

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XXXVI, ISSUE VI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

OCTOBER 2, 2020

## COLLEGE ADMINISTRATION THINKS TUESDAY'S COMMON GROUND EVENT WENT REALLY WELL

### IT'S ALMOST TOO COLD FOR SAMMY THE SMOKER TO BE IN THE GLEN

“Smoking broccoli gives it so much flavor!”

By Mr. Projansky '21

GLEN PITS DEPT.

(THAT ONE STREAM THAT GOES THROUGH THE KIRKLAND GLEN)

With the cold winter months drawing near, the campus community was dismayed to hear that soon it will be too cold for Sammy, the *Texas Original Pits Pearsall 16x48x40x22 Vertical Offset Smoker*, to take up residence in the Glen and provide slow-cooked BBQ meats to the campus community.

“Of course things have been a bit different with COVID,” James Beard '24 said as he ate his third ten-hour Applewood Smoked Pulled Pork sandwich with Alabama White Sauce. “But when Sammy leaves the Glen for the winter, it hurts. This winter especially, when the chances that we won't be back on campus due to some combination of COVID risk, death, or political instability are high.”

“When Sammy leaves the Glen, we have to accept that it's too cold for outdoor sex. It's

a real tragedy,” Becca Franklin '21 remarked. “I see no point in getting that Glen dick if I can't eat some of Sammy's signature 14-Hour Hickory Wood Smoked Burnt Ends afterwards. It just isn't worth the effort.”

Even President David Wippman seemed caught off guard by the predictable passage of time. “You know, Sammy has provided good memories, and has also done significant work to combat the rampant weed culture on this campus,” he said. “He constantly reminds us ‘Smoke, don't Smoke!’ I just wished more students listened to his message.”

“Sammy's the fucking man!!!” Supersenior and ‘fiscally conservative’ but also ‘socially conservative’ Econ major Jordan Shapiro '21 said. “When Friday night rolls around, I do my Friday night routine: jack off, wash my hands, jack off, and then grab the boys to go smoke in the Glen. We smoke some Eight-Hour Cherrywood Hot Link Texas Sausages all through the night. Yeah, we break a few COVID restrictions to all smoke together, but who could help but to hold hands as Sammy works his magic? Just some friends and Sammy the *Texas Original Pits Pearsall 16x48x40x22 Vertical Offset Smoker*, a big old sausage eating fest in the Glen.”

### SCURVY OUTBREAK ON CAMPUS ATTRIBUTED TO CATERED FOOD

Nutritional Facts: 0

By Ms. Adler '24

SOGGY CARROT DEPT.

(INSIDE A TAKEOUT CONTAINER) As Hamilton's campus begins to shift into autumn, students and faculty alike pride themselves on the zero COVID cases on-campus. As the trees trade out green for red and orange, so too do students exchange COVID for a new hot disease: scurvy. And, as many people are now learning, there's a fine line between health and illness.

The origin of the scurvy outbreak has yet to be confirmed, but Biology major James Dillon '23 suggested that it may have something to do with the “fucking awful” vegetables and fruits being served each night in the dining halls. From potatoes that are somehow both soggy and underdone to limp broccoli that dissolves in your mouth, students find the usual sources of Vitamin C so unappetizing that many have chosen to revert to their freshman fall self and ignore the existence of vegetables whatsoever.

The Hamilton hockey teams were hit heav-

ily. Many of our male and female players have recently discovered that they have been suffering the effects of scurvy for the past few weeks at least. Because one of the signs of scurvy is the loss of teeth, many players had no idea they had it until they were blood tested. Diana Villiers '24 stated, “Ith mothtly okay. After all, you can thill yell on the ith jutht fine without a few teeth. If it were laryngitith--that would be a problem.”

The pattern of the scurvy outbreak has been difficult for experts to track, as while many students seem to suffer severe cases, others remain untouched. When interviewed, the unaffected students affirmed that they had not been partaking in the limp vegetables any more than their peers had. Stephen Maturin '21 suggested that it might be due to their superior exercise, as those unaffected predominantly make up a skunk chasing club founded by Maturin himself. “Then again,” bystander Sophie Williams '23 said, “tomatoes have Vitamin C too.”

When asked to address the administration's plans to solve the problem, President David Wippman, wearing an eyepatch and holding a flag adorned with a skull and crossbones, assured the student body that he was “working on it.”

