

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, ISSUE III

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 15, 2023

## Studies Show Blue Paper Tests More Funny and Visually Appealing than Other Colors

### THE MONITOR SENDS A FUCKING SHIT BOMB TO BUTTRICK HALL

“We wanted to take action”

By Ms. Mannes '26  
EXPLOSIVE DIARRHEA DEPT.

(IRA Headquarters) On the chilly Wednesday morning of September 13th 2023, a literal shit bomb was found outside Buttrick Hall, where president David Wippman's office is located. The shit bomb was poorly made, not even functional, but the threat was clear. “It was literally a PVC pipe full of liquid shit with phone chargers coming out of it. There was a stop watch stolen from the physics department taped on with the phone chargers glued onto it,” remarks a campus police officer who was first on the scene.

The investigation soon began and ended as the fingerprints of the editor in chief of *The Monitor*, Sylvester George '24, were found all over the bomb. “The investigation was speedy, especially considering that the phone chargers were labeled with his name,” explains Chuck Clarkson, head of campus security. Following the arrest of George, *The Monitor* released the statement saying “Today we were unlucky, but re-

member we only have to be lucky once. You will have to be lucky always. Give Hamilton freedom and there will be no more annoying articles about you.”

George was brought to the event barn for questioning where he was originally hesitant, only misquoting Che Guevara and Karl Marx, rather than explain himself. However, after fifteen minutes of no double split screen Peter Griffin funny moments compilation and subway surfers, he began to crack and explain the reason behind the bomb. When asked why it was sent, George responded flustered saying “I don't like him [David Wippman] I don't like him at all.” Then when asked to explain why he didn't like President Wippman he responded again with “I just don't like the way he dealt with that thing and I hated his policy!” After extensive questioning two things became clear. The first was that The Monitor was unable to explain why they didn't like David Wippman and the second was that they truly believed that their “bomb” full of shit and old chargers would actually explode. “Idk, I'm not Oppenheimer,” explains George as he was led away to Bundy Crack for holding until his trial.

### STUDENT MASQUERADES AS ALEXANDER HAMILTON STATUE SO OTHER STUDENTS PEE ON HIM

It's not that different from showering in Dunham

By Ms. Stillman '27

BEVERAGE SUPPLIER DEPT.

(HAMILTON STATUE) This week, shocking camera footage showed one Hamilton student's mission to acquire the golden streams of his peers. The clip shows a student, who campus security identified as Issac Onballs '25, removing the statue from its podium on Monday. In its place, he stood, masterfully painted to appear exactly like the statue. Visibly, there was little difference between Onballs and Alex himself.

“Sometimes it would get cold up there, but it's worth it the second the warm stream hits,” Onballs commented, his eyes gleaming.

Students began suspecting something was awry when they would climb onto the statue and feel the fleshy give of his arms, rather than the hard statue. That, and the moaning.

“I climbed the statue, and all of the sudden I heard a slight moaning. I thought, at first, that it was from someone behind a tree,” an anonymous student retells, “it was really disturbing, but I could tell how

much my presence meant to him. So, fuck it, I continued.”

Where is the real Hamilton statue? Some theorize Onballs may have melted the statue down, both making himself a potential permanent replacement and explaining the recent 5 tons of bronze donated to the arts department. The bronze is currently being cast into participation trophies to be handed out to the football players to make them feel better about themselves after their games. Others believe Alex is at the bottom of the KTSA pond.

Debate has sparked among administration as to whether to allow Onballs to be the new permanent statue, or to recover the old one. “Public urination has never been more prevalent on campus,” David Wippman said, “and our lawns have never been better fertilized.”

Another proponent of Onballs is the Climate Justice Coalition (CJC). “Onballs is a pioneer for human statues everywhere. Smelting bronze releases toxic emissions. The only thing Onballs's services have released is pee,” a representative of the CJC told *The Duel*.

Not everyone is in favor of Onballs. “The statue is an integral part of Hamilton's history...” an anonymous man began to say before being booed by his colleagues.

