

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIV, ISSUE VIII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

NOVEMBER 8, 2024

AMERICA ELECTS FIRST GAY PRESIDENT

STUDENT REFUSES TO CHANGE OUT OF HALLOWEEN COSTUME AFTER GETTING ONE GIRL’S NUMBER

“It’s as sad as it sounds”

By Ms. Sedaka ’25

NOT LETTING HALLOWEEN GO DEPT.

(PUB) After a startling two weekend long Hal-lowweekend, many students were ready to hang up their Shining twins’ dresses and Chappell Roan wigs to return to the impending doom of the presidential election. However, one student, Gregory Stewart ’25, isn’t quite ready to move on from the holiday. In fact, Stewart has remained in his costume, Rodrick (the older brother from *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*) for a startling 14 days.

“The ladies love them some Rodrick,” Stewart said while strumming an out-of-tune guitar. “Did I plan on permanently changing my entire identity after Halloween? Of course not. But let me tell you, the demand was there. I’ve never had this many girls talking to me in my life.”

According to eyewitness reports, Stewart talked to a total of one girl on the evening of October 27th. The girl, Miranda Winters ’26 had the

following to say: “Who? Oh, that guy. Since giving him my number I’ve received over a thousand Rodrick Heffley themed texts from him. I tried blocking his number, but he got a new phone I guess. His last text to me was three minutes ago and said ‘I have a LÖDED DIPER for you, baby;’ I have no reason to believe he didn’t fully shit himself.”

One girl, who prefers to remain anonymous, believes fellow students are judging Stewart, or as she put it, “Greggy,” too soon. “I think he is a very smart and brave boy,” the mysterious girl, who appears to be a 40-year-old woman, said. “It makes total sense that girls were going crazy for him. In fact, me and his father—I mean—my fellow student friend, think any girl would be lucky to have him.”

Stewart, who paid a girl \$5 dollars to do his eyeliner the night of the party, has been too afraid to replicate it himself and “ruin the magic.” While one eye is fused shut with what appears to be an oozing sty, he winked at our reporter with the still functioning eye before asking if she wanted some “RAWdrick lovemaking.” Our reporter wants us to note that she declined.

EMERGENCY TRANSITION KITS GIVEN OUT TO STUDENTS OF LOSING GENDER

For the safety of all students

By Mx. Meisner ’26

GENDER AFFIRMING CARE DEPT.

(IN THE GENDER-NEUTRAL LOCKER ROOM) With the 2024 presidential election hot on the trails and the next ruler of the United States still in the air (even if a winner has been declared by the time you’re reading this article), small-time President Tepper announced that emergency transition kits would be given to the losing gender. These kits include a variety of quick and easy ways for students to change their gender presentation without raising the suspicion of the up-and-coming regime.

“While this election has been fun and sparked many wonderful and creative ideas from students, it is our duty as an institution to make sure all of our students are 100% safe at all times. If this were ever not the case, I don’t know how I could live with myself,” said Tepper in an interview with *The Duel Observer*. Emergency transition kits were initially started as part of the What If initiative and had their production expedited when Tepper took a liking to the idea, so much so that he took over production from the proposing student, Wren N. B. Bush ’27.

Two types of transition kits have been developed for the two genders. *The Male Kit for Future Kamalunists* contains two bags of Jell-o, a choker, gas station eyeliner, a carton of blood, a wig sourced from unused janitorial supplies, and a saw. *The Female Kit for Future Neo-Trumpzis* contains a Commons hotdog, jaw-strengthening gum, a liter of locker-room musk, an 8-pack of \$1.50 beer, and a saw.

These kits were shown off on Tuesday by Tepper at a mandatory campus assembly from 7:00-12:00pm, in which Tepper demonstrated proper use of one of the kits. Due to the graphic nature of what happened on stage, we will not be recounting these events. Afterward, we asked Tepper what kit gender-nonconforming students should use, to which he gave a blank stare off into space.

We here at *The Duel* simply cannot wait for our next ruler to take control of the nation, regardless of whatever tactics are used. Every single [insert gender here] at *The Duel* stands with you, our glorious leader!

LORAX TO PRESS CHARGES AFTER GLEN SEX INCIDENT

“Isn’t there someone you forgot to ask?”

By Mr. Hood 27’

WHATEVER THE CURRENT THING ISN’T DEPT.

