

SURPRISE, WIPPMAN!
My inner child loves wine coolers

SADOVE PANTRY OFFERS
DIY METH KIT

Better than the at-home mocktails

By Ms.Batal ’23

STUDENT ACTIVITIES DEPT.

(CHEM LAB) This past Wednesday, Sadove Pantry surprised students with a chance to make their very own meth. Usually, Sadove Pantry offers ingredients for cookies or other goods that will just make you fat. However, in the spirit of Wellness Day, they decided to take things in a different direction. “I think that this Wellness Day should be about getting to know ourselves and figuring out our hidden quirks. I used the kit and found the end result to be dope,” giveaway organizer Tracey Holden ’22 said through yellow teeth.

Thomas Stafford ’21 posted an unboxing video to his TikTok detailing the contents of the DIY kit. “This box contains the absolute essentials for making your very own meth. It comes with acetone, lithium, funnels, glass containers, a propane tank, and other materials that I can’t really figure out,” Stafford said enthusi-

STUDENT ACHIEVES NIRVANA
ON WELLNESS DAY

Smells like no spirits for this teen

By Mr. Lum ’22

PRODUCTIVE WEDNESDAY DEPT.

(DUNHAM GREEN) At just 18 years and 243 days of age, first-year student and beehive decorator Brussel Westerley ’24 has just obliterated Gautama Buddha’s millenia-old record, becoming the youngest human to achieve Buddhist enlightenment. His enlightenment occurred on the first of Hamilton College’s two “Wellness Days,” during which students are granted an entire day to complete all their work for the following day’s classes. While Buddha was unfortunately unavailable to comment on Westerley’s record-breaking feat, the student himself was eager to share the story.

“I knew Wellness Day was going to be a tremendous opportunity, so I prepared diligently throughout the month of February,” Westerley said. His strategy, he claims, was to consistently be as unwell as possible in the weeks leading up to March 3rd, enabling him to save one hundred percent of his Wellness for the big day. “I was extremely ill,” the freshman claimed. “Like literally on the brink of death. Mind, body, and soul, all teetering on the edge of destruction, and my horo-

astically to his TikTok followers. Among these other materials, Stafford found a buff and blue crack pipe designed especially for Hamilton. According to organizers, the inspiration for the box came from “watching *Breaking Bad* in the quarantine hotel and wanting to cause chaos.”

Approximately 5% of the campus participated in the event, making it difficult to find participants who were willing/able to speak to us about their experience. Luckily, Walter Curry ’23 was eager to share his experience. “I was planning on being a Theatre major, but now I’m thinking I might also minor in Chemistry. Making it was fun, but actually using it wasn’t as great as I thought it would be. I’ll be sticking to pot,” Curry remarked.

Unfortunately, Curry did not just stick to pot and was reported missing on Thursday. Fortunately, witnesses reported seeing Curry prior to his disappearance wandering around the Glen wearing a yellow hazmat suit and sporting a freshly-shaved head. When *The Duel* reached out to his roommate Jesse Summers ’23 for a comment, he responded to our email with “bitch” and nothing else.

scope became incredibly imbalanced.” He added that he’s a Cancer and that “all the lady Virgos out there” should “hit [him] up.”

Citing the lack of Bodhi fig trees, Westerley elected to spend Wednesday’s meditation session on the serene and picturesque Dunham Green, directly adjacent to the monstrous snow penis. “It was somewhat distracting,” Westerley said, gesturing menacingly toward the disturbingly detailed monstrous snow penis. In spite of the inconveniently situated monstrous snow penis, the student was rapidly able to escape the cycle of death and rebirth on account of his preparation and the overwhelming magnitude of Wellness present on campus.

“The transcendence of worldly life was super neat,” Westerley said, “but when I found out I was going to lose my human form I was like ‘nah, fam, I look hella nice in this bod. Also, I have an Econ exam on Friday.”

Westerley’s not done playing with his life just yet. On April 6th, Hamilton’s next Wellness Day, he plans to take things in a different direction. “I’m going to try to sneak past Cerberus and hop on Charon’s boat to hell,” he said. While he doesn’t know what it will be like down there, he feels he’ll be well prepared to deal with it after this next month of classes.

