

DAMMIT, I'M OUT OF CANDY!  
Guess I'll have to give the kids plain razor blades

HAMILTON COLLEGE THEATRE  
DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCES  
SPRING MUSICAL

“To sodomy, it’s between God and me!”

By Mr. Wright-Schaner ’23  
THE BOOTY GROCERIES DEPT.

(THE ROMANO THEATRE) In a message addressed to the Hamilton community, administrative staff notified the campus of a surprising development: “The Health Center received confirmation that a student has tested positive for Hepatitis A... therefore butt munching and other sexy butt stuffs are now prohibited on the Hamilton campus.” Students revolted. Chants of “Don’t be anal about anal!” and “Analingus or no alingus!” filled the dining halls. Terry Martinez was guillotined. It was very clear that the community was in need of some serious catharsis.

Not long after the campus revolts, Acting Head of Hamilton College’s Theatre Department, Leg Clattrel, announced that there would be a change to the spring show. Professor Clattrel wrote to the community: “In light of recent events, we have decided to do a show that would converse with the ongoing Hep-A riots: Jonathan Larson’s *RENT*.” Clattrel explained that,

ZOMBIE SAMUEL KIRKLAND  
EATS DUNHAM FRESHMEN  
Dunham rated 2 Stars on Yelp by  
ZombieSam1808

By Mr. Chivily ’23  
SUPERNATURAL CUISINE DEPT.

(DUNHAM BASEMENT LOUNGE) A zombified Samuel Kirkland was arrested by Campus Safety Halloween night after he was found eating a freshman outside of Dunham. Francis S. Coots, Director of Campus Security, said, “Zombie Samuel Kirkland has somehow retained his intellect and lacks signs of decay, but cannot speak or walk coherently. There is no scientific explanation for this. We think some horndogs had sex on his grave and pissed off his ghost, causing him to become a zombie.”

In the ensuing investigation, Professor of Religious Studies Heidi Ravven performed a séance in order to read the mind of Zombie Samuel Kirkland. She revealed that Zombie Samuel Kirkland found Burke Library, after surviving an attack from the aviary’s crows, and read a book about Hamilton’s history. He became appalled when he learned that his academy for educating country lads to be-

“The characters in the show would now not be affected by HIV/AIDS, but rather by Hep-A.” He went on to detail the production’s new songs: “The classic love song ‘I’ll Cover You’ will be about the importance of dental dams. The feisty Maureen will still sing ‘Take Me or Leave Me’; however, now about her lack of Hepatitis-A vaccination, not her flirty love affairs. ‘Seasons of Love’ will be omitted from the show.” In an especially big #wokewin, the department said it would cast only Hep-A+ persons as Hep-A+ characters.

“I think it’s great that they’re bringing back theater with which students can relate,” senior theater major, Frederika Ibsen ’20 said. “AIDS, while serious, is so 90s. We needed something fresh. In 2014, the department did *Show Boat*, but it was the boat from Captain Phillips with all those Somali pirates. That was relatable!” Some others weren’t at all surprised by the bold choice: “After last semester’s brave gender-swapped, race-blind, bi-curious, tone-deaf and real-deaf production of *The Sound of Music*, I knew they would do something groundbreaking,” Jed Daniels ’22 said. “I just can’t wait to see a group of Bohemian New Yorkers complain about the high price of urban living, all the while eating ass, Human centipede-style.”

come sophisticated urbane gentlemen had become polluted with unsophicated rabble whose fathers lacked substantial land ownership. Determined to take vengeance upon the administration for this, he swore to eat the rabble to cleanse Hamilton.

Professor Raven continued, revealing that Zombie Samuel Kirkland was drawn to Dunham because its smell was like decomposing corpses. He then began to eat one freshmen per night, targeting those who looked like “nauseating riffraff.” Eventually, he was found by Todd Berry ’23, who called Campus Security after he saw his girlfriend getting eaten.

Berry told investigators, “My girlfriend, Kate Bohrman ’23, was looking to get eaten out, but I went outside and found Mr. Kirkland eating her coccyx.”

When asked what is to be done with zombified Samuel Kirkland, President Wippman said, “He is a murderous zombie, but we can’t just doubletap the founder of this institution. Instead, we will put him in a cage in admissions to attract more applicants. We’ll give him Impossible Freshmen Burgers, that way we can both improve Hamilton’s reputation and save the environment in the process!”

REGISTRATION OPEN FOR  
SPRING SEMESTER HEALTH  
CENTER APPOINTMENTS

25 spots available

By Mr. Stringer ’23  
WALK IT OFF CHAMP DEPT.

(JOHNSON CENTER FOR WEALTH AND HELLNESS) Earlier this week, officials at the Johnson Center for Health and Wellness announced that registration would soon be open for appointments during the spring semester.

*The Duel* obtained a statement from the Division of Student Life, saying, “We understand the recent frustration regarding long lines at the Health Center. The Division of Student Life is currently taking active steps to reduce such frustrations. As a result, Health Center appointments for the spring semester are available for reservation beginning Monday November 4th.”

