

THE DUEL REVEALS PARTY AFFILIATION  
Color-blind community members shocked

PROFESSOR WAY TOO CHILL  
DURING OFFICE HOURS  
Adopts Hawaiian shirt dress code

By Mr. Letai '19

EASY LIVING DEPT.

(JEN'S DAB SHACK) Numerous student reports and eyewitness testimonies have led the campus community to conclude that Chemistry professor Jennifer Bernard is frankly way too chill in her office hours.

“I don't understand it,” Tim Collins '20, one of Bernard's students, said. “She's always so formal and business-like in class, but as soon as I walk into her office it's like she's a different person. She even wears sunglasses indoors, not to mention that half the time I go to ask her a question, she's getting a hot stone massage on top of her desk.”

Students say that upon visiting her office for help with labs and problem sets, they have frequently discovered Bernard lounging in a La-Z-Boy, sipping a margarita, and listening to Jimmy Buffett's *Greatest Hits* album on a loop.

“I tried to ask Professor Bernard about how to detail the composition of potassium substrate, but she just told me to ‘quit harshing her vibe’ and handed me a Mike's Hard Raspberry Lemonade with an umbrella in it. I finally got her to help me, but she didn't even turn the sound down on the

FRANK COOTS MISUNDERSTANDS “CUFFING SEASON”

Half of campus sent to slammer

by Mr. Projansky '21

KINK DEPT.

(CAMPUS SAFETY OFFICE) Students were surprised on Wednesday to read Frank Coots' latest all-campus email, which announced both that “Cuffing Season” is officially underway, and that “students better follow all campus rules or face some time behind bars.”

“It's about time we became stricter on campus,” Frank Coots proudly declared after being asked about the decision. “These kids are getting away with horrible things, like being in McEwen after it closes, stealing bricks, and riding their bikes on Martin's Way when there is a clear sign to walk them. They need to know that we have rules here and that these acts will not be tolerated.”

“The other night I was biking on the bridge,” Jane

episode of *Parks and Recreation* she was watching.”

Rachel Henshaw '19 said that “It always smells skunky in that hallway. And once, when I was a sophomore, I think I saw her inhale and swallow a whole joint. I'd admire how straight chillin' she is if I didn't need her to write me a recommendation letter by tomorrow.”

A student who chose to remain anonymous also said that Professor Bernard at one point “popped out her titty” to breastfeed an infant while explaining Gauss's Theorem. “And the real kicker,” the student continued, “is I'm pretty sure it wasn't her baby. It just wandered in.”

“Oh, I love Professor Bernard,” Duncan Jones '19 said. “She can totally hang. One time I stashed a keg in her office for a couple days until the Campo heat died down, and when I went to pick it up I found her doing a kegstand in a pantsuit—it was lit. I did totally wind up failing chem though.”

When approached about the allegations of excess, righteous slackitude, Bernard responded with confusion. “What do you mean ‘office hours?’” Bernard said. “You mean my me time? I don't know why I'm always getting interrupted by students. I even post on the website when I'll be letting it all hang loose so they know not to bother me.”

Poppy '20 said through the prison phone. “The next thing I know, I was being handcuffed by Frank Coots himself. I should be more upset that he doesn't understand cultural references, but to be honest, the way he clicked that lock into place... I was kind of into it.”

Students not yet imprisoned commented on how confused they were after the announcement. “At first I really thought campo was starting an initiative to get me laid,” Peter Steer '22 stated. “Now who will be my wingman? Frank Coots could've saved me from No Nut November, but now I'll be too busy on the run once he finds out I jaywalked from the Glen to South after smoking a lot of weed.”

“We're making some big changes to campus,” Frank Coots said, walking out of the Campus Safety Office. “When cuffing season ends, these kids will know they can't do heinous things like petty theft, or whispering after quiet hours. These are the real crimes people commit on campus, and we're ready to do our part to make campus a safer place for all.”

MEN'S VARSITY BASKETBALL UPSET  
THEY AREN'T HEADLINING WHCL  
CONCERT

They can hit the high notes

By Mr. Paull '20

PROMOTION DEPT.

