

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIV, ISSUE II

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

SEPTEMBER 5, 2014

NOW PAYING WRITERS in smiles <3

FRESHMEN FIND LOVE WHILE BEING EMT'D

This is some *Grey's Anatomy* bullshit

By Mr. Hossain '18

IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S THE ANESTHESIA DEPT.

(ROUTE 12B NORTH) As the freshmen class adjusted to their newfound freedom, parties and the usual lonely masturbation ensued. Mikayla Harrison '18 fainted while out with her friends last week. What began as an arduous night ended up being one she'd never forget.

As Harrison was pulled into the ambulance, she slipped back into consciousness and spotted a boy beside her. Edison Bias '18 suffered from a concussion after running into a tree while naked the same night, believing there to be a mass streak.

“There was an immediate attraction,” EMT Joe Johnson explained with the slightest bit of interest. “The girl said, ‘Fuzzy mrtng ooo sneer.’ The boy just smiled and started urinating.” The two reportedly

bonded over their excruciating pain while being rushed to the hospital, where they formed a relationship after returning to healthy, hormonal stability.

“I'll never forget the gurney she was on and how it brought out the bright colors of her vomit,” Bias recalled. “Or the way she smelled like piss.”

The couple have attempted to relive their experience as often as their bodies allow. Frequently, they devise ways to end up being EMT'd together so that they can always remember the night they met. “It helps keep the passion alive,” Harrison exclaimed.

Students now come up with new ways to injure themselves in the hopes that an EMT will come to their aid. “Their love story has inspired us all,” hopeless romantic Brenda Nelson '16 said, while attempting a solo case race. Harrison and Bias are proud of their new trend.

“It makes sense, actually,” rom-com addict and math student Faith Halloway '18 added. “If everyone is being EMT'd, someone is bound to find someone.”

VINEYARD VINES EPIDEMIC RAVAGES CAMPUS

Becomes Hamilton's first Sexless TD

By Mr. Hartel '18

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION DEPT.

(THE LIGHT SIDE) Not to be outdone by Princeton's Hepatitis outbreak of 2013, Hamilton College has been hit with a very different affliction: Vineyard Vines. So far, 457 people, or “brooooo,” have been stricken by this gauche couture.

This fashion catastrophe emerged not too long ago, when a casual mention of your caviar and diamond encrusted family castle in the Hamptons didn't sufficiently prove that your parents could buy your friend's parents. In recent days, reports of the pastel pandemic have indicated that the contagion may in fact be getting worse.



“I am your God.”

After much contemplation, President Joan Hinde Stewart has placed Dunham under quarantine to prevent the spread of what she refers to as the “gingham gonorrhoea.” Unable to make contact with the outside world through the plastic bubble surrounding their dorm, “dudes” have begun burning their bucket hats for warmth at night.

“My parents didn't decide to be rich just so I can starve to death in some hovel without my au pair to breast feed me,” Dillinger Van Swarthmore Haverford XII '16 said when asked about the hardships of quarantine life.

The rest of campus breathed a sigh of relief when President Stewart extended the quarantine indefinitely and instituted a campus wide Kick Someone Who's Wearing Salmon Shorts Day to help eradicate the illness once and for all. According to report, this helps.

While the whale-embroidered menace may have ravaged the campus, Hamilton remains a survivor. For any further information or a fashion guru, contact Dean of Preppy Life Chubbie Pique, or call extension 368243 for an immediate airlift.

COLLEGE BREAKS GROUND ON REVOLUTIONARY ADMISSIONS COLISEUM

“Gladitorial pit will streamline application process,” Inzer declares

By Ms. Raezer '18

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE DEPT.

(SIUDA HOUSE) In a press release tucked inside one lucky prospective student's informational pamphlet, Hamilton College announced the newest multi-million dollar construction project for its campus: a gargantuan arena in which Early Decision applicants will battle to the death for admittance.

“After the wide variety of problems caused by the Common App and the uptick in interest, we figured we needed to retool the system,” Dean of Admissions Monica Inzer stated.

