

CAMPO SUCKS AT CATCH  
STUDENTS HAVE SHIT AIM

LDR COUPLE BREAKS UP,  
SIX FEET JUST TOO FAR  
Nobody grows *that* much

By Ms. Terhune '21  
COUPLES COUNSELING DEPT.  
(OVER TEXT) On Wednesday, Mandy Brooks '22 broke up with her partner, Stevie Lamm '23, promptly burning sage throughout her suite and updating her Twitter bio to “single and alonee.” The breakup came as a surprise to Lamm, who thought that they had at least four and a half days left in the relationship. However, Brooks insisted that she could no longer handle a long distance relationship, stating, “Staying six feet apart just makes dating completely impossible.” “They started dating in September, and I thought they were the perfect couple,” Brooks and Lamm’s friend Kate Wei '22 said. “They took pictures in cornfields together, made a shared pre-Christmas Christmas playlist on Spotify, and Stevie was even willing to try Mandy’s vore thing. But as they say, ‘distance makes the heart run away like my father.’” Lamm did not understand why Brooks decided to end things. “Mandy and I literally live

down the hall from each other,” Lamm said. “We see each other every day, and I send her pics of cute puppies and highly aestheticized nudes every hour. I even met her parents on [Shhh! Don’t Tell, But It’s] Parents’ Weekend weekend last Saturday. I wish she would tell me the real reason she dumped me.” Insisting that distance tore the two apart, Brooks explained that the walk from Milbank 14 to Milbank 15 left her “exhausted,” “with-out time left for homework,” and “craving the newest episode of *Maury*.” Brooks said, “It’s not worth trekking to Stevie’s suite just to stay six feet apart. At first I thought social distancing would help our relationship and make it harder for Stevie to notice that I smell like babies, but now we can’t even play tonsil hockey while they fondle my septum piercing. And they noticed that I smell like babies.” Lamm’s suitemate Danie Rutger '21 expressed her relief at the breakup. “Maybe now Stevie will stop ‘accidentally’ airdropping me their sexts. And since the two of them totally fucked on the reg anyway, I now don’t have to worry about Mandy coming over and spreading her baby smell.”

NEW STUDENT IS CARRYING THE  
CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL CROSS  
COUNTRY TEAM  
“He’s oddly tall... or am I just short?”

By Mr. Projansky '21  
EARLY FACIAL HAIR DEPT.  
(CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM) Even though Hamilton’s winter athletic season has been cancelled, Clinton High School’s season is still going, and their cross country team has been reaching new heights! “I mean, we’ve always won a few meets here and there.” Cross Country Coach Todd seemed to salivate as he pointed across the field at a high schooler running. “But with this new kid on the team, we’ve put every other school in the dust! He’s a new student, Michael Lyre, 6’5. Apparently he recently moved to the area from just outside of Boston. I’ve heard he’s dumb as a bag of rocks, but his muscles are... really well developed.” “Michael? Oh yeah, Michael is pretty cool,” Clinton high schooler Becca Stevens said after Michael’s win made the Westmoreland team cry themselves off the track. “I’m really jealous of him. He told me that he lives alone up on the Hill, and that he’s able to get alcohol. He even said he’d give me some if I gave him my answers for the Algebra I homework.”



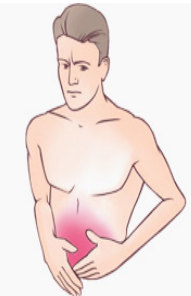
“It’s kinda weird, the only time I ever see Michael is during a track meet or in Algebra I,” freshman Tyler Gonzalez said after another easy math class. “He asks a lot of questions, and really struggles whenever the teacher asks him to do any addition or to tell her what x is in the equation  $x=3$ . Then after class, it’s as though he leaves campus until we practice. He should be hard to miss being like, 6’5, but I’ve never even seen him in the hallways.” “Look, I’m really happy that the season is going well for Coach Todd,” Principal Howard said while watching the coach of the Westmoreland team face an existential life crisis because his team isn’t good enough. “But Michael is pretty weird. I don’t remember him being added to the new students list at the start of the year, and yet he looks oddly familiar. I swear there was someone who looked an awful lot like him who came into the Village Tavern one day last winter with a giant blue ‘H’ painted on his chest at 7:00PM. When the bar said they wouldn’t give him 12 beers at once because it’s too dangerous, he yelled, ‘BUT RULES HAVE NEVER APPLIED TO ATHLETES,’ before passing out from previous alcohol consumption.”