### ECON MAJORS SENT TO HELL Should have minored in Religious Studies

By Mr. Chivily '23

FOURTH CIRCLE OF HELL DEPT.

(IN THE CHAPEL, FERVENTLY PRAYING)

Last Tuesday, fiery pits opened across campus, swallowing dozens of Econ majors. Campus administrators sent Religious Studies professors, college chaplains, and the sound therapist to investigate what the pits were and where the Econ majors went.

“After talking to eye-witnesses who reported hearing wailing and the gnashing of teeth and seeing CCTV footage of the demon prince of lust Asmodeus mauling a horny Econ major in Carnegie, I think it's safe to say that these Econ majors were dragged to Hell,” Chaplain Mark Larson said.

Religious Studies professors began circulating their own theories as to why this happened. “I think the obvious reason here is that Christian Econ majors committed usury, a major sin, which is the practice and promotion of loans and charging interest. Currently, there's no priest on campus to listen to confessions since Father Kentworth retired, so Christian Econ majors can't get absolved for usury. I think you definitely need confession after taking Econ 666: Fucking Up the Housing Market and Screwing Over Poor People,” Religious Studies Professor Kevin Joplun said.

“This doesn't answer why non-Christian Econ majors fell into Hell. I theorize that the accumulation of beer, vomit, urine, and semen odors from Econ majors' rooms, regardless of their religion, were so pungent and noxious that they offended God, and they were all sent to Hell as punishment,” Religious Studies TA Jenny Goldstein said.

Students have had mixed reactions. “As a Music major, I was relying on my boyfriend Palmer, an Econ major, as my meal ticket. Well, I guess I'll hit up his roommate, Blaine. He's a Gov major and I hear they make bank,” Sarah Davies '22 said.

“This is the worst thing that could have ever happened. We were relying on these Econ majors to donate millions of dollars to our endowment after becoming bankers and stockbrokers. Do you really expect us to ask humanities majors for money?” a crying President David Wippman said.

MIDTERMS FORECAST	FRIDAY	MONDAY	WEDNESDAY
	80% chance your professor doesn't care that you're straight up dead.	Low probability that betting on a Pass/Fail semester will go well.	“It's hard, because things are terrible.”

### In this issue: Deconstructed Bruschetta.

#### SORORITY ACCEPTANCE



Now with 36% more emotional abuse to make up for what we lost in the spring. See, “Don't You Feel Loved?” pg. 18

#### Hamilton Health Tip of the Week

Do you think you have COVID-19? Ask them!

## Tales from the Corona Diaries

9/5: I'm glad to be back on campus, but god DAMN I hate those tests. I swear to god that Q-tip motherfucker is like a foot long. I swirl it around like 50 times, crying my eyes out, and when I try to hand it over they're like, "you didn't swirl it enough." Tell me that again and I'LL SWIRL YOUR ASS... that didn't sound as cool as I thought it would.

9/8: Only sneezed 17 times this test. Woo.

9/15: Today wasn't so bad. I got the stick all the way up in there and my eyes started watering, but once I started swirling it didn't hurt. My body felt like it was tingling all over. I swirled it like 15 times before they woke me from my stupor and demanded the swab. I reluctantly handed it over, but I can't stop thinking about that feeling...

9/21: Oh holy fuck. I shoved it in my nose today and I think I astral projected into the fourth dimension. I have literally never cum so hard in my entire life. Those jeans are unfit to ever be worn again.

9/22: FUCK THAT'S SUCH A RUSH WOOOOOOOOOOOOOH ohmy-god. It's like having sex with 100 angels as God tickles your balls. I can't stop getting these tests.

9/22: I couldn't help myself. I went again today. I will say, the second time today was not quite as good, but that might be because I didn't change my pants from earlier so I've just been soaking for a bit.

9/25: I broke in at night and tried to see how many swabs I could cram up there at once (Answer: Fifteen). However, when I pulled them out my nose was covered in blood. I wanted to go again but I think my wailing alerted Campo so I had to dip.

9/28: I've already had 4 tests today, and honestly? I've been dry the whole time. What the fuck is happening?