(FOREST COURT) Here at Hamilton College, one would be hard-pressed to find someone who would be surprised to hear that people routinely use the school’s system of glens and managed woodlands for illicit rendezvous. Students routinely brave bitter cold and voyeuristic deer for a moment of privacy in the glen. As far as freshmen Cole D. Ickman ’28 and Anita Wood ’28 were aware, it was a harmless practice.

“I needed to lose my virginity, but I wasn’t exactly about to tell all six feet and three hundred chiseled pounds of roommates to leave! Football players hate using their words. So our rooms were out of the question,” Ickman explained in an interview. “The academic buildings are already taken by the real freaks. Our only options were the glen or the squash courts, and we certainly didn’t feel like including a third. So the woods it was. We weren’t trying to hurt anyone.”

Regardless of their intentions, however, hurt someone they did. Local celebrity The Lorax, enjoying re-

tirement after a long career of being a sanctimonious commie, happened to be sleeping atop the same tree Ickman and Wood decided to lean on for their forest fornication. Statements from those involved, as well as corroborating witnesses (a nearby family of squirrels) agree on the chain of events. As both students began their crude and incompetent attempt at a sex act, the shaking quickly dislodged The Lorax, who awoke as his old bones were cracked against the path nearby. As he came too, he was unable to move away from the seemingly oblivious pair, who proceeded to complete the embarrassingly unskilled sex act over nearly 10 minutes.

In a statement to *The Duel Observer*, The Lorax doubles down on his intent to seek legal restitution: “not only did those trust fund fucks knock me out of a tree that was CLEARLY labelled ‘do not touch,’ they made me watch them do a worse job at fucking than the 8-10% of exclusively homosexual male sheep. Frankly, I’ll never recover. My bones will heal, but even thinking about what I saw makes my skin crawl.” The Lorax spent 10 seconds staring into the middle distance before continuing, “They may have consented to what happened, but I sure didn’t.”

The Lorax’s legal representation is seeking four million dollars and a written apology.

In this issue: We are grieving

PASSPORTS FOR SALE



Looking to get away for whatever reason? See, “Eligible Bachelor’s in Mexico” pg. 47



WEEKLY WARNING

Your mail in ballot is still at the mail center

THE NEXT FOUR YEARS FORECAST

2025



Frank Ocean releases a new album

2026



Addison Rae explodes

2028



Fast and Furious 9000 comes out

How to Tell if They Voted for Trump or They Just Live on Light Side

This election season, campus is more divided than ever. I would argue this division is coming from one source. It’s not coming from dark side’s mysterious bisexual girlies and the boyfriends they peg. Nor is it coming from down the hill (their lungs have been weakened by asbestos too much to climb the hill and vote). That leaves one section of campus left: Light Side. But, while some are open about their pro-Trump stance, others are less so. Here are some factors you can use to distinguish a Trump voter from just another light sider.

- In identifying a Trumpster, start with the basics. If they wear polos, khakis and/or major in econ, the odds are astronomically higher.
- Do they walk around on weekend nights with a case of beer? Could possibly be a Trumpy but also could just be a man. During the weekday daytime? Raging Trumppublican. Side note: you’re not cool.
- If they keep their laundry in a plastic storage container rather than a laundry basket, they’re either reusing and being environmentally conscious, or they stand with Trumpkin.
- Are they on the golf team? Well, there’s a candidate even more passionate about golf on the ballot, which may just be enough for them. In fact, he’s more passionate about golf than even the presidency! Yippee!!
- If they use a Nalgene, they probably wear Birkenstocks, boulder, and live on Dark Side. But, if they happen to live on Light Side, they may express admiration for a man with a fake tan.
- If their diner order has the word “buff” in it, the candidate they voted for resembles a buff tender.
- Is their favorite dining hall ice cream flavor whitehouse cherry? Then their candidate has previously been voted out of the White House, but also has concepts of a plan for his return.
- Do they work for the oral communication center? Well, let’s not forget the recent microphone incident...
- Does this person walk around campus with a MAGA hat? They’re either voting RFK or Trump. Honestly, I’m not totally sure though.
- Regardless of any of the other answers, if they pay for the wash and fold laundry service on campus they 100% voted for a man who has never done laundry or faced a struggle in his life.
- One characteristic alone may not indicate a Trump voter from all other Light Siders (unless they pay for the laundry service), with roughly a 50% accuracy rate to my calculations. With each additional characteristic, the chances increase exponentially. So, next time you’re on Light Side, make sure to put this new knowledge to the test.

