

ENTIRE CREATIVE WRITING CLASS CAN TELL CLASSMATE JUST GOT DUMPED

CROWPUS OPENS FOR BUSINESS IN THE CROW AVIARY
This panini is for the birds!

By Mr. Letai '19
ORNITHOGASTRONOMY DEPT.
(THE CROW AVIARY) There's a new place to get food on campus that's got everyone tweeting: Crowpus. As part of a joint initiative between Hamilton College and Carl's Quality Crickets Co., led by Crow Boy '19, Crowpus opened this week inside the Crow Aviary on the Light Side of campus.

Crowpus will work similarly to Opus but “follows the example of the Hill's most valuable residents: the crows!” spokesperson Florence Benetti said. “Students can come to Crowpus five days a week to get a healthy helping of birdseed, various gourmet insects, and even chocolate-covered espresso worms! It's a great opportunity for everyone to broaden their culinary horizons,” Benetti said. “Plus, it's completely carbon neutral, as long as you stop shitting in toilets and start using fertile soil instead.”

While administrators have publicly assured campus that Crowpus is in addition to, not replacing, the preexisting Opus, employees of Opus 2 have voiced concerns.

“Someone's been changing up the inventory,” Candace Stevens '20 said. “We were supposed to get a new delivery of coffee beans on Wednesday, but the bag was just full of birdseed. Didn't actually taste that bad, though.”

WORLD WAR I REENACTMENTS TAKE PLACE IN TRENCHES IN FRONT OF HEALTH CENTER
Green space renamed Flanders Fields

By Ms. Cavallino '21
LANDSCAPING DEPT.
(IN THE MUD) Mock battles erupted in the area adjacent to the new Health Center, following one astute History major's observation that the space “looked a helluva lot like No Man's Land.” Unfortunately what was intended to be a fun way to relieve stress by rolling in the mud quickly took a turn for the worst as the violence spread.

“I thought it would be a lot of fun, but then some Art History major threw mud at my face. My friends Sergei and Anatoly [Biology majors] threw mud back to defend me, but then Creative Writing majors ran to help the Art History people, and then Francois and Charles [Public Policy majors] joined us out of solidarity. A few hours later Johnny and Sheila [Economics majors] joined our side,

“I think there was half a worm in my muffin,” Opus 2 customer Reggie Howland '21 said. “I didn't want to make a big deal about it, but...ew. I don't need protein that badly.” Opus 2 has also reported a sudden lack of cups and lids for their beverages, while there have been unconfirmed reports of a massive nest comprised of cup lids and bags of espresso beans inside the aviary.

Crow Boy is the only student employee of Crowpus, and it is largely run by staff crows themselves. Visitors to Crowpus report frequent difficulty ordering food, as most of the crows do not understand human speech.

“I tried to tell the crow at the cash register I wanted a chocolate chip cookie, but it just squawked and gave me a bag of seeds,” Jamie Palmer '19 said. “It didn't even warm them up like I'd asked.” Drinks from Crowpus are served in the communal birdbath in front of the aviary, into which crows occasionally drop tea bags and various pieces of trash. Crowpus accepts payment in cash, all-campus dollars, and most types of shiny trinket.

Some students have criticized the business model of Crowpus, claiming that they should serve a variety of food beyond invertebrates and seeds.

“I think it's false advertising,” Tristan Hammond '19, president of the Hamilton Poultry Club, said. “When I heard they were serving ‘crow food,’ I thought I was finally going to get to try a new kind of dark meat.”

and they took all the credit for winning, which was bullshit,” Martha Graham '19, a Dance and Movement Studies major, said.

Not everyone affected by the battles was directly involved in the fighting. Several students were infected with trench foot after attempting to cross the mud-strewn battlefield to get to the Little Pub. Others were caught in the Boffer-weapon crossfire and were treated at the conveniently located Health Center, in which several rooms have been converted into operating theaters to deal with the casualties.

When Facilities Management was notified of the potential dangers posed by the ever-growing sludge and accompanying mustard gas, they excitedly unrolled massive spools of barbed wire across the Sadove patio, saying “We've been waiting for an opportunity to use this.”