“The current application system is time-consuming, inefficient, and requires an average of ten sheets of paper per student. With our new stadium, we'll be able to cut the campus's carbon footprint in half. What better way to re-



“All this and I can't major in Communication?”

duce a person's emissions than by having another student bludgeon him to death?”

Other construction proposals presented to the school included a *Rocky*-style boxing arena and a *Hunger Games*-inspired weaponization of the Kirkland Glen. When asked why the Roman-style coliseum won out despite its significantly higher construction costs, President Joan Hinde-Stewart simply stated, “We could get the coliseum LEED-certified. That shit looks great on the pamphlets. Did you know this campus is an arboretum?”

Prospective students didn't seem as enthusiastic about the change to the system as the administration, however. “Who do you guys think you are, Harvard?” rising high school senior Bill Durst said. “My parents won't even let me drive on the highway. You really think they're going to trust my quick reflexes to save me in a melee? For a NES-CAC? No way.”

“We value applicants that are willing to take a risk and apply Early Decision,” Inzer said in reply to some of the concerns that had been voiced directly following their announcement. “They're already willing to risk sinking \$240,000 into an unmarketable liberal arts degree. Why not just take it the next step?”

The administration estimates that the à la carte concessions at the fights will raise yearly revenues upwards of \$5 million, all of which have been pre-allocated to “blood-stain removal.”

In this issue: New unpaid writers!

RA REPURPOSES UNUSED CONDOMS TO RECREATE UP






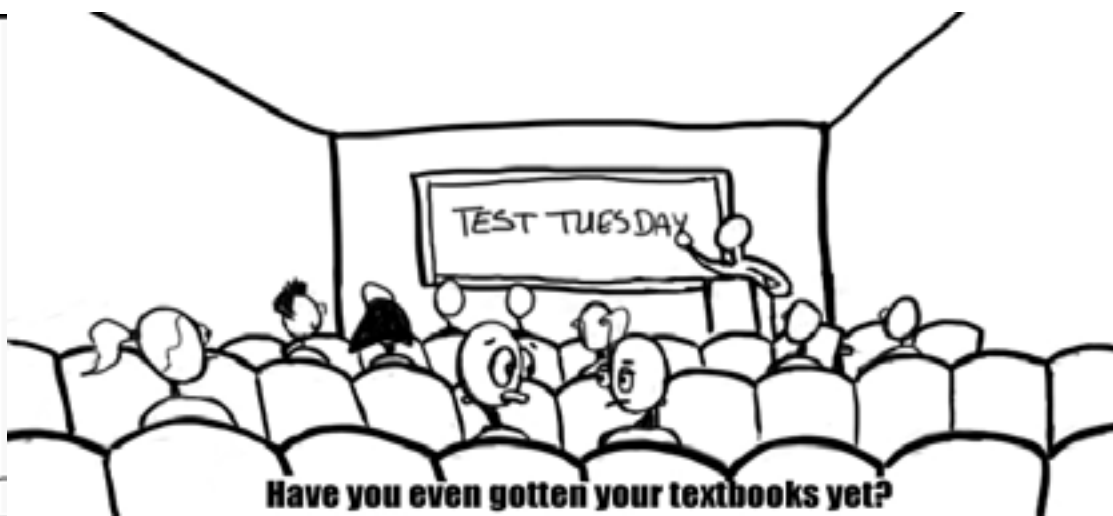
See “Good thing they weren't lubricated,” pg. G.

