Roll me into a thin tube... See, I’m a dildo!

CLASS OF 2019 STATS

INDICATE PROMISING STEAMY Jock to Situationally Hilarious Nerd Ratio

School hopeful about decreased ratio of apathetic sorority girl to psychotic killer

By Ms. Hassan ‘18

CINEMA AND MEDIA STUDIES DEPT.

(DEEP, DEEP IN THE WOODS) Oliver Sterling, Timothy Boon ‘15, and Roderick Thompson in a dirty Woods with nothing but a month’s supply of plain Commons bagels, spoiled orange juice, and a copy of Artemis Fowl: The Arctic Incident. They were required to find a cabin hidden within the woods, where a driver waited to take them back to campus.

Administrators and students in need of extra-curricular activities meticulously constructed the program. Theatre majors were hired to frighten the three students, acting as paranormal entities to simulate the existence of the witch.

“There’s at least three hours of footage of the three of us huddled in a circle just crying, warming one another with our tears,” Boon said.

“One day, we were just strolling and this toothless woman who looked like Nancy Thompson in a dirty gray wig started yelling at us to leave. We all ran as fast as we could,” Sterling told the press.

The students searched for three weeks. Upon finding the cabin, they were greeted by Janelle Schwartz, who congratulated them by facing the corner of the basement for an hour, doing nothing but standing still in complete silence.

The intern, Hallie Brownstein ‘18, was initially optimistic about her role with the newspaper. “She kept telling us how excited she was,” concerned friend Roberto Bartle ‘18 said. “I mean, the Duel’s not really her kind of humor, but she was hopeful the experience would help her get a job at a worthwhile publication down the line.”

Less than a week into her new position, however, the work seems to have taken a toll on Brownstein. The initially cheery and sociable freshman has become reclusive, leaving her room only for daily brainstorming sessions she’s required to attend. When asked about the nature of these sessions, Editor-in-Chief Nate Lanman ‘15 was surprisingly forthright.

“We just take turns whispering to her the most offensive jokes we’ve thought of that day,” he said, smiling fondly.

“Then we eat some Pizza Hut.” When asked if Brownstein received any sort of compensation for her work, Lanman shrugged. “I mean, we give her some pretty solid material.”

Some editors, however, have taken a different approach. Assistant Layout Editor Zodi Bodzas ‘16 reportedly calls in and confesses secrets to Brownstein for hours at a time.

Though Brownstein was initially unwilling to comment, she agreed to meet in a room free of natural lighting. The eighteen-year-old had aged forty years over the past week and, when questioned, would only stare in the distance, eyes foggy from sorrow or premature cataracts, and let out a single long, shaky breath.

DUEL HIRES INTERN TO TELL ALL OUR SECRETS

Turns out, we’re worse people than we thought

By Ms. Yurkofsky ‘15

CATHARIS DEPT.

(HUDDLED IN THE CORNER) Tired of never being able to voice or print their more offensive jokes, the Duel Observer editorial staff hired an intern this past week, whose only job is to listen and keep the judgment to a minimum.

“We just wanted someone to soak up all of the terror inside of us, so that we can lead a relatively carefree existence,” Editor-out-Chief Collin Spinney ‘16 said. “Sort of like in that Taylor Swift movie The Giver.”

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In this issue: Humblebrags

WIGO FORECAST

THIS WEEK

Obsession

Next Week

Apathy

Next Month

Moving On

THE JAUNTEE: DON’T TELL US TO PLAY “FREE BIRD.” WE’RE NOT GOING TO PLAY STUPID FUCKING “FREE BIRD.”


See, I’m a dildo!

THE DUlE Observer

Volume XXV, Issue IX

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

April 10, 2015

HAMILTON PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFULS:

ZAYN MALIK!

“I want to leeeeeaaaaad.”

TAKING HAMILTON IN THE BEST DIRECTION.
I'm T-Pain, and as I said in my song "Buy U a Drank (Shawty Snap It)", you know me. Every year I'm listed on the survey for performing at Class & Charter Day, and every year I'm passed over (speaking of which, shalom to my Jewish fans currently observing Passover) for the indie-hand-of-the-week. Now the only pain T-Pain feels is the emotional kind. Shaorty.

If Hamilton was a girl, she would be one I would wanna do the night thang with. I love this school more than I love the left ass cheek. Hamilton perfectly fits my target demographic: white people who were too young when R. Kelly was around. Also, the concert would allow me to fulfill my dream of playing for a crowd of 2,000 people or less. But for some reason, every year I am consistently snubbed for bands who have had maybe one popular song in the past six months. You are short-sighted, and I know what that feels like because these sunglasses I wear are actually prescription.

