

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXVIII, ISSUE I "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

AUGUST 26, 2016

## DON'T FRET, FRESHMEN, WE FORGET NAMES TOO By the way, welcome, President Dave Whip Man

### UNENTHUSIASTIC JUNIOR HAD LUKEWARM SUMMER

"Eh, s'alright"

By Ms. Suder '18

ENTITLED EXPECTATIONS DEPT.

(HISTORIC EELS DINING ROOM) As people trickle back to campus, summer events are the main conversation topic. Most students had a memorable time. But some, like Loudoun County native James Richmond '18, were a little disappointed.

"The kitchen staff on my Caribbean cruise ran out of caviar only a few days in, which was a bummer," Richmond said. "They probably should have planned more effectively. But, whatever. I was looking forward to the six weeks I would spend at my family's New Hampshire lake house, but turns out the yacht was out for repairs for a few of those weeks, so the trip was hardly even worth it," he lamented while watching hired laborers arrange the newly purchased furniture in his private Eels suite.

"I mean, what else am I going to do on the

Atlantic coast in June? Swim on a private beach or drive one of my BMW convertibles around? Please, I can do those things at home."

Even though Richmond admits that he was able to relax at his parents' Virginia estate playing polo and croquet, a few of his many outings around the country just didn't go as well as he expected. "I took my dad's private jet to Lollapalooza in July, like I do every year," he continued. "It's always a well-attended festival, but this year, it was unbearably crowded. I could only get myself up to a few dozen yards away from the stages, which isn't close enough to get the full concert experience, to be honest. What's the point of buying VIP passes if you can't get close enough to put your hands on the musicians' faces?"

Richmond shook his head. "I was just hoping that this summer could be something really special for once," he sighed, looking at photographs of himself skydiving over Mt. Etna. "Considering how hard I worked during the semester, I feel like I deserved a better summer. But 2016 just didn't deliver. I'm disappointed. Even the chlamydia I contracted has been underwhelming."

keeping secrets of this magnitude," Dean Nancy Thompson said.

"Last week he told a tour full of prospective students, and their parents, that he hates the musical *Hamilton*."

Some members of the Arboretum staff have expressed mild disagreement. "The students must know! Tell everyone you know, shout it from the rooftops! This is the unjust pruning of the rumor mill!" Richard Evans, the rather excited gardener of the arboretum, said when he indeed shouted it from the sixth floor. He has not been seen since.

"Yes, our new cactus is 50 centimeters too short to technically qualify under the official Arboretum Style Specifications (A.S.S.), but it's really not that big a deal," gardener Oliver Branche admitted from behind one of the trees in the Science Center Atrium.

### ADMINISTRATION HOPES TO NIP ARBORETUM SCANDAL RUMORS IN THE BUD

Present article may be evidence of their failure

By Ms. Granoff '18

HORTICULTURAL INVESTIGATIONS DEPT.

(RUMOR MILL) With so many students returning to school, Administration tried desperately over the weekend to hush up the vicious rumors that have plagued the new arboretum on the sixth floor of the Science Center. The gardeners who tend the new facility continue to argue that the public must know what is happening. It is still unclear how the administration plans to keep such massive news from students and parents alike.

"I did not expect my first months on the job here to include a hush-up of this magnitude, but upon reflection I'm not sure how well we're doing," newly minted Hamilton College President David Whippman [*Editors' Note: Wippmann?*] said, giving an interview on the subject. Moments later he was shuffled out of the room by men in black suits and sunglasses.

"Yeah, David is still getting the hang of

FIRST WEEKEND AWAY FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Redecoration	Reunion	Regurgitation
			
	50% chance shelf won't support your roommate's ego.	High probability they remember your name.	"We shouldn't have celebrated the summer birthdays all at once."



"I will not be silenced."

### INITIAL FLOOR MEETING ENDS IN BRAVEHEART-STYLE REBELLION

RA totally unprepared for this

By Ms. Alatalo '18

RESIDENTIAL LIFE CRISIS DEPT.