ATHLETIC DEPT. BANS SLOGAN  
“BACK OUR BLUE”  
Realizes Hamilton athletes assault more women than cops

Ms. Davidson '23  
HAM. STATE DEPT.  
(3 COORS DEEP) After announcing its cancellation of the winter season, the Hamilton College Athletics Department released a statement via Instagram banning future use of the department’s slogan “Back Our Blue,” which is of course in reference to the college’s signature color and not to the Blue Lives Matter movement. The department suspended its usage after learning its own athletes assault women at a higher rate and greater frequency than police officers, and the continued appropriation of the phrase would only serve to offend the department’s statistically superior performance. The statement reads: “We would like to sincerely apologize to the community for victimizing our men in uniform. We hereby ban the phrase ‘Back Our Blue’ from all athletic attire and official college communication. We would be remiss to use a slogan with ties to a historically flawed institution. Our boys in blue have proven their superior determination and will, yielding higher numbers than the police, and doing so as a team. We at Hamilton College are so proud of the outstanding numbers our athletes put

out this season. We look forward to the Spring 2021 season when we can gather again as a community and have our best, most successful season yet.” Many students, including student-athlete Alan “Unkempt Crotch” James '22, were happy to see the change in policy. “As an RA in Dunham, I have to look out for the first-years, especially those most vulnerable. The last thing I’d want them to think is that I’m some sort of police officer. For example, one time I was hooking up with one of my residents, and when she told me she was on her period, I said ‘I don’t believe you,’ but I regret it now— which is what matters. It is so important we believe women. We must cultivate a safe space for them so they can continue reporting our team’s successes.” In a recent press conference, Athletic Department Chair Jon Hiney expressed his gratitude towards Greek Life organizations, groping for the words to signify that success would not have been possible without them. President of Delta Iota Kappa, Gerald Soft '21, remarked, “My DIK brothers and I are prepared to instill serious changes to campus social life that will enable our boys in blue to give back to the community at a greater rate. We are hoping to double our output by Spring 2021, right in-time for our next batch of rushes!” Substituting their now-lost catchphrase, the Athletic Department signed off its statement with “Hamilton Athletes: We Take the Tit in Title IX.”

In this issue: I drink all my water in one sitting \*belches\*

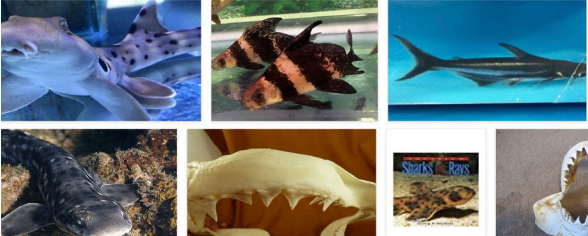
| TIE DYE FORECAST | 9:01 PM   | 9:30 PM  | 10:30 PM  |
|------------------|---|--|---|
|                  | <br>High probability they're already out of shirts | <br>58% chance your tie dye accidentally looks like Zach Galifianakis | <br>“The dye’s not supposed to go... in me?” |

BINGING WITH BABISH

Microsoft Bing sharks for sale near me?

ALL SHOPPING IMAGES VIDEOS MAPS NEWS

Despicable Me Shark Show: Me Sharks Gru Despicable Me Shark Basking Shark Mouth Closed



For when Google isn’t doing it for you anymore.  
See, “Shark Fin Soup Night!” pg. 16

Hamilton Health Tip of the Week

Use bamboo utensils instead of plastic! They’re easier to pass when you swallow them.



HAMILTON COLLEGE CAMPUS SAFETY REPORT

Case No.: 1810 Date: 10/10/2020  
Reporting Officer: Oxyuge, Mike (420) Prepared By: Mama, Yo (069)  
Incident/Issue: Domestic Disturbance

Offender

| Status  | Name          | Nationality      | Sex          | Class Year |
|---------|---------------|------------------|--------------|------------|
| Student | König, Ludwig | Decidedly German | Not this guy | 2021       |

Description of Accident/Issue On the evening of Saturday, the 10th of October, 2020, Ludwig König was spotted outside of Commons, operating an unauthorized food table, loudly playing the accordion, and decked out in outlandish apparel. The cheery twat was sporting a pair of fucking lederhosen, a feathered hat, and a billowing blue and white cargo vest.

After being informed that he wasn’t allowed to distribute bratwursts and beer without a license, König started spewing curses at the brave Campo officers who had come to stop him. “Fick dich Corona! You can take the Ludwig out of the Oktoberfest, but you’re never gonna take the Ludwig out of the Oktobervest!” König then proceeded to whip a chain of sausages out of the vest’s pocket and twirl it above his head. Officers tried to subdue him, but he persisted, exclaiming, “Fass mich nicht an, Flachwichser!” before braining an officer with a bratwurst and sottishly stumbling away, fueled by several steins of beer.

