

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIX, ISSUE I

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

JANUARY 28, 2022

Hat and Gloves: The Cock and Balls of Winter

JAN MISTAKES HAMILTON COLLEGE FOR HAMILTON, N.Y. MORE OF A CREST FAN “Where are all my friends?”

By Ms. Sedaka '25

THEY MAY BE STUPID BUT IN KIND OF A SWEET WAY? DEPT.

(COLGATE UNIVERSITY, HAMILTON, NY) This month, 67 of the 68 new January Admits (Jans) arrived on campus. The 68th Jan, Freshman Idiot Malcolm Spietter '25 misread Hamilton, N.Y. for Hamilton College and, as of this printing, is still wandering aimlessly through the hallowed halls of Colgate University. According to D1 Lacrosse Player Emerson DeBeers, people began noticing Spietter immediately. “Dude, it’s like the funniest shit,” DeBeers said. “He just wanders around all day shouting ‘Hello? Anyone?!’”

Colgate Sophomore Amber Winthrop agrees: “At first I wanted to tell him, but there was something so clueless about him that made me want to laugh at him instead.” According to Winthrop,

Spietter spent about 14 hours dragging his suitcase through the snow before finally taking up residence in one of Colgate’s (many) gyms. “He kept muttering something about Dunham,” Winthrop said. “I didn’t know what that was so I just threw a yoga mat on a treadmill and told him he was home. He seemed happy enough...until one of my sorority sisters turned on the treadmill and catapulted him across the room.”

Later that day, Spietter walked to the Admissions building where he approached the registrar and politely asked “This is Hamilton, right?” “The one and only!” she happily replied. Sighing with relief, Spietter said, “I’m only asking ‘cause this doesn’t look anything like the catalogs. I don’t remember nearly this many BMW’s. I know the snow had just fallen so that may be why everything seems so... I don’t know... white. And blonde. And strapping in a Gaston sort of way. I feel like I woke up in an Abrocrombie and Fitch catalogue.”

Spatter was especially confused after receiving a text from his mother reading, “You fucking idiot.”

STUDENT ASSEMBLY STRUGGLES TO COUNT TO EIGHT

Joe Biden knows at least three more numbers than SA

By Mr. Piazza '24

ACCOUNTING DEPT.

(QSR CENTER) In an embarrassing turn of events, *The Duel* obtained footage of Student Assembly’s recent emergency elections committee. In it, the severely understaffed SA, currently consisting of only three members, struggled to count the nine ballots submitted for the presidential election.

One member, Jonathan Longhorse '25, asked, “Wait, why are these on paper? I thought the voting form was digital?” Abigail Clinton '25 responded, claiming that she “wouldn’t trust a computer with such an important election!”

When Clinton asked Longhorse which candidate had the most ballots, he screamed in frustration that he didn’t have enough fingers to count the ballots on one hand. He then lifted his bare feet onto the table and began to investigate his toes in great depth.

After significant questioning of the morality of this proposal, SA decided to form a sub-committee to teach Longhorse how to count, when they realized no one else was willing to take his position.

The fifth hour of the video shows tenured math professor Michael Romney trying and failing to teach Longhorse basic integers.

Longhorse can be heard failing to count to ten, “one, two, wait what’s next? Three? Wait, four is greater than two? What do you mean they go in order? What’s an order? Hey, don’t yell at me!”

After four more hours of rigorous verbal therapy a frustrated Clinton approached the ballot box and said, “Can’t we just lie?”

Although he agreed, Longhorse presented himself to the rest of the committee and pronounced that Timothy Turtleneck '25 had received eight votes, and David Wippman had received one.

“I do not know if this tells me who won, or who either of these people are, but I hope you can figure it out.” Longhorse announced, before collapsing in exhaustion.

SA ignored *The Duel*’s request for comment on the competency of their members and institution.

BON APPÉTIT TO REPLACE EGG STATION WITH CHICKEN STATION

The nation’s fixation on this amazing incubation sensation

By Mr. Lum '22

AVIAN DEVELOPMENT DEPT.

(SOPER COMMONS) Always in pursuit of freshness, Bon Appétit General Manager Cheffrey Cooke has hatched an ingenious scheme to produce high quality, all-natural chicken for the Hamilton community. “We always knew that chickens were related to eggs, but did we ever really, *truly* know?” Cooke asked reporters in a short press conference on Thursday afternoon. Head chef Byron Byrd likewise described feeling an aura of untapped potential from the eggs in the Cracked! station. “They were so liquid, so meatless. Chicken is profoundly different, yet comfortingly similar.”

