

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXII, ISSUE III "Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

SEPTEMBER 7, 2018

SOPHOMORE PLEDGE CONCERNED HE LIKES TASTE OF PLEDGEMASTER'S ASS

SEVEN ELS PLEDGES RUSHED TO HOSPITAL AFTER SEVERE SUGAR CRASH

One sent for intense tummy ache

By Mr. Kelly '21

RAGER DEPT.

(SADOVE SUN PORCH) Disaster struck at the latest meeting of the Emerson Literary Society when what was supposed to be a night of board games, group hugs, and fun ended with eight people in the hospital.

According to witnesses, ELS president Sarah Williams '20 finished laying out the snacks at approximately 7:12 PM. Alex Jackson '22, stated, "My mom never let me eat candy, so when I saw this, I knew these guys were serious." People dug right into the sugar-loaded treats, and soon the energy was off the charts. It was an enjoyable but —most importantly—safe environment. But by 9:36 PM, the first pledge fell.

The pledge's friend, Emily Goddard

'22, remembered the night: "I saw him and he looked so pale. He couldn't even walk straight. His mouth was frothing with sugary, lime green foam. We asked him how much he had, but he just shook his head and collapsed. It was so scary."

By the time EMTs arrived around 10:06 PM, the scene was grim. Scattered amongst Uno cards and Connect Four game pieces, seven other members had collapsed in pools of their own candy-flecked vomit. The EMTs found someone in the corner who they thought to be one of the overdosed members, but the student was just asleep, as it was past their bedtime. One EMT reported, "Yeah, we see this all the time, but it's never this severe. These poor bastards never knew what hit 'em. At least they know their limits for next time."

One pledge, Peter Anderson '22, stated, "I know 'chocolate then gummy hurts the tummy,'" but in the moment, it was glorious. I can't wait for the next meeting."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STATUE ACCUSED OF CRIME SPREE

Statue has yet to comment

By Ms. Tzamouranis '22

TIN FOIL HAT DEPT.

(CORNER OF SOUTH COMMON ROOM) Anthony Brosnan '22, Freshman and South Hall resident, has gone public with his allegations against the Alexander Hamilton statue, accusing him of setting a boa constrictor loose with intent to kill, running a black-market fetus sales operation out of the Taylor Science Center, and various counts of public urination around his own pedestal.

"In the two weeks that I've been here, I've really tuned in to the campus rumor mill," Brosnan said, "and I've gotta say, I've suspected the statue all along... there's something about his self-important demeanor and cunning expression, the way the cloth of his waistcoat and breeches seems to have shifted slightly every time I examine him... He's at the bottom of these campus mysteries."

"It's pretty weird, man," said Mark Stock-

man '22, Brosnan's roommate. "I mean, I guess he's an OK roommate, but he spends a lot of his time watching the KJ webcam video feed on his desktop, and I sometimes run into him sitting in that stone chair outside of North, you know, the one between the cannons, and just staring into the distance... it's some scary shit."

When approached and notified that the Bundy boa was actually a pet, Brosnan reportedly backed away, into the shadows, muttering "that's what they want you to think."

The accused has said nothing in response, presumably because he is an inanimate object, incapable of defending himself.

The Mock Trial team, however, has volunteered several first-year members for the defense, citing Hamilton's Sixth Amendment right to an attorney.

Brosnan has promised to keep the public posted and urges Hamilton students to keep their minds open and examine their surroundings with a critical third eye.

CONFUSED ADMINISTRATION BUSES IN PREGNANT WOMEN FOR LABOR DAY

Afterbirth literally everywhere

By Mr. Paull '20

OBSTETRICS DEPT.

(THE CERVIX) In a rare moment of culpability, the administration admitted that it made a mistake when it bussed in pregnant women from the greater Utica area on Monday. These women, all in their late third trimester, were reportedly brought in to teach students the true meaning of Labor Day.

"I was really confused when I learned we had class," Phillip Draymond '22 said. "I had set the whole day aside to play Bop It and masturbate, but then I heard that I had to go to my 9 AM. When I got there, I was even more surprised to find a pregnant woman having minute-long contractions three minutes apart at the desk I usually sit at."

