

LÖDED DIPER HEADLINING NEXT FUNKTION
#NotMyRodrick

FOR FRESHMAN WITH ERECTILE
DYSFUNCTION, EVERY MONTH IS
No Nut NOVEMBER

Not just because of his almond allergy!

By Mr. Projansky ’21

DEPT. OF NOT BEING ABLE TO GIVE A FUCK (LONELY KEEHN DOUBLE) While many on campus seem to be more stressed than usual, barred from the sweet release their hands often give, for Richard Week ’23, this No Nut November is just like any other month.

“I’m a bit upset with people stealing my identity like it’s some trend,” Week told us while sitting on top of perfectly clean sheets on his bed. “But also, I don’t need to worry about helping my roommate as much this month!”

Kott Cummings ’23 told us about Week from atop his slightly off white sheets. “I can’t jack off without flashbacks to the first time I masturbated during the 2011 San Francisco earthquake. So any other month I just ask Richard to shake the bed for

ZOOPHILE UPSET BY LACK
OF FUCKABLE ANIMALS
AT FARM PARTY

“I have to hit on actual human women?”

By Mr. Chivily ’23

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE OSTRACIZED DEPT. (FILIIUS EVENTS BARN) Jim Bob Lee ’21, a passionate, lifelong zoophile, was incredibly upset over the lack of fuckable animals at the Farm Party that occurred last Saturday night. “I am absolutely livid right now. Not a single person who planned the Farm Party thought to accommodate me and my needs. Not a single giddy goat, sexy sheep, bewitching bovine, or alluring alpaca was provided. All I saw were a bunch of scantily clad drunk freshmen and some shit on the floor,” Lee said.

Few people have sympathy for Jim Bob. “I think Jim Bob’s an aberration against God. He was drunkenly yelling at his suitemate about the lack of farm animals, instead of, you know, like, enjoying the party. He could have scored a pair of hot blondes, but wanted a golden mare instead,” Chad Harington IV ’20, a Chi Psi brother, said.

“I thought Jim Bob was vanilla until he begged

me while I’m lying down. Now we can do what all roommates do and ignore each other 24/7. I get a bit scared sometimes whenever his steps shake the floor, but I’m holding up pretty well!”

“Richard opened up to me about his ED after he got blackout at a late night event and started sobbing loudly from a urinal, and I think we’re really close because of it!” Christie Notego ’22 said while walking with Richard to class. “It’s nice to feel like I can honest with a guy! I’m dating a brother of DKE, so I really understand how Richard feels. November isn’t special.”

“I will say, it doesn’t mean I don’t try,” Richard said with a bloody nose and half of a powdered tablet of Roman left. “It’s great because I’m trying to blend in with the hockey guys in Carn, and my medicine looks like coke when I grind it up. I haven’t told them I have ED yet, but I know people will understand when I do. There’s a lot of different types of penis envy in Carn, so I know I’ll be among friends!”

me to dress up like Lola Rabbit from *Space Jam* during sex once. I left him after that. I’m not surprised by any of this,” Samantha Yu ’22, Jim Bob’s ex-girlfriend and noted normal person, said.

One person, however, has defended Jim Bob: fellow zoophile Emory Gulgowski ’21, an international student from New Zealand. “Not only do I love slaying CGI orcs, I also love fucking sheep. As a proud son of shepherds and sheep-shaggers, I think that Jim Bob is being treated unfairly. Let the man live his life!” Gulgowski said.

Jim Bob, after being forced to eat at the Bundy Café for all his meals because of social ostracization, contacted the ACLU to see if he could sue Hamilton for discrimination. When the ACLU said that zoophiles were not a discriminated group, Jim Bob created his own non-profit civil liberties organization for freaks like him. Naming it AKLU, short for American Kinky Liberties Union, it seeks to represent all manners of monstrosities, including dendrophiles, klismophiles, and Mike. Jim Bob gathered enough donations from gross, single middle-aged men, allowing AKLU hire Utica’s top lawyers to sue Hamilton College for discrimination.

HAMILTON ANNOUNCES DICK
CHENEY AS NEWEST TRUSTEE

Students offered one gym credit for donating their heart

By Mr. Nelson ’22

VEWY SOWWY FOW GETTING SHOT UWU DEPT. (SITUATION ROOM) The Hamilton Board of Trustees announced its newest play in the ongoing divestment controversy on Monday. In response to student condemnation of their investment strategy, former US Vice President, Halliburton CEO, and sexy Christian Bale character Dick Cheney was brought aboard to manage the Hamilton endowment.