Memorials for the dead and wounded will happen on Sunday evening, along with readings of newly composed poetry on the horrors of war, hosted by Apple & Quill.

PARADISE LOST READING MARATHON NOW RUNNING MARATHON FOLLOWING SUMMONING OF SATAN
Students take fast walks in the Garden

By Ms. Terhune '21
LIT GONE WRONG DEPT.
(READING ROOM) Milton's *Paradise Lost* in Context class, LIT 228, has announced that they will no longer be hosting a *Paradise Lost* reading marathon and instead will be hosting a *Paradise Lost* running marathon on Sunday. The change comes after the class accidentally summoned Satan while practicing their reading of *Paradise Lost*, resulting in a rogue Prince of Darkness wandering across the Hamilton campus.

“I get nervous about public speaking, so Professor Thinbore said we could practice reading a few lines in class,” Michael Ark '21 said. “When it was my turn, I said ‘Awake, arise, or be forever fall'n,’ and then a man who looked suspiciously like a mix between Sebastian Stan and the Michelin Man appeared and I thought ‘Yep, that's Satan.’”

“I thought it'd be such a shame to cancel the Milton event after a term's worth of study, so we're just changing up what ‘Marathon’ refers to,” Peggy Thinbore, Literature professor, explained. “Not even Harvard has managed to snag a guest speaker as well-known as Lucifer. And luring him to the library won't be too difficult—I'm sure the All-Night Reading Room will be full of enough naïve, desperate students just waiting for an opportunity to procrastinate via disobeying God's will.”

Despite the overwhelming excitement from most of the Milton class, one member, Deborah Miller '20, expressed concern. “I'm just a Biology major in need of a writing intensive, so I'm not sure I have the authority to speak on this, but isn't letting Lucifer loose a bit dangerous? We accidentally summoned him on Tuesday, and I haven't seen him since he cut the line in Commons on Wednesday. And even if we could lead him to the library, I doubt we could get him to recreate the Angelic War while chasing us. Professor Thinbore is great, but her idea rests upon many assumptions, including the assumption that any of us can outrun Lucifer.”

Despite Miller's protests and Satan's unknown whereabouts, the event will go on as planned. Thinbore stated that visitors will be treated to cheese, chocolate chip cookies, and lots of apples.

In this issue: Ketamine-induced rat vasectomies

ONLY ONE STUDENT RETURNS FROM NEPAL TRIP



Says he'll miss his roommate's great taste most of all
See “Donner Darty,” pg. 29,029

THE DUEL OBSERVER
LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“Maintaining Work/Life Balance”

A talk by the professor who never responds to your emails

MURDER MYSTERY FORECAST

9:00PM	10:00PM	11:00PM
Low probability you needed to call Campo about this murder	75% chance it's the takeout that kills you	High probability the real murderer was the friends we made along the way

BACHELOR OF THE WEEK: Softboy Sam '20

Hometown: Newburyport, MA
Home on Campus: Milbank
Major: Creative Writing (Women and Gender Studies minor)
Turn on? Baggy sweaters
Turn off? Too much makeup
What's your type? Pale girls with glasses and vocal fry, or anyone that wants to cuddle
If you were a dorm which would you be and why? Saunders: no one knows I exist but I'm actually pretty nice
If you had to describe yourself as the love child of any two musicians, whom would you pick and why? Coldplay and Daughtry



What TV genre best describes you? *Talking Dead*-style aftershow
What's the best pick-up line you've ever used/had used on you? "Pick-up lines are sexist and gross, can I buy you a drink now?"
What are three things you cannot live without? Opus, constant validation, my parents' money
If you were any social space, what would it be? Root attic: good for chilling, working, or fucking
Where do you go when you want to be alone? I go to Commons during rush hour; nothing is more lonely than a crowd of people
If you could join one group on campus, what would it be? QSU. Not because I'm queer, but because I feel so bad about being straight
What is the weirdest thing currently in your room? I keep a bunch of copies of *Milk and Honey* to give to all my hookups
If you could break one rule at Hamilton and get away with it, which would you choose? I would have sex with my TA students
What would you give a thumbs up? Fourth wave feminism
What would you give a thumbs down? *Captain Marvel*, just because it has a girl in it doesn't mean it's good!
Who would you say is your campus crush? Any girl in a band (but no singers)
Who would you say is your faculty crush? My sexy Women and Gender Studies professor, because she taught me not to objectify the ladies
What's your patronus and why? Seahorse, I really relate to the fact that male seahorses give birth
Who should write/direct the movie about you? I feel like only Aaron Sorkin could recreate how I speak. As for a director, I feel like I'm the person who will finally inspire Jordan Peele to have a white protagonist.

