

HAPPY OCTOBER!  
Time to start convincing your suitemates to do a  
human centipede group costume

GUY BREAKING UP WITH  
GIRLFRIEND IN COMMONS  
GIVES HER A PIBB XTRA™  
TO AVOID A SCENE

**Only soda with a sorority named after it**  
By Mr. Paull '20  
TRANQ DEPT.  
(SOPER COMMONS DINING HALL) After a volatile year of dating, Joshua Richards '21 decided to break up with his girlfriend, Samantha Lopez '21, in Commons so as to avoid any display of histrionics on her part. However, when glistening tears began to well up in her eyes, Richards, quick on his feet, ran and grabbed her a glass of Pibb Xtra™ to calm her down.  
“It’s just common sense,” Richards said, “no one on this crazy blue marble can be sad when there’s a full to the brim, carbonated to the max, chock full of vitamins glass of Pibb Xtra™ in front of you. For Christ’s sake it’s in the name. They take Mr. Pibb, already a top five soda, and put Xtra™ in it.”  
Pibb Xtra™ has only been available in Com-

CONFUSED FRESHMAN GETS  
PREGNANT FOR  
PARENTS’ WEEKEND

**“Wait, you mean we’re not supposed to become parents?”**  
By Mr. Stringer '23  
HAPPY ACCIDENTS DEPT.  
(JOHNSON CENTER FOR HEALTH AND WELLNESS) For most students, this year’s family weekend came and went without incident. However, this was not the case for Olivia Jones '23, who may have taken the phrase “parents’ weekend” a bit too literally. Over the weekend, the confused Jones became pregnant in accordance with her interpretation of the weekend’s festivities, and is now a parent-to-be.  
“The administration kept talking about ‘welcoming new Hamilton families’, and naturally I took that as a prompt to start one of my own,” said Jones, who looked visibly shocked when this reporter told her that parent’s weekend traditionally involves no impregnation. Jones’s friend and roommate, Lizzy Dunbar '23, commented, “Liv kept talking about how big parent’s weekend was gonna be and how nervous she was. I thought she was just worried

mons since the beginning of the semester, prompting many to wonder what crises could have been avoided if the soda had been there previously.  
“I tried breaking up with my girlfriend in Commons sophomore year and I’m sure it could’ve gone better if I had access to that sweet sweet Xtra™,” noted Pibb-head Max Rondstat '20 said. “When my girl started acting up I got her some Dr Pepper, who you’d think would be qualified to de-escalate the situation because of the PhD. I thought it calmed her down at first, until she came back with a piping hot bowl of navy bean stew and threw it on my crotch. We’re still together, no thanks to Dr Pepper.”  
Initially hurt by the decision to break up with her in Commons, Lopez has since come to the conclusion that it was for the best.  
“That Pibb Xtra™ was really a life saver,” Lopez said. “I was on the verge of a full on freak out until Josh delivered the refreshing carbonation that everyone craves deep down. I heard of one guy who gave his girlfriend Mello Yello and she ended up in St. Lukes with a ruptured vein in her forehead.”

about normal stuff, like your mom finding your weed or your dad hitting on your Spanish professor. I had no idea she was gonna go get knocked up.”  
The administration released a brief statement Monday, saying, “We regret to hear of the confusion surrounding Family Weekend 2019, and will strive to be clearer on the College’s policies regarding impregnation going forward. The student in question will continue to attend courses here at Hamilton. Once the child is born, we ask that the student contact the Office of Alumni Relations, and consider donating it to the *Because Hamilton* campaign.”  
When asked about the identity of the father, Jones could not give a concrete answer. “It’s kind of a *Mamma Mia* type deal,” Jones said, “There were a couple of guys down at the VT, I think they played like lacrosse or something. There’s also that cute TA. I don’t know, that’d be kinda cool, having a baby that’s like super good at Intro Psych and stuff. Honestly it might even be my bio prof or something. That’s definitely the easiest A I’ve ever earned.”  
This story leaves us with more questions than answers. The facts are these: Jones is pregnant, and failing Bio 100.

