

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

ANDY LETAI GOLDEN ISSUE

*"The Most Eligible Bachelor"*

REST IN PEACE

## CONGRATULATIONS, ANDREW!

We're glad you never joined Model UN.

### BOY RAISED BY CROWS DISCOVERED IN AVIARY

Rumors swirl of squirrel boy in Root basement

By Mr. Letai '19

EMPTY NEST DEPT.

(IN THE RAFTERS) A recent expedition into the Crow Aviary behind the SCCT uncovered the existence of a young boy who has been living amongst the birds. The child was discovered when researchers noticed that someone had been opening the bags of birdseed during the night. Originally theorizing that the crows were developing opposable thumbs, the researchers instead discovered a young boy sleeping in a nest of twigs, wearing a loincloth made out of old copies of *The Topical*.

"We believe he's been raised by the crows more or less since birth," Ornithology Professor Jackie Dawson said. "When we built the aviary last year, the crows must have brought him with them." The boy was even equipped with a satellite tag identifying him as specimen #43, which he wore as a stylish earring.

"I wish I could say I was surprised by the oversight," Dawson said. "But ever since I started taking on Literature majors as interns, I've stopped expecting my researchers to be able to differentiate between species."

In an attempt to socialize the boy, who learned

English from the labels on bags of birdseed and discarded beer bottles, the researchers have enrolled him as a student at Hamilton. This move has led to mixed reactions from the student community.

"Honestly, I love having him around," Crow Boy's new roommate, Ray Ventnor '19, said. "He's great at snapping up all the popcorn I drop on the floor. He always starts singing really early in the morning, though. And I do have to keep him from trying to fly out the window."

Others, such as Macy Buteo '18, are less enthusiastic. "He keeps trying to get everyone in the hall to sleep in the common room. Something about 'roosting,'" Buteo complained. "Plus, some of my jewelry has gone missing lately, and I know crows like shiny objects."

When asked for cawment, Crow Boy was unresponsive, possibly due to the bracelet dangling from his mouth.

Most recently, Crow Boy was observed at the Study Abroad Office, filing an application requesting funding to "go south for the winter semester."

Despite setbacks, researchers are confident he will adjust to college life. "It seems like only yesterday we were teaching him that humans aren't as aerodynamic as he thought," Dawson said. "But I guess you just have to let kids stretch their wings sometimes."

"At least I'll have a job," Angie Marr '17 said.

"The prophecies are actually fairly clear about this," Lore professor Aaron Thorn said. "President Wippmaun has become the Valardictorian, the Administrator of the Land of Shadow. I expect he'll start assembling an army of aberrant econ majors any day now."

Wippmaun has reportedly already used the power of the ring to slay the fearsome beast known as Stewart's Bane that previously lurked beneath the bridge, as well as returning the long-lost golden forks of Bârad-Marge to Commons.

Attempts to interview Wippmaun have been unsuccessful, as the only communication from his office is deep rumbling and occasional bursts of magma. Though reports of a fiery eye on the back of his head remain unsubstantiated, and Wippmaun's ultimate goal is unknown, his baleful gaze is always upon us.

When reached for comment, Head of Campus Security Frank Coots said, "I can't talk right now. They're taking the freshmen to Isengard."

### DAVID WIPPMAN ADMITS HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT AESTHETIC DISCERNMENT MEANS

"Is it like a kind of pasta?"

By Mr. Letai '19

MOVING THE EDUCATIONAL GOALPOSTS DEPT.

(THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE) President David Wippman revealed in a leaked email to his secretary that he has no idea what "aesthetic discernment" actually means. Allegedly, he agreed to be president before he actually read the college's educational values, examined its curriculum, or learned its location.

"I figured someone would explain it to me eventually," Wippman said, "but now I'm two years in and I'm still trying to figure out whether it's an activity or some type of exotic animal. Did the administration just forget to let me in on the joke?"

Wippman further stated that "nobody else seems to know either. I asked Terry Martinez about it and she just told me what it means is less important than how it makes you feel."

Since he became president, Wippman has regularly visited the library to examine Hamilton's founding texts. He discovered that the first use of "aesthetic discernment" was a note scrawled in the margins of Samuel Kirkland's diary, in between a recipe for oatmeal raisin cookies and Kirkland's original poetry. The only visible explanation was "good wood-carving—art classes? Less cholera?"

Wippman's focus on aesthetic discernment has become disruptive. Some students reported that they could not attend their classes in the Science Center this week, as the entire second floor had been commandeered for the purpose of determining "if aesthetic discernment has a smell."

