeleton hands seen clawing up through the dirt. Speed of refilling increased.

July 15: Refilled entire hole, had entire area blessed, undead still climbing from hole. Will add more dirt as safety measure.

July 30: Created dirt mound on top of hole. Will leave here indefinitely. Began construction of Counseling Center on old grove. Burned One-Eyed Willie’s fake-ass map.

August 22: No progress made on building, but our main objective is complete: the Farmhouse Memorial Dirt Mound.

August 23: Students have been reprimanded for planting cannabis seeds on the Memorial Dirt Mound. It’s interfering with our business. We’re selling q’s now, by the way.

Freshman Review: Babbitt Throws the Best FYE First-Year Events!!

by Kirsti Stephens, ’21

Hi, Class of 2021!

It’s me, Kirsti! As your potential class president, I thought it would be helpful to write a weekly review of events on campus. This week’s focus: **Babbitt’s Late Nite event.**

I must have missed the e-mail because I didn’t realize that something was going on until I saw groups of people flocking into Babbitt. I determined that people were meeting up in one of the suites, where upbeat music was spilling out invitingly.

I was really, really excited to meet other freshmen, but the people there didn’t seem interested in making friends. They wouldn’t turn the volume down, so it was difficult to connect with others about how exes always seem to avoid you after the breakup even though Justin promised me that we’d still be best friends but I haven’t heard from him in weeks and he has to still have feelings for me because he liked my last Instagram post, right?

Anyway, every time I tried to talk to someone, they’d just smile, nod, and shimmy away. I had almost given up on socializing, but about an hour after I arrived a girl approached me and started playing with my hair. I took that as a compliment, and we began chatting. She laughed a lot and kept insisting that I light some grass with her. I didn’t know what setting the ground on fire had to do with anything, but it sounded like it was against the fire code, so I had to decline.

There are also a lot more couples at Hamilton than I previously thought, and they’re all very... open about their relationships. Their PDA was a bit much, but nobody else seemed to mind and hey, as long as it’s a healthy and mutually supportive relationship, who am I to judge?

I do wish that it could have been hosted in another venue. There wasn’t enough space for everyone to comfortably stand and honestly, it probably wouldn’t be that hard to e-mail the adult in charge of renting out rooms. I’m sure that everything would have been approved.

Ambience: ★★★

Snacks and beverages: ★

People: ★★★

Sanitation:

Overall: ★★★★★

And so this is Kirsti signing off. Have fun and remember to vote me for class president!

Read on the 2021 Facebook group by Ms. Terhune ’21

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Found stuck in the construction fencing by Mx. Collins ’19



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