The new method will be implemented Monday afternoon with the debut of the Cooke-Byrd station, where students can crack their very own egg to reveal a newborn chicken, ready to prepare and eat. Said renowned poultry expert Charles Squab of Cooke’s station, “I ain’t even gonna lie, this mf really big-brained us all. On god every chicken you eat will be the newest chicken there ever was.” The process makes use of high-powered industrial-scale incubators, which are strong enough to develop birds from eggs in a fourth of the time, and can reportedly even turn freshmen into functional adults if they get too close.

Several students were able to pilot the station this past week and were amazed by the technology. “I have no idea how they even put the baby geese into the eggs,” said Clementine Rogers '25. Cooke clarified that the birds are in fact chickens, adding that they have been in the eggs from the start. Some students and parents grew concerned about the new incubation tactics after an incident involving Robert Rutherford '24. Several individuals allegedly saw him transform into a velociraptor-like creature while in line for the chicken, presumably due to radiation overexposure.

Bon Appétit and Hamilton College, however, are adamant that Rutherford simply vanished at the same time that the creature appeared, and no further investigation was deemed necessary. Despite this, the College has expressed concern over Bon Appétit’s experimentation with laser toasters, which can apparently toast bread to perfection from three miles away. It’s unclear whether we’ll see those in the dining halls anytime soon.

In this issue: we can’t publish an erection. again.

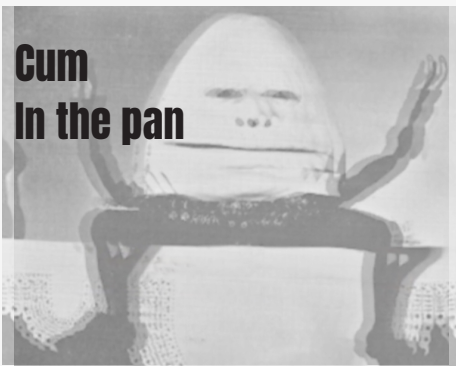
SAFETY RAILS



This cocaine is only a little cut. And I’m pretty sure that email said it’s only one point now. See, “Crypto is the fucking future” pg. 1859

Weekly Omelette Recipe

1. Cum
2. In the pan



LAB CRAWL FORECAST	3:00 PM	3:49 PM	4:45 PM
	High probability the Psych Dept. experiments on Jans	90% chance someone drinks your Bio thesis	“Damn, self-serve Dirt Cup station?!”

CAUGHT BY FIREFIGHTERS: DADDY FLOG DOING BUTT. STUFF

Daddy Flog sits cutely in his pink gamer chair. Kitten ear headphones rest on his delectable head. He wears only a “Daddy’s Girl” tank-top and a schoolgirl skirt.

Looking up from his desk in Buttrick Hall (Butt.), Daddy Flog watches from under his long eyelashes as his office door flies open. Two shirtless firefighters stride in, yellow suspenders don their pecs and their thighs strain against tight pants.

The blonde one says: “Daddy Flog? We were looking for someone as flaming hot as you!”

Daddy’s cheeks flush as he looks from his desk to their hard nipples to their eyes.

“I-I-I was just organizing my Butt. stuff.” His voice rises an octave. “W-w-would you like to help me?”

“Lean over; I need to find a home for this file,” Blondie says as she thrusts it (the file) into the filing cabinet.

“Sit still while we help you take a load off your Butt. stuff,” the dripping hot pair says in unison, pushing Daddy to sit with his feet tucked under his little Butt. office chair.

Blondie takes hold of a girthy red candle, while Ginger lights a match. Daddy watches from a distance because he never learned how to use matches. He only knows how to do Butt. stuff.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Blondie commands Daddy. With his hands held, Daddy rests his arms on his Butt. office floor, ass high in the air.

Ripping his plaid skirt off, Daddy asks for a warmer skirt.

“Are you ready for some fun?”

“I’m kind of cold to be honest.”

“That’s what the candle is for.”

Daddy sighs more loudly than he meant to, softly nodding his head, on the brink of true stress relief.

Blondie tips the candle with pooling wax above Daddy’s Butt. file cabinet.

