

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXIX, ISSUE VIII “Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.” APRIL 8, 2022

Milton Wins Marathon Again: Still Dead

LOCK-PICKING CLASS BREACHES FINAL SAFE SPACE ON CAMPUS

Golden boy loses last refuge

By Mr. Lannon '22

BLOWTORCH DEPT.

(TUNNELS UNDER DUNHAM LOT) College secrets were unveiled this past Saturday as students from Lock-Picking 101 broke into Campus Safety's vault beneath campus. As they cast their bobby pins and blowtorches aside, the class tore off the vault door to reveal a cache of Campo confections and confiscated objects. A mountain of personal safes loomed against the far wall, but they proved little match for the students' avarice.

Though Campus Safety kept knowledge of the vault's very existence to a small circle, there are some ideas so safe that all it takes is a stoner to crack the case. Luckily for the class prodigies of LP 101, Doug Thru '24 and Kevin Locke '22, there are about as many locks worth picking on this campus as there are giraffes in the Glen, which is to say none. "Me and Doug are on this real pleasant high when he just turns to me," Locke chortled, "He looks like he's just seen my ghost. And then he draws me in, and says 'what if

the real vault has been hiding underneath us the whole time? Campus Safety is actually Campus Safe-T. No one wants to dig under Campo, but the real treasure's been right under our noses this whole time. They go on and on about wanting to make Campus a safe space, but what if they actually just really like storing shit in safes?"

"It's a shame," Campus Safety Director Frank Coots mused. "It was supposed to be too dumb to figure out. I expect this really was the last safe space on campus. Now where am I supposed to go with my officers if we want some time off? Where am I supposed to direct people who get bullied? The Counseling Center? Yeah, right."

Perhaps the individual most affected by this breach of personal safe space is Coots' Little Golden Boy, a literal boy made of pure gold. "I found him deep in the Glen one night, all blank in the face and oh so shiny," Coots reflected. "He was totally out of it and clearly needed a home—how could I say no to taking care of the luminous little lad? I just want everyone to be safe, and someone this shiny is in danger 'round these parts, what with President Wippman sending the local crows out to build his nest of shiny things. They love shiny things, and really, who can compare to Wippman's Chrome Dome?"

ROSARY CLUB EXPLODED TRYING TO CLAIM THE HOLY GRAIL

I guess Indiana Jones got one thing wrong

By Mr. Piazza '24

AUTOPSY DEPT.

(DEEP IN THE ROOT GLEN) Last Sunday, the day of our Lord, *The Duel* accompanied a special expedition by the Rosary Club, Hamilton's most loved student group, into the magical forests of the Root Glen on a quest to retrieve the Holy Grail.

Clark Smith '22 of the Rosary Club claimed that they were going on this trip because "Jesus bled into this cup. He drank from this cup, no relic could be more blessed than this. It would certainly help our mission to replace Toast with a third Fojo."

However, professor of Religious Studies Ezekial Perzival told *The Duel* that "Yeah, actually after intense interdisciplinary research and a lot of cocaine, the academic community has concluded that Jesus didn't bleed into the cup but actually came into it. I hope that their

quest still goes well, though."

Despite this possibility, other members of the Rosary Club assured us of the safety and quality of their mission.

"Even if it is his cum and not his blood, I'm sure it will still give us everlasting life," Miles James '25 reported as we trekked through the woods.

Unfortunately, their noble pilgrimage came to a conclusion that witnesses could only describe as the opposite of immortality. As Smith opened the trunk of the Glen Car (Glar), the long suspected location of the Holy Grail, a swath of light brighter than the sun shot forth.

"I've found it! With this I will cure the earth of sin!" Smith screamed and raised his arms into the sky, looking upwards. The rest of the members gathered around the holy object.

When Smith knelt down to grip the blessed chalice in his two very small hands, the unthinkable happened; Smith exploded like Glenview will when the College finally gains some self-respect. The fiery blast consumed the Rosary Club and the chalice dropped into the trunk of the Glar, ready for the next challenger.

HAMILTON INTRODUCES SUB HOUSING

As in submarine

By Mr. Komissar '22

WHATEVER DEPT. MADE GLENVIEW

(SUBMERGED IN KTSA POND) Much like

Hamilton College has modeled its healthcare system or lack thereof after that of the United States, the campus is now taking after the U.S. housing crisis. The substance-free housing lottery last week ended with fifty rising sophomores left homeless and three dead. Soon after, the Office of Residential Life realized there was not enough substance-full housing to house these leftover freshmen, even when casualties were taken into account. Luckily, whoever thought Glenview was a good idea has come up with yet another solution to Hamilton's ever-growing housing crisis.

