

CRAWL, LAB RATS, CRAWL!
NO ROCK NERDS ALLOWED

OGREPALOOZA!

FebFest canceled in favor of ogres

By Mr. Lannon '22

CLUB SPORTS DEPT.

(OGRE THE RIVER AND THRU THE WOODS) Hamilton's campus was shaken awake Saturday morning as the Mohawk Valley ogre population began erecting a series of tents on Minor Field for its annual club fair. After campus know-it-all Monica Walton '21 pointed out that the club fair had already happened over Zoom, she was met by many a rumbling chuckle. "Silly human club fair is a joke. Welcome to Ogre Club Fair, where we have club soccer, club tennis, whack-a-mole, a clubhouse, and later on, Da Club!" an ogre named Dave '08 said. Walton then proceeded to lecture the ogres on event etiquette during a pandemic, only to be cut short by a hearty swing from a nearby ogre.

The day's competitions started off with club bowling, a surprisingly difficult task. "No good club is round club like ball. Clubs hard to bowl with," Dave said, right before whipping the club

in the general direction of the pins, missing entirely and smashing into a Babbitt suite eighty feet to the right.

In an effort to welcome the visiting ogres, Student Assembly sent out a delegation, many of whom unwittingly attended a club cooking class. The ogre chef began: "Now, for some ogre cuisine. We start with kale smoothies. Now, don't forget to add in some flavor. Any ogre knows a good chef uses layers." Taking the chef's words to heart, chief delegate Thad Karlsen '22 added several inches of beef jerky, mixing it all together with a 2-liter of club soda.

After downing his invention, Karlsen said, "Yup, I just found my calling. I feel ogre- I mean over the moon with this stuff in me. I mean this is the beginning of a whole new life for me," before bellowing and disappearing into the maze of festival tents.

To finish the festivities off, the ogres hosted "Flight of Da Club," consisting of tying volunteers into a giant, padded club and spinning them, only to send them flying. No casualties have been reported at this time.

HAMILTON ADMINISTRATION
BLOWS SENIOR WEEK BUDGET

Jersey Mike's all! week! long!

By Mr. Chivily '23

LOW EXPECTATIONS DEPT.

(FREEZING OUTSIDE OF DINER) Shock gripped the Class of 2021 after Dean of Administrative Accountability, Montgomery Burns, sent out a distressing email yesterday. "We were too miserly to pull from the endowment to splurge on the dining halls and other amenities to make a good impression on students for the first week of an inevitably terrible semester. So, we decided to pull from the Class of 2021's Senior Week fund instead. Next thing you know, it was all gone. It is not like you were going to have a Senior Week anyways," he wrote while fueled by the high of student misery.

"I knew it was too good to be true!" Luna Halligan '21 said. "Diner is never this good, unless you're absolutely shitfaced. I should have known this would happen, especially after Diner got three Michelin stars. If you're not going to fund our Senior Week, at least don't keep our canes hostage like you

did with the Class of 2020."

Many seniors have complained about the loss of Senior Week and how the gold-dusted caviar has caused them to defecate solid gold. In response, the administration announced a new initiative to procure funds for Senior Week.

"We realize that any student who ate the caviar is now excreting gold. If any student retrieves their fecal matter and delivers it my house, we promise that at least 1% of all proceeds from the gold will go to your Senior Week, and the other 99% will go to the endowment where our trustees can greedily fondle the golden turds," Dean Burns wrote in a campus-wide email that went to most students' spam boxes.

"Wasn't the tsar overthrown for this reason or something?" Class of 2021 president and mediocre History major James O'Cuckled said. "I would say eat the rich, but I don't think the administration would care if we did. I propose we hit them where it hurts, and hold the FebFest ice sculpture hostage until they replenish our Senior Week Fund! The administration's beloved FebFest will be ruined! Viva La Revolución!"

VACCINATION GOES RIGHT TO
PROFESSOR'S HEAD

Catches nasty case of narcissism

By Mr. Wilson '23

TWO-SHOT HOTSHOT DEPT.

