

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXV, ISSUE IV “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 14, 2020

## I DON'T HAVE VALENTIME TO GET CUFFED THIS YEAR, I GOT STUCK IN A TOP LOADING WASHER

### ANIME CLUB HOSTS HENTAI VIEWING PARTY FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

Uwu...p-pwease... I'll do anything

By Ms. Naston '20

GRAPHICS DEPT.

(NOT MY SEARCH HISTORY) This Valentine's Day, Anime Club is hosting a hentai viewing party in honor of the most romantic holiday of the year. Anime Club expects that the four-hour-long tentacle porn festivities will be attended by a small but enthusiastic group who will take home octopus finger puppets as party favors, along with the internalized guilt and shame of spending Valentine's Day watching animated women being fucked by phallic objects that don't need to be censored because they're technically not penises.

David Jones '21, a 4chan user and moderator for the subReddit r/TentaclesAndTitties, is among those planning on attending. "I'm looking for my kawaii waifu," he said, brushing the Cheeto dust from his neckbeard. "Unfortunately, no women have RSVP'd to the Facebook event yet. But I

have hope that I'll be able to stick these big ol' yaoi hands into some puss one day."

While some like Jones are looking forward to the event, others are concerned that it may project the wrong image for a serious student organization like Anime Club. However, an anonymous representative for the club stated, "I think this event will prove that hentai is just as versatile as any other type of anime, or pornography for that matter. It might seem like it's the same recycled formula, but it just doesn't get old. There are so many things you can do with a tentacle besides regular, plain-Jane vaginal intercourse. Got giant titties? You can squeeze them like a boa constrictor! Like butt stuff? Well, you'll love it with the added suction!"

Anime Club also plans to use the event as a fundraiser. "Look, we know that this is just a weird fetish for some very sad and lonely people," treasurer Gordon Klein '20 said. "But you have to understand that this is a huge financial event for us. We'll be selling tentacle dildos and unlicensed manga. This is our first time doing it, so we're going to see how it goes. In fact we're thinking of making this an anal thing! Oh fuck, I meant annual."

t-shirt. According to Smith, this was a gift from Clark, whose only personality trait was "liking Quentin Tarantino, even though he'd only seen *Once Upon A Time in... Hollywood*."

According to witness reports, Holden purchased a Boffergram in Diner and requested that Craig Clark challenge her other lover, Ricky Bush. On the day of the duel, Clark brought actual swords to Holden's room in Bundy, where Bush was "helping Holden with her Economics homework." Students watched in horror as the two men fought a bloody battle for the love of Holden. According to the autopsy reports, as Clark lunged at Bush, he slipped and fell onto his sword. Bush tripped over Clark, falling directly on top of him. The two were "shish kebabs together on the sword, resulting in an instant death" EMT Jake Summers '21, who was the first on the scene, reported. "Tracey seemed pretty upset, but I comforted her." After the accident, Summers and Holden were seen holding hands in Diner.

When questioned about the incident, students were mainly confused about the nature of Holden and Clark's relationship, with one student noting that "the most shocking thing was that somebody from the Boffer Club was getting head."

### ALL THE SALT IN McEWEN HAS BEEN PILFERED!

J.R. Riggersmith, wily salt magnate, suspected

By Mr. Paull '20

BUSINESS SCHEMES DEPT.

(THE CHARTREUSE CAFÉ) Frequent diners at McEwen have noticed a sharp decline in the availability of salt shakers, which has left meals as unseasoned as a greenhorn tycoon completely new to the world of corporate espionage. Who could be responsible for such a remarkable dwindling in those little granules that flavor our lives? Why, it could be none other than that devilishly handsome salt baron J.R. Riggersmith!

"I saw this guy with a pointy moustache and stovepipe hat rubbing his hands and muttering that once all the shakers were gone he could flood the market," Angela Hopkins '21 said, describing Riggersmith. "Then he sidled up to a table, looked both ways, and put a shaker into this jacket that had to have at least thirty pockets."