Students are being advised to start the reservation process early. “While our application process is certainly doable,” Barb Fluty, Director of Student Health, said, “It can be challenging, especially for students who have not completed an appointment application before.” When asked if she had any advice for prospective patients, Fluty continued, “We will be looking for well-prepared, thoughtful applications that demonstrate a genuine interest in receiving healthcare. My advice would be this: Give yourself enough time to be thorough and thoughtful. Start working as soon as possible.”

Of course, the Health Center cannot accept all applicants. “While we would like to provide quality care to the entire student body, there are of course reasonable limits to the extent of our services,” Fluty said. “At this time, we can only accept about twenty-five candidates. Because of this, we ask students to plan their illnesses and injuries accordingly. Sick and injured students without an appointment are welcome to try some of our alternative care resources, such as restorative yoga, acupuncture, or death.”

The application consists of nine application questions (six short-answer, three free response), an interview with the Division of Student Life, and a personal essay (three to five pages, single spaced). Selected applicants will be notified by January 1st, 2020.

Applications can be submitted online on WebAdvisor or in person at the Health Center, however processing times can be quite lengthy. For most expedient service, students are advised to take their application and shove it directly up their asses.

In this issue: Pounding out a living... hmMmm!

MURDER MYSTERY DINNER  
THEATRE!



You’ll be disappointed that you can’t actually murder anyone here  
See, “Taj Mahal was just a red herring,” pg. 85

THIS WEEK ON LIFE ON  
THE HILL PODCAST

Travis Hill tries his hand  
at true crime podcasts,  
investigates the Clinton  
Clubber

HALLOWEEN FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 18% chance that guy’s MAGA hat is just a costume	 89% chance it snows	 “Kinda weird that the Joker went home with Sexy Shrek.”



# The Castrato Who Played Dobby Invites You to a Night of Clitoral Enchantment

Are you feeling nostalgic for the days you would curl up with *The Chamber of Secrets* and get lost in J.K. Rowling’s magical world of wizardry? Did you love Hogwarts at Hamilton? Are you looking for a way to process all the confusing sexual imagery contained therein? Well buddy, you’re in luck! The castrato who played Dobby in H@H cordially invites you to a night of clitoral enchantment!

Some might argue that Hermione was the main heart throb of the *Harry Potter* series, or maybe Ginny Weasley, Harry’s red-headed flame. But when it comes down to it, we all know that the real hunk of the series was the house elf Dobby, whose floppy ears and raw sexual energy made you want that bur-lap sack to melt off his three foot tall frame. Well, now you don’t have to imagine such a thing anymore.

This coming Tuesday, sneak down to Bundy basement and climb on into the oven. Maybe there will be a castrated choir boy with long fingers waiting for you, maybe there won’t be. But the temptation is just killing you, isn’t it? Dobby casts a spell on us all, and don’t let his missing testicles dissuade you from a truly magical night...

Let’s be clear. Dobby is a free, adult elf with the voice of an eleven year old. His soprano moans are sure to impress and confuse in equal measure, and harken back to simpler days when tall tales of wizards and witches were all you needed to entertain yourself. The castrato who plays Dobby wants nothing in return for his services, only to please.

For a soft 45 minutes, you will be his master, and only when you give him a stiff sock will he be free. Oh please, the castrata who plays Dobby wants an oven companion more than anything else. It’s dark and warm in his home, and he just wants a down hubby to cram into his appliance, shut the door, and teach him to love. What he lacks in naturally occurring testosterone he makes up for with a voracious appetite for *Harry Potter* kinkfests. What are you waiting for? RSVP on Facebook and please consider donating to the castrato who played Dobby’s Indiegogo account so he can one day go to trade school.

Found in the dark corners of Handshake by Mr. Case ’21

# If I have to explain My Jan Hus Costume One More Time I’ll Freak Out

Some people are content on Halloween to dress up like the Martin Luther, John Calvin, maybe even Ulrich Zwingli, but not me. I dressed up as Jan Hus, the great Bohemian reformer, in all his Czech glory on this All Hallows Eve. The little cap, the sexy bur-lap robes, and that scraggly little beard all made for an unforgettable costume that screamed, “watch out Vatican, I’ve come to challenge your ecclesiastical positions.” Sadly, everyone had to keep asking me what I was, and I’m sick and tired of their lack of knowledge on Jan Hus.



Nowadays people are too busy looking at their phones, feeding their Neopets, or having genuine connection with their peers to get educated on Jan Hus. It’s crazy to me that my costume wouldn’t be immediately recognizable the moment I step through a door. After all, his followers, the Hus-sites, transformed Bohemia into a Protestant region until the fucking Hapsburgs got all up in the ass of the Czech lands and reconverted it back to Catholicism in the 1600’s.

It was a travesty when Pope Alexander V excommunicated Hus, just because my boy Jan spoke out against the selling of indulgences. And now I’m being excommunicated from getting laid just because my costume isn’t “topical” (Hus only died 605 years ago) and because of my overzealous passion for early Christian reformers such as Jan Hus? Something just doesn’t add up. I thought speaking truth to power was all the rage today? It’s just another insult to prominent figures in Central European history. Reminds me of when I almost-self immolated after no one got my Jan Palach costume last year.

