

STUDENTS THRILLED TO CONTINUE GOING OFF CAMPUS

SADOVE HOSTS JARRING-THEMED WEEK

Oh how far have we fallen from God
By Mr. Projansky '21

DEPT. OF OW OW ZOINKS OW (HELL) This week's Sadove Spirit Event was supposed to be jarring-themed, but students were left emotionally scarred after freak accidents left 18 wounded and 27 in quarantine. "I thought we were getting some wonderful jar content," now-one-armed student Ana Un'Armus '22 said from the hospital. "My physical and emotional state will never recover from the atrocities that the negligence of Hamilton College has wrought."

"Well, it all started when Little Jimmy fell after collecting his jar from the recent Swag Drop," Paul Beairer '24 said. "We should've told him to get out, because we all know that Little Jimmy is a clumsy piece of shit for a five-year-old. The jar Jimmy received was unknowingly filled with a toxic substance, which, when dropped, started eating through the floor. It started spreading across the ground, dissolving feet and shoes and tiles alike. Then Little Jimmy's mask came loose,

STUDENT ATTEMPTS TO BUY CREDITS

Put your money where your brain is
By Ms. Adler '24

DEPT. OF CASH MONEY (BURSAR'S OFFICE) With the announcement of drop deadlines and credit/no credit decisions coming up, some students have responded with creative solutions for how to get credit without doing the work. Recently, Lara Frost '23 decided to put her credits on her credit card, making the most of CapitalOne's cash back guarantee. "It's like, I'm already doing so much for this school," Frost said. "My mom already paid my way here; isn't that enough for them? I don't see why I should be putting all this extra work just to get credit for my class. I mean, what do they expect me to do, study?" Frost's decision has started a revolution among the more well-off students on campus.

the clumsy fucker, and he spread COVID all over the room. Then suddenly some Glen Monster cut off Ana Un'Armus's arm and I was just too busy pissing myself to react." "We are holding a thorough investigation as to who filled Little Jimmy's jar with a toxic substance," Frank Coots told reporters in a press conference. "At this point, we have three suspects: rogue Chemistry major Bess Acide, who has a history of roguely chemistrying things; Ana Un'Armus herself who may have been attempting to hurt her recent ex, Ben Efflect; and Little Jimmy because he's an attention seeking piece of shit. Seriously fuck that kid." "I mean, it kinda felt like a scene from a Michael Bay movie for a minute," Econ major compensating for lack of both length and girth Jordan Shapiro '22 said. "Little Jimmy was all like KERPLUNK then the substance was all like sfsan fksa then the Glen Monster was all like 'This is for the sins of those who after getting their degree go to Goldman Sachs and prevent others from achieving economic prosperity' and then Ana Un'Armus was all like 'AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH.' I thought it was cool; though, the Glen Monster could have come in with more emotion."

Bidding wars have broken out in the larger classes, like Gov 101, in which credits have at the most recent estimation been going for \$6,900. In smaller classes, such as Intro Swahili, bids have stayed lower, maxing out at \$420. Credit declaration has also sparked heated auctions wherein students not only pay for their own credits, but also attempt to bribe professors into withholding credits from their enemies in the student body. These auctions have sparked a protest among students of fewer means, who argue that the sale of credits is "corrupt," "unfair," and "just too American to be allowed." When asked about this controversy, President Wippman, hastily stuffing wads of hundos into his waistband, simply said, "We'll see where this takes us before we pass any ruling. We wouldn't want to be hasty— when the money's hot it's Ferraris or food stamps for me and the boys. Ahem, what I mean to say is, I still have until May 7th to address this issue, so I'm not making any premature decisions."

ONE LUCKY NEIGHBOR RECEIVES FREE THERAPY

"Can I get their Xanax prescription too?"
By Ms. Kapphahn '22
VOYEURISM DEPT. (DUNHAM THIRD FLOOR) After skipping class for the first time this semester because Wellness Day did jack shit for her wellness, Dunham resident Micholas (Mika) Henny '24 made an intriguing discovery: her next-door neighbor's weekly Zoom Counseling Center appointments. "I heard the poor girl sobbing through the cracks in the corkboard wall we share. I'd normally be in my Divine Encounters class, which is apparently full of hotties, but I'm usually astral projecting, so I haven't noticed," Henny explained.