Despite Hopkins' supposed eyewitness testimony, Riggersmith has not been charged with any wrongdoing in the case of the missing salt. Even though the laws against wealthy salt moguls are very strict in New York State, no one could be convinced of Riggersmith's guilt after hearing his impassioned defense.

"Why, I'm as innocent as a newborn babe grasping for mother's teat in hopes to succor the unquenchable thirst of nascence," Riggersmith exclaimed incredulously before politely offering me a refreshing glass of cucumber salt water. "Who would do such a dastardly thing? The only reason someone would commit so vile an act as this one would be to ensure that students weren't getting their daily sodium intake and they would have nothing else to do but outsource their salt from an eccentric billionaire. But why would I steal salt, since I already have the thirty tons a day from my salt mines?"

Although initially suspicious of Riggersmith, this writer was forced to conclude that it was mass hysteria whipped up to sully the good name of an honest and hardworking salt magnate. Riggersmith, heartbroken at the cruel accusations, promised he would introduce a new line of salt designed for the Hamilton student on the go, which will be made available on Monday for fifteen cents a shake.

*\*The author of this article has received contributions from the J.R. Riggersmith Foundation for Aspiring Fatcats.*

### TWO DEAD IN BOFFERGRAM GONE WRONG

The Duel Observer finally lives up to its name

By Ms. Batal '23

OOPS, I ENCOURAGED MURDER DEPT.

(THE FIELD OF HONOR) On Thursday, tragedy struck the Hamilton campus when two insecure sophomores fought to the death over an average looking girl, Tracey Holden '22. After realizing that she was too indecisive to choose one date for Valentine's Day, Holden ordered a Boffergram duel to settle the dispute. Unfortunately, the duel resulted in both of her lovers—Craig Clark '22 and Ricky Bush '22—being killed in battle.

While the two victims remain unavailable for questioning, Holden's roommate Ellie Smith '22 revealed that Holden had been hooking up with Boffer Club President Craig Clark for about two months. However, they were not exclusive. "Just last week she told him about Ricky, the guy from her Econ class whom she was also seeing. He was super cute and had a magnificent penis if I do say so myself. Too bad he had to die," Smith sighed while scrubbing blood out of a "Written and Directed by Quentin Tarantino"

In this issue: My lymph nodes are bigger than my fucking dick.

#### JUNIOR PREVIEW DAY



If you're reading this, *The Duel* is the tastiest thing here See, "Vassar, Colby, literally anywhere else," pg. 2025

#### THE DUEL ZODIAC

March 1-15, Tim Curry: You were born on April 19, 1946. You have never married. You earned starring roles in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Muppet Treasure Island*. You will die on January 24, 2023. Watch out for basil!



VALENTINE'S WEEKEND FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	 3% chance you can get a Nola's reservation for 7 PM	 High probability you spend the day doing homework in separate locations	 "Finally, we can break up now."



# The Day Hamilton Stood Still

## Saturday, February 8, 2020

2:19 PM - God dammit I got a KJ study room but my fucking computer can't connect to the wifi. Ugh I have a paper due in 10 hours I can't wait for this shit. I really need to—who's calling me?

2:21 PM - No internet in the entire Northeast. My God.

2:26 PM - I heard the first scream four minutes ago. Now it's all I can hear. I don't think anyone has seen me in here, but I'm scared for what happens if they do. I gotta move.

3:42 PM - I ran from my study room when the coast was clear, trying my best to avoid the bodies that lay scattered around the Atrium. It seemed strange how much some people seemed to thrive in the chaos, but then again striving to work at Goldman Sachs to suck from Daddy Solomon's voluptuous teats would probably destroy my soul as well. I ran to List to avoid the crowds and have been surviving off dead rats and melted snow. Seems like the rest of campus has grouped together to increase their chances of survival, but I'm alone.