Students across campus were shocked to find their residence halls, classrooms, and dining halls filled with women all going through the intense pains of labor. The swim team was reportedly furious that Bristol Pool had been repurposed to facilitate water births.

While all the deliveries went off without a hitch, the day was not without its injuries. One student sustained a concussion after one of the mothers threw heavy medical equipment at him.

"It was crazy," Keith Toboggan '20 reflected from a hospital bed. "She kept yelling, 'Where's my epidural? Where is my fucking epidural?' I didn't know what an epidural was, but I wanted to help, so I offered to read some of my nautical-themed poetry for her, at which point she hucked some heavy shit at my head."

Furious at the broken water all over their floors, the nervous fathers pacing back and forth through suite kitchens, and the cries of the newborns as they were admitted into this cruel joke of a world, students demanded a response from the administration.

"Listen, I'm sorry. I goofed," President Wippman said in his official statement. "I'll be honest, I had no idea what Labor Day was. I got confused because I thought nine months ago was National Insemination Day, and so logically Labor Day was in reference to the miracle of childbirth. But really, what was so wrong? The creation of new life is a beautiful thing to watch, and I hear the Co-Op made a delicious placenta ratatouille too!"

In this issue: This service is free.

FACULTY MUSIC CONCERT



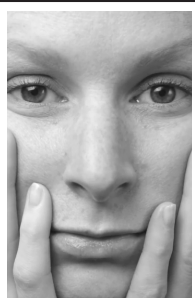
Not as exciting since Professor
Cardi B dropped out
See "Belcalis Almanzwho?" pg. 6

BOOKSTORE DEAL

Redeem
destroyed Nike
products for
FREE annotated
copy of the 1st
Amendment!

90-MILE CANOE RACE FORECAST

DAY 1



30% chance you and your partner have enough to talk about

DAY 2



High probability old couple on romantic boat ride finishes before you

DAY 3



"I thought you said NINETEEN!"

HOW “DANNY PHANTOM MADE ME GAY” MADE ME GAY

Look, I was as straight as they come. I eat red meat every day of the week and take terrible care of my skin. I look at pictures of guns when I'm bored in class and am no longer allowed in Bed, Bath and Beyond. I am secure in my masculinity, and that's that, no matter what dad says.

But something happened a few days ago. Something strange. There was this presentation in KJ about how the animated TV Show *Danny Phantom* turned a student into a homosexual. I was curious, as I had watched *Danny Phantom* growing up and had still managed to grow into a strong, virile, sperm-filled adult with no gay inclinations whatsoever. I was, like any young straight man, attracted to female figures: the sexy fox from the animated version of *Robin Hood*. The sexy fish girl from *The Little Mermaid*. The sexy tea-kettle mommy from *Beauty and the Beast*. Ann Coulter. How could this show have such an effect on someone? I had to find out, and what I witnessed changed my life forever.

As I walked into the Red Pit, I knew right away that something was up. The projector displayed a huge picture of the man himself, Daniel Phantom. I don't remember much after that. As the presenter started talking, I became enraptured. His words flowed like honey wine, rolling off his tongue and echoing in my ears. I began to softly weep as he articulated just how the great Mr. Phantom's television program had changed his life. I was struck by how eloquently and passionately he spoke. Then it happened. The switch was flipped. I was gay.

I began to think about my old crushes that I had seen on screen, and I was completely flaccid. My thoughts started drifting towards that other, decidedly more masculine sexy fox in *Robin Hood*. Aladdin's big, billowy pants and lack of nipples. That candelabra and the clock making sweet, perfectly-timed love. Rick Santorum (I know, I'm baddddd). I sprinted out of the room as the presenter finished, racing back to my room. I threw open my laptop, opened Firefox (the straightest browser, no longer interesting to me), and began streaming *Danny Phantom*. As the credits rolled, a single tear dripped down my bare chest and onto my Batman underwear. It was magic. I was born again, like when Noah emerged from the ark to see the glory of the cleansing before him. I had become gay, uninterested in girls. I will be back someday. For now, I retreat into the silence, to explore the recesses of the internet in my more evolved form.