"The idea came to me when I saw a retired military submarine on Facebook Marketplace," Nemo Verne said. Verne, an area director in the Office of Residential Life, told us that he initially just wanted the submarine for himself, but then asked himself "Why haven't we tried housing students in KTSA Pond? Because you can't breathe underwater! Well, now we can." When asked how a submarine works, Verne said, "No idea. Zero clue. Why would I know that?"

The new submarine dormitory can house one hundred students who will be required to run and maintain the submarine alongside their regular coursework. When asked if this was putting an unnecessary extra burden on the students, Tanith Sherman said, "Think of it as special interest housing where the special interest is submarines and also having a place to live next year. What else are we going to do? Let you live off campus?"

In a video message about the new dorm, David Wippman said, "I have wanted a sub for years, and it's very exciting that we are getting one that the whole campus community can share," before glancing at someone off camera and continuing, "Oh, you meant submarine! My mistake. I'm very excited about the new dorm, yes. I think it will add some pizzazz to the campus. Damn, you had me excited for a second there."

In this issue: SUBS or MILFS?

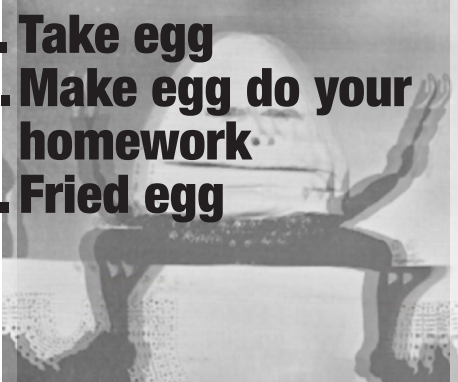
SEX BINGO






Org leaders promise that prizes come only slightly used. See, "That's the LAST place I wanted to see grandma," pg. 25

Weekly Omelette Recipe

1. Take egg
2. Make egg do your homework
3. Fried egg



GREEN STATUS FORECAST	DAY 2	DAY 6	DAY 13
	 <p>Low probability MASKing tape is a suitable replacement for a KN-95</p>	 <p>80% chance your class looks better with masks</p>	 <p>"Green status means my forty-student seminar is over, right?"</p>

DEAR PRESIDENT DAVID WIPPMAN, IF I WAS YOUR MOTHER

A soliloquy dedicated to our fearless sovereign, long may he reign.

Dear President David Wippman, I’m so sorry that I was not your mother.

If I was your mother you would not have been bald. Instead of a Friar Tuck, you would’ve rocked a perm with grace, not luck. The world unfurled before our eyes a pure demise of a campus, sitting peacefully under a cloudy sky. If I was your mother the world would have been warm, not as warm as any part of the country with decent weather, but warm enough to smile. So much laughter and joy, and nothing would harm you. I can’t imagine the stain, the soul-stealing pain that the mere thought of fossil fuel divestment might have caused you. As the formulation of thought quickly taught, you lived in a cruel and unjust world. Is this why you now decide no one will get the best of you? Is this why you do not hide nor away shy from giving students crushing, unpayable student loans? Was it because so early in life all of that strife racked your little body with fear? If I was your mother, if the world was cold I would’ve gone to Rogers to make you warm. I would’ve roomed with a lacrosse player in Dunham to protect you from the injustice, the violence, the terror, the uncertainty. I would’ve unironically joined PBX to give you a non-forced double. Oh, dear Mr. President Wippman if only I had been your mother, perhaps the torture of unwrit youth would not within your heart imbue ascription to such fealty ‘gainst the world that you thought was so cruel. Perhaps you would hold dear human life, instead of making freshmen pay 80k a year to live in a trailer park. And on this night instead of Mother Coots, you would call me, and tell me the housing crisis was over. And I would set your mind quite free, with the student loans that only an ‘elite institution’ can give, and only declaring bankruptcy, can take away. When held she doesn’t harm at bay and leaves her boy for the promise of a man. Whatever your story, Mr. President Wippman, I can’t imagine how it feels in your heart. But I know that if I was your mother, that would be a start towards the awareness of what a powerful being of light you could be if you were only free from the deep, dark dungeon you live in. I cannot believe I was born too late, in a different place, of a different biological gender, to be your mother, when I would have loved you so, and watched you frolic like a meth-addled deer, wherever you go.