Responding to the leak, a visibly sleep-deprived Wippman admitted he may have spent too much time focused on solving this mystery. "It's pretty much all I work on at this point. Sure, maybe I've neglected my duties. Maybe I forgot to sign some diplomas, and I may have diverted the Health Center budget towards hiring a crack team of linguists, but damn it, I'm curious."



"Am I aesthetic yet?"

### DARK LORD WIPPMAN FORGES MASTER CLASS RING

One ring to school them all

By Mr. Letai '19

THE REAL DARK SIDE DEPT.

(THE FIRES OF BUTTRICK) In an announcement on Thursday, President Wippmaun informed the College that he has forged what he calls "the ultimate class ring" for himself. Wrought from the smelted copper of the Alexander Hamilton statue, the ring makes him "master of the ancient lands of Hamilton and Gondor and heir of Morgoth."

This announcement comes in the wake of controversy over the College's switch to a new supplier for class rings, Celebrimbor Jewelers, which advertises itself as "Oneida County's premiere supplier of eldritch artifacts, cursed talismans, and stationery." The rings were distributed to the senior class earlier this week, apparently in preparation for Wippmaun's ascension to the Dark Throne and their transformations into Ring Wraiths.

In this issue: "Good jokes, fun times" -things we will remember about Andy

#### "WOW, ANDY DYES HIS HAIR?"



"His fashion seems to be inspired by Tumblr now."

ANDY'S "LIFE" FORECAST

1 WEEK OUT 5 YEARS OUT MAY 2, 2043



Suffering from bacon pizza withdrawal



Replaces Chris Harrison on *The Bachelor*



Andy Real Fucking Dead

THE DUEL OBSERVER  
LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS  
"How To Make Things  
Look Nice"  
A talk by the one person out  
of the three of us who can  
do Photoshop





**Some clubs that apparently exist** <randombs@hamilton.edu>  
to EVENTS-ALL

Feb 20 (1 day ago) ☆

In light of recent events, the Hamilton Naruto Cosplayers' Club, Nipple Piercing Enthusiasts, and Pescatarian Society have banded together to produce a statement.

We of the aforementioned clubs would like to extend our deepest condolences to all those affected by the recent tragedy, which we believe was some sort of attack somewhere by someone. We're pretty sure people died,



and we understand that in times of distress, the entire campus looks to the leaders of major organizations like ours for guidance, and we would be remiss if we didn't take this opportunity to hop on this empathetic bandwagon. Unlike all the other clubs out there, we're *against* senseless violence, which is probably the subject of this movement. All we can tell you in this trying time is to maintain a positive attitude and overcome adversity—like Naruto when he finally defeated Sasuke. If you want to join us in signalling your virtue by performing support for the victims of the recent tragedy, you can get a complimentary button at the next meeting of the Nipple Piercing Enthusiasts.



Sincerely,

Hamilton Naruto Cosplayers' Club, Nipple Piercing Enthusiasts, and Pescatarian Society

Marked as read by Mr. Letai '19

## ME, MY FRIENDS, AND A BOX OF LO MEIN: A CHINESE TAKEOUT DINNER REVIEWED

*Unwilling to walk to Commons in the cold, my friends and I ordered Chinese food for dinner last Sunday. Here's how satisfied I was with each of their performances.*

### 1. Bob



It was his idea to order Chinese. Provided the takeout menu. Claimed that this meant he shouldn't have to pay as much as the rest of us. Eventually paid up, but kept acting like he was Superman for having a freaking menu in his room.

### 2. Kelsey



Walked in as I was calling the place and added her order through a series of frantic hand gestures. Kept pronouncing "tempura" wrong. Sneezed on the orange chicken.

### 3. Craig



Ordered General Tso's chicken and shared it with everyone. Did the math to split the bill. Provided paper plates. My only complaint is that his money was super wrinkly and smelled like mothballs.

### 4. Gabe



Wouldn't shut up about how General Tso's chicken isn't actually Chinese. Did not share his pork lo mein. Took Sarah's rice because he "thought it was for everyone."

### 5. Sarah



Didn't pay me until like two days later. Also, she spilled soy sauce on my calc homework. On the other hand, she smells like a tropical breeze.

### 6. Rick



Ate all my fucking dumplings when I went to the bathroom. Fuck you, Rick.

Posted by Mr. Letai '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 why 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. Fewer 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

### THE DUEL OBSERVER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITOR-OUT-CHIEF

COWBOY

SHERRIFF OF THIS HERE TOWN

CARNIVORE

REVOLUTIONARY WAR REENACTOR

PUPPETEER

BIG-TIME HOT-SHOT JOURNALIST

RAT

GRAVEDIGGER

CROW ENTHUSIAST

DEAR FRIEND

We will miss him forever

Rest in Peace, Andy



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