

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXV, ISSUE I "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

JANUARY 24, 2020

2020: THE YEAR OF THE BROWN-HAIRED, WHITE, AVERAGE HEIGHT GUY NAMED DAN FROM MASSACHUSETTS

It's really specific this year

'GONE FISHING' SIGN DID NOTHING TO PREVENT FACILITIES MANAGEMENT FROM RIPPING STUDENT'S BONG OVER BREAK "And they made my bed a loft!"

By Mr. Paull '20
FIEND DEPT.

(A MILBANK SINGLE) Over break, Nautical Studies major and IBS sufferer Keith Toboggan '20 left what he thought was a humorous 'Gone Fishing' sign on his door to indicate he would not be present so long as it was up. However, this did not stop Facilities Management from going in, taking his 12" bong from his closet, packing hefty bowls, and blowing fat clouds.

"I know they probably thought the sign was just funny, but I really had gone fishing," Toboggan said as he waddled to the bathroom, underpants around his ankles in preparation for the coming bout of explosive diarrhea. "My dad didn't want to deal with me over break so he put me on a plane to Lake Havasu to mingle with ASU coeds

and catch some fish. Not only did I not catch any fish, but I got herpes from a toilet seat."

Toboggan first became suspicious when his bong, freshly cleaned before break, was gunked up and there was a note reading, "Holy shit this thing rips. Thanks for the memories. XOXO Facilities." He also tasted a faint hint of Strawberry Shine Extra Luster™ lip gloss, the preferred lip gloss of Facilities Management. With the evidence mounting up, Toboggan was forced to conclude that Facilities does indeed burn.

"So what, we entered some yahoo's room and used his bong?" Facilities worker and owner of perfectly glossy lips Brian Waxington said. "First off, if this kid is a true member of the community he wouldn't care that we got high with his bong and used his moisturizer. We've done way worse things in people's rooms over break. I know one group of workers who put on a production of *Cats* in a Bundy single. Scary stuff."

"They're right, I don't care that much," Toboggan said in response to Waxington's statement. "I just wish they would still come by. I don't have that many friends."

HAMILTON SELLS ALEXANDER HAMILTON DICK-SCENTED CANDLE

You can't afford it, honey.

By Mr. Chivily '23
SHAMELESS MARKETING DEPT.

(THE BOOKSTORE) Last week, the college bookstore added an unusual and provocative item to their shelves: an Alexander Hamilton Dick-Scented Candle. The candle comes in a glass jar with a portrait of Alexander Hamilton on the side and "Smells like my dick" written below. It also comes with a booklet suggesting uses for the candle when it is all melted, including an impromptu coffee cup, a pickling jar, or a cereal bowl. Selling for \$75, the candle is sure to fill any room with a stank odor that can only come from unshowered, adulterous genitalia.

The candle has proven to be an instant success, selling out completely within an hour of its release, with thousands of backlog orders waiting to be fulfilled. "I want to thank everyone who has purchased an Alexander Hamilton Dick-Scented Candle," President David Wippman said in an official statement. "The Chemistry Department here at Hamilton College spent months perfect-

ing the scent. They combined the scents of overly fermented apple cider, a suspicious rag from a Caribbean brothel, and a soggy 10-dollar bill found in a Lower Manhattan gutter to perfect Alexander Hamilton's dick scent, straight from its description in the Reynolds Pamphlet."

Additionally, the candle has received national coverage after clinching an endorsement from Lin-Manuel Miranda. "If you loved Hamilton's biography by Ron Chernow, and you couldn't stop listening to the musical, then this candle is for you! Want Hamilton's very essence to surround you, then buy this candle! It may be the closest you'll ever get to giving Alexander Hamilton head!" Miranda tweeted, along with a picture of him depthroating the candle jar.

The sale of the Alexander Hamilton Dick-Scented Candle has not gone without controversy. Many people are outraged that Hamilton College would degrade its legacy by making a dick-scented candle of its namesake. However, these people cannot deny how much money the candle has raised for Hamilton, and that it has brought so much joy and arousal to people across the world. The candle's success has spurred development on more dick-scented items, including Samuel Kirkland Dick-Scented perfume and Elihu Root Dick-Scented deodorant.

STUDENT RETURNS FROM TERM ABROAD IN FLAVORTOWN

Dishes out cutting critiques

By Ms. Terhune '21

DEEP-FRIED DEPT.

