

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXVIII, ISSUE VIII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” OCTOBER 29, 2021

## Hamilton Hayride Is Jitney Full of Straw

### HILLFRESH LAUNDRY CAN NOW CARRY YOU TO CLASS AND SPOON-FEED YOU MASHED CARROTS

“Advanced personal hygiene package” on offer as soon as the college buys better toilet paper

By Mr. Nelson ’22

THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS DEPT. (CARN LAUNDRY ROOM) The Hamilton community has made another bold move towards ensuring that no worthless, flaccid trust-fund fuck will ever face a consequence for their actions again. HillFresh Laundry, best known for helping daddy’s special boy maintain the illusion that clothing disappears and arrives days later in the arms of some brown woman whose name they don’t know, is rolling out a new service package for its high-end customers. With the new Alabaster Package, that guy who “corrects” female professors’ economic views can be carried to class on a guilt litter by either HEOP students or the freshman girls he’s talking to, whichever would be in poorer taste.

Speaking of taste, the service will now include HelloHillFresh, the new dining option for people who can’t be bothered to do anything themselves.

### STUDENT DISAPPOINTED THAT VICTIM’S SKINNED FACE DOES NOT FULFILL MASK MANDATE

“But it covers my nose and mouth!”

By Ms. Adler ’24

TEXAS CHAINSAW DEPT. (CABIN IN THE WOODS) While many students are heralding the spooky season with fun face masks adorned with ghosts and zombies, one student took the Halloween spirit a bit too far. Edgar Shelley ’22 was recently embroiled in a campus-wide controversy after he attempted to wear the skinned face of a corpse to his Wednesday class, Philosophy 204: Fratboy Ethics.

“It’s completely unfair!” Shelley protested. “I’m just getting into the Halloween spirit! They’re just mad because I’ve exposed them as fake horror fans.” Shelley then went into detail on how he procured his mask, stating that he first asked a Pre-Med friend to hook him up with a corpse to flense. When asked what he had done when he discovered there is no campus mortuary, he went suspiciously silent before vehemently denying any knowledge of

Students who are sick of eating FoJo twice a day but still want something to chew while explaining their many, many opinions on human rights will be fed mashed carrots, applesauce, and blueberry buckle. For maximum convenience, HillFresh offers a choice of airplane or train noises and an aloe wipe rubdown after the meal.

“The really nice thing is that I’m giving back to the community,” Tanner Anderson ’24 explained during his piggyback ride up from Sken. “I heard that the guy who cleaned my lax helmet last week might be able to see a dentist if he works hard enough.” Anderson also cited his improved hygiene since the new program began. “My thighs used to get so sweaty from running to overtake people walking up the Hill, even when I wore shorts in the winter. Now, Hillfresh carries me there and sponges me down afterward. And, of course, on someone’s back I look a lot taller and can really intimidate any marginalized people I see walking around at night.”

At press time, Anderson was seen rolling at high speed down College Hill Road, flailing impotently with his atrophied limbs. Witnesses state that he was a loyal Hamilton student to the end and died the way he discussion-posted: piggybacking off a woman but taking it in an entirely different direction.

the recent disappearance of one of his classmates.

Since Shelly’s action became a topic of public debate, on-campus activism groups have taken a stance against his actions. “You can’t just skin someone for fun!” Anne Stoker ’25 in a “Final Girl” t-shirt argued. “In doing this, he’s dominating the slasher culture, which isn’t just a space for white males anymore! Oh, and murder is bad, or whatever.”

The case eventually made its way to the Judicial Board, who gave their ruling today. “Ultimately, it’s about the mandate,” Howard King ’22 said. “The rules are very clear— either disposable or cloth masks are acceptable. Skin is too porous. If you want to wear it outside, go for it, but you gotta get some more coverage if you’re moving indoors.”

Given the judicial board’s ruling, Shelley and a few friends have taken it as the go-ahead to acquire more of these masks, provided, of course, that they do not wear them inside. The trend has gotten so popular that Student Activities has even offered it as a fun (outdoor) Halloween activity. Those interested are welcome to participate on Dunham Green this Sunday— though they should keep in mind that whether one is the skinner or the skinned is entirely based on a lottery system.

