

# THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE V

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

FEBRUARY 23, 2024

## Nobody Tell Tepper This is the Satire One

### HAMILTON HEAT IN HEAT

An informative report of college life

By Mx. Meisner '26

STUDENT BIOLOGY DEPT.

(IN THE DUNHAM MARSHLAND)

It grows that time once more when frigid snow finds purchase upon the earth and love slowly dissipates from recent passion. For many, late February is nothing but literal and metaphorical ice. Not for those of Hamilton Heat though. Scientists have studied seventeen generations of Hamilton Heat. While many aspects of the group have been confirmed, from their stunning dances to the joy they bring to others, one thing remains a mystery about this enigmatic group: their mating cycle. Unlike other groups of Hamilton students, such as the Buffers or the football team, who start mating sometime in the spring, Hamilton Heat goes into heat in February. While many biologists and anthropologists are debating the underlying reasons behind this shift, we'll try our best to summarize the known facts behind this phenomenon.

Attempts to attract a mate through common courtship techniques such as “studying together,” “going for a walk,” and “hanging out in the CJ reading room” are still common amongst these dancers, as is typical for Hamilton students. However, there is a key additional behavior to watch out for. Quite predictably, this would be dance as a means to attract mates. According to tenured biology professor William Watcher, “The mating behaviors of Hamilton Heat closely resemble those of tropical birds, but despite our rigorous biological sampling, we have been unable to find a genetic link.” Curious readers can look for this behavior in the wild but should make sure to keep a distance to prevent any interference in this beautiful display of nature. When asked about ways for students to get involved in learning about the heat cycle of Hamilton Heat, Professor Watcher took out a pair of binoculars and a fake bush, saying “with hands-on experience, I hope.” For any of those reading who want to get involved in this process, make sure to wear protection because it's going to get hot.

### CAB BUDGET REVEALED TO BE ENOUGH TO END CHILDHOOD HUNGER

This may be the first moral thing the Econ Department has ever done

By Ms. Meyers '27

FINANCE DEPT.

(THIGH HIGH IN HAMILTON'S TAX RETURNS) This past week, a new *Spectator* writer eager for their big break was trying to dig up some dirt on Hamilton College. Little did aspiring writer Noah Dickens '27 know, he was about to discover the solution to childhood hunger. When asked for his reaction to the discovery, Mr. Dickens is reported to have said, “Holy shit!”

As is well-known, CAB's budget has been rumored to be in the millions. However, no one expected that it would amass the grand total sum of about \$69 billion, just enough to end childhood hunger. This amount would not cover world hunger as that would take closer to \$420 billion, but when asked, the financial department reported they would not be willing to part with the football team's funding.

This matter was quickly rushed to the office of President David Wippman. When interviewed regarding the allocation of the funds and how the

school has sat on such a big golden goose egg for so many years, Wippman reported, “Those funds are so large because how else are we supposed to distract students from their sorry little lives?” Relocating the funding would result in the complete loss of free t-shirts at sporting events, strange indie artists performing at fall concerts, and all the other random shit that happens here.

A lot of thought was put into the matter before deciding to indeed do the right thing and stop the suffering of children. Economics major D. P. Throat '24 stated that “if we get the lazy fuckers fed well enough then they can stop complaining and get back into the factories. This would add about \$78 billion back into the global economy essentially getting them to pay for themselves.”

The funds would be enough to provide nourishment for every child except for the little shits who smashed in the tips of Expo markers (they can stay hungry). However, when that plan was proposed, the UN stated, “That kind of discrimination is not accepted in our civilized society. Deciding which child should stay hungry will instead be determined through the most fair means possible in a now annual *Hunger Games* style ritual.” A spokesperson for the UN stated the games will begin in the summer of 2024 to coincide with the Olympics. Hamilton's Government Research fund will begin accepting sports bets for gameday in late March.

### BUNDY CAFÉ APOLOGIZES FOR SERVING HUMAN FLESH AFTER REALIZING THEY GOT TED BUNDY CONFUSED WITH JEFFREY DAHMER

Whoopsies!

By Mr. Dill '27

THE SNACKIES DEPT.

