

BREAKING: HOMEMADE YOGURT DID NOT SURVIVE TRIP IN COOLER FROM NEW JERSEY

FRESHMAN GETS PREGNANT TO HEIGHTEN AUTHENTICITY OF JUNO COSTUME

Still not willing to dye her hair

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

LONG GAME DEPT.

(LABOR & DELIVERY) Reports that freshman Ivy Harris is planning on doing a couple's costume from the movie *Juno* (2007) with her boyfriend, John Forster '22, have been circulating since early October. However, on Monday, Harris confirmed the long-suspected rumor that she is, in fact, pregnant, claiming the pregnancy was an intentional choice to make her *Juno* costume more accurate.

“Yes the rumors are tru [sic] i am pregnant, lets get SP00KY BITCHES,” Harris's most recent tweet read. The tweet confirms Harris intentionally stopped using birth control to become pregnant so as to more successfully impersonate Ellen Page's character.

Forster, who is dressing up as Paulie, Michael Cera's character, is on board with the plan. “Yeah dude, I love *Juno*. That movie's a

fucking classic. Vote for Pedro, and all that,” Forster said. “The only problem is, now we're committed to this costume, obviously, and I'm having a hard time getting the Michael Cera look down. I mean, look how buff I am.” Forster then flexed for approximately thirty seconds before saying, “I'm just too swole,” repeating it four times.

Hamilton students have had mixed reactions to the announcement.

“Why would you go that far for a costume? She's not even going to be able to drink on Halloween anymore. Who cares that much about authenticity?” Greta Berger '22 asked. “But more importantly, how is John going to pull off that Michael Cera costume? He looks like a WWE contestant! This costume was doomed from the start.”

“I don't care about the Michael Cera issue,” Misty Geng '22 said, “I'm just confused about one thing. Ivy is six months pregnant at least, and we've only been here for three. Her and John have only been dating for six weeks. Has she even seen *Juno*?”

ALUMNUS RETURNS JUST TO FUCK Man can't contain his dick!

by Mr. Projansky '21

ALUMNI OUTREACH DEPT.

(THE OLD STOMPING GROUNDS) Students on campus were less than thrilled to hear this week that lanky, six-at-best Brad Smith '18 has come back for Alumni Weekend to bang “that chick who totally gave me fuck-me eyes during CPSCI-240” on all his favorite campus surfaces.

“I'm so glad to be back, man!” Smith said upon walking onto campus. “Someone grab me a Keystone! I'm sure everyone has missed me.”

“Brad is back? Oh God,” Danielle Roberts '21 said through some vomit in her mouth after hearing the news. “Wasn't he that guy who publically wanted to get with that teacher? Or was he the one who blacked out and ended up naked in the construction site for the new Health Center?”

“You know,” Smith said, still burping up

Keystone fizz, “that email about relationships with teachers never mentioned alumni. Professor Collins, or Becky as I always called her, can get this pipe! I knew the Fs on my paper always stood for fuck!”

Despite his musty smell and unwashed graphic t-shirt, some students were still excited to hear about Smith's arrival. “Oh, Brad always winked at me and told me I was only moderately less attractive than my roommate,” Jessica Anne '20 said. “I really hope I run into him at a party. He'll give me a solid two minutes of mediocrity that's still better than dealing with my parents' divorce!”

“Look, look, look,” Smith muttered while sitting with his head in a toilet. “They love me here. I'm the guy who got drunk and woke up naked in the construction site. I'm a hero. I'm Brad! I run this place! I'm here to get laid! Woood—”

Even as Smith was carried away by EMTs, few onlookers seemed to mind.

FRENCH EXCHANGE STUDENT CONFUSED BY NEGATIVE RESPONSE TO “DIRTY ITALIAN” COSTUME

Angry hand gestures abound

By Mr. Case '21

FOREIGN AFFAIRS DEPT.

(HALL OF LANGVAGES) French exchange student Marc Doucheamp '19 has recently come under fire for a truly tasteless “Dirty Italian” costume but has refused to apologize to the Hamilton Italian community, stating, “Is funny, no? He smells like garlic and fascisme, heh heh.”

Doucheamp's costume comprised a flour sack covered in marinara sauce and soot worn as a shirt that failed to cover his groin, an orange spray tan and a pope hat adorned with a fasces made of penises. Pictures of the costume quickly made rounds on student social media, leading many to decry his choice of apparel, labeling it “racist,” “offensive,” and “in need of a singular vision.” College administrators learned of the costume's existence this morning and promptly summoned the Bias Incident Response Team by shining a spotlight in the shape of a COEXIST bumper sticker into the overcast sky.