(THE FUCKING FLOOR) When WHCL announced that indie band Varsity would be headlining their Fall Concert, the Men's Varsity Basketball team assumed that they were the varsity sport in question.

“It's about fucking time WHCL stopped playing around and booked five boys who know how to leave it all out on the court. We are also tall enough to see all twenty students in the crowd,” captain James Harlow '19 said. “We just ordered a metric fuck ton of glitter glue, so you know we're going to be looking fierce up on that stage.”

When Steven Powell '20, the Executive Big Boy of WHCL, informed them that it would be the band Varsity playing the show, they met the news first with confusion, then anger.

“So, let me get this straight: they booked the Men's Baseball team for a show? But that doesn't make any sense! The annex can't support a nine person ensemble,” said power forward and Gumby lookalike Todd Green '19.

After being informed for a second time that it was an indie band that would be performing, and not any of the college's sports teams, the basketball team sent WHCL many angry emails.

“It's just outrageous,” Harlow said. “We have five boys who are ready for the big time. They have so much white hot passion ready to explode up on that stage. So much white and creamy passion our coach doesn't even know what to do with it. And is WHCL really going to stop us from getting that passion all over the audience just because they have already booked a professional band?”

WHCL recently made a statement apologizing for the confusion, acknowledging that nobody knew the band in the first place.

“They could have at least told us before we shipped in a tank of sea anemones from the Great Barrier Reef to open for us,” Harlow responded to the statement.

In this issue: Good Ideas Are Stored in the Sperm

FRESHMAN FORGETS TO REGISTER  
FOR CLASSES FOR 6TH  
CONSECUTIVE YEAR



See “25 is the new 18,” pg. '16, '17, '18...

BOOKSTORE DEAL

75% off  
Siren-  
Cancelling  
Headphones

THANKSGIVING FORECAST

WEDNESDAY



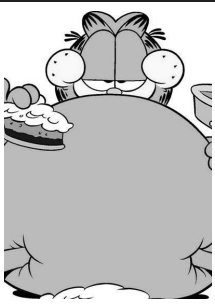
20% chance you actually work on your research project over break

THURSDAY



Low probability the sound of chewing drowns out Fox News

FRIDAY



“The only ‘Turkey Dump’ I care about is the one I'm taking in 45 minutes”

WAYS TO RESPOND WHEN SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW SUPER WELL COMES TO YOUR ROOM FOR THE FIRST TIME AND ASKS IF YOUR POSTER OF "STARRY NIGHT" IS REAL

**Honestly:** "What? What the fuck? Are you serious? Are you fucking with me? Do you think I have the actual painting 'Starry Night' by Vincent Van Gogh in my dorm room? Are you in the third grade? Are you a cartoon character? Are you actually Spongebob?"

**Technically Correct:** "Yes, that painting exists."

**Even More Technically Correct:** "That poster's totally real, go ahead and touch it."

**Showing Off Your Liberal Arts College Trivia Knowledge:** "Where do you think we are, Oberlin?"

**Like a Sea Captain, Who Is Also A Liar:** "Aye."

**Sarcastically:** "Yeah, I TOTALLY have the REAL 'Starry Night' in my dorm room."

**Not Sure Whether or Not They're Joking:** "Haha..."

**Like A Wise Father Figure Who Will Die Later in the Movie:** "On the one hand, no. But on the other... Well, my dear boy, to answer that, I'll have to tell you a little story..."

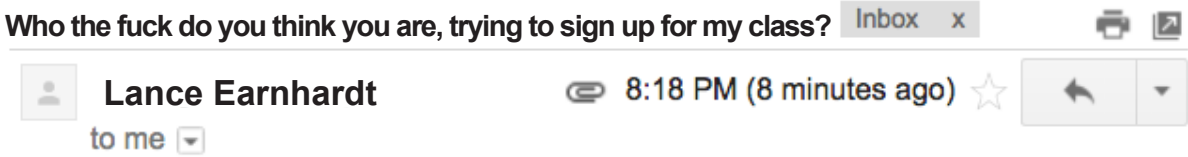
**Didn't Hear Them But Too Awkward to Ask Them To Repeat Themselves:** "Mmm."