(BUNDY MOLD VENTS) This just in: the Bundy Café is six feet under! In light of their recent attempt to celebrate President's Day, Cookie McPusserson, head of Bundy Café staff, decided to “switch it up a little” and serve human flesh as Ted Bundy is “the president of our hearts.” The Bundy Café has been serving an array of gourmet meals, including but not limited to Dogs in a Blanket (whole feet in crescent rolls), Gym-Broast with steamed veggies, and (meat) Balls. They also got a special shipment of Coca-Cola, which was Bundy's favorite beverage and the only thing on this list that he would actually eat. However, this only made things worse as Hamilton is a Pepsi-only campus.

The situation worsened for McPusserson when local true crime podcast girlie, Mhurdher Obsezed '27, discovered their whoopsie and gathered a horde of other true crime podcast girly-pops to protest. “You see, it's a major issue that women who enjoy falling asleep to the sweet sounds of gruesome murders are constantly disrespected by these uneducated heathens who don't understand the massive cultural impacts that Dahmer and Bundy have on girl bosses everywhere,” Obsezed said during a “peaceful protest” where they held live demonstrations of the two men's “signature styles.” In response, McPusserson stated, “Jeffery Dahmer? I HARDLY KNOW HER!!!” Then she slapped her knee and rolled around laughing for an uncomfortably long time. She only stopped when she passed out. CPR was required.

Hunter Beef-Steaks, Bundy Café's darling meat supplier, was investigated for his involvement in the flesh shipment because, y'know, that's illegal. As he explained: “it's ethically sourced and locally grown from the 3rd floor Dunham hallway! Basically, the meat is Jans.” After that reveal, the investigation was immediately ended because the police didn't think anyone would really care that much. “It's technically not a human rights violation if you don't consider them people,” investigator Sue Luethe stated.

McPusserson decided to use the publicity to advertise Bundy Café's next culinary venture. “We hope everyone joins us for kibble and chicken-liver in milk for National Love Your Pet Day!”

## In this issue: I Need a One Dance

### SNOW CONES



We are now selling locally-sourced snow cones. They come in the flavors yellow, brown, and gray. See, “F5 Reasons We Should Get More Money” pg. 2.

Did you know...

The Spec has food at their meetings and doesn't offer us any :(

### TEPPER VISIT FORECAST

9:23 AM 11:02 AM 3:48 PM



“Wow! This campus is so beautiful! I'm so excited to work here.”



“Wait, is that a student drinking breast milk?”



“Does Middlebury have any open positions?”



## NOT CLICKBAIT, I WAS BITTEN BY A WEASEL IN SLOVAKIA

Everything I say in this feature is absolutely true (I really wish it wasn't though). Last fall, I was in Europe, (not because I'm a Jan or anything), and I met up with my brother who lives in Germany. He decided that for our little trip together we should go to some exotic place. We went to Slovakia (he actually meant Slovenia but it was too late). During our trip, we happened to pass the sketchiest petting zoo to ever exist. We saw some goats, a pig, and a kangaroo. While my brother was turned away, I found the weasel, and it had such a boopable face. So, I went to boop its nose and it bit me! The one guy who was there put a bandaid on it, and I walked out with the shame of an 18-year-old who put her finger up to an animal and was surprised she got bitten. My brother spent the rest of that trip pretending that I had gotten rabies.

Now the next part of this story takes place two weeks AB (after bite), on a train in Scotland. Y'all shit on Jans but I was living my best life, except for the fact I had convinced myself that my brother was right and that I had gotten rabies from the weasel. I did obsessive research on Web MD and found rabies symptoms are flu-like symptoms. After my first night back in London, I woke up at about five am in a cold sweat that penetrated my soul. I texted my brother, "I'm feeling sick and now I'm worried I have rabies, I'm gonna go to the ER." Thankfully the apartment in London was stumbling distance from the nearest hospital. I then had to explain to several different people that I was there because I was bit by a weasel and was convinced I had rabies, totally normal. It wasn't until I had been there for about four hours that I received a message from my brother informing me that "The Slovak Republic has been free from rabies since 2009." It was, however, too late, the doctor was ready to see me. I spent the next few hours being poked and prodded, but eventually I was released. I came out of that ER with some great life lessons. Sometimes when you have flu-like symptoms it's just the flu, don't believe everything your brother says, and have an encyclopedic knowledge of the rabies virus. I know some haters out there are gonna deny this actually happened, but I will come wreak y'all once my weasel powers activate.