Fortunately, Henny plans to put this revelation to good use. "Yeah, I've never visited the Counseling Center before, so it's nice to get a sample of it without being stigmatized as... you know, emotionally intelligent," Henny continued with a shudder and an ambiguous hand-wavey gesture. "During my fall semester abroad in London, I learned how to use sage and crystals to cleanse my energies and manifest good grades, but I still failed all my classes and have no friends, so I figured it couldn't hurt to branch out. I overheard the therapist's advice to 'hold space for your inner child,' and I think it cured my Eldest Daughter syndrome!" Henny showed off a small shrine of herself, which included childhood pictures with her parents' faces crossed out in red marker. She continued with a tour of her new voodoo doll collection, featuring herself in a tiny straitjacket and blank dolls full of tacks with 'PROF' on their foreheads in Sharpie. "That's because the guy said 'creatively express your emotions,' so stabby stab, but then also to 'sit with your feelings before acting,' hence the straitjacket. Isn't it cute?" Henny went on to describe more, but we snuck out on her increasingly garbled monologue when her back was turned and warned her neighbor to use headphones, for fuck's sake.

In this issue: and his name was Peter too?

PARENTS



Buy one get one free.
See, "This is where you live?" p. 2.5

ON THIS DAY IN HILLSTORY

MARCH 12, 1983

St. Patrick called his mom to come pick him up

SPRING SPORTS FORECAST

MARCH	APRIL	MAY
98% chance you didn't know your roommate played a sport	High probability six feet is still not enough distance from a lacrosse player	"I didn't know the streaking team was back!"

CREATIVE WRITING 224 MIDTERM: SCREENPLAY, DRAFT 1

Alex: Aw, Man I really need to do laundry. I don’t have any laundry left.

(Alex heads to the laundry room, carrying his smelly laundry)

I Wonder if there are any laundry machines open. I really need to do some laundry. Hey what the Fuck?!?!?

(Alex comes to the last laundry machine. It is being used by his Step-Mom, who is stuck head first in the laundry machine)

Step-Mom: He-Hello?

Alex: Who’s there?

Step-Mom: Alex, It’s me... your step-mom

Alex: What the fuck?!?!? What are you doing step mom? I need to wash my smelly laundry...

Step-Mom: Alex, I’m stuck in this laundry machine, and mommy NEEDS your help. Can you... tug me out?After all, I’m just your Step-Mom.

Alex: Well, ok... Wait a second step mom, I didn’t see your name on 25 Live. Did you reserve a time slot to use this laundry room?

Step-Mom: What? I-

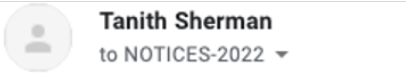
Alex: Step Mom, In order to help keep you safe & here on campus this semester, we have implemented some new procedures. You will now need to reserve a spot in the laundry room as well as your dorm kitchens and lounges when you’d like to use them. In order to make this as easy as possible for you, we are using a feature of our scheduling system (25Live) called Express Scheduling. This will allow the space you reserve to be held for you immediately upon saving the reservation. In addition, the form is very short and mobile friendly.Please go to 25Live Express Scheduling by clicking here. You will need to log in with your Hamilton username (beginning of your email address without the @hamilton.edu) and password.

Step-Mom: I’m sorry Alex. Can you be a good boy and help me anyways? I’ll do anything...

(Alex moves to help his Step Mom, But he trips and snags his briefs. They fall down and out flies his

A troublingly longer version of this script was emailed to *The Duel* by Mr. Stringer ’23

Housing "Lottery" ➡



Alrighly children,

Welcome to the Housing Account Newsletter! Today we will be talking about this year’s Housing Selection Process and what you can expect moving forward.

