

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE VI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MARCH 1, 2024

Dressing Up as a Pub Employee to Get Spat On

HEARTWARMING: A STUDENT IS SAVED FROM FROSTBITE BY A DINER VEGGIE NUGGET

They were out of hard-boiled eggs

By Ms. Mannes '26

SPILLED SODA DEPT.

(DINER LINE) Last Friday night was frigid: the winds were howling, and teeth were chattering. No student felt this more than Soph Howard '26, a member of the Howard Diner and Little Pub fan club. Howard frequents the Diner and was ecstatic when they added veggie nuggets to their menu. “I love a good guapo with veggie nugs, but I also love the nugs by themselves,” commented Howard in a Blackboard discussion post. Friday night was no different for Howard. She went to Diner three times that night, each time with a new group of friends, and each time craving veggie nuggets. On her second visit to Diner, she asked for five nuggets but was given ten instead. “I couldn’t eat all of them, and I didn’t wanna waste any,” explained Howard in an interview with *The Duel Observer*. Howard asked some fellow students waiting in line if they wanted her last three veggie nuggets; However,

shockingly, no one took her up on the offer.

Her friends were getting impatient, ready to hit Pub which was as lively and awesome as ever. Howard decided to throw away her nuggets but kept one in her coat pocket as a little treat to go. “I was consumed by guilt for throwing out those two nuggets. It’s been weighing on me greatly,” expressed Howard. She headed over to Pub with her group of friends only to see that a line had formed outside. However, Howard was less concerned about the kafkaesque nature of the Pub line and more concerned with her freezing body. “I wore my light jacket, not my heavy one, nor was I wearing gloves,” explained Howard. She started to lose feeling in her hands and was too stubborn to leave the Pub line. Fortunately, there was a saving grace. The warmth of the veggie nugget in her pocket could still be felt through her jacket. “I took the veggie nugget out and clasped it between my two frigid hands,” explained Howard. The warmth of the nugget saved her little fingies from freezing. “I usually use a commons boiled egg though. The nuggets have too many crumbs,” concluded Howard before producing a veggie nugget from thin air.

PUB CANCELS BRACELETS BECAUSE THEY CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT FASHION

They were sooo last year

By Mr. Janicki '27

AVANT-GARDE DEPT.

(WAITING IN A HORRENDOUS LINE OUTSIDE PUB) Shortly after Pub began to give 21+ bracelets to juniors, seniors, and first year hockey players, they shut it down. The reason? While one might foolishly assume *it was too easy to fake, bracelets were being given to underage students, or it was otherwise just unnecessary*, these explanations could not be further from the truth. In reality, Pub staff just cares too much about fashion. Running a pub on a college campus, you need to know what is in and what is out. Bracelets are out. Upon reflection, they found the bright neon bracelets to be “tacky” and “not complimentary to students’ complexions.” When asked to comment on the wearability of the bracelets, student fashion icon Joocy Couteur '24 had this to say: “Honestly, it was stressing me out. When I’m shaking ass in pub, I want to be able to put my arm up without people being like, ‘where’s that weird neon

yellow bracelet from, did she just come from an amusement park or something?’ I mean, it’s worse than, like, a badge that outs you as a Jan. Fashion faux-pas are incredibly serious in my circle. It just sucks that pub shut it down when they did because I had just ordered a collection of neon jumpsuits that would actually match with the damn thing.”

The question on everyone’s minds moving forward is this: if Pub is shutting down bracelets, what system are they going to use moving forward, IDs? Surely not something government regulated that every other establishment uses to confirm the age of customers. When asked to comment on potential upcoming alternatives, Pub staff had this to say, “Big things are coming... big things.” After this cryptic comment, some light investigative journalism (peering through the windows of Pub) revealed that 21+ students will have to commission bespoke suits from Pub in order to prove their ability to remain fashionable while purchasing alcoholic beverages. While unsure how this helps prevent underage drinking, this solution will almost certainly lead to an improved standard of dress among Hamilton men in particular.