USPS SWITCHES LOCAL NEWS-
PAPERS WITH THE DUEL

Locals wonder what a “G-Road Darty” is

By Mr. Chivily ’23

MAIL CHICANERY DEPT.

(MAILBOX IN A SKETCHY CORNFIELD)

Last week, denizens of the Utica metropolitan area found the latest issue of *The Duel Observer* in their mailboxes instead of the usual *Utica Observer-Dispatch*. Local underpaid and overworked post office workers became confused since both publications feature light blue and have “observer” in their names, causing them to swap the two papers. In lieu of articles on corn, perpetual snowfall, and watching paint dry, the newspaper’s subscribers were greeted with articles titled “Sex Tips for Jans and Freshmen” and “The Little Man In My Radiator Won’t Stop Bullying Me.”

The appearance of the *Utica Observer-Dispatch* rather than *The Duel Observer* caused quite a stir on campus. “How will I find some respite?! There’s no *Duel*! What am I supposed to read now, *The Monitor*?” Greta Billings ’22 said.

Other students expressed more anger. “I stayed up until 3:00 AM editing this week’s issue and the damn postal service just had to deliver this week’s *Duel* to a bunch of brutes who haven’t even tried oat milk in their organic coffee from Opus,” a sleep-deprived Grace O’Haire ’23, Managing Editor of *The Duel Observer*, ranted on Twitter.

“Listen, we’re really sorry about this. We’re still delivering people their Christmas presents,” Clinton postman Jamie Franklin said. “To make up for this severe oversight, we are offering any upset Hamilton students a free page of limited-edition *Simpsons* stamps.”

Responding to the fiasco, President Wippman implemented a new policy dealing with mail on campus. He said, “Clearly, mailmen are the problem here. Starting on Sunday, we will restrict the delivery of mail on campus to just checks from donors. The less mail we receive, the less mailmen there will be on campus, and the less chance shenanigans like this will happen again.”

In this issue: “2020 was the year I learned to like Annie’s”

OVERNIGHT OATS



Ghost edition featuring alumni Elihu Root Hall & Oates

See, “Come get your slop, Pinterest pigs,” p. 1877

ON THIS DAY IN
HILLSTORY

MARCH 5, 2018

Hamilton College officially
recognizes “women”

SKIING FORECAST	12:00 PM	6:00 PM	12:00 AM
	High probability the terrain is rougher than you expected	15% chance radiation burns are totally normal	“No, I swear. Avalanches are normal in Clinton.”

Alumni Donor Weekend Diary Entry

March 16, 2021

8:03AM - i just drove through Clinton and stopped at Hannafords to get some Goose Island IPAs for the boys, they sure need it with that jitney service

8:07AM - they made me stop in North lot, you'd think given that it's the one day a year they have for the class of 2011 we'd get better parking!

9:32AM - finished at registration, turns out they set up a vaccine distribution center in the field house for the reunion and that's why the parking sucked

9:33AM - just remembered I already got the Moderna in February... welp, better one extra than none at all!

10:11AM - we got a guided tour from a student in the class of 2021 and they told us most of their friends were quarantined for trying to go to the fitness center, i swear, these kids just get dumber every year

11:01AM - why should I donate my hard-earned money to some kids who want to chill with each other on the weekends? I mean, if i can endure 13 months indoors with disposable income & a bubble of 26 of my closest friends so can they

11:46AM - that senior from the tour was told to go quarantine in their room so as to not risk COVID exposure to the 2011 class, i'm amazed their child mouse brain could comprehend the instructions

2:02PM - just got back from the turf field soccer match, it's just so hard to breathe in those damn muzzles! I mean, masks. Thank god david thompson just poked some holes in the fabric to make sure we could breath

2:47PM - i don't think they realize im unemployed

2:48PM - even if i did have a job i wouldn't let any of these fuckers have it, ungrateful pricks,

2:49PM - i have forgotten how to empathize with other human beings

4:02PM - David Wippman told us we're his favorite class and he misses the good ol' days of 2011, where kids were in cages and you could actually AGREE TO DISAGREE!

4:05pm - they say the next NEXT airstrike will be set by a female president, i always liked Hillary, she can party on a pedophile island with trump, that's called working across the isle

4:57PM - time to head home, i will never read emails from these kids and if they try to climb in the trunk to get to Clif's i will not stop them

5:06PM - forgot to give away the Goose Islands, drank one in the car, immune system weakened by the two vaccines, now i'm ripped in New Hartford

5:08PM - is this the future which awaits us all?