OUIJA BOARD OF THE OUIK



“Uh, I'm still alive...”
— Topher Grace

MUG INITIATIVE FORECAST	WEEK 1	WEEK 2	WEEK 3
	 <p>99% chance no fucking lids????</p>	 <p>High probability we'll still find a way to fuck it up.</p>	 <p>“Guys, what if we just stop hydrating?”</p>



LIFE TRAPPED IN THE FAST LANE: A STUDENT'S INTROSPECTIVE

When I was young, my parents instilled three things in me: always be five minutes early, always get good grades, and if you're five minutes early, you're five minutes late, and thus will not get good grades. Right now, I'm not getting good grades. In high school, my parents rules worked perfectly; arriving five (ten) minutes early was as easy as insulting Greek life on Yik Yak. However, as the muse, Smash Mouth, once said, "The years start coming and they don't stop coming." I then moved to the sunny pastures of Hamilton College, and the picturesque landscape hid a horrible truth. The vast topography which made this campus so beautiful also forced me to walk at a slightly faster than brisk pace Oh, how I lamented not being able to talk to friends while leisurely strolling from the Science Center to KJ! How jealous I felt of all the happy minds contentedly bobbing their ways to their next classes! For now not only did the first rule of life compel me, but the additional pressures of a prodigious tuition rested upon my shoulders. I cannot and shall not fail my parents.

Alas, there are even more troubling factors which assail my consciousness. Recently, concerned friends have brought up new and dangerous ideas such as biking, leaving the previous class on time, or even just telling the professor you have to walk from the other side of campus. I, however, will not, as such activities are for nerds, cowards, and sycophants. Unfortunately, I fear that I shall be trapped as Sisyphus was, eternally attempting to accomplish the same difficult, unyielding task.

So, I implore any human being that lays eyes upon this document: next time you see me gawkily marching at a fast cadence, please join me, so I can finally have brethren to walk with, packs a-bouncing, hips a-swinging, and arms a-flailing.

Jotted down by a panting Ben Wesley '16

Campus Map



Cartography by Ms. Bodzas '16

Typo or WHCL Fall Concert?

Up-and-coming electronica sensation, or did one of my seventeen cats saunter across the keyboard again? You decide, twatwaffles. Time to test your indie cred against Pickles the forty-pound feline.

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|
| 1. | μ-Ziq | OR | φφφφΔ |
| 2. | ZZZZ | OR | ZZZZZZ |
| 3. | Triumph of Lethargy
Skinned Alive to Death | OR | Can I Eat This Even
Though There's a Hair On It? |
| 4. | Bathinginthetearsoforphans | OR | Facedowninshit |
| 5. | fsβ∂çff*££¶†©†© | OR | Xinlisupreme |
| 6. | OvO | OR | 8====D |
| 7. | DDDnnnnnzlzlmpoop | OR | TEETH!!! |

Edited by Ms. Chappell '15

FRIDAY FIVE: THINGS THAT WORKED IN HIGH SCHOOL THAT WON'T WORK IN COLLEGE

By Ms. Suder '18

AP credits transfer. Popularity doesn't.

- Tardy excuses:** Claiming that your car broke down on the way to class won't cut it when you live on campus. You can, however, claim that the line for Euphoria was way longer than expected and that you just need your morning smoothie. No one can fault you for that. We all need our \$16 smoothies.
- Calling in sick:** The only consequences for missing a day of classes in high school was that you had to catch up on a few worksheets and a powerpoint. In college, missing a class means missing two guest speakers, a crucial lecture, and the explanation for five and a half projects (each of which are worth half your grade). Not to mention that with this tuition, each class costs your parents at least \$400. Think of how many potato chips you could buy with that.
- Walking into your 8 am class with a cup of Starbucks:** There is no Starbucks on campus. Where did you even get that? Stick to the non-"venti caramel frappuccino with extra whip" options in Commons and try to ignore the disappointing fact that the cups don't even have heat sleeves.
- Putting your car keys on a lanyard to make yourself look cool:** You know what I'm talking about. Nearly every junior and senior dude walking the halls of high school had a lanyard with a university logo on it hanging out of his back pocket, with the implication that his personal car keys were attached to the other end. It was a silent way to brag. But here, possession of a lanyard is an invitation to get publically shamed, so just stuff your car keys in your Banana Republic reversible scarf like the rest of us.
- Getting drunk off half a beer:** You're used to taking a few sips of Bud Lite and feeling buzzed enough to work up the courage to flirt at your friend's basement party. Unfortunately, your tolerance is way past that by now. Enjoy your hangover.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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