

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE IV

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 16, 2024

## Who Won The Super Bowl? I Was at a Duel Meeting.

### QSR CENTER FOUND TO BE CORRUPT AND UNHELPFUL

No way this place is legit, right?

By Ms. Mannes '26

REAL JOURNALISM DEPT.

(CJ PIPES) The QSR center is one of the many tutoring centers offered by Hamilton to ensure that students get the help they need for math and science courses. This resource is promoted in almost every STEM class and is highly recommended by most professors. However, a recent investigation has revealed the true, sinister nature of the QSR center. The QSR center has been discovered to hire students who are not qualified for the courses they are tutoring. They are also involved in many money laundering schemes, all of which are supported by the school.

The hiring process for the QSR center is seemingly rigorous, but investigation has shown that this process is all a scam. “I’m a literature major,” commented the head of physics tutoring, Adam Armani '24. “I didn’t even apply. A guy in a black cloak just asked me if I was interested in an on-campus job,” explained Armani.

“I wasn’t told what the job was. All they asked was that I was a person with a ‘clean record,’” ex-

claimed Sarai Shard '26, an art major and calculus II tutor. Armani and Shard are not alone: almost every student tutor at the QSR had a similar experience about acquiring the job. Some students are STEM majors but are asked to tutor for courses they are unfamiliar with. There is a biology student who exclusively tutors for physics and chemistry, two courses they have yet to take. The QSR center is also just an unhelpful resource. “Every time I leave [the QSR center] I burst into tears! I can’t stand being yapped at about Foucault when I’m just trying to learn resonance,” explained an anonymous first-year student. This revelation led to more questions about the nature of the QSR center. It is clearly not a place of learning.

After some more digging, the true purpose of the QSR center was found not to be a peer tutoring center but rather a money laundering scheme. The details have yet to be released, but it is suspected that Parkhurst, the board of directors, and the Women in Finance club are all running their illicit money through the QSR center. It is likely that all these groups are dealing in the lucrative illegal bmlk market, cleaning their money in the QSR center, and donating a percentage to the school’s Endowment Fund, which is in dire need of more money.

### STUDENT FOUND RECREATING SCENES FROM *THE BEAR* AT COMMONS OMELET STATION

You will never be as hot as Jeremy Allen White

By Mr. Janicki '27

FX ON HULU DEPT.

(INSIDE THE WEIRD FRIDGE THING)

Today, during the Commons lunch rush at 11:53, one student, who refused to be addressed by anything other than Chef '26, was caught screaming at other students and dining staff to “fucking cook faster, I needed 32 eggs sunny side up five fucking minutes ago!” When he was not addressed promptly with an enthusiastic “yes chef,” he decided to take matters into his own hands, dicing peppers furiously and throwing them into other students’ omelets. Most students reported him as improving their omelet, except for one, Timmy Tombom '24, who was unfortunately allergic to peppers and went into anaphylactic shock. More importantly, Common’s staff say Chef was wearing the same exact thing as “that guy from *The Bear*, but like if he wasn’t sexy.”

It became increasingly obvious as this story evolved that Chef has never even seen the show and is probably basing this omelet tirade off of an Instagram reel he watched. Say what you will about his methods, but he gets results. In Chef’s own words, which were yelled at us while we were grabbing some tasty Commons spa water, “I made this fucking kitchen what it is today. You will treat me with some goddamn respect in my fucking kitchen. We need all of this ham frying right fucking now. Start making four Mcewen Knockoff Flatbreads, three Bundy Bath-tub Specials, and seven Wippman Surprises.” One of those Wippman surprises was for our food review section of *The Duel Observer*, and they would have called it above average, if not for the health code violations. Chef is reportedly working on securing an underwear deal with Calvin Klein but currently has only managed to partner with Victoria’s Secret. When asked to comment on Chef, President David Wippman said: “Shit like this is why I’m leaving Hamilton. You’re not ‘Literally Him,’ you have a problem.”

### TWO SHY FRESHMEN SPOTTED IN 25-MINUTE STANDOFF NEAR SEXUAL HEALTH VENDING MACHINE

Petrification, piscatorial perturbation, penis envy, and PTSD

By Mr. Hood '27

FUNNY NAMES DEPT.