After shooting up with pleasure, Daddy knocks the candle out of Blondie’s hand. Fire erupts on soft tan curtains and heat pulses off.

Ginger clucks dismissively, “You’re not very good at Butt. stuff.”

The two firefighters exit, leaving Daddy with a handshake and a fire safety pamphlet.

Hmmmmmmmmmm, I could go to class..... Or I could make some delicious eggs at the Cracked station!

God I fucking love eggs. The mere image of an egg in my head makes me go loony. Of course, all we have around here are chicken eggs, but that’ll do... that’ll do...

Like any well adjusted 20-year-old, I go to my classes. I signed up for them, after all, and I pay too much green to be here and not go to my classes. But on the first day back I walked into The Dining Hall—I have to eat, O.K.?—and I saw something I hadn’t seen before. There is a row of single-zone, induction stove tops; next to them, a column of pans (pans? skillets? I can’t tell the difference these days). Already, my interest is piqued. I approach. Closer still. I notice, behind the single-zones, another row, but this one is even better. Eggs—I swear to God—but that’s not all. There are fillings, too.

Once I dispense with the stupor that this discovery has sent me into, I get to work. This is what I’ve been waiting for. Some good fucking food. I can barely contain myself as I grip the handle of the pan and slide it onto the closest single-zoner. I turn that puppy on and then turn my attention to the goods. I prep my ingredients on my plate and then set it aside to grab my eggs. Three, beautiful eggs. Such perfect shapes. As I feel them touch my fingertips I’m reminded all over again why I love what I do. The cool shell perfectly compliments my palm and sits in it like a mother hen sits on her egg: I care for it, nurture it with my warmth, if only for a moment.



My favorite part of my work is The Crack. Like the eggs themselves, breaking them provokes me. There is a moment, when the shell is cracked, and the cracker is beset with an obligation: finish the job. Break the egg fully, and let it spill into the pan. Novices might get nervous at this stage, since this transitory moment, this state of pure tension, can be intimidating to the uninitiated. Once the crack turns to break, and the shell parts to give way to the yolk, the ceremony has passed a crucial point. I’ve never known

nature to make mistakes. Eggs are perfect. I look up. I realize I’ve forgotten to use the rest of my ingredients. I look around. No one is here. The room is silent, save for the humming of my stove. I glance towards the window. I see only bricks. Where am I?

Case cracked by Mr. Weremchuk ’24

Friday Five: LinkdIn Lewks

By Ms. Kapphahn ’23

Every semester the Career Center sponsors a professional photoshoot to help students stand out online. This semester, they’re upgrading from simply airbrushing your supple faces to providing you with Lewks™ to tailor your image to appease your future bosses. Here are our top five Lewks™ that have gotten other young, willing students a seat on their dream career’s casting couch!

5. Shy Kitten. For applicants going into predominantly male-dominated fields (here’s lookin’ at you, STEM babes), the Shy Kitten Lewk™ enlarges eyes, narrows chins, and adds a sleek cat-eye. Its allure helps applicants disarm their peers and supervisors, showing potential bosses that they’ll be the utmost pliable pleasure to work with.

4. Strapping Scholar. Those interested in pursuing further education should consider this Lewk™. At the time of your photoshoot, it offers styling services courtesy of our on-site consultants to choose the perfect sexy glasses for you and achieve the perfect mussed bedhead hair and tired under-eye makeup. Demonstrate to your future punishing academic institution that you already embody the perfect little punching bag!

3. Starving Artist. If you are pursuing a job that you know won’t pay well at face value, let us play up your other features to get you a leg up! This Lewk™ provides a lumberjack flannel, pencil holding back long hair if you have it, a strategic smudge of paint or clay on your cheek, and guidance on poses to show clients that, beyond art, you’re just good with your hands. 69% of applicants move beyond posing in the first six months!

2. Boardroom Bombshell. This Lewk™ provides our styling services but with the aim of giving you the look of a future CEO. Enough hair gel and spray-on makeup, and you’ll look just as flat and heartless as Mummy and Daddy were when they raised you to be a Business major at a (little) Ivy school. With this Lewk™ you’ll get an idea of just how far up your own ass you need to be to survive as an executive!

1. Graphics God. This one’s just a frog hat with a gradient rainbow background and your name in comic sans. Only available if you know how to rotate text in MS Paint.

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