Several students have informed me that it’s far too easy to acquire the desired housing via our current system. Others are concerned that the lottery deviates significantly from the process of natural selection to which uncivilized animals are subject in the wilderness. We’re always looking for ways to improve and are pleased to announce that, in lieu of the typical lottery process, all students will participate in a mandatory event on the first day of the academic year; this will determine the housing situation in expedited and exhilarating fashion. It will be a real spectacle. I can’t wait. By our calculations, there will be enough housing for everyone if even just two percent of students perish during the festivities.

All students returning next year must congregate on Dunham Green at 9:00 a.m. on Tuesday, August 17th. At precisely 9:05 a.m, President Wippman, wearing a special costume, will holler loudly into a megaphone, at which point all of you will be required to book it to a room. Run. As fast as you can. This is the fairest way to do it. In fact, it’s the only way to do it, since none of the other ways are ways that we want to do. Those who correctly guess from which faculty member President Wippman received such an obscene and offensive outfit as a Christmas present will receive eight bonus points, which do not count for anything.

This is basically a first come, first serve scenario, except we’re not really going to be looking too closely at what’s going on (because we do not actually care). As such, we recommend that once you arrive at an empty room with which you are satisfied, you stand guard and defend your newfound territory for a period of approximately six hours. This will give the housing committee ample time to survey the scene and officially assign rooms. It will also count as your quarantine time, provided that you only leave for meals or anything else that you may want to do during that time. Weapons of any type are not not allowed, but there’s only a 60 percent chance they will be provided (it depends on the budget), so plan accordingly.

The Blood Fitness Center will have extended hours beginning on April 1st so that all students will have the opportunity to train for this event and then become grossly out of shape over the summer. So as to level the playing field, members of certain athletic teams will be temporarily or permanently handicapped as the College sees fit. No accommodations are available upon request. Try requesting anyway though; see what happens.

If you have any questions or concerns about this process, please don’t reach out to us. We don’t want to have to respond to too many emails and I have a feeling a lot of you have questions. If you would prefer not to be filmed and/or broadcast on live television at this event, I hear some other colleges are looking for transfers.

Best of luck,
Tanith

Retrieved from the electronic mail account of Mr. Lum ’22

Friday Five: Things in the Hamilton Archives

By Mr. Chivily ’23

Whether a professor has forced you to do research for them or you’re trying to impress a History major you have a crush on, you have probably visited the Archives. However, many things remain unrevealed. With nothing going on on-campus, we decided to take a field trip to the Archives, and found five wacky, obscure items deep within.

5. The Necronomicon. It appears that even students from the 1880s dealt with massive workloads and severe sleep deprivation. Alridge Thornsberry, Class of 1887, went mad after staying up for four days and consuming copious amounts of cocaine-laced soda to stay awake during finals. Next thing you know, he had turned his Latin textbook into the Necronomicon. The Administration plans on using it to revive the deceased alumni and hex them into donating to the College.

4. That phone charger you lost freshman year. You were in the Archives for some reason your freshman year, (was it for some orientation activity or did your ex-girlfriend want a private place to padiddle?) and your phone charger disappeared. Well, here it has been, lying in the back of a dusty bookshelf for two years, and it’s all yours again. It’s been a rough semester, so you needed this, champ.

3. The Hamilton Continental. You thought that he was just some student in a mascot suit? Well think again! The Hamilton Continental is alive and well, and he has his own Bristol Suite deep within the Archives. However, the school kinda neglects him, and he complains about being let out only for marketing purposes to make the school look good.

2. 1978 Chi Psi nude calendar. Between the extensive 1970s body hair, beer-bellies, and pornstaches, we were blinded temporarily by this find. However, we soon realized that we could use this to blackmail some rich alumni. No boomer wants their coworkers to know their frat names (sorry, Chode Boat).

1. President Wippman’s toupée. Everyone wonders where President Wippman keeps his hair. His toupée is locked in a safe in a vault with lasers surrounded by a moat with crocodiles. Many are afraid to approach it, as more than one curious archivist has disappeared after attempting to touch it. Dean Martinez has been seen approaching the vault numerous times in an attempt to steal it, in order to gain its power, and become the true President of Hamilton College.

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