(DINER/DRIVE-IN/DIVE) Since returning from his semester abroad in Flavortown, Oliver Wilson '21 has not stopped talking about how going abroad changed him and how he wishes Clinton were more like the "beef-scented paradise" that is Flavortown.

"Dude, they don't even teach people the basics of five-season grilling here," Wilson said, comparing Flavortown University and Hamilton College courses. "In Flavortown, I took classes on deep frying, air frying, and space frying. And I don't know about you, but I like to call that electro-frying." According to the registrar, while abroad, Wilson earned five class credits that covered various subjects including pan poetry and BBQ etiquette. "Now that's money!" Wilson commented.

Wilson's friends, however, have not relished Wilson's criticisms. "Oliver keeps trying to suggest that he's more 'cultured' than us," Matt Bart '21, Wilson's former roommate, said. "When I told him I would be hosting a fondue night this weekend, he got pissed that I planned to use chocolate instead of Tostito's Salsa Con Queso dip, which he described as 'a bomb-dot-com-bination.'"

"He picked up a Flavortown accent while away," Gemma Broadly '20, a friend of Wilson, said. "And that's fine, but he's been asking me to call him by his Flavortown name, 'Buckman Fet-tucini,' and I don't know how I feel about that."

Wilson recently published an op-ed in *The Spectator* that chronicles the ways in which David Wippman falls short of the "funkalicious" Flavortown University President and Flavortown Mayor Guy Fieri. "I wasn't going to allow its publication, but Oliver brought up some interesting points against Wippman that I had never heard before, like 'He has no tips to frost' and 'He reeks of almond milk,'" *Spectator* Editor-in-Chief Amanda Kim '21 stated. "Why not let the public see that?"

Moving forward, Wilson plans to use his Flavortown experience to pursue his dream career in giving you mouthgasms. "I've been filling out job applications. I've learned a lot, and I'm not going to let all that knowledge go to waste," Wilson said. "I sure hope Diner is hiring."

In this issue: Tyler Fucks the Pizza Fairy

JANS: STOP DOING THE CLASSIC FRESHMAN THING OF FUCKING LOCAL HORSES



She's your filly, not your fiancée
See, "Equus Review," pg. 73

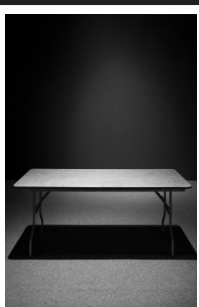
THE DUEL ZODIAC

January 1 - 2, The Snork: The rarest Duel sign, Snorks have a real nose for trouble! A Snork will frame you for murder one day, then eat you out the next. They're impervious to most forms of physical attack and love the San Francisco Giants.



CLUB FAIR FORECAST

11:31 AM



0% chance any of your eboard members want to be here

12:04 PM



Low probability all 1.7 Jans who sign up for your club will come to a meeting

1:25 PM



"You have candy? Cool, I'll join Cuckoldry Club!"

It's Not You, My Clit Is Just Numb From My Depression Meds

Wait... hold on. Stop, come up here for a second. No, no, everything's fine, don't worry. No, you didn't do anything wrong. You're doing great, I promise! I just feel like... okay, just let me talk for a second, and don't say anything until I'm done, alright?

Lowkey, my depression medication got doubled recently because I guess I'm... a messy bitch? Haha, ha! What a sexy conversation topic, right? Ugh, this is awkward.... just look at my tits while I talk. Think about how hot I am. I'm super hot, even if I'm on 20 milligrams of Lexapro you still want to put your dick in me. That's how gorgeous I am.

So anyway, one of the possible side effects of Lexapro is lessened sex drive and sensitivity, ergo, my clit is like. Numb. Like you could set it on fire and I wouldn't notice. You could bite my clit off right now and I wouldn't even flinch as I bled out. You've been down there for forty minutes now, and—

No! God, no, please, this is exactly what I was afraid would happen. You don't understand, my clit has absolutely zero sensation in it. Please don't let this wound your masculinity, I promise it's my fault, not yours. Your game is wild, seriously, your tongue is down there doing kickflips and origami and, I don't know, advanced ventriloquism. You're REALLY good at eating pussy. I promise, if I weren't dead in the clam, I'd have had fifteen full-body seizures by now.

No, I can't just go off the meds! When I was off the meds the only thing that sparked any kind of joy in my heart was getting fucked into a mattress. Okay, maybe to you that sounds like the ideal mental state I should be in, but I promise, it wasn't pretty. Plus I ended up with chlamydia. Woah woah woah, wait, don't worry, that was a few months ago and I'm 95% sure it's totally gone now.