Found printed on regular paper and inserted into a copy of *The Spectator* by Mr. Boudreau '20

THERE ARE TOO MANY GODDAMN NERDS ON THE SPORTS TEAMS

Like most people, I applied to Hamilton for one reason and one reason only: to see buff guys run into each other at full speed and sustain heavy injuries for my entertainment. But little did I know, these so called "jocks" were actually fucking nerds. Are you goddamn kidding me? I was walking out of a hockey game (with literally zero injuries, might I add) and I overheard some "players" talking about the new Call of Duty game they were going to play after practice tomorrow. Are you telling me that my meat hunks are playing video games? Video games rank third on my "Top Ten Nerdiest Activities" list. I swear to God if any of them read comic books I'm going to scream.

But I know what you're thinking: it's just a few guys. These muscle masses will still beat the shit out of each other and the reclusive dweebs will sit in their dungeons and slay their dragons. But everything changed when I was invited to a football party.

I have never been more excited to shotgun beer after beer and see some sweaty freaks of nature really hurt each other and commit some minor acts of vandalism, but when I walked into the Carn quad, I was disgusted to find a calculator. And if that wasn't bad enough, they were planning to use it to do their stats homework the next day. Those fuckers.

It makes me physically sick to see this. To make matters worse, they probably were recruited to come here for sports, but they don't even do the required heavy amounts of steroids. Are you telling me they recruited some huge nerds when my daddy had to bribe people for me to be here? It's not fair. The only solace I can have is that no matter what happens, these beefcakes will waste their education, because despite everything I've seen, there is NO way they would ever stoop low enough to pick the nerdiest, yet most useful, of all majors: Economics.

Found posted on the door to the locker rooms by Mr. Kelly '21

Friday Five: Things to Do Before Leaving the Building in a Fire Drill

By Mr. Projansky '21

Oh no! You're chilling in your room and the fire alarm goes off! The high pitch is ringing in your ears and making your hangover even worse! You have to act fast, but there are some essential things you should do before leaving the building:

- 5. Take Another Hit.** Taking another fat rip of whatever bong/bowl/joint you just packed is a must no matter what. If you caused the fire alarm, you're already screwed, so why not take another rip? If it wasn't you, the alarm is already going off, and now is the best time to prove your cloud-making skills.
- 4. Jack Off.** From my experience, it takes about two minutes from the alarm going off to campo being at the door. Also from experience, this is the optimal amount of time needed to get off, so they're perfect together! If there's actually a fire, you now have a hose to put it out with.
- 3. Make Ready Rice®.** Like I said above, it takes about two minutes for campo to arrive. In that two minutes before going outside, you have the option of making Uncle Ben's ninety second Basmati rice. Throw her in the microwave, grab that fork you definitely stole from Commons, jack off before the rice is done, and then run outside! Go Go Go!
- 2. Call Your Mom.** The background noise may be aggressive, but let's be honest: you don't call her enough. You didn't even spend time with her over break while you were tanning in the Florida Keys with your friends. She misses you. Give her a ring, she won't care if she can't hear you, and it's not like you even listen to what she says, anyway. It's the idea that counts.
- 1. Meditate.** Maybe once you're reminded of home, you'll remember the days before midterms and being too busy to paint wine glasses with Kappa Sigma Alpha. Remember home away from the crushing stress of school, and take solace in a chaos that you can't control, and meditate. At the end of the day, the blaring sirens can't be worse than the sound of people singing along to songs at the VT.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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