While it's debated whether Onballs gets to replace the statue or not, two things are certain: he Knows Thyself, and he will go to great lengths to Pleasure Thyself.

### FOOTBALL TEAM HOLDS CTE FUNDRAISER, FORGET TO SHOW UP

These meatheads have been thoroughly tenderized

By Mr. Ebben '27

UNDERWEAR HUFFING DEPT.

(STUEBEN FOOTBALL FIELD) This past Monday, the Hamilton College football team planned on hosting a fundraiser where they would sell their used girdles to raise money for The CTE (Cock Torture Enjoyment) Awareness Fund, an organization dedicated to ensuring former players live at least six years after their career ends. This plan fell through, however, when not a single member of the team remembered to showed up. “Aw man, I really wanted to sell my tight, sweaty, stinky girdle. I can't believe I forgot about it!” Kronk Brockton '25, a wide receiver, said in regards to the situation. “I was so excited to see someone hold my tasty, moist ball hammock. We really boofed this one up.” When asked if he had any further comments, a little bit of drool spilled out of his mouth onto my notepad.

Other players had more suspect comments, leading this reporter to question whether or not Hamilton College Football is protecting their players mentally, not just testically which, admittedly, they seem to do a great job of based on my personal experience. Offensive Lineman and fifth year sexual predator Brock Kronkton '24, panickedly asked “Who are you? Where am I? Who am I? What are these?” indicating towards his toes which were in his mouth.

Quarterback Futt Buckler '25 aka The Gunslinger (a cheeky reference to his days as a school shooter) was able to offer some insight into the event, “Listen, traumatic brain injuries aren't a problem on our team. Our training staff does a great job at keeping us safe. It's just that, as football players, we're fucking stupid. Simple as that.” When asked why he didn't show up then, if not for brain damage he casually responded “Listen, traumatic brain injuries aren't a problem on our team. Our training staff does a great job at keeping us safe. It's just that, as football players, we're fucking stupid. Simple as that.” This reporter opted to not ask Krockton any more questions as it was clear he was a few sperm short of a sample.

The coaching staff wants to ensure Hamilton College students and parents that they prioritize the safety of their athletes above everything else, especially winning (something that will become plainly obvious very soon). They've even taken the precaution of only recruiting brain damaged players to avoid fault for any issues that may arise. Head Coach and former NFL linebacker, Elijah Longate said this in an email response to *The Duel's* questions, “lbjha sdiuha iudbhjaflihu sdiuhladv vahadviuyar liadbiueriuh aflhabjhadf advfhilera aiuerbhr riegrb grbrh. Bhjladhjqlc whjlqwhb qqehub.”

### In this issue: We're afraid.

#### NEW MANAGING EDITOR



The only requirement is to show up. See, “Duel Staff Shakeup” pg. 813.

Did you know...

Hamilton merged with Kirkland to get more puss

PARTIES THIS WEEKEND

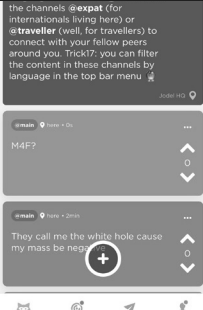
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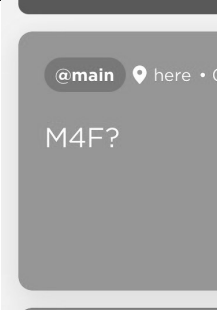
2:00AM



“I can't wait to find out about the cool parties tonight!”



JODEL TIME :(



“I guess I'm F4M now.”

Don't Be a Greedy Little Bitch; Health Center New Policy to Require Choice Between Alcoholism and Anorexia

Freshmen girls gathered en masse to protest following the rollout of the Health Center's new policy barring new female students from developing both alcoholism and anorexia in an attempt to curb medical and legal expenses. "This is a complete infringement on my bodily autonomy," said Samantha, 18, who attended the outdoor summer protest dressed head to toe in sweats, "How can I conform to the patriarchal standard of beauty if I lack the means to chemically suppress any and all rationalizations? Only drinking can placate the emptiness gnawing inside."