HAMILTON OUTING CLUB REVEALED TO BE HAMILTON OUTING CLUB

Hamilton’s Closet could never

By Mr. Dill '27

INVESTI-GAY-TIONS DEPT.

(MY CLOSET) This just in! Hide your pride flags, partners, and sinful lifestyles, and be prepared to be exposed! Turns out, everyone’s been reading Hamilton Outing Club’s name wrong this whole time! Everybody’s favorite club to get lost in the Bermuda Triangle and fight your friends to death for survival of the fittest with (I think, I don’t really pay attention to their emails) has taken up revealing the identity of every single closeted person on campus. Bruce Tree '24, head of the HOC, stated, “We never really tried to keep it a secret. We just thought that the whole outdoorsy vibe would attract the Cottagecore Lesbians. It’s funny because they think they’ll find a wife but it’s just Steve in camo-gear and night vision goggles, tee-hee” (we don’t know who Steve is).

Reportedly, many HOC members have been spotted dressed as 1930s-style PIs with old-timey cameras and boom mics all around campus. It’s become nearly impossible to avoid them, but internal documents reveal that they focus mainly on “areas on campus with high levels of Fruity Anomaly Gravitation, a.k.a well, y’know.” Notable locations include KTSA, the Psychology Department, all of Dark Side, and any football practice. “I don’t know, man, those butt slaps seemed a little too personal,” Tree suggested when questioned on the latter.

David Wippman advises all queers on campus to “stop shoving that shit down our throats,” but like not in a homophobic way; it’s just that the HOC Instagram has taken up posting the home address, social security number, and an extremely unflattering 0.5x photo of each queer person on campus.

“Ever since I found out that the gay dad from Modern Family was played by a straight guy, I knew that it was my Lin Manuel Miranda-given duty to prove who’s a poser and who’s the real deal,” Tree explains. “Also, could someone please talk to the [Gender & Sexuality Union]? After the whole outing thing came out, they suddenly stopped talking to us. We have some gay-rate ideas for a collab... Y’all ever heard of this cool thing called conversion therapy?”

In this issue: We’re Dating

AXB TRIP



Don’t want to be alone over spring break? Me neither! See, “Only Child? More Like Lonely Child” pg. 82.

Did you know...

The Red Pit is what I call my pussy

SPRING BREAK FORECAST

3/7



“I’m so excited to go back home!”

3/11



“Son, I have something to tell you...”

3/11



“We have something to tell you.”

She’s Not like Other Girls: She Walks Upstairs Sideways Because Her Toenails are Too Long

I saw her for the first time last week, stumbling down Martins Way and cursing the black ice with two squirrels skewered on the toenails on the ends of her feet. It was 60 degrees and the ice had melted but, nevertheless, in that moment, I learned that she was different. She was not like other girls. I waited patiently for her to pass most days. I always had my AirPods on transparent mode so I could hear the rhythmic clacking of her toenails on the pavement when she approached. She was gorgeous, but not like the girls in magazines or movies or billboards, or on the inside. She didn’t care what others thought of her. She wore oversized t-shirts, and, if you’re lucky, she would wear pants. She was a dreamer. She was such a dreamer that she would sleepwalk almost every night and often had to be coaxed down from trees using cheese and promises of one more story before bed.

She was different because she wasn’t a girly girl. She didn’t care about her appearance so she wasn’t into makeup, deodorant, brushing her teeth, or showering. She wasn’t interested in the drama that other girls were so enamored with, so she avoided all social interactions. She was fully one of the boys because the females collectively rejected her and the men didn’t want her either. She liked sports. She was a real fan who loved the crowd, the games, the beer. She would only watch professional Quidditch, but she loved it nonetheless.

To add on to her endless list of merits, she was environmentally conscious, so she would exclusively eat plate scrapings from the trash cans in Commons. She didn’t care what other people thought of her, so she lived her life with a full-fledged freedom from all social norms like not holding the door for awkwardly long lengths of time, cleaning the lint from the dryer, not cutting in the Diner line, or using utensils to eat food. I don’t know if it was the screech of her laughter that drew me in or her overpowering stench that propelled my attention toward her but all I knew was that I wanted nothing more than to have every part of her from the tip of her head to the end of her toenails. I was in love.