****I am not liable for any debates, controversies or injuries caused by this Trump voter identification process.****

Observed in a dread-induced frenzy by Ms. Stillman ’27’

Hear Me and Rejoice! The Political Ads Are Gone!

The voices. The nightmares. The screaming about being lockstep with Albany and how that’s bad actually. It’s silent. It’s over. Political ad season has finished. We’re free, we’re finally fucking free. I think that also gives us the right to go tear down every stupid sign we see and burn them in an effigy to our one true president, the Martin’s Way Cat, as long as Tepper will be cool with his usurpation as the world’s best president and let us have fun. What if we did it? We’d have some amazing, mildly carcinogenic s’mores, that’s what.

So, what did we learn about these politicians? Absolutely fucking nothing. I still can’t tell a Brandon Mannion from a John Hoe-gal from a Kathy Williams. Pronouncing Kamala’s name correctly is still out of the question. JD’s eyeliner brand of choice eludes me. Worst of all, the woke media refuses to tell me what Trump is the tsar of. Is it French fries? Dementia? Practicing blowjobs on a mic so that Vladdy will be happy when they reunite? Absolutely unclear.

Let’s do some math—we’re all smart here at Hamilton, right guys?—and say the average Hamilton student spends eight hours on YouTube between morning doomwatching, afternoon “homework” sessions, and “sleeping” at 2 am. The average video is ten minutes long, and there’s roughly a fifty-fifty split whether you’ll get an ad about White Man #382’s cashless bail law (what the fuck does that mean anyway?) stance or get to watch your video on the Heimlich maneuver. If an ad is about 20 seconds long, that’s about 8 minutes of political ads a day. Jesus Christ, that’s enough time to get a man off in the back of McEwan at 3:20 in the afternoon when no one’s watching.

It gets worse; that’s four hours a month. You could get so many men off in that amount of time. I mean, yeah, you could also be productive. Maybe write one essay in that amount of time. Get my average amount of daily sleep in. Listen, I’m no fascist dictator, I won’t tell you how to spend your newfound freedom. All I’ll say is that, if you please enough men, you might get your own political ads someday too.

Found stapled to a HamVotes poster by Mr. Havelka ’28

Friday Five: Things Kamala Harris Has Personally Messaged Me as Part of Her Campaign.

By Mr.Dill 27’

Election week is upon us! And you know what that means: Kamala Harris’ email campaign to ask for the three coins, one paper clip, and dryer lint in your back pocket has been at an all-time high. However, after this week, there will no longer be a need for the nonstop messaging akin to that of a crazy ex who swears she’s changed in the one week since she slept with both of your parents. Now they have disowned you for “tax reasons,” and then stabbed you in the left kneecap because it was “too distracting to the local boys” (not from personal experience, I swear). Anyway, I think now is a perfect time to look back on and rank some of my personal favorite messages I got from everyone’s favorite gun owner, Kamala Harris.

5. “U up?” To vote, that is.” I received this message at 3:42 AM on a Wednesday night, followed by 14 missed calls, each leaving voicemails with varying degrees of sexual undertones encouraging me to fill out my absentee ballot as sluttily as possible. I was afraid at first until I realized it wasn’t the tax guy, Larry, again, but just Pookie-pop Harris encouraging me to fulfill my civic duty. 7/10.

4. “911.420.969.115.” Which, if you didn’t already know, is my IP address. She threatened to dox me to Larry, if I didn’t give her \$14 within twenty-four hours. Honestly, it was some pretty effective campaigning. 10/10.

3. “Wait! Don’t get on that plane! I thought about what you said, and yes, I will marry you!” I don’t know how this was supposed to make me want to give Kamala money, but I guess I’m engaged now! That is, I was engaged until the subsequent divorce... and apparently, I now owe her all of my assets! 3/10

2. “I’m not mad, I’m just disappointed.” I know you haven’t paid your divorce settlement yet. I’m sending Larry, and when he finds you, you better pay up, or you can kiss your good kneecap goodbye!” 2/10

1. “This is Larry, I have your wife. If you ever want to see her again, pay up!” Silly Kamala! She sure does love her jokes! Unrelated: if anyone asks where I am, tell them I “died in a house fire.” 6/10

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