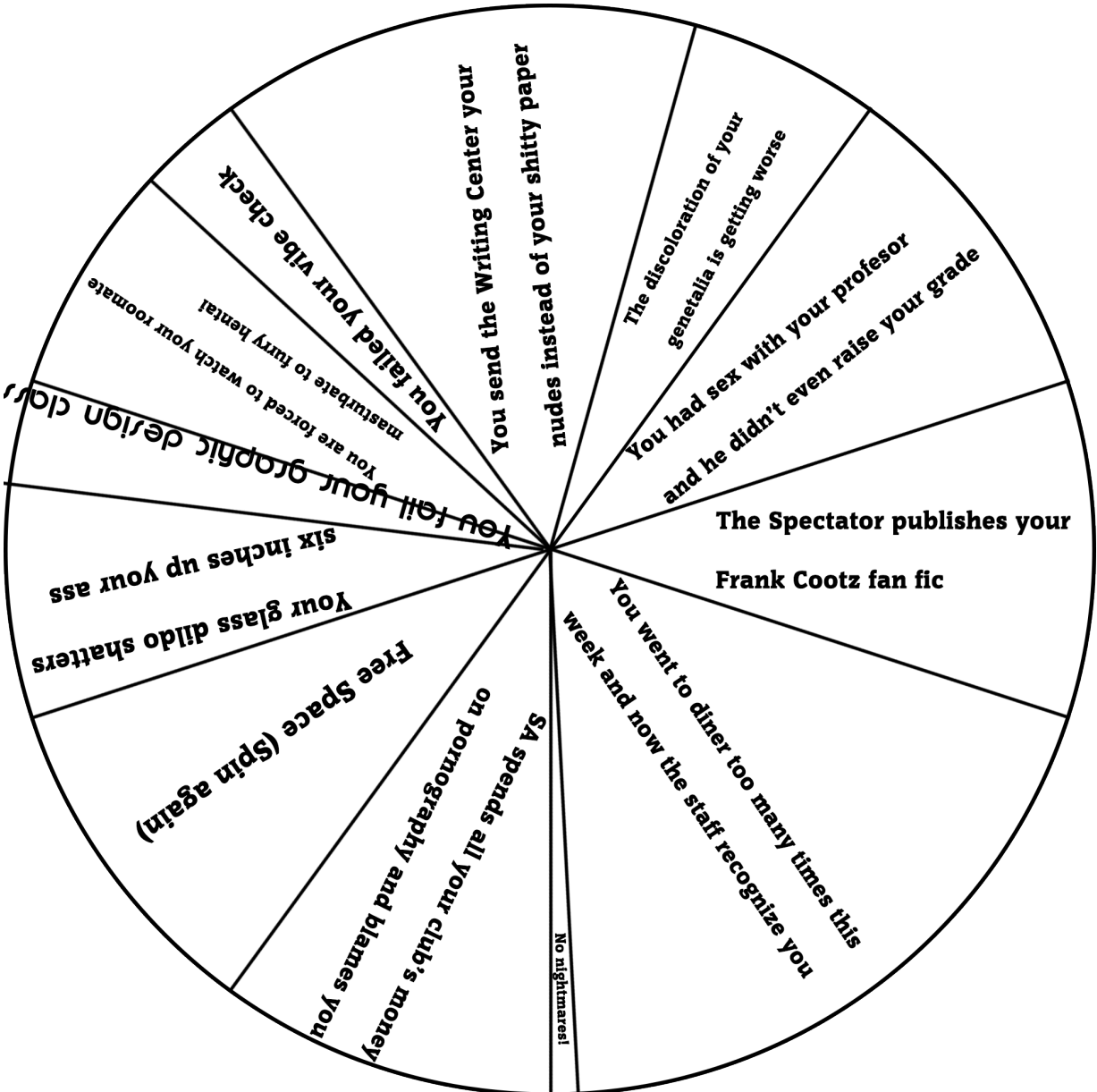
It looks like I’m being figuratively burned at the stake here, just as Jan Hus was burned at the stake for refusing to recant his alleged blasphemy. Does seriously no one remember that time Jan Hus absolutely laid into Štěpán Pálec? I can’t be the only one willing to carry on the memory of my beautiful Jan Hus. I am about to burst an artery because of you ignorant strumpets.

Thought of by Mr. Paull ’20 on a

# The Counseling Center Presents: The Dream Wheel!\*

We’ve all been there. You’re so stressed about for your twenty exams and sixteen papers that you keep having stress-induced nightmares. If you’ve become too afraid to sleep because you never know what you’re going to dream up, fear no more! Take a spin of this wheel and it will accurately predict your next night terror. Sweet dreams!

\*Note: The wheel is \$50 per spin and the Counseling Center doesn’t accept Hamilton insurance



Found next to Gaming Club’s copy of Jumanji by Mr. Kelly ’21

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