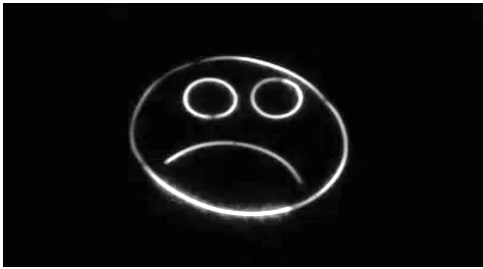
BATHROOM FLOOR COVERED IN  
PERFECTLY DRINKABLE PISS  
Still better than Mello Yello

By Mr. Steele '23  
SLURP AND SLIDE DEPT.  
(SOUTH, THIRD FLOOR) This past Wednesday, Hamilton College issued a statement regarding a variety of new initiatives that they will be engaging in to promote sustainability. They have issued a promise to extinguish the campus tire-fire by 2036. In addition our own Board of Trustees has vowed to take a personal stand by cutting back on their favorite pastime of feeding non-biodegradable trash to baby penguins. However, some students still feel the school isn’t doing nearly enough. Gabe Conroy '22 was one such student who expressed his dismay at the schools wastefulness upon his discovery that his dorm’s bathroom floor was covered in perfectly drinkable urine.  
“Imagine my surprise, nay, my horror, upon discovering that Hamilton had allowed this much delicious, I mean sterile, piss to go to waste. They talk a big game about trying to prevent food waste and conserving electricity, but then allow for gallons of sweet, sweet Liquid Gold, that myself or any number of other thirsty individuals could really use, to simply go to waste! It is inhumane!” Conroy said, unprompted.

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Unfortunately for this bastion of social justice, not all of the student body immediately rallied behind Conroy’s beliefs, with one individual quoted as saying, “Wait so he wants to like... actually drink the piss?” Another added that Conroy “Sounds like a naughty little piss baby to me.”  
In opposition to these comments when we reached Facilities Management for a comment they said, “We’ve been telling people to drink piss for decades now. Frankly, we’re just excited to see a student taking the initiative.”  
While Conroy’s motives and current whereabouts aren’t known or understood, he has doubled down on his piss-centric assertions via an email blast last Friday that simply read “Real Climate Strikers Wear Yellow.”

In this issue: Babe, I didn’t know you were Lord Farquaad!

RAIN GLOW



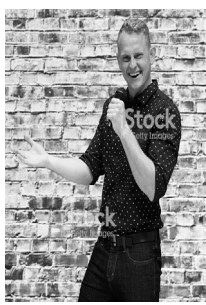


No one has ever gotten laid here.  
See, “I guess I’m bi?,” pg. 69

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON  
THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill reads *The Federalist Papers* with different voices.

FOLK GUITAR COFFHOUSE FORECAST

7:00PM	7:30PM	9:00PM
 <p>10% chance the Opus staff knew there was a concert</p>	 <p>High probability that solo was muddier than Woodstock</p>	 <p>“Ramblin’ Brooks? More like Tremblin’ Creeks!”</p>



CASE FILE 86: DUNHAM DISASTER

**September 26, 2019 1:23:58 a.m.** - Natalya Raskalinovich ’23, while drunk, puts two-week old salsa verde tilapia in a microwave for twenty minutes in the Dunham basement lounge. The tilapia is mutated by the microwave rays and begins emitting a foul and radioactive odor, which has the smell of several vats of chicken curry in McEwan’s global section.

**September 26, 2019 1:28:12 a.m.** - The odor kills nine freshmen living in the base-ment and first floor of Dunham, and the rest of Dunham is evacuated. President Wippman orders Francis Coots to deal with the disaster and make sure word of it does not spread. Campus Safety officers are sent into the basement, but all die within minutes from the odor.

**September 26, 2019 2:15:29 a.m.** - President Wippman calls an emergency meet-ing of Hamilton senior administration. Fearing that the odor will spread to Clinton and Utica, they evacuate the light side and contact the military at Fort Drum for Chemical, Biological, Radiation, and Nuclear (CBRN) Specialist units.

**September 26, 2019 6:35:01 a.m.** - CBRN units, with help from Facilities Man-agement, construct a massive fan which continuously sprays cucumber spa water onto the contaminated area, allowing liquidators to enter the basement.

**September 26, 2019 7:00:30 a.m.** - Due to the presence of military tanks and a bonfire burning freshmen’s contaminated belongings, President Wippman is forced to tell the students and staff of the disaster unfolding. CBRN, with help from Cam-pus Safety, successfully removes the fish after over 3,000 liquidators slowly move it out of the basement, and contain it in a metal box immersed in vodka.

**September 26, 2019 9:05:06 a.m.** - CBRN units dispose of the fish by entombing it underground in a cement sarcophagus in a location they know nobody will ever be able to find it: the Dwight Lounge.

**September 26, 2019 11:11:11 a.m.** - President Wippman and the entire Hamilton administration are forced to resign following the initial cover-up of the disaster. With the chain of command decimated, Lily the Chapel therapy dog is sworn in as the 21st President of Hamilton College.