Written down between crying and masturbating by Mr. Case '21

CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE WEEK: Man Hockey = Vampires

This has gone on long enough! I can't be the only person that's noticed it. Men's Hockey is a coven of vampires. And it's not just because they're running a blood drive. I mean come on—*Blood Fitness Center*. Are you blind? They're not even trying to hide it anymore. Thought you saw Robert Pattinson walking through campus with a reusable Tim Hortons mug and wearing a Continentals Hockey shirt? You probably weren't wrong.

Here's irrefutable proof:

1. They're all too pale and no human has cheekbones like that.
2. The coldness of the ice rink mimics cryopreservation so they don't need to keep their undead bodies in a coffin all day.
3. One of them looks exactly like the guy in *Nosferatu*. I didn't quite see it at first, but after a 48-hour stakeout outside Carn, I noticed that they are both very tall and are bald/have a receding hairline.
4. They're old as shit. Obviously if you're 400+ years old you aren't gonna try to pass yourself off as nineteen, so they “did a year in juniors” and suddenly you have a freshman who says he's twenty-five.
5. One smiled at me once and I swear his teeth were more pointed than the average Joe's.
6. They flinched when I threw garlic knots at them, which is clearly because garlic is dangerous to vampires and they are vampires.
7. Club hockey members are under thrall. How else do you explain their dizziness and confusion? Concussions are just a cover story.
8. They claim they're from Canada, but we all really know those accents are Transylvanian. (The maple leaf is the symbol of Canada. The maple tree is native to Asia which is next to Europe where the historical region of Transylvania is located—WAKE UP, HAMILTON!!)
9. We literally have a GRAVEYARD on CAMPUS. I would be surprised if we didn't have some spooky shit going on.
10. I've never seen a hockey player inside the Chapel. I know it's a non-denominational space with no Christian iconography, but I bet they're playing it safe so they don't run into a random crucifix.
11. Half of the RAs are on the team, enabling them to enter any building they want without being invited inside.
12. The old man who walks the dogs says that the dogs hate hockey players, and he would know because he's a werewolf (more evidence to come).
13. That one kid who is always in the library super late? Probably on Men's Hockey. Definitely a vampire.
14. One gave my suitemate a huge hickey. Coincidence? I think the fuck not.
15. This one time I saw a group of them chase down and tackle a deer in the glen before tearing open its throat and guzzling its lifeblood. YOU COULD BE NEXT!!!

Conclusion: time to send a silver skate-blade through those perfectly formed pectorals.

Found scrawled on the back of a sheet of “I donated blood!” stickers by Ms. Cavallino '21

Friday Five: Cheap Jokes We Won't Make Anymore

By Mr. Boudreau '20

Long-time readers of The Duel Observer may be aware of the many jokes that serve as crutches for our writing staff. In an attempt to keep things fresh and challenging, we have compiled a list of obvious jokes that have become overplayed and cliché, which we vow to not make anymore.

5. Greek Life. Sororities and fraternities are very easy targets for satire. In recognition of the fact that it's not sorority girls' faults that they have to make up for their lack of personality by joining together in a homogenous blend of chardonnay-drinking basicness, nor is it frat boys' faults that their boys' club is just a thinly-veiled excuse for acting out their homoerotic fantasies, we hereby promise not to make jokes at their expense. We also promise not to make jokes about ELS, although they haven't been relevant enough to warrant mockery for years. Secret frats are still fair game.

4. David Wippman Is a Sex God. President Wippman's sexual prowess might be the defining feature of the zeitgeist here at Hamilton. Everyone knows Daddy Wipp can lick a vag like a rock star and that his dick is nine inches long. This is such a frequent topic of discussion at meals and subject of academic discourse that we feel it would be fruitless to try to mine this concept any further.

3. Campus Safety. As a satire publication, *The Duel Observer* always strives to punch up. However, since most of us are just privileged assholes, the only injustice we ever face is campo trying to stop us from getting drunk and high all the time. As a result, we often end up just complaining about campus safety or making them subjects of erotica. Fortunately, we've reached an agreement with campo wherein we won't make fun of them this semester, and in return, they'll give us all the drugs they confiscate.

2. Crow Boy. A staple of satire is reporting on people and events that aren't real. One such fabrication is the famed Crow Boy, the student who was reported to have been born and raised in the crow aviary. It is with great remorse that we officially announce that Crow Boy does not actually exist. As such, we vow not to make any more jokes about fictional characters.

1. Justin. RIP

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