

HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON ELIMINATES HUFFLEPUFF  
Novelists’ Support Group devastated

DAVID WIPPMAN MUTTERS ABOUT PLANTAINS DURING CAMERON INTRODUCTION, AUDIENCE REALLY FUCKING CONFUSED

Trustees heckle from first row

By Mr. Case ’21

HMM. DEPT.

(SCOTT FIELD HOUSE) Former Prime Minister David Cameron’s highly anticipated Sacerdote Great Names speech on Monday got off to a rocky start when Hamilton College President David Wippman trailed off mid-introduction and began muttering about plantains. Cameron delivered an honest and nuanced political analysis of British involvement in the Iraq War and the importance of the Brexit decision, which only half-succeeded in capturing the crowd’s attention given the fact that Wippman spent fifteen solid minutes narrating his attempts to figure out what the hell plantains are.

“We really had high hopes for this event, and former Prime Minister Cameron met all of our expectations,” Lily Xanthippe, the event’s chief organizer, said. “There was a significant hiccup during the introduction when a screeching President Wippman ran offstage to ask the former Prime Minister if plantains were ‘just stone bananas,’ but once event staff wrestled the mic

away from the increasingly-violent President, things got back on track and the Prime Minister gave an excellent speech.”

“I am usually impatient with the unnecessary introductions given before large speeches,” Alex Michigan ’20 said. “The President usually gets up there, makes some half-assed joke at his expense, then takes far too long listing the accomplishments of the speaker as the audience awkwardly waits. But this time, Wippman really caught all of us off guard when he sat down criss-cross applesauce on the stage and began softly crying while whispering about ‘the Spanish fruit’ and how ‘it makes us all feel mealy from its big, big bushes.’ At first I thought he might be trying out some new bit on us but after his third spoken word poem featuring the lines ‘The plantains, give us pains, what are they? Tell, tell me please. Are they just seeds?’ it became clear that this 63-year-old man had no fucking clue what a plantain was.”

“I frankly don’t get why that was such a big deal!” President Wippman said on Tuesday, swaddled tightly in his bed, wearing a shower cap. “I couldn’t just know what they are, Plantains, they’re the mystery tubes. They don’t grow outside, at least not outside where I am.”

On Thursday, the President’s office sent an official apology letter to former Prime Minister Cameron, inviting him to come back for a Common Grounds debate with 340,000 unemployed graduates.

less than the average student. The typical TA uses their weekend to spectate League of Legends competitions, compose sonnets to the professor they’re assisting, and wildly masturbate to photos in the directory in the wee hours of the morning. A survey of all Hamilton TAs found that when questioned about sexual experience, 23% claimed to be virgins, 48% claimed to be incels, and another 14% answered, “Does my cousin count?”

In a last-ditch attempt to convince the student body that TAs are worth at least an unenthusiastic handjob, the TAs came together to instill a new rule which roped them off as un-fuckable. Reports indicate the new addendum was secretly fabricated to elicit a naughty feeling when hooking up (to make up for the normal thrill of having sex at all, which is lost when your partner is a TA).

Fitzgerald concluded, “We all should probably have seen this coming sooner. I’ve been suspicious ever since my TA did a whole unit teaching us his phone number in French.”

DAVID CAMERON, STRANDED ON ISLAND, FUCKS LORD OF THE FLIES  
He was just trying to be one of the chaps

By Mr. Talarico ’22

BRITISH LITERATURE DEPT.

(THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN) After his outgoing flight from Hamilton crashed on a deserted island in the Atlantic, David Cameron was discovered Thursday afternoon fornicating with an impaled pig’s head, dubbed the “Lord of the Flies.” As it turns out, the Lord of the Flies was created by a mob of British schoolchildren stranded on the desert island as a sacrifice for an unseen Beast that lurks beyond the tree-line.

“We heard some strange moans coming from the woods,” Ralph, the de facto leader of the stranded British adolescents, reported. “We thought that maybe the Beast had taken a liking to the Lord of the Flies. Turns out, it was just former Prime Minister David Cameron!”