**September 26, 2019 3:30:00 p.m.** - With land on the Light Side tainted by the fish odor, Lily declares a quarantine, and no one is allowed to enter. Any students living on the Light Side are sent to attend Colgate. Dark Siders rejoice as they no longer have to worry about drunk hockey players crashing their darties.

**April 26, 2042 10:00 p.m.** - HBO premieres the critically acclaimed minise-ries, *Dunham*, based on the events of the disaster, starring Tom Hanks as David Wippman and Toby Maguire as a Hamilton student.

Declassified by Mr. Chivily ’23

My Carrier Pigeon Never Got to my Teacher and Now She Doesn’t Know I have Syphilis

Mother! I send a pigeon to thee with haste; I have terrible news. I, being the closest to the divinity of man, spent the past weekend in my throne room (Dunham 107) indulging in women, but my indulgence came at a price. I believe I have contracted syphilis!

Oh prithee me! I hath stuck my fiddling finger in one too many women and now I must pay the price; I have been trying Hamilton-sponsored home remedies, from the sound healing of beating up poor people to Wellness Chair Wednesday, but my condition is getting no better. My peasant roommate John, third of his name in a line of bread farmers, has asked me about seeing a doctor and getting an injection of some kind; I do not need anything inserted in me, for it is I who does the inserting.

I have not heard of this thing John, of the shortest thighs, calls a ‘vaccine.’ It sounds like a torture device, like ‘science’ and whatever ‘anthropology’ is. It’s why I study Philosophy, a real discipline, rather than some false concentration like Physics or Economics. While John, wheat beater of Boston, believes he will possess wealth because he does ‘Computer Science,’ he doesn’t understand that the only true way to acquire wealth is to have rich parents; the fool!

I am most worried however about my first carrier pigeon; I sent a pigeon to my teacher, but she has not responded. John, the missionary of multigrain, asked me about sending an ‘email,’ a term I found nothing about after looking through the literature. How will she ever know that I will not be in class tomorrow? How will she ever know that I, though she asked me to come see her in office hours to talk of my behavior in class, cannot focus on unimportant things like academic discernment and something she calls ‘soap,’ for mine dick hath gone ill! Oh poor pillocock, I pray! I pray that you don’t go mad!

I must go now; I’m hearing whispers from the halls about trying to remove me from my throne room, bringing me to some torture chamber called a hopsital. I hear word of this syphilis being ‘fatal’ but I will face it with no fear! If I die from my indulgences, then so be it; without the ability to indulge and try to spread the bloodline, what purpose do I have? Without my pointy pringer I am as good as a woman. I know you understand, Mother.

Found stapled to a pigeon lost in the crow aviary by Mr. Projansky ’21

Friday Five: Reasons Not To Fuck A Buffer

By Ms. Cavallino ’21

*As cuffing season rapidly approaches and the cam-pus collectively waits for the heating to be turned on, many of us are feeling the cruel coldness of an empty bed on a Thursday night. But we at the Duel must make the case that, as desperate as the times might be, certain desperate measures must always be avoided. Besides, the Hamiltones are foxier anyways.*

**5. He won’t take off his fancy shoes.** It gets chilly in Clinton in the fall, so you would naturally be under-standing and empathetic if your sexual partner du jour kept his Nike half-calves on. But if he keeps babbling, “Sorry babe, Bos before bitches, the bucks stay on,” you know you’ve made a mistake.

**4. He can’t keep an erection unless he’s listening to his own voice.** Have you ever found a cappella titillating? Have you ever had a raging hard on after listening to “Signed, Sealed, Delivered (I’m Yours)”? If you have, then congratulations, you don’t even need to audition, you’re now an honorary Buffer. But for the rest of us sor-ry bastards who not only hate a cappella arrangements but also think the Buffers don’t sound good anymore (RIP Panic! At The Disco ’18), listening to the Radio City Music Hall performance on loop while he tries to get it up is not how we want to spend a Saturday night.

**3. He won’t give you a Buffergram for free, even if you give really good head.** We get it: now that SA won’t fund anyone who has perfect pitch, many performance groups are in dire financial straits. But if I make you come so hard you yell a senior Buffer’s name, maybe you should be a bit more generous in return.

**2. He won’t invite you to the annual Buffer orgy.** From the outside, the Buffers’ “Cotillion” seems like any other booze and barf bash hosted by Zeta Beta Beta. But let’s be honest, the Alumbos from the last five years don’t come back just for complimentary drinks at Yahnundasis, and they certainly don’t end up half-naked and trussed with blazers just because they drank a little too much Labatt.

**1. One of them has chlamydia.** I’m just not willing to take that risk, and you shouldn’t be either. Stay safe out there.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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