T-Pain is at least the most famous rapper from Florida not named Flo Rida since 2007. Without me, who would say "yea yea yeaaaah" and "oooh weeere" in the background of songs by more famous people? Who would sing about the universal experience of meeting a fly girl in a club, the only place I seem to meet girls in my songs? Why don't I try online dating, you ask? Why don't I take a girl out to a nice brunch? I have no idea! I'm the man who single-handedly brought back the top hat. I am also the only rapper in the game to have been involved in a golf cart accident, which is hardcore.

Why won't you let me lick that boogy, Hamilton? Is it because I use too much auto-tune? Well let me tell you my secret— that's actually my real voice in every one of my songs. I've long faced criticism for having a naturally auto-tuned voice— there are dozens of people like me who live with this unique disease. But I'm happy to say I'm on the road to recovery. My doctor/rabbi, Dr. Orpheus Rex, has told me I can cure my illness by drinking bong water every day.

I don't want to bag, Hamilton College, but I also need the cash from this concert. It may be all those drinks I'm forced to buy when I go out to the clubs, but I'm straight up broke. Right now I'm living out of my grey Cadillac, and my other Cadillac, and my black Mercedes. Please help T-Pain out before I'm forced to sell the rights to my songs to Kidz Bop.

Signed,

to play Magic with his other blessedly sexually inept friends, but he just punched me in the dick several times and left.

Dear Duel Observer,

I have a serious sexual problem, but every time I try to ask someone for advice, they just get mad at me or think I'm joking. I know you guys must have run into similar problems, since all of your writers are basically sexual gods (Editors' note: Thank you), so I was hoping you might be able to give me some advice.

Here's the thing: I am WAY TOO GOOD AT SEX.

I mean, I love pleasing my partner, but sometimes I wish it weren't so easy. It doesn't take any concentration anymore! Where's the excitement, the challenge? Everything I do is perfect. Just once, I'd love to hear her say, "Um, actually, I don't really like that." Instead, in less than a minute, she's lying there in orgasmic bliss, and I'm just like, I've been having sex for weeks, and I still have blue balls.

The worst part, though, is that all the sex is really getting in the way of my day-to-day life. I haven't gotten a full night's sleep in weeks! There's always someone at my door, stopping by for a quickie, no matter how late it is. Just last night, I had six people visit me. I failed my Bio lab last week because when I showed up the whole lab period somehow dissolved into one big orgy. We never even made it to the cut-dissection part, and I was really looking forward to that!

I finally got up the courage to ask my best friend for help yesterday, but it didn't really work. I told him how jealous I was, how I'd never even kissed a woman before, and I begged him to tell me his secret for warding off attraction. He told me that I was being a jerk. I tried to convince him I was serious and even asked if I could join him the next time he went to recovery. My doctor/rabbi, Dr. Orpheus Rex, has told me I can cure my illness by drinking bong water every day.

Will still be attending Chainsmokers.

P.S. Seriously, this isn't a joke, my complete mastery of sex is ruining my life.

Autotuned by Mr. Burns '17

Letter to the Editors

I need to focus!

A COMIC
“The Cycle”

Hastily Scrawled by Ms. Alatalo '18

Ethics of publically printing a private letter ignored by Ms. LaSon '17

FRIDAY FIVE:
CREATIVE FISH FOOD

By Ms. Suder '18

1. Your roommate’s fish: Cannibalism is a human construct. Your goldfish doesn’t know the difference between land-animal flesh and sea-animal flesh. Cut another fish into tiny pieces and just throw it into the tank. When your roommate asks where the other fish went, reply with some form of “survival of the fittest.”

2. Nancy Thompson’s emails: We used to see more of these, but they have become an endangered species. Open an email on your laptop (go find it in your trash folder, unread) and dunk your laptop screen into the fishtank.

3. Used condoms: It’s fine if you don’t have any of your own (loser), but your roommate probably has a ton. Go rifle through the trash. Or the laundry pile. Or in your sheets. Don’t ask how they got there.

4. Hamilton Serves shirt: There are mountains of these shirts all around campus, filling closets, blocking doorways, and clogging drains. If you can figure out a way to get rid of these shirts, you’ll be doing the student body a favor.

5. Failed Calc II exam: Every student has at least one. Tear the pages dripping with red ink and frowny faces into small strips and float them in your fish’s tank. One page will provide enough sustenance to last two weeks.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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