### A true account from Haller '26

## Help! Everyone Else Takes My Cornhole Class Too Seriously

Okay so I'll admit it, I took cornhole because I thought it would be easy. That's not a crime! I don't even dislike the game of cornhole, I just wanted an easy gym class to fit into my schedule, and outdoor walking was full. I just didn't expect it to be so serious. Everyone else in my class wears a professional cornhole uniform to every class, which consists of a striped polo with jorts and specialty "holing gloves." I always get a little scared when they put the gloves on because there are, like, way too many straps on these things, they look like a hand prison. My cornhole partner also keeps giving me really mean looks when I show up in normal jeans. I'm starting to think they really hate me because when I completely missed the board a couple times, they made the slit-the-throat gesture at me. After class, I hear all the other kids in the class all huddle around and whisper about starting a division one cornhole league and calling themselves the Hamilton Holers. They end every meeting by saying "Lev can absolutely not join," which is so rude because I didn't even want to be in their stupid cornhole league 'till they wouldn't let me. I refuse to show up in jorts. My coach also has some serious attitude in class which is weird because he says he usually coaches Hockey, but is trying to switch to just cornhole because in his words, "It's what the world needs right now. The universe has been trying to tell me this for a long time."

New Development: I think my cornhole class is starting a cornhole mafia without me. They keep ominously hefting cornhole bags and jeering at people on Martin's way. I came late to class the other day and I woke up with a smashed cornhole board in my bed. I'm not sure how to explain to my parents that I need financial help paying protection dues to the cornhole mob, but they said they would throw cornhole bags at my knees till they break if I don't.

**Exposed from Witness Protection by Mr. Lev Janicki '27**

## ***Friday Five: Reasons We Should Get the Fojo Funds***

By Ms. Stillman '27

*For those of you who missed that little email from a couple of weeks ago, Fojo decided they would start giving \$200 to a different club every month. There is no club more deserving and desperate for this funding than The Duel Observer. So here are the top 5 reasons why Fojo should invest their hard-earned money into a college satire newspaper instead of a bullshit "cause" like the Climate Justice Coalition.*

**5. We want merch.** Don't you want a sweatshirt that says bmlk across the back of it? Or a pair of sweats with our faces on the ass (one per cheek)? We do too, but we can only do that if we get the proper funding! So whatdya say Fojo?

**4. We wreak havoc on this campus every day.** This past month, the funds were awarded to HAVOC, everyone's favorite do-gooder charity club. But have you ever considered that maybe another club on campus does more for our community than them? That's right, no one informs the public while simultaneously licking their funny bone quite like *The Duel Observer*. In fact, there are no other satire publications on this campus, so we have no competition to get these funds. We're a category of our own.

**3. We are hungry.** We are starving artists. By that, I mean Big Media Board does not feed us or give us water. None of us writers have seen the light of day since we took the blood oath everyone does at their first *Duel* meeting. We are trapped in the KJ basement, and the only way we will get any food tomorrow is if this article gets us these funds. Please Fojo, I'm begging.

**2. We will start rumors.** Our job is literally to lie. If you don't give us these funds, I will make threats so big and scary you will never recover. I heard that you put arsenic in your coffee... hold on, that might actually help your business. I can think of a better one. Hold on. It's percolating.

1. **I'm just a silly little girl.** Fojo, you have great coffee I hear (I do not drink coffee). It beats out both Commons and McEwen coffee, and maybe even Euphoria (but I have no idea because again, I do not drink coffee). In fact, I know nothing. I don't know where I am now. I don't know how to read, and I got a scribe for this article. As you can see, you should feel bad for me. You should also feel bad for all of *The Duel Observer's* "writers" because none of us really know how to read or write, we all just yap and have it written down. The \$200 would go a long way to teaching us how to read and paying the scribes the money we owe them. We are in crippling debt.

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