

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLII, ISSUE IX

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

NOVEMBER 3, 2023

## "We Need Concrete Solutions," Says Speaker At Common Grout

### "LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICINE," HEALTH CENTER TELLS STUDENTS WITH GONORRHEA

Fraternity penises are redder than ever

By Mr. Ebben '27

IRRESPONSIBLE SEX-HAVERS DEPT.

(JOHNSON HEALTH CENTER, SCRATCHING MY TAIN) Last Sunday, the Health Center

sent out a mass email to the student body announcing they will no longer be treating students with gonorrhea. The email claimed that "after a freaky Halloweekend, the Health Center will no longer be providing care to whores with gonorrhea. You nasty bitches should just try and laugh this one off." When asked why treatment was being ended, the mean front desk lady said, "it's really due to a lack of resources. You sluts keep fucking homeless people and don't expect there to be any consequences. This has been an ongoing problem, and Halloween was just the straw that broke the cameltoes' back."

Several students spoke up about the refusal of care they encountered. Anus McHole '26, an Irish

exchange student, said that he "expected more of America. How could the inventors of the war in Iraq let something like this happen!?" Unprompted, he continued. "I just wish I could rip out my rectum! Aaaah God it burns! Can you rub this cream on it for me?" This reporter won't go into further detail, aside from saying that McHole was incredibly appreciative of me shoving my fingers up his ass.

Some are blaming this mass outbreak on one person in particular: French Uber driver and crois-sant attack survivor, Sauter le Baiser. Baiser responded to the allegations with a shrug and a sly smirk, saying "Sauter will do what Sauter will do, it iz our way, you know? You want a taste of my French baguette, you pay ze extra price. It iz an honor to munch on my bread. You know, I don't need zay zis, but I make good money driving those tan fraternity guyz home."

It should be noted that David Wippman was seen around campus covered in rashes and bloody discharge, confirming suspicions that he is just a large penis with poor eyesight and a human fur-sona.

unfortunately whether you're going 0 mph or 15 mph isn't going to change that you have lived an entirely passive existence and you will never be able to look back upon your youth the way you long to.

Some runners have been having trouble with this new knowledge. Team member Benry B. Bebben '27 thinks "I'm pretty well adjusted. Running has been a big part of my life ever since my parents stranded me on the interstate eleven years ago. It was either move your chicken limbs or get rammed by a 2006 Toyota Corolla—and I don't get rammed by cars, only by McChristian and the man formerly identified as my father."

While the track team has asked for thoughts and prayers during this trying time while they adjust to reality, other students have been less than supportive. "Maybe if they did a real fucking sport, this wouldn't be a problem," said Soccer player Clara Midia '26.

This epiphany has not been confined to just the men's cross country team though, the women's team has also been affected. Speaking on the condition of anonymity, Shelby Lynn Russo '27 who lives in Keehn 202, has said, "it's very hard to run away from your problems when he's running right behind you. Every day is a test, a struggle that I may not escape. Running cross country is a real haven if I can manage to lose him in the woods."

### BATES PASSES HAMILTON IN RANKINGS, AS THEIR STUDENTS HAVE "REAL PROBLEMS" TO BITCH ABOUT

How to make the mass shooting in my hometown about you!

By Ms. Brubaker '26

THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS DEPT.

(BATES COLLEGE, THURSDAY MORN-ING)

As students remained in lockdown, planks of graffitied plywood emerged at the steps of Bates College's Ladd Library, expressing complaints that the Lewiston shooter did not post on Jodel to warn people before opening fire on the community late last Wednesday night.

When asked, Bates student Kevin Laar '24 said, "if only the shooter had been on campus, then we would have moved up to top 5 liberal arts colleges." Kev' Laar would also like to note that he was almost accepted ED to Brown.

Bates students report unprecedented levels of satisfaction on campus due to being able to enact a level of gun violence outrage and Instagram in-fographic posting that seems appropriate for the situation. Hamilton students lag in rankings due to not having an actual situation to protest about to validate their perspective on gun control.

Over at Bowdoin, students express empathy for Hamilton, as their rankings fell last April when a shooting occurred in a town named after the college rather than at the college itself. However, after the Maine state police revealed that the Lewiston shooter also lived in the town of Bowdoin on Thursday, Bowdoin students hope they'll be able to reclaim their original ranking.