(UTICA GENERAL) This week, Professor Janie Stuben of the Physics Department received her second COVID-19 vaccination. The newfound protection, it seems, has given the generally soft-spoken rock climber and aspiring knitter a superiority complex. Within minutes of the second shot, she'd begun tripping students "in her way" and yelling "Get vaccinated, shitlips!"

Colleagues remember Stuben fondly, and say they barely recognize her new personality. Fellow Physics professor Steven Manichal said, "Janie used to be lovely and rather standoffish, but in the past few days she's spat on me four times, just to prove that she can. She published a book last year entitled *Planetary Motion and Also Some Midcentury Modern Furniture for Good Measure* and she keeps posting it on her Facebook with the caption 'rip to the 3 mil that died but i made it out bitches im home fuckin free. buy my book.'" The epigraph in the new edition just reads "Fuck With Me."

Stuben's students are also feeling the effects of the vaccine. With the new vaccination, she has taken to disregarding all notions of personal space. Jason Shirtwaist '24 said, "She did Patrick Swayze in *Ghost* with me, but I was just typing up a lab report."

Stuben has also been noted to be dressing differently. Gone are her usual Patagonia fleece and Texas; she now dresses like Gucci Mane post-prison, face tats and all. She is still beholden to the college's mask policy despite having had the vaccine, so, eschewing her usual choice of her free Hamilton mask, she has elected to wear a mask that says 'MUZZLE.'

Professor Stuben had this to say on the matter: "Listen, if motherfuckers want to scrap tell them I'll be behind the field house at six after I finish grading these labs; anybody who has a problem with how I'm living my life can suck my fat salty VACCINATED dick."

V-DAY WEEKEND FORECAST

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
5% chance you stay six feet apart in a Bundy double	"Blue status still isn't fixing my blue balls, Sandra."	High probability we descend straight into red

In this issue: "how do you type whatever that sound was comin from the

OPUSH MOVING Co.



Well, you can thank your peers for this. See, "No shirt, no shoes, no tables, no problem," p. 1995

ON THIS DAY IN
HILLSTORY

FEBRUARY 12, 199 BCE

First year nobody gave a fuck about FebFest



Love in the Time of Corona

Once upon a time, hundreds of years ago, a man wrote a book called Love in the Time of Cholera. Unfortunately, that book was in French, so I don't know anything about it. What I do know is that that man is old news, cholera was just a flu, and my own love life has suffered so catastrophically from Coronavirus that I needed to get my story out there. And so here it is: Love in the Time of Corona.

I should've known I'd be fated to forbidden love. There I was: a young, voluptuous first-year student who recently learned how to brush the back of her teeth. And there He was, my Lover: a junior with basketball shorts. By the first week of February, we had dated for two months, and I knew we'd make it through at least eight more years and a bitter divorce. But campo, with their undercover cars, heavy boots, and history of not picking me up anything when they go to Dunkin' Donuts, was determined to patrol the streets leading out of campus to keep me and my Lover apart from each other and, even worse, apart from Ocean Blue on Valentine's Day.

What's the point of dating if I can't eat a calamari appetizer before chowing down on a main course of cock? And so I thought, oh well, at least we can have some alone time in his room. But no! That's a COVID violation. So now we're just going to go party in South, which is also a COVID violation, but it's one I don't want to miss out on.

I had also planned on me and Lover doing sex on the Dark Side Opus couch, but that's been taken from me, too. What am I supposed to do with an Adirondack chair? Doesn't the school know that coronavirus doesn't spread in missionary?

And so now I am left to my thoughts and the words that come into my head. And I can't help but wonder, what is this cruel world that we live in where we don't vaccinate Lovers first? Why do we prioritize the elderly, who are already alone with or without the virus, when we can save young couples who just want fried octopus and a couch to smush on? I don't know. I am not Oprah. But this truly is ... LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA.

End of Chapter 1.

Spat on and burned by Ms. Terhune '21

Are you literally stupid, or...? >

Hamilton College Store

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to me

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This email claims to come from hamilton.edu, but replies will go to an email address at another domain. Avoid replying to this email unless you reach out to the sender by other means to ensure that this email address is legitimate.

