

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, Issue VI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

OCTOBER 6, 2023

## Student Mauled to Death in Woods, Could Your Child be Next?

### CAMPUS CELEBRATES AS GLENVIEW TO BE EXPLODED WITH RESIDENTS STILL INSIDE

The twin trailers have finally fallen

By Mx. Meisner '26

COMMUNITY LIVING DEPT.

(OUTSIDE FUTURE PARKING SPOTS) After a week of campus-wide partying, the demolition of the much reviled permanent freshmen dorm Glenview is about to commence. One week ago, David Wippman announced the imminent demolition of the historic freshmen dorm Glenview. In the week leading up to this occasion, there have been a record number of on campus parties, with some estimating that there were as many as two active parties at a time. Fortunately for the party goers, alcohol has recently been restricted on campus, so there were only 129 of emergency medical services requested to aid students.

Currently, six trucks have transported 47 pounds of C4 to the demolition site in preparation for Glenview to be torn down. Intently watching the operation commence, Crumpet Wrinkle V. '24, a former

Glenview resident, had a lot to say about the resting place of his virginity, “You know, it may have been the motion activated lights, or it may have been the free laundry, but I think part of my soul will never leave Glenview. As it dies, so do I. Two lovers trapped in an eternal cycle of abuse. Two waves sloppily making out on a shore. My roommate and a random girl committing Glencest at two AM. Life truly is beautiful,” he said, unprompted. He was not found afterwards for further comment, having left to mourn the loss of his one true home.

Wippman, when asked to comment on the oncoming demolition, said “the bloodline ends here.” When asked to elaborate on what he meant, he merely stared off into the horizon, longingly. All of the doors to Glenview have just been locked from both sides, trapping the residents inside. Despite this, very little clatter can be heard from inside, due to the residents already having accepted their fate as a sacrificial lamb to cleanse Hamilton’s sins. With only three hours to go, we here at *The Duel Observer* cannot wait to have a free-laundry-free campus.

### MEN’S SWIM TEAM MISTAKEN FOR PENISES AFTER WEARING NEW BEIGE SWIM CAPS

Prove it isn’t all about the motion of the ocean Mr. Ebben '27

GIRTH MEASUREMENT DEPT.

(BRISTOL POOL) This past Tuesday, the Hamilton Men’s Swim Team received their gear, which included new buff-colored swim caps. Unfortunately, as they proudly strutted around campus in their uniforms, many mistook them to be penises. “I was leaving Commons when I noticed a pack of penises coming right at me,” Korn Cobber '25 said. “I’ve been surrounded by a lot of dicks before, but this was far beyond my experience,” she said, presumably referencing the recent CA sponsored orgy created to “encourage connections in all facets and orifices of life.”

Team captain Elliot “E” Rection '24 said he “always felt like a dick but had never actually been one before.” He also commented that he was “proud to finally be associated with a large penis” something that, as this reporter can attest to, he hadn’t been able to claim previously.

Coach Whide Opehn was less pleased with public perception of the team’s caps, saying that the mockery of the team has him considering “replacing all the athletes with ADA beneficiaries.” “He said they would be just as fast and would shit in the pool less” Gum Cuzzler '27, the team’s top recruit and recent drowning victim, said. Upon request for further questioning, Guzzler bit his lip and pissed his pants.

Hugh Janus '25, a POC member of the swim team and the only one not mistaken for a penis, reached out to say “this is exactly why I was hesitant to be on the swim team in the first place. I knew they would only cater to the white athletes and their cock colors.”

Dean of Student Life and VP of Purity Rings, Chris Card, spoke out about the incident saying he thought the team was simply “honoring the likeness of *my* very own Wippman.” After learning many believed the team looked like penises, Card replied that he “wasn’t aware weiners were meant to be longer than they are wide.”

### HAMILTON CULT DISBANDS AFTER FOLLOWERS LEARN THAT THEIR LEADER WAS USING THEM FOR A SOCIOLOGY THESIS

Finally some good fucking Kool Aid

By Ms. Haller '26

SOCIOLOGY DEPT.