Hey, think of it this way: if I weren't on my meds, I'd be too depressed to let you fuck me at all. Now pound it out with your... uh, your HUGE cock, your gargantuan dick, the biggest dick I've ever seen. But hurry up. I want to go back to my dorm and watch *Grey's Anatomy*.

Overheard in a Bundy hallway by Ms. Liss '22

Rime of the Ancient Martinez

Argument: How the Deane of Students was driven Down the Hill; and how she thence traversed the dangerous climes of Clinton; and the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Deane returned to Hamylton.

It is the Dean of students there,
She dines inside the pub,
"Oh Dean, how did you come to be,
Here munching on this grub?"

She sets her garlic pizza down,
"I took a trip," quoth she.
"To where in this domain?" asked I.
"Below the Line of tree.

"I drove a Jitney down the hill,
With students nine in tow,
To seek a spot of adventure,
Each other to get to know.

"Then suddenly a STORM-BLAST came
The Jitney swerved and swound,
The snow was here, the ice was there,
'Twas frozen all around.

"At length did cross a frat bro lot,
Propounding manly aid,
But ilk of such I care for not,
Their help I thus forbade.

"God save thee Dean called Martinez,
The students nine decried,
'For now entombed in this snow bank,
We're trapped here by your pride.'

"Ah! Well a-day! What evil looks,
Did they bestow on me,
For stuck in van in storm in snow,
Soon dead we all would be.

"Four plus five my students then,
All frozen to their core,
Eschewed me from the van to cope,
With my bullshit no more.

"Alone I wandered that harsh land,
The hours myriad seemed,
When sight of buildings up ahead,
I feared as though I dreamed.

"At last I stumbled through a door,
The stench of booze arose,
The Village Tavern I had gone,
And there I saw the bros.

"Dean, come join us, take a seat,
The fratern'ty exclaymed,
'O'erjoyed we are to drink with you,
Those boys I once defamed.

"I downed a shot of whiskey thrice,
My chill then disappeared,
And when I conquered ball-o-foos,
The crowd around me cheered.

"Alas it came the time to brave,
The storm which brung me there,
But lent I was a ride inside,
Nick's shiny Jeep Wrangler.

"And thus trekked we back up the hill,
And off they dropped me here,
And now my tale I seek to tell,
To any who will hear."

"I fear thee so, Dean Martinez!
But she ignores my scorn.
A chiller and a wiser Dean,
She rose the morrow morn.

Recited by Mr. Boudreau '20

Friday Five: New Year's Resolutions Hamilton Students Have Already Broken

By Ms. Naston '20

It's 2020, and that means it's time for some big changes! Unfortunately, old habits die hard, and Hamilton students are finding that particularly true when it comes to this year's round of New Year's Resolutions.

5. To not flaunt your family's wealth on Instagram.

As soon as you stepped on that flight to Cancun, you were as good as gone. For the next week all of your followers were forced to look at photos of you drinking mai tais on the beach like the capitalist scum you are. Get bent, Stephanie.

4. To stop pissing and cumming in the water feature.

One is bad enough, but both at once? Have some decency! We've only been back for four days and you're already set in your old ways. If you think this is about you, it is. You know who you are, pervert.

3. To speak more quietly on the Dark Side. Shh! Do you hear that?

It's a sound as old as time: pseudo-intellectual white men gathered around a blunt, talking shit about women who intimidate them. Where might they be? Outside your suite at 1:00am, and sound carries among these concrete walls! Bless them, they were going to try to be quieter, but then one of them played devil's advocate and made a convincing argument about why they don't have to be.

2. To stop sexualizing Full Moon Club in the Duel.

I'm not gonna beat around the bush: Full Moon Club is hot. Steaming, glistening, oiled-up moon enthusiasts. With "moon" evoking the image of a smooth, bare ass, the mere mention of the Full Moon Club floods my basement. We aren't trying to sexualize them, it just happens. You can't keep a tiger in its cage.

1. To read other publications. Listen up fives, a ten is speaking.

It's not that we don't want to be supportive, it's just that no content will ever be as cutting edge as what we do here at *The Duel*. We all know I'm not going to read a real newspaper like *The Spec*, and if I even so much as have to look at that Gun Girl Lite publication *The Enquiry* again, Kaitlin Bennett won't be the only one shitting her pants.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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