

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, ISSUE VII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

OCTOBER 20, 2023

## Hamilton Master Plan: Make Hamilton Great Again

### FIRST DRAFT HAS HAMILTON’S FIRST DRAFT

Their weapons were not their words

By Ms. Stillman ’27

COLGATE CAMPUS POLICE DEPT.

(THE HAMILITARY BASE) First Draft used to be Hamilton’s creative writing club. After a change in its leadership last Friday, it became Hamilton’s army. “Hamilton has *Red Weather*, *Green Apple*, and other pussy publications. I don’t like it! Time to make space for REAL men!” Ang Erissues ’24, president of First Draft, told *The Duel*. When asked if he knew that First Draft wasn’t a publication, he spit in the interviewer’s face.

It started when Erissues and First Draft’s former president, Wattpad R. Eader ’25, made a deal that Erissues could have First Draft if she could introduce him to her Vietnam veteran grandfather. “He just wouldn’t shut the fuck up about me marrying a soldier,” Eader said.

Leading up to last Friday’s meeting, Erissues sent out an email to all of First Draft’s original members along with half of Hamilton’s male students selected at random. They were to meet at the Hamilitary Base, created by moving Glenview into the Glen. Attendance was

mandatory, enforced with the threat of being hunted and operated on by the *Pre-Health Careers Club*.

Three creative writers died looking for the base. “It was a dark, stormy night. Their emerald orbs glazed with tears as they threw themselves into the river,” Iam Sadd ’27, a self-proclaimed “inspired creative,” wrote. Erissues had everyone do 150 pushups upon arrival. Sadd died after five. Meanwhile, Erissues had ROTC kids from various local high schools fill cups with water and bear sedatives. “Each drugged soldier was piled into a jitney and driven to Colgate,” one ROTC cadet reported. When asked why he wanted to attack Colgate, Erissues said, “I just don’t like what they said about the thing!”

After their arrival, the high schoolers unloaded an arsenal of weapons made from dried pasta, popsicle sticks, and vodka. When using a slingshot, a creative writer hit herself in the face, killing her instantly. One dropped a Molotov cocktail on their feet as another went into anaphylactic shock upon contact with pasta. All seven of First Draft’s members have died. “The weak are finally dead! We can now defeat Colgate!” Erissues rejoiced right before being tackled by Colgate security. Without their leader, the troops forgot who to attack and fought each other, leading to 78 more casualties.

### BROTHER OF PRESIDENT WIPPMAN FRANKLIN THE TURTLE TO GIVE BOOK TALK

Furries Get a Little Too Excited

Ms. Meyers ’27

GROW THE FUCK UP DEPT.

(KTSA POND) Hamilton College is excited to announce that the shell-ebrity Franklin the Turtle will be holding a talk on campus about how he became successful in the writing world. For those who don’t know, Franklin is the younger and more successful brother of current President David Wippman. It can be hard to tell them apart, but a good trick is to remember that Franklin is the green one.

Over the years, Franklin has launched many different lines of self-help books to guide readers to overcome fears and reach self-actualization. Some of his popular titles include *Franklin Goes to School* and *Franklin and the Thunderstorm*. However, Franklin is now releasing a new set of works poised to help college students navigate life after recent charges forbidding him from being within 2,000ft of the elementary schools he used to visit. Some of his newest releases include *Franklin Finally Gets Over His Crippling Alcohol Addiction*, *Franklin Navigates Being*

*Molested by His Older Brother*, and *Franklin Finally Gets His Father to Tell Him He is Proud of Him*. Readers are often left shell-shocked by his deep and penetrating insight into family life.

Many staunch followers of Franklin have started replicating his belief system. Students have started adopting the speech style of Franklin: speaking in the third person. Harry P. Ness ’26 stated, “Harry really liked the book as it helped Harry come out of Harry’s shell. Harry even started searching for turtles in the Glen. Harry has to go lay a turtle egg now for David. Harry is so proud to be part of the Wippman Clan.” After the interview, Harry scuttled away on all fours.