“The whole thing was really scary; I didn’t even know what sex was!” Henry, an adolescent whose first introduction to human sexuality was watching the former Prime Minister aggressively inserting his genitals into the monstrosity hailed by many of the schoolchildren as Savior, said.

According to a widely circulated report, several years prior Cameron had inserted his genitals into a dead pig’s mouth as part of an initiation process while he was a student at Oxford. Cameron would later report that this was when he discovered he was a necroporophile.

When asked for comment, the 75th Prime Minister of the United Kingdom delivered the following statement:

“I was en route to London when my plane hit a particularly rough patch of turbulence. Next thing I knew, I woke up in the middle of the woods. I thought I was dead. However, when I woke up and looked in front of me, I realized I was in heaven.

Before me stood a wild pig’s head impaled on a stick, infested with maggots and worms, full of orifices I might use to pleasure myself. Without the masses to judge me and the pig’s cumbersome body to slow me, my immeasurable fortune was compounded by the fact that I had sustained extensive brain trauma and experienced a phenomenon not unlike auto-erotic asphyxiation as I blissfully buried myself deep within this chunk of porcine love before me, chortling as my pleasure intensified and my reservations melted away in a stream of ecstasy.”

The litt’uns shuddered when asked to comment. Holding a mug of hot chocolate, British schoolchild Percival remarked, “We may have killed Piggy for his glasses, but who the heck puts their pee-pee into a dead piggy?”

RULE AGAINST SEX WITH TAS  
SCHEME TO GET THEM LAID

Apparently kissing up to professors isn’t enough of a thrill

By Miss Liss ’22

TA FOR PAY DEPT.

(CONSPIRACY CLUB MESSAGEBOARD) Recently, a missive was sent out informing the campus that student/teaching assistant relationships are prohibited. Research and deductive reasoning suggest that the new rule is, in actuality, a scam to score TAs more ass.

“Just think about it,” Stacy Fitzgerald ’20 said. “Remember a few days ago when all the TAs were getting fitted for chastity belts in Commons? Why was that done in public? Why were the TAs seductively winking at everyone? Why did the chastity belts look so easily breakable?” Fitzgerald demanded when asked for evidence to substantiate her claim.

College TAs have been reported to get laid 78%

In this issue: various factors including lack of supplies, temperature, and food shortages

OKTOBERFEST FORECAST

10 P.M.	12 P.M.	2 A.M.
High probability you look better than you thought in Lederhosen	80% chance your straight edge hallmate is the bartender	“Isn’t this supposed to be in September?”



SEVENTIES PARTY  
Threat of nuclear destruction is back and so are bell sleeves, baby!!  
See “Everyone do the Nixon!” pg. 1974

BOOKSTORE DEAL

PREPARE FOR FAMILY WEEKEND:  
All condoms now come with pre-poked holes



FALL BREAK IS OVER AND I HAVE SOME RUSSIAN ORPHANS TO RETURN

Ah, how fleeting is the sweet reprise that Fall Break offers. It feels like only last Wednesday we were released to the wide world to fill our hearts with merriment and mirth, free from the confines of a rigorous academic schedule. Fall break is a time to try new things, go on adventures with friends, adopt multiple Russian children from Siberian orphanages, etc. But alas, it's over and we will return to our routines, and we won't venture as far. But most importantly, I will have to return all these Russian orphans I adopted over fall break.

It isn't easy for me to go back to classes after experiencing the bliss of four days with nothing to do but play beer die, eat jarlsberg cheese, and strategically maneuver eight Russian children to pull off a heist at President Wippman's house. It will be even harder for me to say goodbye to Grigory, Svetlana, Alexi, Krill, Sasha, Nikita, Misha, and Tanya.

At first, I only cared that all these Russian Children I adopted had nimble enough hands to get into all the secret nooks and crannies of Wippman's house and that their bodies were lithe enough to go where my paunch inhibited me from entering. But after hearing how grateful they were to me for rescuing them from the harsh and unrelenting misery of life as a Siberian orphan, my heart was touched. I looked into the dewy eyes of the little Eurasian scamps, and I swear I almost considered taking them for ice cream and parking lot fireworks instead of making them loot a bunch of shit.