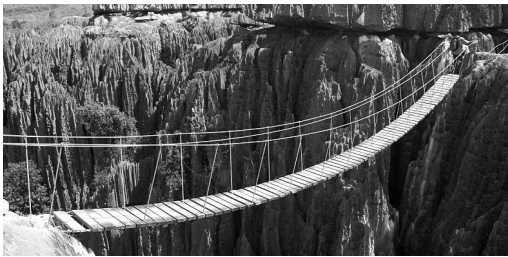
“I do not understand,” Doucheamp said in a statement issued from behind bars in the Bias Incident Team's holding cell. “I did one funny outfit, I said, ‘Les Italiens were filthy little citrus monsters,’ I end up in here. Je ne comprends pas, it's just les tomates, who cares? You Américains think you are so high and mighty, but did the French ever force les guidos to work for next to nothing in our factories, our mines, our fields? No! You bâtards treated the olive rats like we treated Algerians, and yet you lecture moi about ‘sensitivity’? Mes couilles sur ton front, you Paris-Accord-leaving fuckers!”

“As the child of first generation Italian immigrants, I found Marc's costume extremely offensive,” Michael Stefanoni '20 said. “But to be honest, I was kind of excited to be justifiably angry as a white man. It doesn't happen very often and I was happy for the opportunity. Ever since the Black Lives Matter movement erupted it's just been all ‘me, me, me’ and ‘waaaa waaaa I want equal rights.’ It feels nice to finally have something to be angry about.”

Doucheamp was issued six disciplinary points by the student judiciary committee, which resulted in his immediate deportation. When asked to comment on mounting racial tensions on campus, the German department said “We're just gonna sit this one out.”

In this issue: Jojo buys Andy a shirt.

COMMON GROUND FOUND



Careful, planks periodically fall off it and into the chasm below

See “You first,” pg. 91

HALLOWEEN 1 FORECAST

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Low probability you're the only Thicc Elastigirl at this party	80% chance you've run out of good costume ideas already	“Fuck, we have to do it all again next weekend.”

BOOKSTORE DEAL

WALUIGI HATS

\$12.99

\$59.99!

FOR DRACULA AND FRANK COOTS, EVERY WEEKEND IS HALLOWE WEEKEND

Although I am a Pagan holiday enthusiast, I think many people need more perspective on their upcoming celebration of the double-Halloween phenomenon, otherwise known as a Toledo Christmas. While I am perfectly fine with indulging in the spookier side of humanity’s otherwise bleak and dismal nature for a single night of cathartic extravagance, two such weekends are ignoring the struggles that people such as Dracula and Frank Coots live every weekend.

If you will, imagine what it is like to be Dracula or Mr. Coots on these two weekends. Dracula has enough on his plate. No, Keith, he doesn’t need to see your sexy Count Chocula costume. It is a constant reminder to Dracula of the type of monster he used to be. His legacy has been forever smeared by a novel from a guy with a name like Bram. Just because our pal Dracula sucked some blood at least seven times, doesn’t mean he will do it again. I find it offensive that all of you sickos parade around, dressed up as Dracula and all his monster friends, just in the hopes you well get to see the fabled Monster Mash. Don’t make me laugh. That privilege is for the hallowed few.

As I said, four nights of bacchanalia are entirely too much. Frank Coots has gone on the record saying he is an avid fan of Halloween. Christ, he pulled off a flawless Larry Bird last year, replete with that signature Indiana charm. But a man can only be burdened with so much. He doesn’t need any film buffs, cloyingly whimpering, asking if Mr. Coots knows who they’re going as. No Marian, he didn’t know your costume was inspired by Zardoz (the neutral observer might observe that Mr. Coots pulls off red leather much better).

We should always remember to take a step back from our lives here on the hill and look at the bigger picture. Dracula has had enough stigmatization and Mr. Coots deserves more respect than the juvenile, social corrosiveness that comes with a double-Halloweekend.

By Mr. Wellmore ’20

Dictated in the AHI to Mr. Paull ’20

THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF, AS EXPERIENCED WHEN MY DAD REVEALED HE WAS A FURRY

Yesterday, I didn’t even think my parents knew what a furry was, and now my dad’s telling me he is one. What the actual fuck.

