

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXIX, ISSUE XI "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

APRIL 21, 2017

You win the Housing Lottery if you still have all your friends afterward

COLLEGE ANNOUNCES REJECTED STUDENTS DAY

Hundreds of disappointed high schoolers flock to the Hill

by Ms. Dickmeyer '19

REMIX TO ADMISSIONS DEPT.

(BEHIND A SULKING TOUR GROUP) After a successful Accepted Students Day this past Monday, Admissions is planning to host the inaugural Rejected Students Day. Next Tuesday, high school seniors whose applications Hamilton rejected will be arriving on campus to see exactly what they will be missing out on.

"The occasion is similar to Accepted Student's Day, except families look glum and uncomfortable instead of excited," Admissions officer Bruce Bryce said. When asked how Admissions could possibly host an entire day dedicated to making students and their families feel bad about getting rejected, Bryce said, "Rejecting a student is a hard and painful decision to make. But their disappointment just goes to show how wonderful Hamilton is! If they weren't upset, that would mean Hamilton isn't living up to its

FRATERNITIES COMBINE INTO COLOSSAL, WRITHING MEGA-FRAT

Hellish monstrosity "only slightly more terrifying" than un-fused heterosexuals

By Ms. Barry '19

NO HOMO DEPT.

(RAMPAGING ACROSS CAMPUS) This Wednesday, in a historic occasion for Hamilton social life, the fraternities of Hamilton College met and decided that, owing to their common goals (booze) and values (also booze), they should merge into one fraternity. Following the decision, they climbed into a Voltron-like formation, before emitting a faint "splorch" noise and fusing their bodies into one.

The resulting mega-frat is a towering thirty-six feet tall, and is roughly spherical, with the limbs of individual fraternity members protruding from its sides. The doughy formation speaks with the voices of every frat boy in unison, and is currently roaming the campus in search of hook-ups and Keystone Light.

Dan Jones '17 complained, "I parked my bike outside of Sadove and I think the frat monster absorbed it. The thing moves around by this weird

reputation."

Tours of campus will take place throughout the day with the goal of showing hoards of upset high schoolers what they will never get to experience. After each stop, the typical Hamilton anecdotes will be followed by "...oh, wait, I keep forgetting you won't be here next year," and an awkward grimace. The rejected students get a special detour to the Glen House to listen to Andrew Jillings talk about how much fun the pre-orientation trips would have been. Students are encouraged to ask questions and take pictures of themselves with campus landmarks because they will not have the chance to do so in the future.

Other festivities include a Student Activities Fair, twenty minute counseling sessions, and a donation booth. President Manwhip and Monica Inzer will give Commiserating Remarks in Wellin, after which Opus will offer discounted cookies to fill the empty void in the rejected students' hearts. The last scheduled event has students and their parents drive down the hill away from Hamilton while all current students, staff, and faculty wave them goodbye, shouting, "Thanks for trying!"

combination of rolling and dragging itself with its many arms, and my bike was just lost under its fleshy mass. I don't think it's crushed any students so far, though, so that's good."

Keisha Warren '19, who witnessed the initial formation of the mega-frat, said that "it all happened so fast. One moment they were just a bunch of frat guys blocking Martin's Way, then a bunch of them shook hands and they all started climbing onto each other's shoulders. It seemed like they all squeezed together like a bunch of rocks forming a planet, and then they, like, fused. It was scary. So many expensive wristwatches and salmon khakis, I didn't know where to look."

Julia Hastings '20 commented, "I was in Sadove when it happened. I heard screaming and looked outside, and I saw this thing rolling around like a giant wad of chewed bubblegum made of people. I had to walk past it to get to Commons and it asked me for my number."

When questioned, the mega-frat stated, in the echoing voice of hundreds, "*We are happy with our new state of being. We have become multitude. We only miss being able to fit into buildings.*"

The biology department has expressed interest in studying the mega-frat as a potential new life form.

DAVID WUPPMAN READS TOO MUCH INTO ANTIGONICK

Thinks it's all about him

By Mr. Letai '19

SHOWS THAT AREN'T HAMILTON DEPT.

(THE F. EUGENE WIPPMANO THEATRE) After last weekend's opening of *Antigonick*, President Wuppman was reportedly distressed by the show, particularly what he called its "disgustingly inaccurate portrayal of me."

"They didn't even get the hair right," Wuppman complained. "What, with all the funding we give them, they couldn't buy a bald cap?" In protest, Wuppman locked himself in his office and has refused to come out, even after Jeff McArn warned him that his behavior was alarming to the campus community.