(SOCIOLOGY RESOURCE ROOM) When it came time for Marles Chanson '24 to choose her thesis project, she knew she wanted to create her very own cult Her professor, Professor Benthon, initially vetoed the idea. However, after Professor Benthon mysteriously went missing, the rest of the department was too scared to stop her.

Chanson has always had a deep fascination with cults and indoctrination methods. During the summer of her junior year, she studied with Fox News to practice what she calls “the craft of deception.” So it’s no surprise that when she started the Taylor Swift Fan club, students came running to join.

After being inducted into the club, members would spend 10-15 hours a week “fundraising.” None of the members ever saw this money; instead they were

rewarded with Swiftbucks. Chanson describes this invented currency as “monopoly money. It was literally just monopoly money with Taylor Swift’s face printed on it.” The members of the club went crazy for it. And the best way to get the Swiftbucks was to convince your friends to also join the group. The fake money was used for fun rewards like Chanson saying they are proud of them or receiving a lock of Ms. Swift’s hair, which was actually hair from Chanson’s goldendoodle. An ex-member said, “I really don’t know how I didn’t see that this was a ponzi scheme. I’m an Econ major.”

Chanson was running a well oiled machine until Buffy Buffer '27 started to catch on. Buffer was inducted into the club after she mistook it for an acapella group. She says, “I walked in, and they were all singing in a circle, so I thought I was in the right place.” Chanson’s downfall began when she took LSD and accidentally explained her entire thesis project to the freshman, thinking she was talking to Barney Stinson from *How I Met Your Mother*. Once word got around that they were a cult made for a thesis project, most members stopped going to meetings. Johns Jim '25 said, “we were not upset that we were in a cult. Most of us were mad that we didn’t think of the idea first.”

### In this issue: Childhood Trauma

#### FINE DINING



What your \$82k tuition pays for. See, “What’s this ugly yellow paper behind it,” pg. 430.

Did you know...

Your child gets NO bitches

DIVORCED PARENTS FORECAST

FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY



Yay! We’re a family again!



Awesome! My parents really love my boyfriend.



FUCK! My parents really love my boyfriend. We’re a family again?

HELP: LOOKING FOR FAKE PARENTS TO MEET MY BOYFRIEND

Calling all theater majors too normal and/or untalented for the mainstage! Are you looking for a low-time commitment, unique, extra-credit improv practice opportunity? Get a chance to put all those completely useless skills to the test in the real world! Now hiring for the duration of family weekend: my fake parents!!!

Last family weekend, I met my boyfriend’s parents, and they are the most white bread, Connecticut, khaki short wearing, Vineyard Vines enthusiasts I have ever laid eyes on. They pulled up to KJ circle via golf cart, wearing matching sweat-er vests and visors. They have the facial features of someone inducted into a cult, but are really happy about it. His mom is definitely at the top of several multi-level marketing schemes. My boyfriend seems to think they are Standard Parents.

Meanwhile, my parents travel via a Scooby Doo minivan. My dad sucked David Whippman off in ‘85, and ever since, he’s been trying to recreate what he calls “the most euphoric experience of [his] life,” and I don’t want to be the acces-sory to a sex crime by inviting him back here. My mom, meanwhile, tends to wear a permanent neck brace to hide her Karl Marx neck tattoo, which is an improvement over her old dog collar.

You see why I simply cannot allow my boyfriend to interact with these peo-ple. He thinks I’m normal, and there’s only so many years I can use the “my mom had to get her hip replaced” excuse. I’ve already gone through both hips and I don’t want him thinking she has three legs.

What will this role entail? One nice dinner at Panera Bread with my boy-friend and a couple rehearsals beforehand to practice family anecdotes and banter. I’ll supply your costumes and fake IDs. Preference will be given to tall seniors or sophomore men already going bald. Please no gays. I need someone capable of op-erating a motor vehicle.

Found nailed to the diner wall by Mx. James ’25

My roommate comes out by cumming in both my parents

I don’t hate gay people. I don’t even judge their lifestyle, but the image of my roommate balls deep in my dad makes me feel homophobic.

The Lead Up:

1:02 PM My roommate texted me and asked to have our room in Mac for the next hour. I was at lunch with my parents. He must be getting with another girl. Hopefully this one wouldn’t give him chlamydia so I wouldn’t have to hear him bitch about being celibate until the antibiotics kick in again.