When interviewed, Trinity student Anderson Remington '25, "A.R." XV replied, "wait what shooting? We hear gunshots from Hartford all the time. Was it mostly the poors? Oh ok, whatever."

Excited by the prospect of no longer being the worst NESCAC, Connecticut College students heard several loud bangs only to later be disappointed to learn that it wasn't a drive-by (or, as they call it at Trinity, a weekday). Rather, it came from the training vessel at the more academically rigorous school across town, the US Coast Guard Academy.

It seems that it now takes more than just academic excellence to rise in rankings. In today's twisted world, anything can shoot you to the top.

### CROSS COUNTRY TEAM DISCOVERS THEY CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THEIR PROBLEMS

Your legs can't carry you to safety, just more land

By Ms. Lurie '27

PHONY ATHLETICS DEPT.

Phony Athletics Dept.

(WHEREVER THE TRACK TEAM PRACTIC-ES)

This past Sunday, Theo Brown '25 was returning to his dorm from a night of Halloweekend celebrations when he came upon a horrifying sight: a men's cross country team athlete. Previously runners have abstained from going out in the daylight, their bodies too frail, enervated, but this week has seen the cross country team venture out from their caves in numbers not seen since the Health Center handed out free Viagra to erectile dysfunction. It seems this week the cross country team has been bequeathed with a miracle—no, not a win (silly!)—but clarity from mass delusion.

Speaking to *The Duel Observer*, Ernie Ejack '24 revealed that earlier this week the men's cross country team had realized that no matter how hard they tried, they were hapless in running away from their problems. Perhaps running away would work if team members' problems were caused by outside sources, but

## In this issue: We Killed Osama Bin Laden

MARIAH CAREY

Did you know...

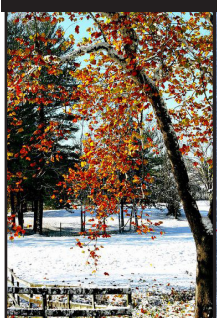


Christmastime? See, "It's not about you" pg. 26.

My g-spot is, like, suuuper sensitive.

FIRST SNOW FORECAST

NOVEMBER JANUARY MAY



"WOW! This looks so magical. A winter wonderland!"



"Wow. It really... It's not getting any better."



"I'm transferring to UMiami."

## I Put Leeches in the KJ Water Fountain for Halloween!

What can I say, I'm a loving, single mother of 27, and my babies needed to feed. Yes, I have 27 pet leeches who I love endlessly and times are getting tough. I work 9-5 at the mother factory just so that they can have food on their plates and mud in their tank. It's not easy, it's really not. I was also appalled by the lack of spirit on this campus. Everyone walks around like they are dead inside, no pep, no will to live all because of some dream to rule the world. I wanted to change that! Give them a fright to brighten their lives, remind the students that life is full of wonderful surprises. So I decided that to celebrate Halloween I would put my babies in the KJ water fountain so that they could get some fresh eats while inspiring fear and joy in the hearts of hundreds of Hamilton students.

On the morning of Halloween I let my children out into the water fountain so that they could get used to their new surroundings. Then I lured students into the water fountain by putting a pack of Marlboro Reds and an IPA on the back edge. This trap brought many students into the water where my children then started to feed. My eldest, GumGum, was a real leader in attacking students and his siblings followed eagerly. Students were definitely surprised as a leech attached to them and started to suck their blood. Many started crying because of the pain while still trying to light a cig. Both the students and my children were determined to satiate their needs. By the end of the day 137 students had been fed on by my children which means 137 students had the Halloween spirit bitten into them while the annoying little bitchass toxins were sucked out. I feel like I did a real service for the community that day.

Dictated to Ms. Mannes '26 by the perpetrator from their prison cell

## Chris Card Stands Up For What Matters In Statement Regarding H@110w33n Festivities

Dear Hamily and beyond,

Halloween is known to be a party time for many Hamilton students. I thought it was odd that one weekend a year, the entire student body decides to wear as little clothing as possible, a bizarre choice for chilly October in upstate New York. A student then taught me about "Halloweekend." I was perturbed but accepting. That is, until this "Halloweekend."

Underage drinking was rampant this "Halloweekend." Many students went to a bar on Saturday called "12 North," which openly invites underage drinking. How could we allow students to go to a bar whose name says they accept any patrons north of 12 years old? They can't even write the number 21 correctly.