“The endowment has been managed in a socially and fiscally irresponsible way totally at odds with the school’s values,” Cheney remarked while moving into his new desk directly on top of President Wippman’s. “They’re invested in all these oil companies, but the last guy didn’t even think about Halliburton, let alone any private prisons or defense contractors.”

Cheney has gained significant influence over Hamilton’s internal affairs. Among his signature initiatives is a natural gas pipeline through Root Glen, although some environmental activists claim that this project could disrupt the breeding habitat of the critically endangered Fiscally-liberal Lightsider. The new Trustee favors a tough-on-crime approach and has led a Campus Safety/Honor Court initiative to extract confessions from potential rulebreakers with cock and ball enhanced interrogation. Honor Code violations have incidentally skyrocketed.

Several students, who have since been outed as CIA agents, have complained that Cheney is funneling College funds into oilfield service companies in which he has a personal stake. The Administration has refused to reveal which companies are involved but has announced that Hamilton College will be rechartered as the Schlumberger-Exxon-Valero Academy of Petrochemical Engineering (SExVAPE). On an unrelated note, President Wippman has announced a preemptive invasion of oil-rich Colgate, citing the Raiders’ possession of wangs of mass destruction and their ideological sympathy for environmentalism. “They’re making us look silly by going carbon-neutral in less than 40 years,” the President commented, referring to the Colgate trustees’ mystical ability to look beyond their own lifespans. “How am I supposed to get my picture taken with a big ‘Mission Accomplished’ banner for doing 30% of the bare minimum now?”

In this issue: Billy Baker, Baby Maker

JAMSGIVING



Anyone who does the Turkey Trot
will get roasted
See, “Something something Frank
Caliendo,” pg. 1621

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON
THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill interviews
The Whistleblower

THANKSGIVING FORECAST	PARADE	DINNER	FOOTBALL
	High probability they use the old Sonic design for the balloon	15% chance saying “Come on, it’s fucking Thanksgiving” will deescalate the discussion	“I hope they wrap this up before the Canadiens come on.”

From the Diary of Chadwick Waldorf ’23

Dearest Diary,

I’m ever so nervous about my entrance into high society at the Buffers’ Cotillion this weekend. I better put my best foot forward, for tomorrow is the day I enter into the marriage market. Every NewBo knows that Cotillion is the most pivotal point in a nubile tenor’s life. While I do not know to whom I will be engaged by the end of this season, I can only hope that it is not a woman of one of the disgraced Bundy families.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a white college freshman, in possession of an okay singing voice, must be in want of a girlfriend to make him food and clean up his sick in between bouts of binge drinking. I’ve scrubbed my Bucks every day with baking soda and tears in the hopes that it will find me a nice Soprano in Choir with straight teeth she’ll pass on to our children. I do so sorely hope that Papa Purcell can find us Bos some suitable beaus.

I’ve spent this whole semester perfecting my waltz, the face I make when I give charitably to the poors, and balancing a thirty rack of Labatt on my head. When I made even the slightest of mistakes, the president of our Social Society would rap me on the knuckles with a switch made of sticks from the Glen and Brooks Brothers ties.

The agenda of the evening is as follows: the quadrille, pitch matching, and Edward Fortyhands. Then, after we are formally presented to the guests, the current Buffers will sit down to an elegant dinner of lobsters and Moët, while we NewBos dine heartily (yet delicately, elbows in and backs straight) on Kraft Mac ‘n’ Cheese and Natty Lite. The NewBos will stand in a line as our president lists the pros (e.g. perfect pitch, trust fund, twenty acres of land) and cons (the personality that accompanies one with perfect pitch) of becoming our match. Finally, each NewBo will sing a short ditty about how oh so happy we are to finally enter polite society (“No More North Triple Parties For Us”) and how oh so terribly hopeful we are to find love.

Hopefully the offers of companionship and courtship will trickle in during the coming weeks. Of course, all offers for my hand must go through a strict approval process, for anyone who has ever listened to Mitski, no matter the size of her dowry, is immediately disqualified. While I understand the reasoning, I can’t help but remember how my heart belonged, only a few short months ago, to a girl from Keehn with a nose ring. We held hands under the Kirkland arch and swore we would only ever belong to one another. Alas, she is in Tumbling After now. As Jane Austen once said, “Friendship is certainly the finest balm for the pangs of disappointed love,” but I suppose I will have to settle for people in my a cappella group.

