Hey (C/K)a(y/i)t(lyn/lin/lyin)

Have a good weekend!

**ADMINISTRATION TO HOLD DISCUSSION ON HOW TO TALK ABOUT TALKING ABOUT DISCOURSES ON FREE SPEECH**

**Important**

**By Mr. Lanman ’15**

**CAMPUS MEDIA DEPT.**

(DINING HALL TABLES) As the much-loved Jimmy Fallon rom-com surrounding the Boston Red Sox 2004 World Series bid once predicted, Hamilton's campus-wide struggle to properly exercise free speech has reached a *F***er Pitch*. To quell editorial anxieties, educate the masses, and, quite possibly, avoid any more of those spicy "AHI vs. College Hill" brouhahas, the administration has miraculously conjured bipartisan support for a community discussion entitled: "Discourse on How We, As a Community, Can Foster Meaningful Dialogue Discussing How We Talk About Talking About How We Talk About Discourses On Talking About How We, AS A COMMUNITY, Can Foster Meaningful Dialogue About Talking About Discourses of Free Speech." Proper ID required.

The *meta-meta-meta-discourse* has drawn bipartisan support from Hamilton's foremost journalists. In the wake of a controversial, self-serving Media Board measure banning all publications from referencing other campus media, important issues were underwhelmed by the event's agenda.

"This is progress, but we could be doing so much more," socially aware white person Trey Pea-Sea ’17 claimed. "It's good that we're finally discussing how we should talk about talking about dialogues discussing free speech. I'm glad we're finallydiscussing how we should talk about talking about dialogues discussing free speech, and I'm glad we're finally discussing how we should talk about talking about dialogues discussing free speech."

Despite widespread enthusiasm for this step in the even-more-right direction, some community members were underwhelmed by the event's agenda. "This has been going on for too long," socially aware white person Trey Pea-Sea ’17 claimed. "It's good that we're finally discussing how we should talk about talking about dialogues discussing free speech, but we need to do more, socially aware white person Trey Pea-Sea ’17 claimed. "It's good that we're finally discussing how we should talk about talking about dialogues discussing free speech, but we need to do more.

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**DUNHAM GREEN KRaken FIGHTS MILBANK BEAR KING, DESTROYS EVERYTHING**

**Students still only talking about weather**

By Mr. Spinnin’ ’16

CEPHALOPOD SMACKDOWN DEPT.

(AN EERILY QUIET TUNDRA) In response to its new-found sentence, the snow kraken that once graced the Dunham green began a rampage on Tuesday night, overtaking much of campus with its devastating tentacle violence only conceivable by the Great Watery Satan—his preferred moniker—himself. Throughout the devastation, cries of “This frozen ocean shall be your graves!” could be heard bellowing from the beast’s maw.

Yet all was not lost, and as the chaos continued into Wednesday morning, an unlikely hero awoke, snarling and loyal: Milbank Bear King ’17. As students jostled to make their morning classes, avoiding shrapnel and unpredictable sucker slaps, King was seen heading straight for the Dunham green began a rampage on Tuesday night, overtaking much of campus with its devastating tentacle violence only conceivable by the Great Watery Satan—his preferred moniker—himself. Throughout the devastation, cries of “This frozen ocean shall be your graves!” could be heard bellowing from the beast’s maw.

Yet all was not lost, and as the chaos continued into Wednesday morning, an unlikely hero awoke, snarling and loyal: Milbank Bear King ’17. As students jostled to make their morning classes, avoiding shrapnel and unpredictable sucker slaps, King was seen heading straight for the Dunham green! A sacrifice the campus was willing to make.

King now resides back in Milbank where he continues his hibernation, ultimately ruining his GPA. See "Return of the King," continued on back page.

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**In this issue: More anthropomorphism? Srsly?**

**CAREER CENTER OFFERS PRIZES FOR MAKING APPOINTMENTS**

**By Mr. Merriam ’17**

**HAMILTON SQUIRRELS DEMAND STUDENT BENEFITS**

**Forming their own publication**

**By Ms. Merlin ’17**

**JUSTICE DEPT.**

(A ROTTING TREE TRUNK) After spending the first half of winter in hiding, the Hamilton squirrel population has finally put their paws down. Students have recently reported squirrels crawling through the heaters into their rooms, infesting sock drawers, and leaving doo-doo on their pillows.

Campus Safety has tried their best to catch the vermin, but after one squirrel mistook an officer's head for a nut, the officers gave up hope. "This is literally nowhere in my job description," Officer Charles said.

The revolution began when squirrels became aware of the slender on the Squirrels of Hamilton College Facebook page. Many squirrels were outraged by fake portraits of their friends and family members that made them appear to be taking classes and worshipping Commons bagels.

"Humans need to stop giving us silly names like Roger and Mildred," Priscilla the squirrel protested. "Not only do we deserve HillCards, but Commons needs to get some nuts on their menus for crying out loud!"

Priscilla’s bat, Milton, had similar complaints. “This is effed up," he said. "Spoiled rich kids are all complaining about their eyelashes freezing off in a four minute walk to the Science Center when we are just praying for a place to sleep that isn’t a phallic snow tower!"

The squirrels have become increasingly aggressive, showing up in bikinis at the Beach Party and even invading the heated Major dorm into the Glen, some students have surrendered the fight and welcomed the furry invaders. Lola Edison ’15 decided to befriend her trespasser, Herman.

“I found him sitting on my desk," Edison said. “He was wearing a tiny bow-tie, reading my physics book. He seems like he has the intellectual curiosity and desirability to be here, and his fashion sense surely proves his aesthetic discernment, so why not give him free tuition?"

At last report, the squirrels have been plotting to get other animals on campus involved in their effort. In response to the revolt, administration released this stern advice to students: “If you find yourself sitting next to a chipmunk wearing a Hamilton sweatshirt in class this semester, don’t be alarmed. Just respect your fellow rodent."
I begin my trek in earnest, leaving the warmth and comfort of G-road to brave the wastelands for Skenedone. My lover awaits me, and haste is of the essence; the only way fast enough is across the golf course. Armed with naught but a Canada Goose shell and a belly full of liquor, I head into the cold dark.

1:06 AM

The snow is deeper than I thought and the wind whips at my exposed face. My beer jacket is useless, so I begin it was all…fixed. That's how it happens right? No amorous relation is worth this. The demonic gale picks up again and sweeps the viridian scene away from me. The warm sunlight and its hand and covers my salvation with snow; the crystal clear waters turning into the murky sludge of the pool noodles attached to his arms and legs like tentacles. He also announced tentacle porn was 'proper research material' in class once.

1:18 AM

What sorcery is this? As I approach the shimmering, sandy beach, the hyperborean evil gust sweeps its hand and covers my salvation with snow; the crystal clear waters turning into the murky sludge of the Golf Course pond. Off my right flank however, I spot my love's door! I rush there in earnest, expecting her gentle embrace. Instead, I am greeted by a spring meadow, populated by a chorus of Disney cartoon woodland creatures singing and dancing along to 'Re: Your Brains!' Despite my disappointment with the deception, the cold begins to leave my body and my spirits soar.

1:28 AM

I open my eyes to find myself embroiled within a snowdrift. Thoroughly sober now and possibly crying, I send a conciliatory message to my fair maiden and turn back defeated. No amorous relation is worth this. Fuck it. I'm transferring to Sewanee College.

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