(JUST OUTSIDE THE ANNEX) The Sexual Health Vending Machine has been widely praised by students for rewarding irresponsible sex with accessible and uplifting notes of affirmations. This Monday, however, the ceiling of its accessibility was called into question when it had to measure up to the sheer cowardice of two eighteen-year-old virgins. According to Fisher Codsworth '25, who happened to be casting lines out of the Annex windows into the nearby creek when the non-confrontation occurred, “these two little fishies—I mean freshies—ran into each other while creepin’ all timid towards the Machine, and froze like char in the headlights.”

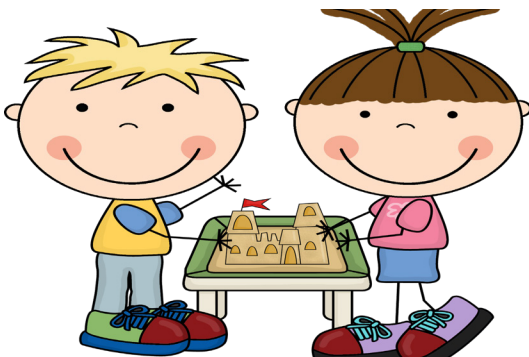
Codsworth, well-known for his nearly superhuman patience, had no trouble enduring the protracted affair to see what happened next. “Since nothin’ was bitin’, I had plenty of time to watch what went

down,” he said when interviewed. “The way I see it, this was a mind battle, except instead of being a life-or-death contest between man and his scaly marine adversary, it was between two eighteen-year-old Jans too scared to be seen buyin’ condoms.” This, according to him, was the result of “youngsters these days spendin’ too much time online, and not enough time casting lines.” We tried to get further comment on what happened next, but before we could, Codsworth had vaulted out of a nearby window, chasing a fish on the run.

Luckily, *The Duel Observer* managed to secure a comment from the heroic upperclassman who defused the anxiety-fueled staring-and-shivering context happening in front of the machine. Peter Johnson '24 was making his way over to the Sexual Health Vending Machine to “tape another fish to the fuckin’ glass in protest of their discriminatory lack of condoms for [his] absolutely planetary dong” when he encountered the freshmen, still in the throes of their embarrassing test of wills. Johnson seemed pleased with how he had broken the stalemate when interviewed, saying that the “pendulous swaying” of his genitals in a loose pair of sweatpants turned the freshmen into brothers through shared trauma, thus resolving their utterly pathetic staredown.

### In this issue: bitchass is still abroad

#### PLAYDATE



Want to embrace your inner childlike wonder? Let’s go on a playdate! See, “Come Play Toys With Me” pg. 3.

#### Did you know...

From dust ye  
came and to dust ye  
shall return

#### SPANISH TABLE FORECAST

1:00

1:24

1:54



“Hola!”



“Riquisimo!”



“Au Revoir!”



# I Put People’s Dishes On the Commons Conveyor Belt When They Weren’t Looking: Here’s What Happened.

I finally did it. I concocted the most delicious experiment Hamilton College has ever seen. It all started when I was sitting in the back corner of Commons alone. Hungry for an adventure and a slice of ‘za, I moseyed my way to the front of Commons, procured the goods, and secured my spot. I stood next to the condiments. It felt like not a soul could see me even though it was six PM. I scanned the room for my target when all of a sudden men’s baseball claimed a squable. Perfect.

Before I approached them, I scarfed down my ‘za and sent the plate away. What a service that plate was to me today. I took a deep breath, hands shaking, and went to one guy’s mountain of eggs, grilled chicken, and white rice. What came first, the chicken or the egg? It doesn’t matter, they all end up in the same place, the trough. I took his plate. He was too busy trying not to choke on his food to notice, and I sent the plate down the conveyor belt after dumping its contents in the trough. The rush. The thrill of it all. I was exhilarated. I couldn’t control myself. I took another guy’s plate. He had grilled chicken, steamed broccoli, and brown rice. A man of culture. He dipped his chicken in ketchup and ranch. I didn’t even dump the dish first, I put it all down the belt. Like magic, it was gone, and the two baseball boys only started to look perplexed. Where could their food have gone? I imagine them wondering.

I shifted gears to a different table. A large group, maybe an orientation trip reunion. It didn’t matter, as long as the plates were juicy and grabable. I mixed it up this time by grabbing a bowl. It had a salad of mixed greens, tomatoes, carrots, beets, cucumbers, and tofu with balsamic vinaigrette. This time, I added a little extra force and pushed the bowl down the belt. It skidded and then stopped. It was beautiful. I went to grab another dish, maybe a cup this time, when the confrontation occurred.