**Like A Mean Girl in a Disney Channel Original Movie:** "What did you just say, freak? Brenda, the skeezoid just asked me if my poster's real. Can you believe? Who even invited her? Ugh!"

**Like a One-Dimensional Female Romantic Interest in a Teen Movie:** "You're weird. C'mere, I wanna show you something."

**Realistically:** "Um... No."

Thought, but not said, by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20



Take a goddamn minute and look at yourself. Use the camera on your phone that you spend every minute of your day looking at just to affirm your pathetic sense of self-worth and ask yourself "Why do I, a sniveling piece of shit, deserve to be in Dr. (it's doctor to you) Earnhardt's Intro to International Relations class?" What was your response? Did you even get one? Did your empty fucking brain manage to put together enough consecutive words to force a sentence out of your shit-spewing mouth? Didn't think so. So let me help you by answering that first question.

You fucking don't.

You barely deserve the air you breathe, you clogged artery of a human being. Just because your mommy and daddy spend more money to send you here than you could ever hope to make in your miserable lifetime doesn't mean you can just waltz into whatever classes you want, especially not with a fucking 12:30 registration time. You know how many students send me emails asking, begging, to get into my classes? I don't even know if you can count that high. And every goddamn one of them thinks they are so special and deserve so much more than the waitlist despite their tepid, devastatingly mediocre personalities. And yet, when I read your email asking if you could take my IR class in the spring to satisfy your prospective major requirements, I was stunned, and maybe even a little impressed, by the sheer and utter incompetence and fucking disrespect you've shown me by even thinking you could email me. I understand; it can be challenging being a two-bit cretin with more acne on his bombed-out face than there are craters in Palestine.

You are far too dumb to be in the same room as me, and I would rather vomit onto my newborn son than read one of your no-doubt insufferably predictable papers.

I went to school for 12 years, got my PHD from Columbia, and worked two jobs to pay for it, and yet all of that seems easy compared to dumbing myself down enough to get through to you. I briefly considered huffing gasoline just to kill off enough brain cells to be on your level, you benign tumor on the testicle of society. It has been emotionally taxing and physically draining to summon the energy to respond to such a stupid fucking request. I called my doctor three times this afternoon in tears, begging him to prescribe me enough codeine to put me out of the misery of having to dirty my email servers by answering this, you tiny little shrew of a man.

In summation, no, you may not take my class next semester, and if I ever see you on campus I will put my fist through your chest. I have tenure. Fuck you.

Best,  
Dr. Lance Earnhardt

Friday Five: Ways to Ask Your Friend to Formal While Making it Clear it's Not Like a Thing and You're Just Friends, Really, It's Not a Big Deal

By Ms. Stevenson '19

*It's formal szn on the Hill, which means myriad opportunities for members of club sports and Greek orgs to show off their toned calves in unseasonable mini-dresses and FMP's as they baby-deer it down to Bristol or lubricate their homosocial bonds and The Corral's stripper poles with Long Island Iced Teas. Thing is, tradition dictates that these events demand a companion. A partner, a buddy, a—dare I say it—date? A delicately-propositioned, sweetly-entreated, taste-fully-selected date! But God forbid that date actually mean something. No way. You're nothing more than pals. Below are the best ways to ask your friend to come along to formal with you—just for shits, jeez!!*

**5. Scream it at them across Commons.** Everything matters less when decried across plates of lukewarm soosh and Beyond burgers. Because, like, literally, who cares. It'll be fun or something so they should just agree to come!

**4. Hire a skywriter.** What could read as more casual than an exorbitant expenditure? This strategy emphasizes how funny you think this whole sitch is. Dates are as meaningless as jetstreams and this party will be just as ephemeral. Write back soon, okay?

**3. Get all your teammates together to write letters on their chests, a la HSM.** Quirky and nostalgic, this demonstrates that YEAH you have other friends you could totally take and, like, definitely would. Your potential date isn't special or anything, you just thought it could be cool. Anyways, this Sharpie exclamation point will make your pecs look great.

**2. Have your friend ask her boyfriend to have his roommate maybe mention it to his lab partner when he sees him?** Y'know. Casually. Haha :)

**1. Just ask your TA.** Nothing drives a stake through burgeoning sexual tension like the recollection of college policy.

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