Found written in a soggy composition notebook in List 108 by Ms. Rinehart-Jones ’20 and Ms. Cavallino ’21

REJECTED^ Red Weather Submissions

not broken, only stained

i dragged the knife
over the [[light
blue]]
denim jeans
which i
had worn so close to
my shapely hips
my hourglass waist
my . pussy

i had made my [[light
blue]]
denim jeans into
j o r t s

and then when the
s p r i n g c a m e
i wore the [[light
blue]]
denim jorts

but i had gone to
the taqueria
where the beans
met with the onions
so diligently chopped

but i was
disrupted
and something within me
s t i r r e d

and i shat the [[light
blue]]
denim jorts
which i
had loved so well

c.s.n.

I.
“For sale:
Cutoff jorts. Lightly shat.”

II.
Bro, I just shit my cutoff jorts
Now it’s all rolling down my leg
It broke through the walls of my cheek forts
Spilling everywhere like a cracked egg

Now it’s all rolling down my leg
Forever soiled, always stained
Spilling everywhere like a cracked egg
Let loose a fart, but I wish it stayed contained

Forever soiled, always stained
It broke through the walls of my cheek forts
Let loose a fart, but I wish it stayed contained
Bro, I just shit my cutoff jorts

III.
The colors collide
Blue and brown, mixing like paint
Oh my God it reeks

IV.
Cum stains are not my speed
Unlikely someone will want my seed
Tonight, I crave weed
Or at least something to be freed
From the societal greed
For my art has been decreed
Just too vulgar a deed
Oh, now I can no longer impede
Right now, I hear my butt plead
To battle standards usually agreed
Shit stains are what I need

Rejected by Red Weather, accepted by Amazon self-publishing by Ms. Naston ’20 and Mr. Kelly ’21

Friday Five: Things to Fuck Instead of Your Cousin This Thanksgiving Break

By Ms. Batal ’23

With Thanksgiving break just days away, it’s time to prepare for the inevitable torture of being with your family. However, racist grandparents, drunk uncles, and Aunt Patricia’s estranged daughter showing up are all just minor struggles compared to your main vice: your cousin that got hot since the last family reunion. However, in the spirit of a true American Thanksgiving, here are five things you could “colonize” instead.

5. The Turkey. Your Nonna has been basting that turkey all day. Even though she has a pacemaker and a nasty case of scurvy, nothing has stopped her from making her special turkey. Why not make it more special by fucking it?

4. Grandpa Joe’s Dentures. The Westminster Dog Show is a beloved television staple during Thanksgiving. Get an elderly relative to watch it with you, and gaze at their dentures as they pop off their little baby gums trying to pronounce “Bichon Frise.” Offer to take the dentures to the bathroom to be cleaned, and then, you guessed it, fuck em! Grandpa won’t even notice the funny taste in his mouth because he’ll be too mesmerized by the elegant stride of the French Bulldog.

3. An Artificial Gourd. It isn’t the holidays without the assortment of gourds that your mom puts out to give the house some holiday pizzazz. So why not use those gourds as dildos? And, in the spirit of sustainability, the gourd can be reused, unlike the dignity you would have destroyed by fucking your cousin.

2. Neighbor’s MAGA Hat. Uh oh, the racist neighbor came over to say “hi” and talk politics with your uncle while watching the football game. And oh happy day, he decided to wear his MAGA hat. When he takes off his hat to scratch his sad bald head, steal his cap and screw it! Carve a hole right in the middle with the hunting knife he most likely has on hand, and voila! What better way to say fuck the patriarchy this holiday season than by literally fucking it!

1. Your Second Cousin. You’ve tried all of these methods, but nothing seems to satisfy your craving for sweet, sweet incest. So maybe it’s okay if you screw your second cousin, right? You’re barely related, so the baby won’t look too messed up. It’s not like you’re pulling a Daenerys Targaryen and fucking your nephew. So go ahead and go for second best!

THE DUEL OBSERVER

JOSEPHINE STELLA GRACE RINEHART-JONES

Editor-in-Chief / The Temptations

MAJESTIC RENÉE TERHUNE

Editor-out-Chief / Smokey Robinson

TYLER A BOUDREAU

Managing Editor / Lesley Gore

MADELEINE BELL CAVALLINO

Layout Editor / Otis Day and The Nights

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Boss

Senior Staff Writers

ALEXANDER MACALLAN FERGUSSON

GRAHAM LEITER PAULL

CHRISTINA SHEA NASTON

Staff Writers

PETER JUDSON CASE

PETER WILLIAM KELLY

JOHANNA C. BOWEN

ANDREW MAXWELL PROJANSKY

JOSEF SAMUEL KOMISSAR

Contributors

WRILEY HAMILTON NELSON

PHILIP ALEXANDER CHIVILY

OLIVIA LAUREN BATAL

Copyeditors

SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN

KENNETH STEVEN TALARICO

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