Due to his many achievements, some are now questioning if Franklin could possibly be in line as the next college President. Having two cold-blooded presidents in a row could keep the campus’s transition smooth. Along with this, Franklin’s prominence in popular culture could help Hamilton gain much-needed name recognition.

It is clear there is a high level of excitement on campus. The only question that remains is whether Franklin will speak on his book *Franklin Establishes an MLM Scheme*, *Franklin Learns How to Roll a Blunt*, or *Franklin Tries Anal With a Squirrel*.

### VIBRATING SEX TOYS ATTACK AT SEX BINGO

Getting eaten out has never been so literal

By Mr. Ebben ’27

KINK RESPECTING DEPT.

(EVENTS BARN) This past Wednesday, Hamilton College experienced the worst tragedy to occur on American soil since September 11, 2001. During the annual Sex Bingo game, an army of vibrating sex toys escaped the CAs’ clutches and launched themselves onto the student body’s bodies. Attendees described the experience as “terrifyingly erotic” and “reminiscent of that recurring dream everyone has about Yung Gravy performing at the Fall Concert.”

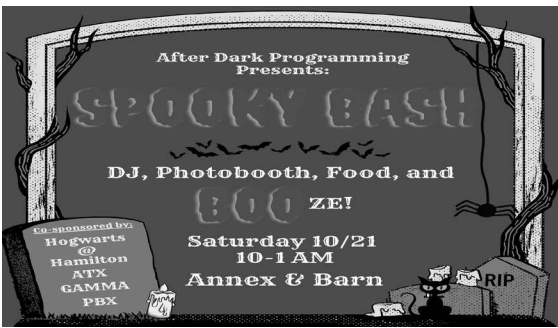
Harris Ack ’27, a first-time bingo goer, said he was “pretty disappointed when [he] first got there.” He thought it was a euphemism for “a campus-wide orgy. Like the one they had at [his] grandma’s retirement home, but with women who can still get pregnant.” When the dildos arose, however, Ack’s engine was re-revved (his erection returned), and his interest in the event was re-established. When the purple dildos vibrated their way up into his rectum, he had “a holy awakening. A reopening of [his] soul and anal cavity.” He has not stated whether he will continue to search out orgies on campus, but in this reporter’s experience, even if he found one, the Cross Country Team’s locker room is relatively exclusive.

When requested for comment, the organizing CAs emphatically responded “YES, YES, YES” over the phone. The occurrence has “stimula-ted-ted us all. Bonding that is. Stimulated community bonding,” Penny S. Zucker ’24 said as she twitched and crossed her legs. “We still haven’t captured all the toys, so make sure you’re on the loooooookout-t-t-t” she added as her eyes rolled back into her head.

Chris Card, Dean of Student Life and VP of Anal Sex Doesn’t Count, spoke out about the event, saying, “The event was cursed from the start. Sexual intercourse has no place on our campus. I can confidently say I’ve never had sex on the college grounds. In fact, I’ve never had sex at all.” When this reporter told him that bestiality counts, Card fell silent.

## In this issue: One Leprechaun

### SPOOKY BASH



Chris Card will be serving drinks and looks. See, “At least you know one club there will accept you” pg. 9 3/4.

### DID YOU KNOW...

I got head at the Green Apple x Daily Bull Function

### HAMMOCK FORECAST

#### SUNDAY MONDAY THURSDAY



“Spending a relaxing evening on my hammock.”



“I forgot to take my hammock down. Ehh, it’ll be fine.”