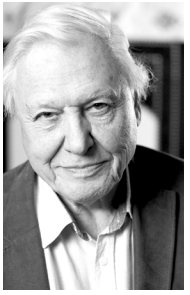

"I told him he couldn't stay cooped up like this," McArn said. "But he just called me an entrepreneur and told me to stop prophesizing."

Wuppman has resorted to expressing his frustration by passing new school rules, announced in a press release entitled "I'll Show You All." One of these rules is a reworking of the points system. Effective immediately, students who reach ten points will be buried in a crypt beneath Bundy Dining Hall. When asked if he thought this was too harsh a punishment, Wuppman said he thought it would be fine, "as long as we make sure nobody sneaks any rope in there. Or a sword."

Other new disciplinary measures include erecting a pillory on top of the map for students who lose their room keys and a weekly ceremony in which the student with the lowest GPA is fired out of the cannon in front of Admissions. Wuppman also reportedly has plans to construct a massive gated wall around Hamilton's campus for "keeping out Argive armies and Colgate students."

"Fine!" Wuppman was heard shouting at the sky from atop Buttrick, surrounded by the flames of smoke and ruin. "If they think I'm a monster, that's what I'll become! Also, I don't even get what the hats have to do with me."

In this issue: *shrugs*, everything is alright I guess

DARK SIDE OF PLANET EARTH FORECAST	9 P.M.	10 P.M.	10:30 P.M.
			
	Low probability you are high enough for this	40% chance of Satanic messages in Attenborough's dialogue	High probability you try to be quiet so you don't scare the animals.

WANTED: Someone who can teach me how to hit the Diner Jukebox so that it'll turn on like the Fonz



This matter is URGENT
See "Dr. Saperstein?" pg. sharkjump

Hamilton Alum of the Week:
Duelly, The *Duel* Mascot, Class of '17



MAJOR:
MARKETING
SENIOR QUOTE:
"I'M VERY FLAMMABLE."
FUN FACT: THERE IS A LITTLE MAN INSIDE HIM.

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: Diner B Is Creating Gremlins

Anyone who's been to the Diner during the day knows that it is a civilized place where one can enjoy a classic American-style meal. Sure, sometimes the jukebox gets too loud or it's a little busy, but it's generally a wholesome place. But, after midnight, the place becomes a horror show. That's why I believe the people that go to Diner B aren't just loud idiots—they're actual monsters. That's right, they're Gremlins.

I can't tell you why it happens. There must be some crazy chemical in their bodies that gets triggered by mediocre breakfast food and causes them to lose all of their inhibitions. They dress in almost no clothes, they are constantly touching and groping each other, and they can hardly walk in a straight line. They just can't be human. The havoc they wreak is straight out of an 80s horror comedy, and despite all of this, the staff don't even seem to care. They keep dishing out eggs and bacon.

I once saw one of the Gremlins take a swig of Diet Coke and then spit it on the floor. Who does that? Now if it was Pepsi, then I would understand. Then I saw these other monsters pretending to shoot skeet by hurling plates in the air and throwing eggs at them. It was chaos. Ironically, the only time the Gremlins actually eat their food respectfully is when they have bacon messes.

I think this madness has gone on for long enough. I have a plan that will end the reign of these monsters once and for all. The Gremlins' only weakness is bright light, so I've rigged up a system to trap the gremlins in the Diner. I'll play "Before He Cheats" by Carrie Underwood on the jukebox, and while they're all distracted by singing along, I'll bring down the gate and lock all the doors. Once I have them contained then I'll just wait until sunrise, then boom, toasted Gremlins. You're welcome, everybody. Now we can eat our munchies in peace.