Despite the turnout, health center employees seemed little bothered by the commotion outside the offices. "Oh that? It's not really a concern. They're all too weak and plastered to cause any real harm, nevermind know where the hell they are. One girl tried to make a Molotov cocktail out of SkinnyGirl margarita mix but keeled over from vasovagal syncope after seeing the flame," reported Dr. Toby Taylor. When questioned whether he was concerned about the mentioned girl's loss of consciousness or the ensuing embankment of 23 other catatonic girls sprawled across the parking lot, Dr. Taylor shrugged, "As long as it doesn't become a tripping hazard it should be fine. The DSN's been on my ass ever since we turned the ramp into a slip-n-slide. In any case, this is just how I like my girls best: incapacitated and unresponsive."

At launch, the Health Center optimistically touted that this new policy was projected to save the school thousands of dollars in baby aspirin and negligence lawsuits. "It is an accepted inevitability that at some point during her first semester, every girl will make a fickle decision that results in an all-consuming lifelong torment. It's when it happens twice that parents tend to get all cranky and call the attorney," explained president and amateur coroner David Wippman. In a recent development, the janitorial staff formally announced their support for the policy at their monthly reception in the Dunham boiler room, expressing hope it would reduce the amount of vomit they mop up on a typical day. This has garnered criticism from Parkhurst Dining, who now fear a shortage in Commons soups, not to mention potential increased clientele if a considerable percentage of girls value their heart over their liver.

By time of publication, the conflict has yet to be resolved, although many persons on the students' side could not be reached after a moderate gust of wind blew through campus, carrying many of the picketers toward Lake Ontario.

Found in the Spectator's Archives by Ms. Lurie '27

The Time My TA Deflowered Me: Chronicles of a Comp Sci Professor

Dear Mom,

It happened, it finally happened! I lost my virginity!

It was right after my data structures class. I stayed behind to ask my TA, Jess, a question about next week's quiz. Jess is crazy hot-- probably the hottest girl in all of my classes--and I haven't been able to stop thinking about her since I first saw her despite how pretty this year's freshman girls are. The only reason I haven't made a move is because she's my TA, and she's wayyy out of my league. Plus, you know how I am with girls.

Anyways, she was talking about the quiz when all of the sudden, she stops me and asks what I'm looking at. I was so embarrassed. I didn't even realize I had been looking at her boobies, I swear! All I could do was look down and blush. When I didn't answer, she lifted my chin up with her hand and, looking straight into my eyes, told me to look at her when she asked me a question!! I swear I came a little in my pants (and I definitely whimpered, which is something I never do, especially not when I'm masturbating to Belle Delphine). Then, before I even knew what was happening, she was leading me into my office and pushing me against the door! Luckily, it was late, and all the blinds were already closed because I don't know what I would've done if anyone else saw us.

I won't go through everything that happened, but basically, she completely took over and gave me the time of my life. Never in my 46 years of living have I had such a magical experience. You should've been there mom. It was hot and sweaty and sticky, and she kept calling me her "naughty little professor," and she was just the perfect dommy mommy (sorry Mom). It was everything I've ever dreamed of and more! Once we were done, she asked if she could come over to our place, and of course I said yes! I mean, she offered to peg me! You know that's always been my dream! How could I say no?

Before you say anything, I will make extra sure to be careful about this. I know I could lose my job if this gets out, but honestly, having her ram into my sweet little hole just once is worth a lifetime of unemployment. And I know you'll have my back if anything happens.

Much love,  
Your baby boy

Found underneath a Lego lunch box in Taylor Science Center room 3040 by M. Maya '27

Friday Five: Faces I make when I have to make a big pooppy

By Ms. Sedaka '25 and Mr. Piazza '24

These images were made through AI in order to portray the struggle of having to make a pooppy at not a pooppy making time. They are very accurate to when you need to make a pooppy so everyone can feel less alone.

5. Waiting to get out of my meeting.



4. This meeting is really long.



3. I'm Running.



2. Pulling my Pants Down.



1. Doing the pooppy.



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