### MONICA INZER SPEAKS OUT

Although we really wish she hadn’t

By Mx. Stringer ’23

BAD PRESS DEPT.

(CRYING AND THROWING UP IN THE SUIDA HOUSE BATHROOM) If you have been able to read at all in the last five-ish weeks, you will know that Hamilton Admissions workers recently voted to unionize. This move comes much to the chagrin of anti-unionites (known colloquially as “assholes”), including many senior administrators. Vice President of Enrollment Management Monica Inzer recently found herself in hot water for a quote she gave to *The Spectator* (Hamilton’s second-best joke newspaper).

The quote has been circulated widely, and to paraphrase lightly, goes something like, “Our silly widdle college students are far too emotional for decision-making, unlike the big girls that work for the Admissions Office. We’re smart adults and don’t make mistakes! Idiots!”

However, Inzer holds that the quote in question misrepresents her opinion. I sat down with her to hear her perspective: “I think this is another example of irresponsible student journalism. I only used the word ‘emotional’ because, frankly, many of the students here are women,” adding, “ I wouldn’t be surprised if the Lib-J-W’s in *The Spec* were in cahoots with the tour bitches. Or I guess the PC police want me to say ‘Admissions workers’. Fuckin’ bullshit man... hey you want a pull of this or are you gonna sit there like a pussy?” Inzer said, blindly choosing a stack of applicants’ transcripts and tossing them into a shredder..

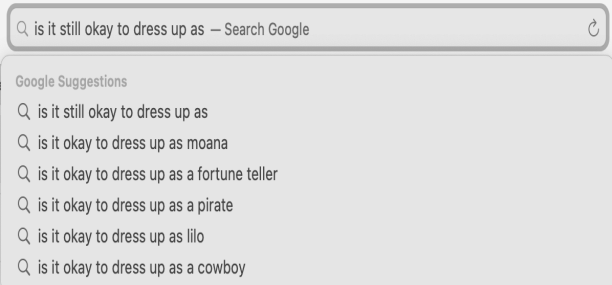
Inzer (unprompted) continued, “I mean there’s really no reason for them to get so menstrual about this. First I let them in, and then they turn around and bitch about how they don’t like it here? What the hell? Just fuckin’ ungrateful... I mean you can buy a lot of shit with a Hannaford gift card. Not menthols anymore, though... fuckin’ Biden.”

My interview with Inzer continued for nearly forty minutes, but frankly most of it was hard to understand with all the muttering and slurring, and a lot of it was probably unpublishable.



The unionization of Admissions workers will likely be a contentious issue for a while, and it remains to be seen if it will meaningfully change things. However, it certainly has sparked a worthwhile conversation on campus. As Monica Inzer put it before falling over and passing out, “I’m on TV!!!!!!” (*The Duel* does not broadcast to television).

### In this issue: “my dog dead but in that halloween spirit tho!”

#### COSTUME CONTEST



Student in your Lit class now infinitely more annoying. See, “No, guess my costume.” p. 2010

| HALLOWEEND FORECAST | FRIDAY  | SATURDAY   | SUNDAY  |
|---------------------|---|--|---|
|                     | <br>High probability your “ironic” costume is “ugly” | <br>10% chance your costume is waterproof | <br>“Yes, this is an Alec Baldwin costume, but I had to take my shot.” |

#### Weekly Campus Construction Update

Successfully passing off these skeletons we found under List as decoration

OSHA Violation Count: 6 if you count these guys

\*\*gestures vaguely at the skeletons



COMPLETE TRANSCRIPT OF THERAPY SESSION  
BETWEEN "HEADLESS HORSEMAN" AND LARRY FREUD,  
RESIDENT THERAPIST

**Headless Horseman:** Man, I feel like I’m just slipping. She wanted to go down on me, and I said sure, and it’s really no big deal. Like that’s just part of life here on the Hill if you’re lucky, but it broke something in me. Ya know what I mean? I feel like I’ve got this huge legacy around me, and it’s suddenly just a lie. Like what the fuck, they say “What’s in a name,” and it just goes to show you there’s a lot in a name. How can I be the Headless Horseman if I’m getting head? Now I’m just the Horseman, like what does that even mean? I spend 200 years galloping around this campus but then I meet this cutie smoking in the graveyard and we click right off the bat and she goes and tries to do something nice and suddenly my whole life is a lie.