Quoted directly from the Bible by Mr. McCann ’25

Essential GCaI for the Hamilton Student									
	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN		
12:00 AM		See your crush having so much fun in an Insta post	List things your crush might be doing instead of texting you back		Delete essay, raid McEwen for cereal, promise to start over		Drunk text crush, get blocked on socials, cry/puke yourself to sleep in the Glen		
1:00 AM				Have a sudden craving for eggs—Laying them	False start, whoops				
2:00 AM					Wonder how much in bribe guardian(s) paid to get you here				
3:00 AM	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB	Deep Sleep DO NOT DISTURB		
4:00 AM									
5:00 AM									
6:00 AM									
7:00 AM									
8:00 AM						Complain about Commons food while dining at Commons			
9:00 AM	Hey it's snow! I feel like a kid again! Yayy!	Snow!	Still snowing? Okay ... my legs are cold	Fuck snow. It's April. Like, wtf???	Break up with friend who likes snow				
10:00 AM									
11:00 AM									
12:00 PM						Coffee. So much coffee.	Wake up next to a family of snakes		
1:00 PM	Misread class readings	Laugh at prof's cringey attempts at humor because you're a teacher's pet	Experience ennui while people-watching at KJ		Amuse yourself in lecture by "worrying" about office décor for that job your parent has set up for you post-grad	Hey! Look at that squirrel!	Befriend family of snakes		
2:00 PM									
3:00 PM									
4:00 PM				Listen to music, pretending others don't exist		Get kicked out by Library staff for eating crayon	Hunt rabbits		
5:00 PM		Ignore emails						Eat, Pray, and Work through childhood abandonment issues	
6:00 PM	Look for seats	Wait in line to be fed	Wait in line to be fed		Wait in line to be fed		Wait in line to be fed	Make an omelette	Make out with the eldest snake son
7:00 PM			Jazz band practice		Jazz band practice		Thank snake for transformative life experience		
8:00 PM		Make a to-do list for purely decorative purposes		Stare at the cursor in your half-started essay				Get drunk in Milbank	Completely forget about the snakes
9:00 PM	Make your daily tribute to the Almighty Wordle								
10:00 PM									
11:00 PM									

Meticulously crafted with love and care by Mr. Li ’24

Friday Five: Subs That Come Free with the Housing

By Ms. Miller ’22

With the sub-free housing lottery having just concluded, I’m sure you lucky fuckers who successfully got rooms are wondering what to expect next move-in day. You may have questions, such as “Did they really establish a whole group of dorms where there are no subs allowed? Isn’t that kind of discriminatory? How does ResLife even determine that? Is that why I got a room and my friend didn’t?” Luckily, as a four-time sub-free housing resident (read into that what you will), I’ve got you covered. Here are the five subs that come free with the housing.

5. A submarine. The sandwich, that is. We at *The Duel* are big fans of Subway, but you know what’s even better than a five-dollar footlong? That’s right! A no-dollar footlong! This sub is half-eaten, probably stale, and under the bed, but it has plenty of mayo and comes free with the housing.

4. A sub Marine. His name is Lars and he was dishonorably discharged (very exciting for him). He’s pretty willing to let you do things to him, minus bastinado and really extreme nipple stuff—you can work it out with him. He doesn’t pay rent, but squatting can be a good thing depending on what you’re into, and you can save on Tinder Gold, because Lars comes free with the housing.

3. The sublime. It’s mean. It’s green. It’s in Rosary Club. If you watched your Veggie Tales as a kid, you’ll know what I mean. I swear it’s in your mini-fridge for spa water, not for margarita garnish. By the time you remember it’s there, it’ll be too late. Just kidding. It’s never too late to accept the love of Jesus Christ into your heart. Salvation comes free with the housing!

2. A subpoena. Because you dared speak ill of a member of the AHI. But hey, you can save up for a lawyer, because it comes free with the housing.

1. A substance. Because no one is actually sub-free in sub-free housing (unless you live in McIntosh). Party on, sluts (except during quiet hours) (which are, unlike the substance rule, taken very seriously) (one can cum more freely in some housing than others).

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