Report phishing

Looks safe

Dear Student,

Our records show that you may not have purchased your textbooks for the new term. Ok, just kidding; we didn't bother to check and we sure as hell don't have to. We know that at this point, 2 weeks into the semester, buying the necessary materials for your classes hasn't even crossed your pea-sized mind. It's too late now. I mean, we obviously still have the books, but you're a lost cause. You are destined for failure. Not that we care, though. You know what we want from you. We have what you want from us. You can make this all stop.

How is this email different from the previous 86 emails we've sent you this week? Because you're dumb and screw you, that's how. And because, apparently, you're actually reading this one. Funny...didn't even know you could read. Most people who can read have books.

What's that? You did buy the books? From the very same store that's sending you this email about having no record of you buying the books? Riiiiight. Ok. That's totally gonna hold up in court, buddy. It's kind of hard for me to portray this through email, but this is me not caring an ounce about your little story. Put on your big-boy pants and buy them again like the real man you'll never be.

Your billing address is different from your shipping address. Is that where mommy and daddy live? Just outside of Boston? They'll never hear your screams from there. How are your two younger sisters, Goldendoodle named Kyle, and three fish? It pains me to do this. You've got a lovely family and a beautiful colonial-style house in the suburbs. The books, Student. It'll only be 500 bucks. That's like, what, 4 notebooks?

Oh? You actually do need a couple of notebooks for tomorrow? Real talk: they're 3 times cheaper at other stores like Walmart, so get them there instead. What's that? You literally aren't allowed to go anywhere else? Oh honey you poor thing. We close at 4:30.

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Friday Five: Ways to Recover From Your GameStop Losses

By Mr. Miller '22

So you bought GME at its peak. Your parents have probably read you the Riot Act about betting your college fund on stocks recommended by Dave Portnoy and Reddit basement dwellers. Here are a few tips to make your money back and then some. As someone who has had over four investment banking coffee chats, you can trust I know what I'm talking about.

5. **Expand your (color) palette.** If you're anything like me, numbers mean nothing to you. Robinhood's muted reds and greens are all I need to feel like a regular BSD. However, as pretty as it looks, the color red is known among experienced investors to mean "bad." Luckily for us, the frighteningly imminent new generation of financiers, this can be fixed with a little tinkering in your phone settings. Just invert the color on your phone and voila! Those nasty reds in your portfolio will turn into a vibrant green! (Pro tip: For extra gainz, flip your phone upside down.)

4. **Profit from promiscuity.** OnlyFans is a new competitive marketplace that you can access through most Instagram bios. With a little bit of marketing and charisma, you can help any fledgling fellator reach star power in no time and make a hefty profit while doing so. Better yet, build up a portfolio of clients and multiply your revenue. Soon enough, you'll find yourself draped in a tasteful purple coat, carrying a cane in one hand and a chalice in the other.

3. **Lever up.** If markets aren't moving in your favor, you need to move the markets yourself. Apply for a loan, show a little panache in the interview, and then you'll have millions to play with. Invest your new-found riches back into Gamestop and watch how that little zig-zaggy graph spikes up like Cousin Dan's frosted tips. They don't even look that good.

2. **It's all about your mindset.** If you never sell, then you can never actually lose money. Just hold the stock in your portfolio, and tell yourself "I'm playing the long game" or "chess not checkers" and watch how impressed your parents are by their boy adopting such a disciplined, insightful approach to investing.

1. **Take evasive maneuvers.** Taxation is the number one way people lose money. This is because people have lost sight of what built this country, which was the evasion of unjust taxes. "If a law is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it, he is obligated to do so." That was Thomas Jefferson, as seen on the nickel and the elusive \$2 bill. Come on now, folks. If the guy is literally on money, he must know a thing or two about it.

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Contributors
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AVERY ELLIOT LUM

Copyeditors
SAMANTHA GABRIELLE KAPPAHN
JAMES EDWARD GALLAGHER

Webmaster
PETER WILLIAM KELLY

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Found in the spam aisle by Mr. Lum '22