Found scribbled on a napkin by Mr. Boudreau '20

A REAL-TIME, FIRST-PERSON 420 ADVENTURE By **Kassandra Kush '18**

- 6:07 am** - I usually don't care enough to wake up this early in the morning, but today is no ordinary day. In honor of the High Holiday, my friends and I are going to sit on the roof of Milbank, watch the sunrise, and pass around the peace pipe in the sweet, skunky spring air.
- 6:46 am** - This is incredible. I haven't seen the sunrise in years. I mean, I still can't see it because it's cloudy af, but I like knowing it's there.
- 6:47 am** - Steve agrees.
- 8:19 am** - Wait, I still have a 9 AM class to get to. Being stoned is no excuse for skipping today. Mostly because I've already skipped that class to smoke too many times, and the professor is starting to notice. I'll show up and just sit in the back. Hopefully that's far enough away that no one smells all the Axe I'll use to cover up the fact that my baja pullover reeks of weed.
- 8:41 am** - You know what? I should put on Sublime while I walk to class. In my noise-cancelling headphones, too. Niiiiiiiiice.
- 8:52 am** - Shit, my eyes are super red. Better just grab sunglasses and hope that no one asks why I'm wearing shades indoors.
- 9:15 am** - Okay, I'm not sure what's going on, but I can't hear the professor for some reason. Am I sitting too far away? Did I suddenly go deaf sometime during the 16 minutes it took me to get to KJ from Milbank? What's happening to me? Why is Bradley Nowell's throaty voice echoing in my head?
- 9:16 am** - I still had my headphones on.
- 9:18 am** - I tried to take my headphones off and knocked off my shades. And all the notebooks on my desk. Shit. Everything's on the floor now. That was loud. Everyone is looking at me.
- 9:19 am** - *They know.*
- 
- 3:15 pm** - Thank god classes are over. That was a nightmare. Now that I've sobered up a bit, it's time to go to the Glen and find a perfect spot to smoke my 3-foot-long dragon-themed bong and get riiiiiiiiiiiiipped.
- 3:19 pm** - Hey, I've never noticed this path before. Let's go this way. I love exploring.
- 3:34 pm** - I don't think I've ever been to this part of the Glen. Oh well, this is a good place to sit down and light up.
- 3:38 pm** - This carpet moss is dope, though. The way it, like, carpets everything. Damn.
- 3:49 pm** - I've never noticed the way that the leaves rustle as if they're waving at each other. Or applauding in a vast audience. The entire forest is an audience, and the sun is a dancer on the sky's stage. Shit, I should be a poet.
- 3:55 pm** - Wait, do I even know where I am? I don't recognize any of these trees or paths. How do I get back to campus? Oh no. This is bad.
- 3:59 pm** - I'm never gonna make it back. The police will never find me. I'm too far gone. And I don't even have cell phone service. I'm gonna starve to death in the woods and wolves are going to eat my corpse.
- 4:06 pm** - I can't believe this is happening. All I wanted was to get baked in peace, and now I'm lost in the woods forever until I die.
- 4:19 pm** - shit shit shit shit shit I don't wanna die shit shit shit
- 4:20 pm** - ayyyyyyyyyyyyyy blaze it
- 4:21 pm** - shit shit shit shit
- 4:33 pm** - Am I dead? I think I'm dead. Tell my mother I love her.
- 5:48 pm** - I think I made eye contact with that squirrel.
- 5:49 pm** - The squirrel just offered me a joint.

Interpreted from smoke signals by Ms. Suder '18

FRIDAY FIVE: DARTY DON'TS

By Mx. Collins '19

The calls of "Sun's out, Guns out" announce that darty season is officially here. For any of the innocent freshmen or transfers who still don't know what this means, it's when upperclassmen get trashed at 3 P.M. Due to the large amount of party fouls at recent darties, here is a comprehensive list of things not to do at the next outdoor boozefest you attend.

- Lawn Beering.** Due to the popularity of its distant cousins, beer pong and lawn bowling, this new drinking sport was bound to happen. But it may, in fact, be one of the most wasteful practices. Much like in beer pong, one attempts to throw a ball into a cup full of beer to make the other team drink that beer. Except this is with a much larger ball. *You're literally just knocking over all the Keystones, Greg.*
- Vaping.** They may say it's better for you than cigarettes, but honestly it isn't. I mean, have you seen pictures of popcorn lung on WebMD? They look like literal buttered snacks. Yeah you might think you look cool with your box mod and your "strawberry serendipity" juice but "ripping phat clouds" just makes you look like a douche, kiddo. Nobody wants to see the competition-level vaping techniques you learned from youtube videos.
- Narcing.** Mate, this party is for everyone. Including you, Jimmy. Don't throw us under the bus by calling the state troopers about the meth lab at G Road. Relax. *Greg, what did I fucking tell you about throwing bocce balls at people's beers?*
- Getting A Full Tan.** It's nice to be able to have a nice even tan all over your body. But not all over your body. We don't need to see your sunburnt dong hanging around looking like an undercooked hot dog. Nudist colonies exist for a reason, bro.
- Inciting Nuclear War With North Korea.** You know who you are. Stop it right now.

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