All good things must end, that's what my stepfather Ron taught me (he also taught me that what happens between a man and an industrial-sized tub of Hellmann's Mayonnaise out on inter-national waters is nobody's business). So it is with great sadness that I can't be the father to these Russian orphans that I so badly wish to be. I wish Fall Break was just a bit longer so I could give them one more hug, feed them one more bowl of borsch, and not have to drop them off on the side of the road so soon.

Written in a federal prison by Mr Paull '20

Whose Feet?

Hey First-year Students! Here's a fun way to make sure you know your way around campus: can you identify all these feet? If you correctly guess whose feet are whose, you can win an Opus gift card and a required visit to both the Counseling Center and Campus Safety! Good luck!



Friday Five: Minor Characters in Hogwarts at Hamilton

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

Let's face it: not everyone who auditions for Hogwarts at Hamilton is going to give a Tony-worthy performance. With an influx of new participants this year, the e-board has had to dig a little deeper to technically give everyone a role without accidentally giving some people too much character to grapple with. Here are some new additions this year:

5. Ganges Hafwid, the Incel from Ravenclaw. Bet you thought he'd be from Slytherin, huh? Unfortunately, Ganges doesn't have enough ambition to be a snake, but he sure does know enough about arithmancy to try to neg witches into touching his wand. He's only mentioned once in book four when Harry catches him bringing his body pillow to the Yule Ball.

4. Craig, the Hogwarts Plumber. Hogwarts has some famously rancid pipes, and what with there not being any nutritional science at a school with nightly buffet-style feasts, it just makes sense that there's a lot of strain being put on that castle's sewer system. Fortunately, Hogwarts employs Craig, a Fecemancer, to use his special (patent pending) toilet magic to get the shit a-flowin' again. He's only referenced briefly one time in Chamber of Secrets after Hermione pours the leftover Polyjuice ingredients into a urinal and floods the whole fourth floor.

3. Mildred Hannigan, the Lady Who Cleans the Owl Shit. Who can forget heading out on Halloween as a young'un and seeing all the lil' lasses of the town dressed as Mildred Hannigan, complete with magic rubber gloves and a brimming bucket of feathers, rodent bones, and owl faeces! Mildred isn't mentioned by name in the books, but if you complete a special cryptozoology minigame on Pottermore with less than 40% accuracy, you get stuck playing as her for forever.

2. A Huge Mass of Ghosts from the Irish Potato Famine. Britain's got an uncomfy history of trying to do teensy-weensy genocides on people, and just cause Hogwarts is in Scotland doesn't mean that there aren't a fuckton of Irish ghosts wandering the castle making all the Brit kids uncomfortable. Harry doesn't really notice them, because he lacks a basic education, but Hermione can be seen talking to them at one point while awkwardly trying to hide a half-eaten croissant behind her back.

1. Abigail, the Mandrake Who is a Genius. Abigail may have just been pulled out of the ground, but she's got a 180 IQ and can stick a winning chess board so far up Ron Weasley's ass he'll be spitting pawns. Sure, she's covered in dirt and nine inches tall, but that doesn't stop her from being mentioned in book seven in the Room of Requirement along with all the resistance fighters. Abigail is said to be gifted at chaos magic and be in Hufflepuff, but she sleeps in the Slytherin dungeons because of the constant screaming—did we forget to mention the constant screaming?

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Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!  
Recipes? <http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>

Photographed by Ms. Cavallino '21

Answer key: A) Keith Toboggan '20; B) Your hookup from Carn; C) David Wippman D) Your suitemate (without fungus); E) Alexander Hamilton statue; F) Terry Martinez; G) Sociology Professor H) Your suitemate (with fungus); I) The Spectator Editor-In-Chief; J) The entire Mens' Rugby Team; K) Mom; L) Marge.