10/1: It doesn't matter anymore. Nothing does. I go for 25 tests a day and nothing has even come close to the rush of that first hit. My nose has gone completely numb. I lost my sense of smell yesterday. On the bright side, I definitely don't have Coronavirus, but I honestly wish I did so I could feel something again...

Found in a trash can filled with blood and Q-Tips by Mr. Kelly '21

## THE BALLAD OF THE BLUE LEGUME

I met a strange man today,  
On a Commons foray,  
He insisted that I take some beans and go  
my own way.  
I ate them with compunction,  
They left me at a swirling junction,  
And invited me to a rainbow function.

Amid the whispers of the glen,  
They insisted it was past the fen,  
As they led me down paths beyond my ken.  
Through thicket I was bumbling,  
When there came a great rumbling,  
Vivacious green vines sent me tumbling.

A thousand feet up the unyielding green,  
Like the wicked spire of some fel machine,  
The clouds soon took a verdant sheen.  
As I near'd the top, I shiver'd,  
And the green foliage quiver'd,  
Giving way to a land brightly river'd.

The land above the skies,  
Was a marvel to my eyes,  
As I beheld beans of every shape and size:  
Black beans, pinto beans, and cannellini,  
A lima that looked like a genie;  
O, I never dream'd of a world so beany!

Lying among the legumes,  
I came across a prince wrapt in his glooms.  
He murmur'd he had seen the dooms  
Of each and every one in that cloudy reach,  
The Blue Legume, a skyward beach,  
Thrown into stew with a wrenching  
screech.

He shook me and promised it was only I,  
The one who came from 'neath the sky,  
Who might save the beans on high.  
Yet afore I could lift a finger,  
I heard the faint cries of a Buffer singer,  
And it became clear I could not linger.

Before mine eyes the Blue Legume wither'd,  
As back into my vision the Glen slither'd,  
And in my ear black flies dither'd.  
I emerged from the wood cold and pale,  
Stamm'ring to save the beans with my  
tale,  
But it was all to no avail.

Thus I return to my room,  
Dreaming of my time in the Blue Legume,  
In vain hopes that they might avoid their doom.  
So take heed next time you ask for daily beans,  
And if you might believe my scenes,  
Maybe instead ask for some greens.

Found in Commons trash by Mr. Lannon '22

## Friday Five: Laundry Reservation Names to Keep the Goblins Away

By Mr. Gallagher '21

*It's 10AM Saturday. You gotta do something productive but not too draining. Laundry at 4PM? Sounds like a marvel. But you have got to keep those little green men at bay. Here are The Duel Observer's top five laundry reservation names to make sure the Goblins don't steal your socks.*

**5. laundry.** Who are you? It's lazy, it's unprofessional, and frankly, I guess what would be expected from some hungover junior who's taken writing intensive Intro Gender Studies and Comparative Politics. Do you kiss your mother with that diction? The Goblins don't.

**4. Billy Mays Oxy-Cleaned Me Out.** "Mays died from a lethal arrhythmia of the heart caused by hypertensive and arteriosclerotic heart disease," Dr. Leszek Chrostowski, an associate medical examiner at the Hillsborough County Medical Examiner's office, said in an official statement. Mays, a known martyr of the Goblins, always and forever holds their deepest regards. Tastelessly referencing his tragic passing will keep them further than arm's reach for the night.

**3. don't knock now, there be a 12-foot skeleton guarding the door.** Any purveyor of the Goblin canon is aware of the intense fear they hold of Home Depot skeletons. Sunlight to a vampire? More like a 12-foot Home Depot skeleton to a laundry Goblin. Unless they're facing the imminent damnation of missing their cloth quota, a skeleton guard should hold them at bay.

**2. Słyszałam, że raz matka przeklęła dzieci w gawrony, jak były nieposłuszne.** While you may have forgotten Polish, the Goblins never will. Let them know you once heard a mother curse her children to become rooks for eternity and they'll stay far away from those skid-stained Hanes boxer-briefs Extra Support.

**1. NOT a Babbitt orgy.** There have only been a handful of orgies on Hamilton College's campus since the '78 merger and the Goblins were at every one of them. You think a missing sock here and there is how they meet their quotas? A lust for survival is what drives those little green men's antics, and an orgy is the perfect place to scoop up "lost" garments in the heat of the moment. Make it clear this isn't an orgy and they'll stay snooping about Woolcott.

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