DENIAL: Wait, maybe it’s possible he’s just confused. Like, my parents don’t know shit about the internet or anything so I wouldn’t be surprised if he meant he goes hunting or something. But that doesn’t explain the fucking massive wolf fursuit he wore today.

Well, it is Halloween, so I think this is all just a coincidence and he just dressed as the Second Edition Guardian Wolf™ for the weekend. There’s no way he knew what he actually bought.

ANGER: But then again, those suits are stupidly expensive. He also kept howling whenever he saw a real dog. God, that’s so embarrassing. It really pisses me off when he pulls these jokes. Because he better be joking. If he isn’t, I swear to God I’m gonna fucking kill him. He’s always doing this dumb shit and I’m so sick of it. This is just another midlife crisis like when he fucked the maid. This has to stop or I’m gonna disown my fucking deadbeat dad and his stupid ideas.

BARGAINING: Hey, God. What’s up. I don’t really do this often, or ever, but if you’re out there, can you please just delete furies from the internet? Just, like, all of ’em. Maybe if my dad can’t find them anymore he’ll give this shit up. He just wants attention again, so don’t give it to him. Actually, can you even go one step further and delete furies from the world? They’re honestly such a scourge I have a hard time believing you want this shit either. I swear I’ll do anything you want if I never have to see a tail buttplug again. Anything.

DEPRESSION: Fuck, what’s the point. No one is listening. No one cares. My dad is a furry and it’s all my fault. Me constantly rejecting him led to his fursona being awakened. He’s already in too deep, forcing people to call him Lord Argyle IV after he gained control of that furry forum. I already found the pack of tails and the furry condoms. God dammit, on top of that, he sniffed too many butts today for me to even look anyone in the eye ever again. It’s all over.

ACCEPTANCE: Look, be it my fault or not, it happened. There’s nothing I can do to change that, and honestly, it’s not really that bad. Like, so what if he likes to dress up as a wolf and have sex with my mom? At least they’re still together, in a clearly healthy relationship. That’s better than some other people out here with no-show parents. I think I’m just overthinking all of this. Furies aren’t even that bad. They’re probably pretty nice people, and I’m happy my dad found a place among them. Mom kept talking about how she wanted a dog anyway.

Found in a pile of fur in the Counseling Center by Mr. Kelly ’21

Friday Five: People to Bring to Campus Instead of Your Parents

By Ms. Wallace ’19

Family Weekend is here, and campus is drowning in grizzled bankers, white ladies in puffer vests, and alums who’ve aged so much since leaving that you aren’t even really sure you’re not looking at the men who sired your roommates – but your parents are nowhere to be found. Did they ignore your calls? Are they on vacation? Do they just kinda suck? No worries! Lucky for you, we’ve compiled a handy little list of people you can drag up the hill instead!

5. The county clerk who finalized the divorce. Sheryl may have dealt the severing blow in your parents’ messy split, but you two formed a real bond of shared trauma as spittle flew across the pathetically understaffed government office that sweaty August morning. The indifference in her cold, brown eyes as she notarized the papers definitely suggested a hidden motherly nature sure to result in some rock-hard brownies for you AND up to seven pals! Nice!

4. Your ex-boyfriend Conner. You tried to shake the fact that he asked you to do baby talk during sex, but who could really forget that? Now, you don’t know why he did that, but you also don’t know why he spelled “Connor” with an “e,” so suck it up and call Daddy back for one little weekend. Just make sure he doesn’t bring his newborn daughter, or things might get confusing at bedtime.

3. The high school coworker you accidentally called ‘Mom’ that one time. She wore red lipstick and used your full name when she yelled at you—it was an easy mistake to make. If you can get her to scream profanities at you in line at Commons the way Mom did at Golden Corral on your fifteenth birthday, she’ll do the trick.

2. Your flu shot pharmacist. That sultry wink she shot off as she pumped you full of that sweet, sweet flu juice awakened something in you. Was it fear? Was it immunity? Was it a heretofore-undiscovered Oedipus complex? You may never know for sure, but as soon as you get over this case of the vaccine-induced sniffles and she finishes her CVS shift, this could be a fake-mom match made in heaven.

1. Grandma. She’s old, she’s rich, she’s a bit of a bitch, but she gambles like a fiend and she’ll be dead soon anyways, so bring her on down!

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