1:04 PM: My mom got a work call and left the Dunham tent with a smirk to answer it.

1:13 PM: My Dad, anxious, went to go find my mom.

1:28 PM: They still hadn’t come back.

1:29 PM: I scrolled through Jodel. Apparently someone was having really loud sex in Mac and needed to shut the fuck up.

1:31 PM: Someone commented that it sounds like an orgy. I swear to God if it’s my fucking my roommate.

1:32 PM: Bees started crawling on my lunch. Fuck me.

1:44 PM: I left Dunham Tent to go back to Mac. My roommate was definitely done because I know he couldn’t have lasted longer than two minutes. (We timed ourselves).

1:52 PM: I reached Mac. There’s an ambulance. My mom stands beside it wearing a Killers tee shirt. I didn’t know she listened to that shit. And when did she change? I ask what hap-pened, why she’s sweating. She must be scared?

2:01 PM: Suddenly, my roommate emerged from the ambulance in a hospital gown. The dots connected. Angrily, I shouted, “Did you fuck my mom??!” He looked down, but his eyes smiled. Before he could respond the ambulance opened again. It was my dad. He was hunched over in pain with my roommate behind him. Furious, I shouted “Did you peg my dad?!”

Apparently, my roommate had his dick pierced last summer, and it got stuck in my dad. The emt said that my dad would be fine once they were separated, but that the piercing had torn my dad’s ass in the disentanglement process. To help with the pain, they gave my dad laxatives and a donut since it would severely swell by the next day. It was all because he couldn’t handle my roommate’s 4 inch hot dog rod (we measured them together). I don’t care that he’s bi, but why did I find out because he perforated my dad’s ass? I just don’t under-stand why my roommate couldn’t have been normal and just railed one of my parents. Why both of them? Why together?

Copied off the ER medical reports by Ms. Wallen ’26

Friday Five: Reasons Why Your Mom Thinks I’m Better Than You

By Ms. Stillman ‘27

*This parent’s weekend, we as a community come together to show our love for Hamilton’s moms. But does your Hamilton mom love you back? Maybe not as much as you’d think (unless it’s my mom). So here’s five reasons why your mom thinks I’m funnier, prettier, cooler, smarter and better than you.*

5. **I am not an athlete.** It’s concerning how you mix up your sports and your vegetables. What do you mean you go to college to play a squash? Do you play it like a drum, carve it, or cook it? Yeah right. At least I own that I am not an athlete instead of making up a fake sport to seem cool, let alone naming it after a gourd. Imagine how embarrassing it must be for your mom to tell her friends that her child’s “sport” is playing with some fucking vegetables.

4. **I am aloof.** When people walk past me, I will not look up or wave. Your mom thinks this is because I’m too cool to engage with her. I think she’s following me. Yesterday, I counted 37 times she passed by me. Wait until she finds out that I’m not that cool, I just have crippling anxiety. Please ask her to stop. It’s stressing me out.

3. **She’s not paying my tuition.** I’m not her child (although she really wants me to be), so your mom can appreciate all my jokes without also thinking about how expensive I am and how if she had put me up for adoption, she could be living in a mansion with a millionaire husband twice her age. Instead of waiting for that life insurance check, she’s on edge waiting for your twice daily demand for pizza rolls. While you’re a burden, I’m a comedic relief to her crushing 20-year old regret.

2. **I am not blackmailing her.** When your mom and I got dinner on Thursday night (before she came to see your fuckass), she drank too much wine and showed me the love letters she has been writing to President Wippman over the past 6 years. Because I respect your mother, I have NOT been sending threats that if she doesn’t laugh at all my jokes this parents weekend, the letters will be submitted as a discussion topic this sex positivity week.

1. **I am replacing you.** Since you’re a regret and I’m a dream, I’m spending half of my parent’s weekend with your mom and the other half with my parents. You, however, will be spending half of parent’s weekend crying alone in your dorm and the other half crying alone in Commons. Oh, by the way, your mom brought you some home cooking. It’s that one meal you swear you’ve always hated, but she recalls you always liking. Why are you lying? It’s delicious. And don’t worry about your mom, I’ll treat her better than you ever could– as long as she laughs at my jokes.

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