Actions Taken König ran into a tree soon after attempting to flee the scene. From there he was easily apprehended, insisting that it was easier to hear the polka of life while he lay there dazed. König was given seven points for distributing alcohol, assaulting one of us boys, and wearing that garish Oktobervest. He was given an additional point for trying to saw his way through the holding cell’s bars with a hot pretzel.

Found outside the Campo office by Mr. Lannon ’22



Dear Shitstains,

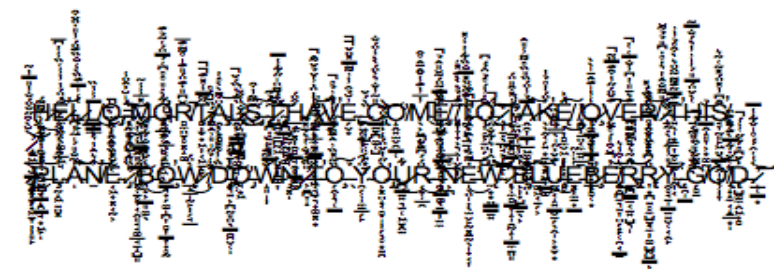
I am following up on the email I sent last weekend about the way you ungrateful snots treat the only good thing about this godforsaken campus. The glen. I was hoping my fun, lighthearted email would encourage you dickweeds to take this issue seriously, but my fucking GOD you freaks outdid yourself.

We’ve all accidentally opened a granola bar and had part of the wrapper land on the ground and forgot to pick it up. But why the fuck did I find 842 wrappers for Nature Valley Blueberry Protein Bars? Putting aside the obvious sin of that ungodly flavor, I’m not going to be your fucking mommy cleaning up all your trash every weekend. And what the hell do you think you’re doing smearing all of that food into a Pentagonam? May God have mercy on all your damned souls.

- Some of other fuckshit I found included:
- 17 blood bags, half of which were empty
  - Hundreds of posters/fliers claiming the beginning of a new “Blueberry Era”
  - Several hundred pounds of dismembered strawberries and blackberries
  - 14 deep blue condoms (very used, mind you...)
  - A thin layer of blueberry jam coating the ground
  - Thousands of pieces of confetti

None of this horseshit is okay. You assholes act like you own the glen and can hold whatever celebrations you see fit. But enough is enough.

I’m writing this from what I have deemed the “Hamilton Students Memorial” room that has all of the shit I found in a big pile, and I just noticed there’s a carving on the floor here! I thought this would be the one clean space on campus, but you fuckwads vandalized this too! It says, “Vaccinium sacrae hostiae Deo fruendum,” which just sounds like some weird ass Lat--



Found in Hell by Mr. Kelly ’21

Friday Five: Ways SA Spent Remaining 94% of Funding

By Ms. Kapphahn ’22

At SA’s last meeting, Quinne Binch ’21 complained SA has only spent 6% of the semester’s funding so far. Rejecting The Duel’s requests for booty shorts and leg warmers, here’s what SA funded the student body this week to make our lives better.

5. Exactly 26.42 Cider Mill donuts (the Grubhub driver got hungry). What’s a better way to raise awareness for SA office hours than to contribute to the 2,983 other unread messages in your Hamilspam? Send a second email sixteen minutes later to announce they’ve run out, but the Sadove Basement is open again so you can continue to be depressed, just with Smash Bros sound effects!

4. A money gun for Yodapez’s show. Given Yodapez’s significance to our community, SA sent one lucky fuck to make it rain on ’em after each scene, with members breaking character to stuff Daddy Ham bills into masks and asscracks. David Solomon would be proud; seems they’ve got the hang of trickle-down economics!

3. Pets in Among Us! SA recognized our emotional agony amidst the slur-screeching randos (because you have no friends to fill a lobby) and got us emotional support pets to follow us in-game. They’ve eradicated all financial barriers to ugly-crying at your small child’s nubby feet when you get brutally murdered and come back to do tasks. Not that being a good little ghost matters; all the other Crewmates are just trying to get the entire lobby to “dance” for a TikTok.

2. Sponsored posts by the community. Bryttanee was going to take her TIT sisters on their annual Cornfield Crash, pandemic or not, so why not fund tourism? Community members just have to follow SA’s Instagram and tag three friends for a chance to win a #ad. The most recent winner: Andrew Jillings with Smokey the Bear, posing with hand-chopped firewood and at least four Nalgenes (aka a gallon).

1. Fly swatters with Frank Coots’ face on them. These hot-ticket items dropped right after SA’s last town hall, and now they’re a real must-have! Sustainable and reusable, use yours to smack away competitors for the one non-moldy apple at Commons, or distract the Campo officers with their idol while running away from Bab Pav.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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