The baseball boys and orientation group realized I was the perpetrator of their food going missing. They all got up at once and hoisted me up onto the conveyor belt. I can still remember the smell. Oh, the smell. And the confused look on the dishwasher’s face as I came through. I was reborn. I was wet but just from the steaming water hitting my skin. The conveyor belt came to a stop, but I didn’t notice, I was too focused on my own thoughts. And as soon as I got back on the belt, I was hoisted off again. This time by Campo, dragging me away in cuffs. They put me in cuffs...

Experienced and transcribed with a little too much excitement by Ms. Stillman ’27

## Pretending to See the Super Bowl Until Someone Calls Me Out on My BS

Just like modern art, I thought people would finally stop pretending to care about football once I got to college. However, this Sunday, I was greatly disappointed to find that all my normal actually fun Sunday night plans like my econ group study and philosophy club got canceled to accommodate the game. The next day, everyone was talking about it like it was Saltburn and I realized I had to blend in to survive. If you’re in a similar situation just use these phrases and no one will ever know you watched Friends again for the 20th time instead:

- “What a game..”
- “They certainly threw that ball a lot.”
- “Can’t believe those fuckers stole that win.”
- “Those refs were clearly blind, especially after that one call.”
- “Tom Brady killed it this year.”
- “For sure, the winners scored more points.”
- “Taylor Swift looked so hot.”
- “It was good, but it could have been better if they let the Geico lizard play.”
- “Such a disappointment they lost.”
- “I can’t believe he didn’t catch that ball on that play.”
- “They will be talking about that homerun for years to come.”
- “Yeah! Did you see him slap that guy’s ass?”
- “The QB was clearly so into that one guy, he kept throwing his balls to him.”
- “I was really rooting for the red and white team.”
- “I liked it, but I think they spelled 55 wrong.”
- “They went deep in the trenches for that one.”
- “He really fumbled that field goal in the red zone.”
- “They really sacked the running back in the huddle on the line of scrimmage.”
- “He really missed the rebound.”
- “Now, if they put me in, things would have been different.”
- “That was the wildest pre-sex ritual I have ever seen.”

Worst case scenario they give you a strange look and walk away, but that’s still a win to be honest because now they left you alone. Not gonna lie though, I still don’t know who the hell Mary is and why they are always hailing her.

Found under a plate of wings by Ms. Meyers ’27

## Friday Five: Places to Hide from Buffergrams

By Ms. Haller ’26

*Valentine’s Day, a useless capitalistic holiday that builds on the social construct that we have to be in a relationship to be happy. At least that’s what people without bitches think. Here at Hamilton College, we have the opportunity to experience the infamous Buffergram. This past Wednesday, I ran into a problem: I had no classes, which meant my friends knew I would be in my room all day, not having sex. I didn’t want to take the chance that one of my friends hated me enough to get me a Buffergram, so I spent my day in a variety of locations where no one would ever find me. Just to be clear, I love the Buffers, you will find no one else who rocks out harder to Brandy than me, but as a lesbian, being cornered by a group of men trying to be sexy is terrifying.*

**5. The Levitt Center.** While my main goal was to hide out, I really wanted to figure out what this place actually did. All I found was a puzzle which I absolutely crushed, and a zen garden which I also absolutely crushed. Apparently, yelling “I am so Zen, I win meditation” was disrupting whatever they do there so I was promptly kicked out.

**4. A List bathroom.** I was doing great just having some floor time in the List bathroom. However, I was an idiot who left to get a snack, and of course when I got back some couple had taken my spot. It was Valentine’s Day after all, so good for them, I’ll have what she’s having.

**3. Bundy.** I figured that the Buffers would not stoop to the hell hole that is Bundy, but my spot was too good. As I was sitting in the crack I saw a bat fly toward me, and my fear of rabies outweighed my fear of singing men, so I ran.

**2. Chipotle.** I had been booted, sexiled, and attacked. I needed a sweet treat, so I headed to my safe haven, Chipotle. My bowl was the highlight of my day... no, week... no, semester. I yearn for a taste of that sweet and savory guac. Of course, all good things must come to an end. I saw someone I vaguely knew, and instead of having to awkwardly say hi, I ran from them like they were a rabid bat.

**1. Home.** With nowhere else to turn, I stole a car and drove three hours home. While my dog was very happy to see me, my mother was not as thrilled. But I was safe, no Buffers could serenade me in the land of suburbia. It had been a long day, so I tucked myself into my childhood bed. As I fell into a sweet slumber, I heard my front door unlock and the sounds of beatboxing. Let’s just say my friend who got the Buffergram is no longer my friend.

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