Found on a Pinterest Inspo Board by Ms. Meyers ’27

Sneaking Back Into Tour Groups to Remember a Time When I Didn’t Go to School Here

I have a confession to make. It’s normal for college students to have some fun with student tour guides or the groups that they shepherd around campus. Maybe you’ve seen or done little pranks. Talking loudly about something insane to shock parents, wishing the guide a happy birthday—stuff like that. That’s not what I do. My “fun” is much more shameful. To me, these tour groups are an opportunity to return to a time in my life when I wasn’t in the trenches here at Hamilton College. Every time I get wind that a new wave of high school students is soon to wash over campus, my preparations begin. In order to feel like I did before I had a backbreaking 20+ pages of nightly reading ruining my life, before many of the opportunities laid out to me were so oppressively meritocratic, I must blend in. I shrug on my rainbow-patterned t-shirt. It’s cotton, just like Mommy used to buy. I don my denim overalls—I just got done washing the piss-stains out from the Death Grips concert—and tighten the suspenders. I slide on my socks (white, to match my undies). I slide on my sneakers. Finally, in one smooth motion, I slide my rainbow propeller hat on and unsheathe my jumbo rainbow lollipop. I’m ready. Having rendered myself totally indistinguishable from a late-high school Hamilton hopeful, I next slip covertly into a tour group as they leave the admissions center. For the next hour, I am at peace. Walking amongst these groups, I am again among friends, people like me—at least before I found out the cruel truths of college. None of these poor souls understand my struggle, and just for a moment, I too forget what it’s like to have to do homework for multiple hours a night and to maintain constant engagement during class to keep up. All of my peers hide it, but I’m sure they suffer like I do—who could survive the agony of a college workload? Hamilton is a cruel, cold place, full of deadlines, untenable workloads (any sane person would expire when forced to read a book in less than two weeks!), and professors that hate you. This school is a fucking prison, and, I admit, I disguise myself as a totally normal high schooler to achieve a momentary escape.

Taken from the mouth of a vacant-eyed highschooler by Mr. Hood ’27

Friday Five: Things to Do with the Coed Dunham Urinals

By Ms. Frid-Madden ’27

For too long the non-urinal-using residents of Dunham have endured public pissings in the coed bathrooms. Enough I say! No one wants to see your dick. I bet it’s very pretty. I bet you think it’s very big, and I bet it’s a grower and not a shower. But I. Don’t. Want. To. See. It. No more! Stop! There are stalls for a reason—use them! You can show off your attempts at aiming and display your lack of flushing skills in the toilets just as well as in the urinals. Only in the stalls, I don’t have to see you as I walk in. Also, if you’ve been using the one closest to the entrance, shame on you. You’re the reason I’m a lesbian. But of course, I recognize these urinals are important to you, dear urinal-users. And so I’ve provided you with a list of things to do so you’ll stop making me gayer and progressively more nauseous:

5. Destroy them. I’m thinking jackhammer, flamethrower, perhaps wrecking-ball. If it makes you sad, we can hold a ceremony for it and ask Wippman if he’ll sponsor an in-memorial plaque. I bet he’ll say yes.

4. Bedazzle them. This would be first, but I fear potential rhinestone pissing and therefore place it fourth as a safety precaution for the sparkles. Maybe we’ll put some glass around them like in fancy museums and perhaps even add some lighting to increase shininess so they’ll look so very pretty.

3. Make them punk. I’m thinking all black and red, leather, maybe some metal spikes. Really rage against the system. The system being urinal-pissers, of course. God save the pisser.

2. Eat out of them. It’s as disgusting as publicly pissing in them, but you’re only hurting yourself and not others. I remain the same level of gay.

1. Piss in them. I said IN them. Not ON them, for a reason. You may do so at night. Specifically between the hours of 3:30 am and 5:30 am if all other bathrooms have been demolished and there is no bathroom within a 100 mile radius. Having checked that no one is in sight, use the furthest urinal from the entrance. The piss must be under seven seconds. You will be timed.

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