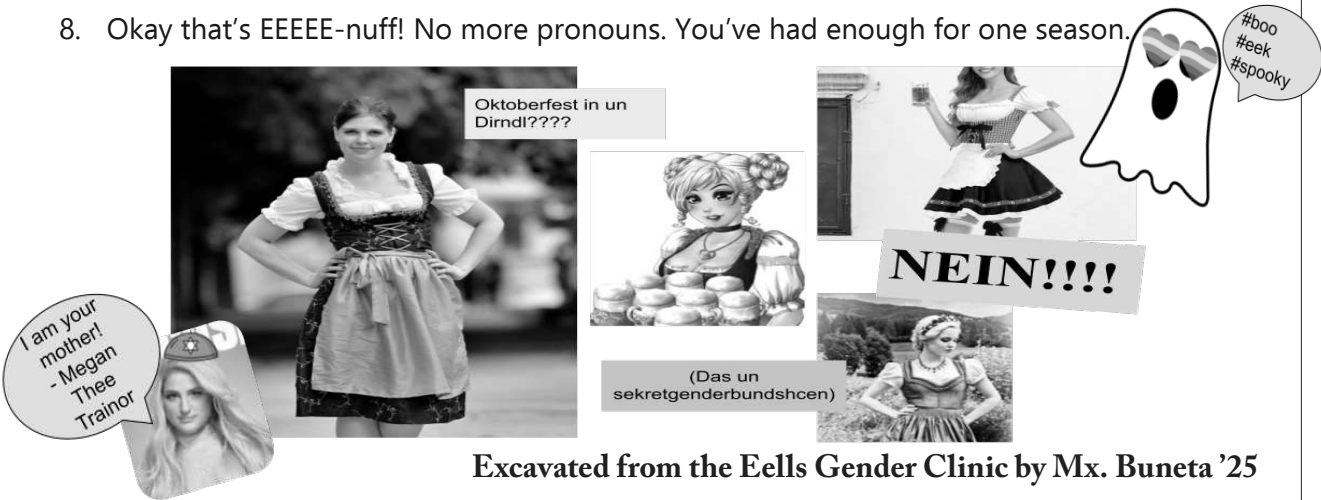


“Oh no! I’m on trial for murder!”

Tips to prevent Autumnal Transgenderism <3 (spooky edition)  
Just cause the season is changing, doesn't mean your gender has to!

Trans "People": You know them, I'm scared of them. But just like every illness, there's public health measures to be taken! Here's the quick scoop:

1. DON'T GET THE FLU VACCINE. The health center provides "gender affirming care," but the only thing THEY'RE affirming is their commitment to the loony left. And when you DO cough, do it like a man (NO effeminate soyboy shoulder coughs, make the world TASTE YOUR SPITTLE).
2. DON'T GO OUTSIDE. It's so chilly you might become a woman because of iron deficiency (mommy says NO ANEMIA AUTUMN challenge!).
3. DON'T go to the campus briss. It'll get you excited for more penis-snipping.
4. DO call your Mom. She misses you so so much these days and you never call. Let her remind you of what a big strong man you've become. When you start feeling all tingly down there you are becoming a man (time for bar mitzvah #2?).
  - For extra precautions, you could mayhaps flee the cold of autumn and return to her womb, fixing pesky chemical imbalances and whatnot.
5. DON'T rub fresh picked apples against your oiled-up body. It's a rip-off, store bought is fine.
  - (do dip them in honey first, but NOT the sweet, supple, tender nectar of man milk)
6. Just say NO to gender. Please pretty please. You're scaring me pookums. xoxo
7. DO go as sexy cow for Halloween (JUST one day, as a treat) (so gimme them boy udders) (it's not gay if it's pagan).
8. Okay that's EEEEE-nuff! No more pronouns. You've had enough for one season.



Dating My Econ Professor So That He'll Leave Too

I got another B- on an economics assignment. This is truly out of hand. This is what failure feels like, isn't it? Rejection, heartache, no sense of self. It's not my fault that Professor Amirite is such a bad, and dare I say evil, professor. How could he do something like this to a poor sweet girl like me? He has completely destroyed my chances of success by giving me not one but TWO failing grades (Bs) on problem sets. I fear that I will not recover if this trend continues. Amirite must go, so I'll make him leave the only way I know how: by expressing romantic interest in him.