3:57 PM - I can't carry on like this. I've seen some scattered smoke signals telling of a new society formed in the basement of the library. Maybe there I can find some solace? I must prepare for the journey to come.

4:08 PM - I've stocked up enough rats to hopefully last the trek, and my dagger of the dry spaghetti I stole from Opus won't get any sharper. Let's do this.

4:22 PM - My walk down Martin's Way was undisturbed (besides the pools of blood of my fellow classmates) until I reached Commons. A rock zoomed by my head and I turned to see the football team running as fast as they could at me, hunger in their eyes. I should have known it was them, since anyone else would have nailed me with the throw. I stood there, frozen with fear, until one of the players pulled out a massive butcher's knife. This shocked me enough to finally turn and start lightly jogging. I quickly outpaced the team and ducked into CJ to hide. I have since joined with the Math majors in the QSR center for now, but I know I can't stay, as my superior intellect as a Creative Writing major has quickly made for a tense atmosphere. I must continue my journey to start life anew.

4:46 PM - After some clever bartering with the Math majors, I had enough supplies to finish my quest. I'm writing this now in the 24 Hour Room in the library, scared for what I'll find, if there's anything left. If I don't make it, let this diary serve as a reminder to society, if we can even call it that anymore.

5:17 PM - God has left us. As I walked into the archives I saw nothing but bones. I saw "ANTHRO ROOLZ" written on the wall in blood, and I realized that these people were torn apart by the cannibalistic Anthropology department. I'm now cowered deep into the archives, unsure of where to go, or even if I want to keep going. We are in Hell, and there is no way back.

5:23 PM - I'm so sorry to everyone I failed, but I can't live in a world like this. We have created this hellscape and now we must die in it. There is nothing to be—oh shit wifi is back? Thank God, I only have like 7 hours to finish that paper. I hope no one took my study room that would be such bullshit.

Found in the mass grave in Minor Field to commemorate those lost on this fateful day by Mr. Kelly '21

## The Duel Observer's Missed Connections

- I saw you at Diner on Wednesday night, you ordered a chef salad with no veggies, no meats, no cheese, no dressing. Just lettuce and hard boiled eggs. I don't want to connect, just wanted to let you know you're fucking weird.

- You were wearing clout goggles and crocs. I was wearing a box on my dick. How was that buff wrap?

- I saw you getting eaten out in the Sadove basement and I just wanted to say hi.

- I held open the door for you when you ran into the KJ bathroom and belted Ansel Elgort's "Thief" last Thursday around midnight. If you wanna get some Opus together or maybe... dtf? Call me!!!!!!

- Saw your bulge in mcQ, we made eye contact briefly. Don't want to fuck or date or anything, just wanted to say congrats bro. You're packin absolute schmeat. Nice.

- You cut in front of me in diner and when I said, hey no cutting your eyes rolled up in the back of your head and you didn't even open your mouth but I heard you say *SILENCE MORTAL* somehow? Anyway I'm looking for something more than casual, a real connection. Maybe like a symbiote-host sort of thing?

- looking for 30+M with unibrow & eye tattoo on ankle. we met @ the VT last weekend and i fell in love with your wheezy voice. you seem exactly like the kind of stable guy i want to settle down with. i honestly don't remember everything we talked about, but ive already told my friends about the sweet guy i met who is in the adoption process for not one, not two, but three orphans! please reach out--id feel very fortunate to see you again. -Veronica F.D.

- JORT BOY: Met you in Babbit 18. You had Jorts, a daddy necklace, and a MAGA hat. I just kinda wanna vibe with you sometime. kik: xxx\_JordanShapiro\_xxx

- I saw you in List attempting to summon Aeshma, demon of wrath. I would love to help you bring Hell upon the campus, so please call me at 343-666-4355 so we can complete the ritual.

- You were contemplative and moody, pressing your forehead to the glass above the salad bar in Commons and eating spinach piece by piece. I had to scoot around you to get lettuce and while I did, I felt your tight cheeks and knew I had to have you.