**Larry Freud, resident therapist:** Let’s break that down. You keep calling yourself the “Headless Horseman.” Is this some kind of metaphor or a nickname?

**HH:** It’s a fucking lie is what it is. How can I call myself headless after I clearly got some sloppy top? Now I’m just that one lanky guy riding around campus on some rickety horse. I got called a Wippman wanna-be the other day. I’m not even bald. I lose my title and suddenly I’m only the second flashiest stringbean jockey around these parts. I mean, D-Wipp has a really nice horse, but god damn. What’s a guy gotta do around here to ride in style?

**LF:** I believe what you’re going through is an extremely prolonged period of horse envy. Men your age often experience existential crises after losing a job or feeling like the world is moving too quickly for them to keep up, and there’s really just something about horses that fills that void. Friendship, jobs, family? Those are temporary. Horses, though, are forever. You need a good horse or you’re not worth shit.

**HH:** Fuck, man. My horse is a piece of shit: the headlights don’t work, the clutch gets stuck in reverse, and I wish he had a god damn muffler. The thing is, you really form a bond after cruising the Hill for 200 years. If I get rid of my horse I’m just the man, and that’s lowercase man since Horse is the bit that’s capitalized; he really wears the pants in this relationship—oh shit, do hookups count as cheating on your horse?

Found hoof-stamped outside The Counseling Center by Mr. Lannon ’22

Study A Broad Office Internal Memo  
29 October 2021

Alright yous guys,

It’s come to my attention that the gang is seeing a distinct lack of attention, if you know what I’m sayin. I hate to say it fellas, but maybe we’ve been “nyahh see”ing a little too close to the sun.

Past years we’ve given em plenty of choices and never steered em wrong. Mary Sue, Agatha, Janey (ugh miss her). Studyin A Broad is a Hamilton tradition. But we been droppin da ball. We all know what I’m talkin about.

Lemme set da scene for yous numbskulls. May 2020. Da Mets just lost go figga. Michael Stromboli walks in and we’re all in da worst mood of our lives. He’s gonna be a junya in da fall and da kid is shakin all ova. Kid says “hey I wanna study a broad in the fall, experience new things, really reach my full potential, do you guys have any recommendations for me?” He was lookin for us alright, wanted a broad, not to go places, no schmaltzy shit like that.

Not gonna name names like some jamoke, but Gino’s thick fuckin skull says “Ireland.” He MEANT Ireland da broad we all know and love, ya know, with da jugs. How’s dis kid supposed to know. He flies to Ireland, THE PLACE and of course he ain’t got no passport. Stromboli never got in Ireland (either of em), poor kid. They never let da Italianx people in anywheres.

Anyway, Gino take the day, go home. Dis jabroni’s done. Pal, we couldn’t be less happy to see ya go but da boss is on my rear end and I got a hemorrhoid the size of New England.

Second, no more broads with names like places. From now on, no more Londons, Parises, Brooklyns, and no more Odessas. We can’t afford no more screw-ups. And certainly not from no two-bit cocksuck like Gino.

Buddy “Boy” Fabrioni ’98  
Cuomo (we won’t say which one) Study A Broad Director  
Ext. nunya fuckin business

Totally Scorsese’d by Mr. Wilson ’23

WEEKLY AD WE INCLUDE  
EVERY WEEK



hamiltonsadove



**hamiltonsadove** Tossing and turning over a major social faux pas? Forget the pills. Introducing... Lose-Your-Memory Foam Mattresses! Equipped with state-of-the-art memory chips, our mattresses extract your memories of indelible moments of embarrassment and permanently erase them. Sink into the sweet relief of instant, head-on-pillow sleep. It’s just like being dead!

\*Side effects may include inertia, paranoia, and aphasia.

Broadcast last night in a twitching nightmare of  
Mr. Li ’24

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