I have this special talent to ward off men after only a week or two of being in the talking stage/situationship/whatever it's called, and I feel like this too will work on Professor Amirite. Every single person I have tried to be with has left me, and Amirite better be no different. While this may be a controversial method, I am confident it will work. Like all the others before him, Amirite will fall for my awkward charm and then will shortly realize that this is just how I am. It's me that is wrong, and fucked up, and pathetic. It's me that they all leave.

I know I'll be doing a service to the other kids in my class by dating him. They have complained about how he has ruined their GPAs and chances of ever working at Morgan Stanley. I am sacrificing my dignity for myself and others. In a sense, I kinda feel like a prophet, like a new Jesus, dying internally for other people. I see it clearly now, this talent, nay, gift, is a sign from God that this is what I am meant to do. I am meant to be left. So, Professor Amirite, be ready for I am coming, and you are leaving.

Stolen from a Manifesto found in CJ by Ms. Mannes '26

Friday Five: Best Things to Say After Sex  
By Mr.McCann '25 and Ms.Sedaka '25

The lull between sex and when you tell someone you just met that you love them can often be tough to navigate. In light of this pressing issue, we at The Duel have come up with five super cool and sexy catch phrases (other than the obligatory "thanks, mommy") that you can drop to put a nice little bow on the bang.

5. **STDs don't transfer through sex, right?** You're being safe! Crabs are an animal, silly, not some sort of disease. Besides, we all know what STD stands for: Sexy Time, Duhhhhhh. Asking your partner this directly after sex shows that you're a thinker and they'll appreciate your curiosity! You go girl!

4. **Yeah, I'm definitely gay.** Nothing is more reassuring to a sexual partner than reminding that they are in fact the reason you sprinted the fuck out of that closet. It isn't even that you don't like woman, it's just that they were so bad you couldn't possibly imagine it being enjoyable with any women ever again. It's the 21st century, and we should prioritize being honest. Good for you!

3. **Nothing.** What else do you have to say? That was the performance of a lifetime, and she knows it! Does a king bow when he wears his crown? That's right, so keep your head up. Besides, the only reason she's not saying anything is because she's so out of breath from that long, hard, seven second marathon sex sesh.

2. **What are we?** A classic! Communication is key, and what's more communicative than addressing the issue head on? Besides, they were probably waiting for you to ask since you were so bomb at bumping uglies. Be careful though. They'll probably get so excited by your question that you'll have sex again and again and again and again and again.

1. **Mmm, tasty!** Scrumdiddlyumptious, am I right? Let your partner know how delicious that all was for you, and how you can't wait for another slice. There's nothing more sexy than rubbing your stomach and showing you're full (delicious!). For extra effect, tell your partner how much you loved their tasty little (this word is important as everyone wants to be called cute) baguette. Plus, everyone loves the french!

THE DUEL OBSERVER

AMANDA ESTHER SEDAKA  
Editor-in-Chief / Cowboy Chicken Tenders  
SOFIA IXCHEL MAYA  
Layout Editor / Cat Ziti  
JACOB ROBERT PIAZZA  
Articles Editor / Frog Nacho  
CHRISTIAN HAWKE MCCANN  
Features Editor / Chicken Pizza  
BRUCE FREDERICK JOSEPH SPRINGSTEEN  
The Boss  
Staff Writers  
VICTORIA NICOLE LIEBERMAN  
ELIANA GABRIELLA MANNES  
Contributors  
MATTY LAWRENCE BUNETA  
HENRY DELTON EBBEN  
KRISTINA ELISE MEYERS  
ISABELLA DOROTHY STILLMAN  
Webmasters  
SARA LYNN CONTI  
MOHAMMED SAMI

FINE PRINT: The Duel Observer is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

Comments? Email [duel@hamilton.edu](mailto:duel@hamilton.edu)  
Complaints? Or find us on the interweb!  
Recipes? <http://students.hamilton.edu/duelobserver/>