(HOME AWAY FROM HOME) The inaugural floor meeting of North Hall's third floor devolved into an all-out, hormone-heavy rebellion late Wednesday afternoon, when resident Harold Strunk, Jr. '20—son of Harold Strunk '83, former president of DIK and current member of the College's board of trustees—shouted, "I've never faced a problem in my life but I'm sure as hell going to start one now!"

Three hours later, Campus Safety officers used a crane to retrieve RA Shelly Valentine '19 from the window of her barricaded single. At that time, the rebellion, described by eyewitnesses as a "writhing mass of beer cans and dismantled door decks," reportedly had spread to the second and third floors, the first floor triples, and that one creepy study room in the basement that has no windows.

"I've never seen anything like it," Valentine said when asked for comment. "I lived in Wertimer last year, and the worst thing that happened was when Tony Shapiro walked across the Twister board with his outside shoes on, and all the RA did was take away his whipped cream privileges on Sunday Sundae and Sundance Night."

"And RA training didn't help at all. It was all about how to put GIFs in emails and the proper angle to hang mandatory signage, nothing about facepaint and secret code words and getting locked in a bathroom stall with someone's illegally smuggled pet iguana."

Lindon Hayles '17 and May Franklin '18, the RAs on call Wednesday night, have not been seen since entering North. However, the on call clipboard, graffitied with grotesque doodles of genitalia and what appeared to be elaborate rules to a drinking game known only as "TRASH" was lobbed from the third story window sometime during the early morning hours Thursday.

"Just wait till classes start and they have somewhere to point all that bottomless rage," Assistant Dean of Students Travis Hill said. Hill conceded that freshmen-only housing regulations provide opportunities for copycat revolutions in the other dorms, calling them "veritable powder kegs of unchecked anxiety, illicit substances, and actual powder kegs."

The rebellion, and an investigation into the whereabouts of the RAs, is ongoing—though Scotland will be free again.

### In this issue: Inappropriately timed fornication

YOU ACTUALLY LIKE THIS SHIT?  
Be a part of producing it!



Sundays  
7 p.m.  
KJ 101  
(we promise you'll make friends)

VOICEMAILS FROM MOM  
You might want to call her back.



"Hey sweetie, I found the weed you hid in your bedroom... And then I found the Double Stuf Oreos."

## LEAKED DUEL OBSERVER E-MAILS

These messages were leaked by WikiLeaks, or whatever...

**Subject: A message from your Editor-in-Chief to the Staff of the Duel Observer**

Hey motherfuckers,

That's right I'm back from abroad. And you all thought I was dead. I thought I was dead too at times, like when I was cursed by an old witch in an opium den in Budapest. Apparently, that curse was syphilis. But joke's on her, syphilis has only made me STRONGER. I basically give zero fucks now. My life is like a never-ending episode of *Jackass*. Example: I just opened up a can of PBR in my ass and rocketed down Martin's Way. I fucked the Alex costume in its air hole, then bit off its head like I was a fucking praying mantis. I just told a freshman who ordered the last Opus muffin to fuck off. I'm fucking unhinged, man. I would try bath salts if I knew anyone who sold bath salts.

Which brings me to the *Duel Observer*, the only publication that I eat without getting diarrhea because the color blue is high in fiber. This year, we're not going to apologize for ANYTHING. If we make a declaration of nuclear war against the *Topical*, we're not going to apologize. If we want to do a piece on how all the artifacts in the Wellin Museum of Art are really ancient dildos, we're not going to apologize. If we want to call Lin Manuel-Miranda out for never coming to perform at Hamilton...well, I would never do that because I love him. But fuck the Media Board and their repression. First Amendment!

So that brings me an idea for our first issue: a front page spread of Alexander Hamilton's ghost full on fucking a horse, and on the back page Alexander Hamilton's ghost getting fucked by a horse. That's how we'll show "the man!" Yeah! Take that, mom and dad!

Love and Fuck Everything,

Your Editor-in-Chief

P.S. Also, be advised everyone in meetings will now be required to wear Guy Fawkes masks.