Hoping to protect some from their worst "Halloweekend" instincts, I sacrificed my Friday night to help the pub staff examine IDs before any underage students could illegally purchase alcoholic beverages. That night, I was approached by a familiar-looking person. He was clearly inebriated and potentially underage and told me that he was me. I knew this was false because I am the only Chris Card. I thought his costume was a mirror, but he looked bloody, and I was not bloodied on Friday night. I asked if he needed an ambulance. He told me to "chill" and that he was dressed as a zombie version of me. He called himself the "Dead of Students." This disrespect and mockery is intolerable. This student has been terminated.

When I was walking between the Root and Keehn residence halls, I looked up and saw a pumpkin on one of the window sills. This is acceptable, albeit strange. But when I looked closer, I realized it had a peculiar face cut out of it. I had never been so overwhelmed by spook in my life. From afar, it appeared to have a candle inside it. Hamilton's rules make it very clear that there are to be no candles in or around the residence halls. Fearing the worst, I went up to the dorm harboring the flaming squash. I asked the student to remove it, my voice shaking. She, too, told me to "chill." Well, I was chilled, chilled to the bone! I examined and found what appeared to be an artificial tea light in the gourd. But who knows what that tealight could contain — drugs? A real fire? Rest assured, the nuisance pumpkin has since been safely disposed of and the "tealight" has been removed from the premises. The student and her accomplice roommate have been terminated.

Because of these incidents, I hereby declare Halloween is now banned from the Hamilton campus. No more "Tower parties," no more "Spooky Bash," no more "Jack O'Lanterns" (who even is Jack?), and definitely no more "Trust Treat" "children." Any student who so much as mentions Halloween will be removed from campus until a formal, handwritten apology is sent to me, Chris Card prime.

Wishing you a lifetime of peaceful October 31st's,

Chris Card, Dean of Students

Found nailed to the door of Babbit suite 31 by Ms. Stillman '27

## Friday Five: Ways to Destroy the Trust Treat Children's Self-Esteem Before the World Does it for Them

By Ms. Meyers '27

*We at The Duel Observer believe that the next generation is the future, and because these children were in Zoom school for some of their more formative years, it has turned into our duty to continue to bully the next generation into social conformity. Here are some things that worked for us:*

**5. Ridicule their costume choices.** Really, how fucking original is yet another goddamn Princess Jasmine. At least go as the BDSM version when she gets locked up by Jafar and trapped in the hourglass (we all know that scene was put in there for the dads and gay moms) Anyways, with a face like that, you're really gonna need to start practicing now if you want a prince to come save you. Then ask them if they think the child laborers that made their costumes are having as good of a Halloween as they are. I bet the kid who worked 14 hours to make your stupid little Spiderman costume hasn't had a night off for Halloween ever. They don't get treats, only tricks, and it's time you learn what that feels like.

**4. Body shame them.** When they stop by make sure to ask them if they know just how many hours of cardio they will need to burn off that Snickers bar. Don't forget, this is a favor to them and their physical health. It's better that they become hyper-aware of how their body looks now so they will be ahead of the curve when they get into middle school. Be sure to have a plate of raisins in order to offer them nature's candy instead. It's healthy and they'll thank you later

**3. Aren't you a little old for this?** For any of the kids that hit puberty a little bit too early, make sure to remind them how much older and different they look from their peers. You want them to know just how much they stand out and are completely unable to blend in with their friends. Pinch your nose as they walk by as well before pulling them aside and gently inform them that the reason they have no friends is because they smell like onions, and if it's a girl, don't forget to remind them to shave their mustache and smile more.

**2. Convince them they really do have superpowers.** When the kids come up to you dressed as Superman or whatever, ask them to show you how they fly. When those little narcissists say yes, gently take their hand and lead them to the top of the science center, and ask them to fly down from there. Those pussies will back out or start crying before they even get to the ledge. It's clear that the stupid little shits that are actually dumb enough to jump would have been cleaned out through natural selection anyways. You're saving their parents ten years they can't get back otherwise and doing Mother Nature a favor.

**1. Ask them why their parents don't love them enough to take them trick or treating.** Let's be real here. Imagine getting dumped off on some sleep-deprived college kid on perhaps the most consequential night of the year for children. You must hunt and forage for your candy supply to last you through the winter or otherwise face starvation. And maybe remind them that if they dress up as their more successful cousin one year their dad may finally come back from going to buy cigarettes at the gas station.

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