- hey...saw u at the freshman formal. u had cameltoe... be my camel hoe? also i like ur brown hair it's very brown :P

- We were both in commons. I was wearing a kirkland sweatshirt, you were sitting alone at a giant table, drinking blue powerade and eating cottage cheese. Not looking for anything romantic/sexual, just making sure that you are ok?

- I know u were just trying to get the diner line to move faster && i was that drunk gurl past out on the floor in the line but when u verbally berated me my nipples got hard. sumthing casual?

- Your name is Jessica Chen you're 5'8" you live in Minor and I see you every day. Actually you're my girlfriend and I have your phone number and we're in a happy, committed relationship. You're actually sitting next to me while I write this, saying every word at the exact moment I type it. Our minds are merging and we are becoming one. We are Johnnessica Chenburg. Resistance is futile.

Submitted anonymously to *The Duel Observer's* message board

## Friday Five: Other Fests

By Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

*Hey y'all! CAB representative here. Another FebFest has come and (almost) gone, and as you look back on the week we've had and think, "Why did that event happen?", or "The school really spent money on this?", it's useful to look at other Fests for comparison:*

**5. DebFest.** For the Southern family who can't afford a smaller debutante ball, DebFest is basically like one of those mass weddings where 1,000 people get married at once, except instead it's 1,000 identical girls in white dresses proclaiming to the world, "It's okay to fuck me now!" The dress code is strict, everyone keeps trying to bless your heart, and the only vegetarian option is a bowl of sweetened iced tea with a soggy biscuit floating in it. See? Doesn't that sound awful? Now go eat your lukewarm biryani from the Free Taj event, idiot.

**4. DebFest.** Not to be confused with DebFest, DebFest is an annual get-together for American women named Deb, Deborah, Debra, Debbie, and Debora. Every year, without fail, the wires get crossed and multiple Debs bring potato salad, which always causes a fistfight that ends up on CornClobber (which is basically Midwestern WorldStar). So next time you find yourself standing next to the chocolate tasting table in Sadove and thinking, "My tuition pays for this?", remember how good you have it not to have to witness fourteen Debbies who all have kids named Jaxxon grapple in the remains of what once was a casserole.

**3. Jeb!Fest.** Jeb Bush's annual B-B-Q, Jeb!Fest, is also a family reunion, RNC fundraising event, and communion for whichever Bush Spawn is next up on the list. No Jeb!Fest will ever top the raucous party of '16 however, when a newly-dropped-out Jeb Bush took to the makeshift stage constructed by man named Joaquin (whom he found on TaskRabbit and refused to shake hands with or look directly in the eye) to deliver what he promised was a "tight five," but actually ended up being more of a "loose twelve." His stand-up routine covered everything from Donald Trump to the "please clap" incident to his real thoughts on Palestine (they're not what you think!). At the end, he stumbled off the stage and into a barrel of Ray's sauce. Nothing will ever top that. Don't even bother.

**2. PlebFest.** The Ancient Roman *Festa Plebis*, or Festival of the Common Man, is colloquially known as PlebFest. To this day, historians, classicists, misinformed frat bros, and tired Italian people who make a living from tourism and old-world-rubbernecking gather annually to do extremely ordinary things, such as drinking cheap wine, eating plain bread with nothing on it, and discussing whether or not it's a "dry heat." It sounds awfully boring, and besides, you wouldn't even fit in: if you go to Hamilton, you're not one of the common people, no matter how much you loved *Parasite*.

**1. Festival de Cannes.** So it turns out when people are talking about a movie and they say, "It's going to can," they're saying Cannes, as in the Cannes Film Festival, and not talking about how the movie sucks so bad that it is going in the proverbial trash can. Anyway, they give out some kind of Dior product as a prize so I guess it can't be all bad. France does seem kinda far to watch a movie. Wouldn't you rather go to the barn and watch an alleged comedian talk about how cold it is?

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