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**Subject: We fucked up / Possible Retraction**

So I just had a talk with the Media Board and...apparently, it was a bad idea to even suggest the idea of that article. It looks like we might have to apologize. I don't blame them—it's pretty fucked up. Also, I'm going to have to resign and Fain is going to be taking over because apparently he has "standards" and "morals" and "didn't drill the college mascot during a football game." Sorry, guys. It's been a good run.

Humbly,

Your Ex-Editor-in-Chief

Wiki-leaked by Mr. Burns '17

## HOW TO BREAK UP WITH YOUR AA FRIENDS

*Alas, it's now a few days into the semester and you're a freshman fresh off your AA trip. By now, you've realized you cannot stand the other losers you were forced to spend three days with in tents sharing only stale bagels and moldy goat cheese. Since you've been back all they want to do is eat every single meal together at Commons, walk to class with you, and pregame in your dorm even though you can't stand them. Well, have no fear. Here are some ideas on how to break up with your AA friends respectfully.*

- When they ask if you want to go to a party with them later, feign narcolepsy.
- When they try to engage in conversation with you, never look them directly in the eyes. Instead, look slightly above their heads at all times.
- If they spot you from a distance and begin approaching, simply sprint in the other direction.
- Pretend you have absolutely no idea who they are and reintroduce yourself. Sit with another entire AA trip for every meal.
- Immediately after being added to the GroupMe, leave it.
- Admit to your AA friends that you wish you had gotten placed into another AA group, any other one. When they seem upset, burst out laughing and say it was a joke.
- Ask if you can sleep over in their dorm every single night. When they say no, cry.
- Lock them in the Glen House and only let them out if they promise to never even look in your direction again.
- Transfer schools.



Found crumpled up in Indie Jillings' food dish by Ms. Dickmeyer '19

## FRIDAY FIVE: BEST FOODS TO FUCK AT COMMONS

By Mr. Letai '19

*We've all been there. You're sitting in Commons, and maybe it's been longer than you'd like since you've had some intimate companionship. The obvious solution is to get frisky with some foodstuffs. But which ones? We've got you covered. To help you get the most out of seriously violating FDA recommendations, here are the best foods at Commons to fuck.*

5. **Donuts:** There are holes in donuts for a reason, and it's not just to make holding them easier. These pastries are tailor made to be the perfect place to jam your sausage at the end of a long day, or for a quick morning pick-me-up. With a little ingenuity, any donut can be cream filled. Just make sure you or a friend lick the icing off when you're done—it tends to attract ants!
4. **Bell peppers:** I'm sure many of you have wondered they have whole bell peppers in Commons. Are people supposed to eat them? Nope. They're supposed to fornicate with them. The pepper is a very versatile food—you can slide it inside you, or cut a hole and slip yourself inside of it! It's the ultimate way to add some spice to your love life. Downside: It burns. A lot.
3. **Baguettes:** You've heard of french kissing? Well get ready for french bread fucking. Stick one of these bad boys in an orifice of your choice, and before you know it your libido will be walking along the Seine at sunset. If your parents want you to be more cultured, there's no better way than shoving a taste of Europe up your crotch. A whole loaf is too much for you? Cut it in half for double the fun—it's the best thing since and including sliced bread! It's the perfect mix of *pain* and pleasure. To really make the most of the experience, film it and send the video to your French professor for extra credit.
2. **Waffles:** Now, I know what you're thinking. But the trick is to make love to your waffle *after* you take it off the waffle iron. Less third degree burns that way. The best part about doing the horizontal tango with a waffle at Commons is all the fixings. There's no better breakfast lube than butter and whipped cream, and syrup makes it extra sweet. Downside: If any of your friends are Belgian, they might take offense.
1. **Ice Cream:** Nothing is hotter than being cool. That's why ice cream is the best food in Commons to fuck. Like waffles, there is an incredible variety of toppings, as well as flavors. You can dip your dick in chocolate, strawberry, or mint chocolate chip. Give your thrusting an extra flair with chocolate sauce and sprinkles! By the time you're done sexing up that sherbert, your dong will be ready to star in *The Nutcracker*. Just remember, it's not for the lactose intolerant! If you have issues with dairy, well, you'll just have to have sex with a human being. Like a chump.

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