Requested from Oneida County Hospital by Mr. Gallagher '21



Dear Victors,

As you all know, this Wednesday March 3rd was the first Wellness Games of the semester. I hope you all took advantage of your free* sponsor gifts and goodies from the Cornucopia at Student Activities.

I may have called off the mutts, but it wasn't my fault if your professors scheduled your midterms for the day after, or assigned a film (it's entertainment, not homework!) to watch. I'm sure many of you tried to indulge in a longer-than-normal depression nap to avoid sulking over your inevitably non-existent graduation that we haven't told you about yet, but we still dispatched the snowplows throughout the day to beep beEP BEEP BEEP BEEP.

In terms of dining and activities, you selfish students should've known that Wellness Day included the poor, poor Bon Appétit staff who labor 'round the clock to provide your Daily Beans. You could've stocked up on broken Pop-Tarts and Fig Newtons from McEwen, despite our efforts to keep them away from your pilfering, grubby paws. To keep you distracted from your lack of panem, your circenses and entertainment at the exercise facilities were staffed by students who missed one (1) testing appointment and had the gall to appeal for forgiveness. Do them a favor: don't address them. They won't speak back.

Oh, and the Gamemakers' biggest, unrelated achievement? First-year victors continue to enjoy a year without experiencing the terrifying morning-after email notifying them of an unnerving sexual assault on campus. This might be due to underreporting in fear of having broken Covid restrictions, but we'll take that W anyways. Silver linings, peasants!

To all that survived this inaugural Wellness Games, congratulations. For the second Games on April 6th, we've decided to revv up to this sad replacement for Spring Break by opening campus to visitors and inviting everyone who could have coronavirus to come see you instead! Don't worry, you'll still get points for leaving campus and if you try to unionize we'll have a real Quarter Quell, #BecauseHamilton is supposed to teach you what the real world is like. May the odds be ever in your favor!

Patronizingly,
Wavid

*Your district paid dearly for those. Give us a good show and post them on Instagram.

Found printed on rose-scented paper by Ms. Kapphahn '22

Friday Five: FebFest Swag

By Mr. Kelly '21 and Mr. Projansky '21

In the wake of all of these fantastic FebFest Swag Drops, we wanted to reflect on a few of our favorite items we received. If you missed out on the swag, good! We went a few dozen times wearing different Groucho masks so you ugly bitches couldn't get your grubby fucking hands on OUR PROPERTY.

5. God. Murder, premarital sex, walking in the Glen after sundown; my life was consumed by sin before this extra-special Swag Drop. I still do all of those things, but now I have the moral high ground in all my arguments about them. I got God's permission to roll this J, and he gave me express permission to do it with the Book of Leviticus, so what the fuck are you going to do about it, Erica?

4. Bulk Black Beans Dry (16 pounds), USA Grown, 100% Natural. At first I was confused as to the absolute girth of this swag box until I popped it open and the beans started pouring out. Unfortunately they only lasted 3 days due to my constantly growing lust for beans. Luckily, you can grab more of these bitches for only like \$25 on Amazon so my lifelong dream of a to-scale, fully fuckable black bean statue of Rush Limbaugh will soon be realized.

3. Some Vague Sticky Substance. I was rummaging around my swag drop bag and suddenly I felt something a bit too viscous on my hand. It was kinda off white, but also part of it was a weird dark red. I don't quite know what it was, and I'm not sure if I'm more concerned that it was there or that it tasted kinda good.

2. My parents' divorce papers. During the winter break, a plumber was coming every week when dad was at work because of my residual McEwen shits. It was weird though, I never saw him with a tool belt, or any kind of belt for that matter. He always came over in a Tesla, and whenever he left it felt like my mom had a new bracelet of some kind... What an odd plumber. Finding these divorce papers in the Swag Drop was just a shock.

1. FebFest 2021 enamel mug. I mean, duh! These little beauties are the crown jewel on my bookshelf, all 227 of them! They're good for literally anything from drinking coffee to storing new bracelets...bracelets that were given by...by a weird plumber...who drove a...Tesla...oh my fucking god it's not my house's pipes he was plumbing was it.

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FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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